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The concert commenced, under the direction of Dr Ferdinand Hiller, *Stadt-Capellmeister*, with Beethoven's overture to *Coriolanus*, played with great dash and spirit. Then followed a Pianoforte Concerto, by Edward Grieg. This composer, now introduced for the first time to the public of Cologne, was born in 1843 at Bergen, in Norway, where his father was consul. He studied at the Leipzig Conservatory, whence he was compelled, by illness, to return home, in 1862. He now resides at Christiania, in which town he has founded and directs a musical society, and so highly is he esteemed that the Norwegian Parliament have granted him a pension, in order that he may devote himself entirely to art, and not have his energies paralysed by want of pecuniary means. His Concerto gave general satisfaction. M. Brassin, of Bransais, performed with thorough mastery the extremely difficult pianoforte part. Middle Aolian Organs set the scene and air: "Wo bin ich? Unglückliche Alceste!" from Gluck's great work; "Stille Liebe," by Schumann; "Haidेरdein," by Schubert; and a "Mazurka," by Chopin, with French words: "Aime moi, adapted to it by Louis Pomey. The young lady was not particularly successful in the excerpt from Gluck's opera, but was much applauded in the detached songs. The chorus sang two "Christmas Songs," a *Capella*, by Léonhard Schröter, 1857, and M. Brassin again took his place at the piano, this time for the purpose of treating his hearers to the "Fantasia über Ungarische Volksmelodien," by the Abbate Franz Liszt.

But the great attraction of the evening was undoubtedly the first appearance here of Sir Julius Benedict. *The Kölner Zeitung* says:—

"The fifth and last concert for the year 1874 introduced to the Cologne public an interesting and celebrated musician, Sir Julius Benedict, from London, who, as we read a short time since, would have celebrated on the 24th inst. his 70th birthday (he was born on the 24th December, 1804), had not been deterred by the discomfort attending the passage of the English Channel in winter from coming over to conduct in person his G minor Symphony at the Gürzenich, and seizing the opportunity to become acquainted with our concert arrangements, our tastes, and our public. As a man of age, and of age, he was mirrored on every face, as, at the conclusion of the First Part of the concert, a slim figure, with white hair, white moustache, and pleasing features, and with various high orders decorating his breast, advancing briskly to the conductor's seat, grasped the conductor's stick. This was Sir Julius Benedict, Knight, the musical prince of London, and the founder of the celebrated Monday Popular Concerts, where German music is cultivated more assiduously than anywhere else in England. This was the man whose kindly aid in a foreign land, and whose hospitable house are known probably to every German artist who has visited England. In fact, the interest evinced by the public was necessarily directed as much to the man as to the composer; the sympathetic reception which greeted the veteran, even before a note of his music had been heard, was a tribute due from the German public to the promoter and propagator of German music in proud Albion."

Julius Benedict has written numerous operas and works for the piano. Of the former, only a few have become known in Germany; and for this reason, we are unable from personal knowledge to pronounce an opinion on them. His Symphony in G minor, first produced last year, if we have been correctly informed, at the Crystal Palace, displays the same touches of *bonhomie* which characterize the entire man. Benedict cultivates and fosters in England modern music as well as the works of his favourite period, but he does not often admit the former into the sanctuary of his home, or of his own productivity. To the music in which he grew up and was educated his Symphony proves he has remained true. His creation is raised upon the forms and tints of the period immediately following Beethoven; hence its clear, intelligible language; its agreeable, rounded contour, and its pleasing colour. No struggle with existence, no inward suffering, has clouded Benedict's musical soul; his Symphony reflects only kindly and harmonious thought and feeling, and enviable Olympian meriment. The youthful elasticity with which Sir Julius Benedict wielded the conducting-stick was something wonderful. The strict and decided marking of the time, as well as the plain embodiment of the inward thought in the outward gesture, should be taken as a model by every youthful aspirant to the post of conductor. Benedict is decidedly a genial conductor, who inspires and warms the performers, and the latter, throwing their soul into their task, executed his work in a brilliant manner. Animated applause greeted the conclusion of each of the four movements, and, at the end of the whole, the veteran composer was the object of a perfect ovation."

The Kölnische Volkszeitung follows suit thus:—

"The First Part was brought to a close by a new Symphony of Julius Benedict. The composer had crossed the Channel on purpose to undertake the direction of his work himself. Benedict, though no longer young, is probably known to the majority of our readers only by name, as he has passed most of his life abroad. He was born, in 1804, at Stuttgart. For the piano, he was a pupil of Hummel, while no less a person than C. M. von Weber was his master in composition. For a long time Benedict was a theatrical conductor in Vienna and Naples. He has since composed a whole series of operas, in the style of Rossini, and partly in that of Weber—so says our authority. We ourselves never had an opportunity of hearing any of them. Benedict at present lives in London, highly esteemed as a pianist, a composer, and a 'conductor,' for so is a *Capellmeister* called in English. He shares with the Italian Costa the musical supremacy of the British Isles. Queen Victoria has conferred on our countryman the dignity of Knighthood, an unusual mark of distinction for a foreign musician to receive." The Cologne public greeted very warmly Sir Julius Benedict, who only recently, in the late autumn of his artistic productivity, wrote the Symphony destined for performance and dedicated to the Crown Princess Victoria. That a composer of Benedict's age should not attempt to strike out new paths is something we can easily understand, but that an artist in his seventieth year shall be capable of surprising the musical world with a vigorous, fresh, and melodious composition, is something rare, and to be regarded as a special gift of Providence. The Symphony, as a rule, belongs to the period before Mendelssohn. Everything in it is pleasing, clear, and intelligible, without, however, being ordinary or commonplace. Its archaic-tonic combination is skillful and full of good taste. The instrumentation, though mostly measured, and as a rule agreeable to the ear, reminds one at times of the wildest theatrical piece. The work is divided into the customary four movements. The first movement begins, as an introduction, in a broad tempo (G minor, 3-4), and leads to the principal movement, *Allegro Appassionato*. The second movement (B flat major), is marked *Andante con moto*. It is interrupted by a more animated *Allegro* in *alla mosse*, and then returns to the more moderate original tempo. The third movement, the *Scherzo* (E major, 3-4), is, alternately 3-4 and 6-4, in a brilliant orchestral piece. The last movement, the *Finale*, is exceedingly lively and brilliant, rushing along in a rolling *Allegro con fuoco*. The first and third movements were those which pleased us best. Among the audience, all parts of the work met with warm and continually increasing approbation, in which we also, when so amiable an artist is concerned, joyfully share."

Speaking of the same work, on the occasion of its performance at the Second Symphonic Concert given by the Royal Saxon "Chapel," in the Gewerbehause, Dresden, Herr Otto Bauck writes as follows in the *Dresdener Journal*:—

"Besides these well-known works, a Symphony (in G minor) by Julius Benedict was performed for the first time. Benedict was the most talented pupil of Karl Maria von Weber, and became likewise a true friend of the composer's family. As we all know, he has resided for a great number of years in London, where he is highly esteemed, and, as the first musical authority, exercises, with the noblest taste, an important influence upon musical matters and artistic taste. Though now in his seventieth year, his artistic activity is still as vigorous and unceasing as ever, and the fiftieth anniversary of his professional career was celebrated in London a few days ago, in a highly flattering manner. His Symphony, full of jocular animation in the first and last movement, simple, natural, and easy in its flow of thought, clear in form, and without any pretentious striving after clever eccentricities, reveals the thorough musician of nice artistic training, who, with sure and elegant technical skill in the polyphonic working out of his motives, and in his instrumentality, does not turn towards the new tendencies and modes of expression of the present day, but, though without perceptibly falling back upon earlier symphonic productions, preserves an independent and peculiar treatment and mental course of his own. The first movement and the *Andante*, so cleverly conceived, and so admirably carried out, with its artistically interwoven and well managed parts, are the movements which stand forward most prominently and significantly. With regard to the Benedict-*Andante* mentioned above, we beg to give utterance to the sincere wish, which will undoubtedly be re-echoed in the breasts of our German brothers in art. May this worthy representative of German music abroad long be spared to continue his praiseworthy efforts in the true cause of art."

The *Milan Gazette Musicale* gives a list of thirty-five new operas produced in Italy during the past year.

* Sir Julius was not a foreigner when he received his Knighthood, but a British subject.—[Ed.]

THE WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

The Committee of Stewards of the Worcester Festival having had a final conference with the Dean and Chapter of Worcester with a view, if possible, of coming to an arrangement as to the use of Worcester Cathedral, have issued a statement setting forth the result of their deliberations. On meeting, the Committee of Stewards laid before the Dean and Chapter two alternative modes of arranging the Festival, which it was thought might meet the views of the Dean and Chapter, and they say:—"The first of these proposals was to arrange the Festival on the former plan, but modified by the concessions proposed in the last paragraph of the Stewards' first protest, viz.—1. Full Church Service on first day, with sermon. 2. Church Service for conclusion of Festival on last evening. 3. Band and performers to be on floor of transept, instead of in an orchestra. 4. Chapter to have veto on music performed. The second proposal was still more closely adapted to the supposed wishes of the Dean and Chapter—viz., to hold Divine service each morning at ten o'clock, as arranged as to be concluded by twelve, but with sermon on first day; oratorio to commence at one, secular concerts in some other place in the evening as heretofore, but with Divine service on last evening under arrangement by Chapter." The Chapter came to the conference prepared with no proposition at all; conversation occupied some time, but the crucial test was as to the sale of tickets, on which the Chapter would not yield. The Committee attached primary importance to—1. Entire oratorio. 2. First-rate talent. 3. Adequate funds. The Dean and Chapter admitted the necessity for funds, but suggested no mode of raising them. "The conference," therefore adds the Stewards, "became a useless ceremony." We are asked by the Mayor of Worcester to publish the following petition to the Queen in Council, which, together with one to the same effect "from the citizens of Worcester," is now in course of preparation at Worcester:—"The humble petition of the Mayor, Aldermen, and citizens of the city of Worcester in Common Council assembled on the 1st day of December, 1874, humbly sheweth, that for more than 150 years musical festivals have been held in the cities of Worcester, Hereford, Gloucester, and Gloucester, and during nearly the whole of the last 100 years, the Cathedral Churches in the said cities have, by permission of the successive Deans and Chapters thereof, been used for the performance of oratorios and other sacred music forming part of such festivals. That from nearly their first establishment these festivals have been the means of providing funds for the relief of the distressed widows and orphans of poor deceased clergymen of the three dioceses of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester. That oratorios and other sacred music of the highest character have at these festivals been rendered in the most perfect manner possible, and, from the associations connected with the hallowed buildings in which the festivals have been held, have produced impressions of the most refining and elevating character on the minds of the hearers. That these festivals have been very largely attended by the inhabitants of the three dioceses, and by their friends, and strangers from a distance, and have afforded opportunities for all religious sections of your Majesty's subjects to unite in religious services of praise in our ancient Cathedrals. That a world-wide celebrity has been attained by these festivals, and they have gained for the cities in which they are held honourable regard among the most enlightened of the people of this realm, and have largely tended to the encouragement and improvement of sacred music. That the festival held in the Worcester Cathedral in the year 1830 was attended by your most gracious Majesty, and all the succeeding festivals since the accession of your most gracious Majesty to the throne have been honoured with the patronage of your Majesty. That successive Bishops of the three dioceses, and Deans and Chapters of the three Cathedral Churches have from time to time given their encouragement and support to the festivals, and the present Bishop of the Diocese of Worcester has consented to become President of the festival which in the ordinary course should be held in this city in the ensuing year: that application has been made to the present Dean and Chapter of Worcester for the use of the Cathedral as heretofore for the festival of the year 1875, but the Dean and Chapter have declined to grant the use thereof, and have proposed to substitute for a

festival, such as those which have so long and so satisfactorily been held in the Cathedral, religious services and sermons, which some sections of your Majesty's subjects would be unable to attend. That this decision of the Dean and Chapter has created great dissatisfaction among the people of the three dioceses, and has given rise to well-founded fears that, unless the Dean and Chapter should alter their determination, the festival will be discontinued, not only at Worcester, but also at Hereford and Gloucester, and that the interests of the charity for the support of which they have been carried on will greatly suffer, and the public will be deprived of the opportunity hitherto afforded them of hearing the grandest sacred music performed in the most effective manner in those sacred buildings in which alone such music can produce, and has produced, the most beneficial effects. That your petitioners have received the decision of the Dean and Chapter with much sorrow, and believe that a discontinuance of the use of Worcester Cathedral for the festival would tend to lower the character of this city in the estimation of enlightened and uneducated people, and would not only be a local but also a national loss. Your petitioners, therefore, humbly pray that your Most Gracious Majesty, as the head of the Church of this realm, will be pleased to use your influence with the Dean and Chapter of Worcester to induce them to continue to permit the holding of the triennial festivals in the Cathedral Church of this city, under such arrangements as will best promote the object in view."

MISDIRECTED SYMPATHY.

We read as follows in the New York *Arcadian*:—

"The public will have learnt with regret of the death of Mr. Sherwood Campbell, which took place in Chicago on a Saturday night, the 19th December, 1874. Mr. Campbell, whose real name was Coan, was born at New Haven in the year 1839. At an early age he began to develop a fine voice, but the opportunities of coming before the public in the better styles of music were then very few, and Mr. Campbell went into the minstrel business, and was successively in the Campbell, Christy, and Backus troupes. After having visited Australia as a member of the last organization, he returned to America, and shortly afterwards wrote Harrison's English Opera Company. Subsequently he was attached to the Caroline Richings Troupe, and when Parpa-Rosa formed her company, Mr. Campbell enlisted under her banner. It was during this engagement that he achieved his greatest successes, and so much did Parpa and her husband value his services that they offered him an engagement in England. After the death of Parpa, he, under the name of Campobello, appeared at Drury Lane in Mr. Mapleson's Italian Opera performances. There he made the acquaintance of Madame Sinico, an estimable lady and an excellent artist, to whom he was shortly afterwards married. She will have in her great loss the deep sympathy of her husband's many friends and admirers. Mr. Campbell returned to this country early in the present season to join Miss Kelllogg's company, but he was almost immediately attacked with the illness which has just fatally terminated."

It need scarcely be added that Mr. Henry Campbell (Signor Campobello) is happily alive and well.

MILAN.—The Teatro Carcano, repaired, repainted, and redecorated, was reopened on the 19th December with *La Fera del Destino*, the artists being Signore Berlin, Mann, Pregiosi, Signori Fropoli, and D'Antoni. The house was crowded, and everything went off very well. *Bucceia*—in M. Patisson's *Richard*—was for a long time the latter a light tenor—M. Campocasso has at length found two artists to the taste of his subscribers and the public generally. According to report, the managerial chair resigned by M. Campocasso is destined to be soon occupied by two gentlemen instead of one, the two gentlemen in question having been selected as the future joint managers of the Theatre de la Monnaie by two or three capitalists who have subscribed the amount requisite, and formally applied to the Municipality for the "concession," as it is here styled.—The Italian Opera Company, under the management of Sig. Smechia, will open at the Theatre de l'Alhambra, on the 16th January next, for ten performances only, the engagements already entered into by Sig. Smechia not allowing him to stay longer. There are two conductors, Signori Arditi and Aguirre. Among the principal artists, five are sopranos and mezzo-sopranos, Signore Arto, Christine, Graziosi; as tenors, Signori Brignoli, Patisson, as baritones, Signori Padilla, Graziosi; as bass, Sig. Borelli; as buffos, Signori Caraccioli and Baldelli. M. Henri Wieniawski has been appointed concert-master, professor of the violin, and professor of the quartet, at the Royal Conservatory of Music.

HAMLET.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—The Hamlet of Mr Irving, at the Lyceum, is a remarkable performance, and worthy the most attentive consideration of all Shakespearean students. The writer's opinion is that it is the best representation of the character since Mr Macready revelled in it—when that actor was in the plenitude of his great powers. Mr Irving's conception, and execution of his conception, of that generally thought most difficult of Shakespeare's creations, are alike estimable. The melancholy cast of his countenance, his expressive features, his youthful figure, his graceful attitudes, are all so much in his favour. His gait, however, is rather inelegant, and unprincely. Allusion is made to this, as in estimating a performance is every way so superior to anything that may be seen besides, it is essential to point to everything that strikes the attentive observer. His crowching attitude on first seeing the Ghost is scarcely natural, though in addressing it, when he comes to the word "Father!" he rests on one knee, thus assuming a position graceful and reverential. During the remainder of this scene, nothing but praise must be awarded to the actor. His demeanour when struggling to free himself from Horatio's grasp, and his well-accented utterances are all that can be desired. In the following scene—first, during the narration of the murder by the Ghost and afterwards with his friend—he is admirable. The most loving of sons could not expect to find more filial respect and affection than he here evinces. From this time the character of Hamlet becomes a riddle. Naturally affectionate, intellectual, delicate, and timid, he is unable to carry out the desire of revenge. He becomes vacillating and untrusting. Hence his usual spontaneity is invariably checked. Mr Irving's manner to his friends when they come to him, after the Ghost has made the disclosure to Hamlet, well portrays this change. Some of the soliloquies, in the delivery of which tradition is altogether set at defiance, demand a little criticism. When the mind of a man is engaged in an internal conflict, and his breast is full of varied and sometimes opposite emotions, so that it is almost impossible to determine a course of action, then that man—if he be a really intelligent man—will not, as Hamlet is—begin to soliloquize. A mental turmoil precedes an utterance to oneself. Accordingly, a well-delivered soliloquy should anger to the listener all that has taken place beforehand, which occasions the "thinking aloud." In this respect Macready had no rival, and hence it is that Mr Irving is not altogether satisfactory. The mental restlessness, whether in sitting, leaning, standing, or walking, is not apparent, and the unconnected utterances are not always sufficiently well marked. The scene with Ophelia was thoughtful, and showed not only a perfect conception of the poet's intention, but a studied skill in holding back the expression of the affection which he had for her, in order that she might be deluded into the belief that his mind was not right. His chief scene with Polonius was sufficient to justify the old courtier in thinking the Prince's sanity was gone. His rapid reply of "Words, words," when asked what he was saying, was, however, scarcely natural, under the circumstances of his assumption of madness. The whole scene with the "minions," who admitted that they were sent to him by the King, could not beget an objection. His just resentment found its becoming elixir when he broke the pipe in twain. When he first addresses the Players, he is natural, and quite worthy of a prince in his manner; but in his advice he is hardly sufficiently thoughtful. His speech seems too set, for if there is one thing more than another that should be given with meditative care, it is counsel, and the more necessary is it in the present case, as the issue is momentous—the guilt or innocence of the King is to be decided in Hamlet's mind by this play. I did not like Mr Irving's delivery of the line, "The play's the thing," &c.; nor know I a reason why a justification to his friends should be made in this scene, which certainly fails to make an effective termination to the Act.

There can be no doubt that Hamlet's indecision in taking vengeance against his uncle arises from the natural gentleness of the Prince's character. It does not seem to accord with this view, that there should be too much demonstration on the part of Hamlet during the Play scene. The King is not aware that Hamlet knows of the murder; nor should Hamlet, by anticipation, suggest a knowledge of how the late king had died. The King should be influenced solely by the play, and not by any previous manner on Hamlet's part; else we are at a loss to know why Hamlet does not at once accuse the King of his fratricide, and avenge his father's murder. In this respect Mr Irving's acting is seemingly faulty, either in conception or execution. Yet this scene draws the largest amount of applause in the tragedy. Mr Irving must be correct, and the writer's opinion may be wrong. I have ventured to say why I think Hamlet's manner here should not be quite so demonstrative.

The supreme contempt and abhorrence was most felt by the character of the King makes us almost regret that Hamlet does not kill him when kneeling at the altar, as was the Prince's first intention. The manner,

action, tone, and accent of Mr Irving in the delivery of the speech in which he postposes his revenge till a time when it may be more complete, were all like commendable; and in the scene following—in the chamber with his mother—he was at his best. To this I refer as the most thoroughly satisfactory of all. Nothing beyond the firmness and the affection displayed here by Mr Irving could be desired. Here was a semblance of perfection. Mr Irving thoroughly justified his reading, without reference to pictures or medallions. At the grave of Ophelia there is not scope for anything very great; it is the scene of the Grave-digger first, and afterwards for Laertes. And in not obtruding beyond the just circumstances of the occasion, Mr Irving merits much commendation. He might have sinned against his own counsel to the Players. That he did not do so counts much in his favour. The very ruffian-like way in which Laertes takes him by the throat would almost have secured him pardon if he had been less princely and more demonstrative.

Come we now to the close of the play, where the trial of skill is to take place, and the villainy of the King and the treachery of Laertes are to receive their just punishment. Here Mr Irving was quite equal to himself. He was natural, easy, graceful, and princely-like. His opponent, on the contrary, was too like a fencing-master in his movements, and his attitudes rather too studied for the gentleman that he was. Mr Irving's manner of proceeding on being told by Laertes that a poisoned foil had struck him, and that it was the King who had planned it, proved that in his conception the character, after passing through the school of mental affliction, had found stability, and ridged itself of that indecision and vacillation which had been its defects. After so splendid a performance, the death was by too many taken for granted. But, watching it closely, I found that even Ophelia had been a study. It was quite different from the death of Matthias, in *The Bell*, yet quite as real. The causes being different, it was right that the carrying out of the effects in the two cases should not be alike. So it was. Concluding with what was predicted at the outset, I affirm this performance of Hamlet as remarkable as it is fine. Every student of Shakespeare, and every man with a mind beyond burlesque, should witness it.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

16th December.

F. E. PERNA.

POTSDAM.—A performance of Handel's *Messiah* was lately given in the Court and Garrison Church, by the Vocal Association for Classical Music, for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum. The sacred edifice was crowded. The vocalists were Mrs. Anna Gerhardt, Herren Geyer and Prehn. The conductor was Herr Wendt.

COPENHAGEN.—As a rule, there is generally a dearth of music in this capital about Christmas. The present year, however, seems to be an exception. A large number of concerts were announced for the latter part of December. Among them may be mentioned the first Soiree for Chamber Music, given by the Royal Orchestra, on the 16th, and the second Subscription Concert of the Musical Association, on the 17th of the same month. At the former, one attraction offered was Hummel's *Sequet*, which had not been heard for a considerable period. On the 21st the Choral Union gave a concert, at which "Marienlieder," by Johannes Brahms, and "L'Allegro ed il Pensieroso," by Handel, occupied a prominent part in the programme.—The last thing in the way of quasi-novelty at the new Theatre Royal has been *Hans Heiling*, always a favorite opera here. In 1855, Marschner himself conducted a few early performances in this capital, and there was some talk of engaging him permanently as conductor. But the terms he demanded—6,000 Danish thalers yearly—were considered too high, and the negotiations consequently came to nothing.

BERLIN.—Mad. Agnes Elswald recently gave a concert which deserves to be mentioned, because the programme included some hitherto unpublished quartets for Female Voices, by Robert Schumann. These quartets were much relished, and will probably soon become generally known and admired.—A second performance of Handel's *Hercules* was given by the pupils and professors of the High School of Music, under the direction of Herr Joachim, with even greater success than the first. The room was crowded.—After being performed at Rome, Vienna, Pesth, Minin, Leipzig, and many other places, the Albatross cantata, *Die heilige Handelt*, has just been introduced, under the direction of Herr Oscar Eiehlberg, to the public of this capital. The vocalists were Mesdames Breidenstein, Graebe, Herren Schneck, and Prehn. The choruses were sung by the members of the Eiehlberg Vocal Association.—A lottery was got up, a short time since, under the auspices of the Baroness von Schleinitz, in aid of the Albatross Festival Play Performance to be given at the Baireuth. A large number of objects of art, pictures, drawings, curiosities, and so on, had been sent from all parts of Germany. The affair was very successful, and the sales effected realized some 7,000 thalers. The Empress gave 800 thalers for a drawing of the Wartburg, and the Countess of Hatzfeld 1,000 thalers for a portrait of the Composer of the Future himself.

MADAME GODDARD AT MELBOURNE.

(From the Illustrated "Australian News.")

The appearance of Madame Goddard in connection with the Melbourne Philharmonic Society, in the Town Hall, will be treasured among the most delightful musical reminiscences of the great pianist's visit to Victoria. The concert was given in aid of the Hospital Sunday Fund, and Madame Goddard manifested her practical sympathy with the charitable movement by declining an engagement at Ballarat, for which a guarantee of £100 was given her, in order that she might keep her engagement to aid the Metropolitan charities. Numbers were kept away from the concert by the wet weather, but, beyond the comparatively few who enjoyed the musical excellences of the performance, there are thousands who will appreciate the generous impulse that prompted Madame Goddard to give her services. Viewed from a musical point of view, the performance deserves high commendation. It was the means of bringing together the premier musical society of Australasia and an artist whose fame is world wide. Thanks to this combination of abilities, the public were enabled to enjoy, to great perfection, Weber's famous *Concertstück*, a work that has been under rehearsal on previous occasions by our musical societies, and has but once before been rendered in public. The success achieved was so pronounced that there was a unanimous desire for its repetition. It is almost superfluous to say that Madame Goddard played that portion of the work falling to her share with wonderful fidelity in the most difficult passages, and with rare delicacy throughout. The instrumentalists entered eagerly into their work; they seemed to appreciate the honour that was theirs in assisting in the production of so great a work for so good a cause, and the privilege of being associated with one so eminently qualified to interpret classical works as Madame Arabella Goddard. There was soul in the performance throughout, and if there were imperfections apparent to the critical, arising from study that was too brief for so grand a work, it was universally conceded that every orchestral unit did his best. The audience were led captive; and at the close there was a chorus of approval that had a genuine hearty ring about it, not often heard when music of the highest class is performed before a mixed audience. The other notable item in the programme was Beethoven's *Choral Fantasia*, by Madame Goddard and the vocal and instrumental forces of the Philharmonic Society. The performance was altogether of exceptional merit; every note from the piano was drunk in with rapture by the audience, and the interweaving of harmonies was so charmingly brought about by all concerned, that listeners could not but express their delight. Madame Goddard was recalled to receive a burst of applause, in which the members of the society joined. The lady bowed her thanks to the audience and the chorus, and expressed her satisfaction at the manner in which her efforts had been seconded. The selection of this *Choral Fantasia* for the 11th Concert was peculiarly appropriate, for it was dedicated by Beethoven to the poor. In a letter to Varenna, in 1819, Beethoven said: "From my childhood, whenever my art could be serviceable to poor suffering humanity, I have never allowed any other motive to influence me, and never required anything beyond the heartfelt gratification that it always excited in me." Further on in the same letter, he says of the *Fantasia* that "it is given as a mark of sympathy with the destitute, to be considered as their property, and to be performed at any concerts intended for their sole benefit." This probably accidental carrying out of Beethoven's intentions made the selection most appropriate. Madame Goddard's *Welsh Fantasia* on national airs was another of those delightful performances that bring down raptures of applause. An encore followed, as a matter of course, and Thalberg's "Home, sweet home" was given in response. The entertainment was under the patronage of His Excellency the Governor. The concert was organized under the direction of Mr R. S. Smythe, whose managerial tact as a concert director has contributed not a little to the brilliant pecuniary success of Madame Goddard's two Australian tours.

MAGDEBURG.—Thanks to the unreweaved exertions of Herren Reibling, Finzenhagen, Palme, Wöhe, Brandt, and Wachsmuth, the inhabitants of this old town have had the opportunity of hearing a great deal of admirable music during the past year. Among the more important works performed may be mentioned *Requiem*, Mozart; *Requiem*, Brahms; *Alexander's Feast*, Handel; and *The Seasons*, Haydn. Feaka, Rolle, Ehrlich, Bruch, Lüttich, Lachner, and Blumner, are some of the composers who have furnished works of smaller pretensions. Bach's *Matthew Passion* will shortly be performed by the Reibling Association.

DR VON BÜLOW'S RECITALS.

(From the "Times," December 25.)

Dr Hans von Bülow gave his last "recital" for the season on Wednesday afternoon in St. James's Hall. The weather being unpropitious, the hall was not so crowded as is usually the case at these remarkable performances; nevertheless, those who came went away delighted with what they had heard. The learned Doctor is a thorough master of all schools, and seems to have the entire pianoforte repertoire—from Bach and Handel down to Chopin, Mendelssohn, and Sterndale Bennett—not merely at his fingers' ends, but in his head. We may, now and then, differ from his manner of interpreting certain works; but such an artist has a perfect right to express himself after his own manner, and no one can question his extraordinary capacity. Dr von Bülow's selection of solo pieces on Wednesday comprised excerpts from Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, Joachim, Raff, Chopin, and Liszt—all played, according to his invariable custom, without book. Such a memory as he possesses is little short of prodigious; not less so the facility with which he accomplishes every task set before him. We may fairly object to his somewhat over-coloured reading of Haydn's charming Variations, and to the extreme rapidity with which the well-known *Gigue* of Mozart, in G major, was given—a rapidity unknown in Mozart's time; but the *Ninetta* of Mozart, the *Impromptu* of Schubert (the third of the set, Op. 90), and Chopin's *Notturmo* (No. 3, Op. 9), brought into prominence an exquisite delicacy of touch, a well balanced phrasing, and other qualities indispensable to the effect of such music, which left absolutely nothing to desire. We have always found the most complete satisfaction with Dr von Bülow when he plays in his Pegasus and cares nothing for the *bravura*—or, in other language, for excessive mechanical display. The charm of his "pianissimo," as also of his "leggiere," is indescribable; and these had several opportunities of being felt and appreciated on Wednesday—as, for example, in a *Serenade* by Saint-Saëns and a *Notturmo* by Raff, neither composition singularly impressive on its own account, but both made impressive through the genius of the executant. How exceptional are the manipulative powers of this "virtuoso" our musical readers need hardly be reminded. They were exhibited to supreme advantage in a fugue by Raff, the leading characteristic of which is its mechanical difficulty, and above all in a "concert study" by Liszt, entitled *Waldesrauschen*, played in magnificent style, and (no wonder) unanimously asked for again. This time the pianist granted the earnest request of his audience, which he had declined to do after the *Impromptu* of Schubert—a less trying but far more beautiful piece. These, in addition to a *Scherzo* by Chopin, a *valse* and *Mazurka* by Liszt, a *sonata* by J. S. Bach, and a trio by Beethoven, sum up the catalogue of Dr von Bülow's performances, which, sustained throughout with untiring vigour, kept attention alive to the end. In the *sonata*, the first of a series composed by Raff for pianoforte and violin, the great pianist enjoyed the co-operation of M. Sainton, to whom the instrumental mole of the "Leipzig Cantor" is as familiar as that of any other master who has enriched the catalogue of "chamber music." To criticize the performance of the two would be superfluous, inasmuch as there was really nothing to find fault with. In the *Serenade* and *Scherzo* by Saint-Saëns (from the *Suite*, Op. 16), and the *Notturmo Caprice* of Raff, both written for pianoforte and violoncello, Dr von Bülow found a thoroughly able associate in M. Lasserre, chief violoncello at Her Majesty's Opera. In the trio of Beethoven—last piece in the recital—his companions were the able professors we have named. The programme was agreeably varied by Miss Julia Wigton, the clever pupil of Adina Sainton Dolby, who, besides an air from Halévy's opera, *Le Juive*, and Mendelssohn's charming "Spring song" (welcome even in winter), introduced an Italian *sonnetto*, "Tanto gentile," the composition of Dr von Bülow himself, who sought to give us further specimens of his talent in this direction. The accompanist was Mr Walter Bache, one of Abbi Liszt's most staunch and enthusiastic disciples. The whole recital was a genuine treat to the admirers of modern "virtuosity," thus emphatically represented.

VENICE.—The Teatro della Fenice will open with *Il Guarany*, by Sig. Gomez. This will be followed by Meyerbeer's two operas, *Donizetti* and *L'Étoile du Nord*, and Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*. The artists engaged include Signora Peralta, Raschi, Cottino, Nicolini; Signori Tamagno, Baragli, Stile, Balletti, Nallet, Corlone, and Capposi. Sig. Kuon will be the conductor for opera, and Sig. G. Scaramelli, for dance-music. The ballet selected is Taglioni's *Satanella*, the principal parts being sustained by Signora Ratti and Sig. Meozer.

MUSIC IN GLASGOW.

Macfarren's *St John the Baptist* was performed for the first time in Glasgow on Monday last; the exponents being the Choral Union; the conductor, Mr Lambeth. The intelligent and truth-speaking critic of the *Herald* thus refers to this interesting event:—

"Last night the ninth concert of the present series, under the auspices of the Glasgow Choral Union, was given in the City Hall to an audience which comfortably filled the gloomy room. It may be assumed that those who were present at last evening's concert have given some attention to the study of planetary notes and musical illustrations in the programme written by Mr Joseph Bennett, of London, and, therefore, know as much about the work as we can tell them. But our readers generally may be interested in a brief sketch of an oratorio which has so rapidly gained high favour. On its production at the Bristol Festival of last year, *St John the Baptist*, Mr Macfarren's only oratorio, was accepted at its very first performance as a masterpiece. No work since the production of Mendelssohn's *Elphig* has caused such a genuine sensation. All classes of musicians were assembled to find that a composer previously known only as a writer of operas, songs, and orchestral music, should have been able at one bound to place himself on a level with the giants of sacred song writing. In Glasgow Mr Macfarren is probably best known as the composer of the incomparable symphonies and accompaniments to an edition of Scottish songs. The oratorio was composed expressly for the Gloucester Festival of 1871, but, owing to some differences, was rejected. The Gloucester committee did not know the gem they so ruthlessly cast away for an idea. The management of the Bristol Musical Festival acted differently, and theirs is the honour of giving birth to a rare production of genius. The directors of the Choral Union deserve the best thanks of the musical public of Glasgow for having so promptly produced this great work."

The writer then goes on to describe the oratorio; continuing thus with regard to its rendering:—

"Little need be said regarding last night's performance. Madame Sinico, who took the part of Salome, pleased the audience in an unusual degree. Her bright singing of 'I rejoice in my youth' was generally and so continually applauded that she kindly repeated it. Miss Alice Fairman's fine contralto voice told effectively in the many recitatives allotted to the part of the Narrator; and the execution of her only solo, 'In the beginning was the Word,' was received with warm demonstrations of approval. Mr Nelson Varley, who is at all times anxious to give a good account of what he undertakes, was singularly successful last night, and everything he sang merited and received cordial acknowledgment. On Mr Stanley fell the chief burden of the solo work, and in its performance he acquitted himself as no other living vocalist could. The Choral Union itself was not at its very best, but great allowance must be made for the pernicious effects of such inclement weather as is now being experienced; and the fact must be taken into account that the work was entirely new to the chorists. By another time, however, the combined forces should reconsider their idea of the 'Supper Scene,' as last night the music was given without due consideration of its delicate effects. As rendered last night, it sounded harsh and obstructive; whereas, when well rendered, the effect is grace itself. The resident orchestra proved to be less satisfying than had been anticipated. This result, we imagine, can only be accounted for by insufficient rehearsals. The opening of the superb overture was distinctly unsatisfactory."

CHARING CROSS THEATRE.—The above, though, perhaps, the last, or one of the last, with regard to size, is certainly not the least, or anything near the least, of London theatres, in respect to the attractiveness of the entertainment it offers the public. The clever extravaganza of *Aladdin*, by Mr Frank Green, revised by Mr Harry Robinson, still "goes" as well as ever, and, moreover, "vires acquirit eundo." The fair manageress, Miss Carry Nelson, as *Aladdin*, appears to great advantage, and fully sustains her previous reputation. Nor is this all. She is admirably supported by the leading members of her company. Among these we may especially mention Miss Bercford, who, as the Princess, turns to good account the opportunity presented her of proving that she possesses a charming voice and knows how to use it. Truly, this young lady, new to the metropolitan boards, is a decided acquisition. It is to be hoped that she will not, like so many others, be spoiled by the applause and accolades she receives, but continue to work steadily at the further development of the natural gifts which have already secured her a gratifying success. Nor must Miss Edith Lynd, the representative of Tealaf, be passed over in silence. She acquits herself very well. Mr F. W. Irish, as the Widow Mustang, and the other members of the company, are all "topical" songs of "Poor Mary Somebody," as sung by him, is encored no end of times every night, and is an undoubtedly big hit. It is really a pity that the stay of Miss Carry Nelson and her company in King William Street is limited—as announced before they opened—to twelve nights.

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our Correspondent.)

Since my last letter, we have had no fewer than four performances of the *Messiah* in the Free Trade Hall—two under Mr Halle's direction, with Mdm Leumanns-Sherington, Mdm Patey, Miss Enriquez, Mr Perren, Mr Nelson Varley, and Mr Santley as the principal singers; and two under Mr De Jong's direction, with Mdm Edna Hall, Miss Julia Elton, Mr Pearson, and Mr Waldmore.

At Mr Halle's last concert, Madame Norman-Neruda played Violoncello Concerto and Vientseptième "Air Varié," to the great delight of the audience. Miss Sterling's singing also created a very favourable impression. Brahms's Hungarian Dances, for the orchestra, was the instrumental novelty, and was heard with great interest; and how the familiar Italian Symphony was received by the most musical audience in this musical city, I hope I need not say. On Thursday night, *Israel in Egypt* will be given at Mr Halle's concert; but, I am sorry to say, without Mr Sims Reeves, who had been announced to sing.

On Saturday last, Haydn's *Festiva* Symphony was given at Mr De Jong's concert, with all the original effects, &c. This week there will be several concerts of military music in the Free Trade Hall.

Miss Amina Goodwin, the juvenile pianist, played with success at the Gentlemen's Concert on Monday, at which, also, Signor and Madame (Miss) Perkins sang.

December 30, 1874.

MUSIC IN NEW ZEALAND.

(From our Correspondent.)

After some three months absence the Allen Opera Company has returned to be playing to enormous houses. The admirable manner in which the operas are put on the stage, and the general excellence of the company have, of course, produced an effect, but the great secret of success is doubtless in Miss Alice May's impersonation of so many and varied characters. The press, without an exception, pronounces her the greatest *prima donna* ever heard in these colonies; and several "old stagers," as they style themselves, and not long from home, maintain there is no one in Europe who could compete with her in a round of characters. Her voice seems to improve with time, and the praise she has received has only increased her desire to attain higher excellence. She made her first appearance as Marguerite in *La Traviata*, last week, and the papers describe it as far surpassing anything they had seen on the lyrical stage; and, it must be noted, that many of these writers are experienced critics, not long from home. My own conviction is, that a New Zealand audience is as well able to judge an opera and a singer as any audience I ever met with, and some of the members of the company who would be considered very good in most places are sometimes rather roughly handled here. The enthusiastic reception Miss May always receives on her appearance must convince her how thoroughly she has won the admiration of her auditors, and help to confirm her in the opinion that she may venture to appear in America and Europe, whither she intends bending her steps on the conclusion of her present tour. The company remains here for nearly a month, and then proceeds to Wanganui and Christchurch.

Wellington, September 22nd, 1874.

GENOA.—The season at the Carlo Felice was to be inaugurated on the 26th December by *La Forza del Destino*, and the ballet of *Il Solem maglioso*. The second opera was to be *Salvatore Rosa*, by Sig. Ghera.

DONMUN.—It may be remembered that, when the news of the attempted assassination of Prince von Bismarck by Kullmann reached this place, a few patriotic individuals offered a prize of 1,000 thalers for the best musical composition in commemoration of the Imperial Chancellor's escape. The period within which candidates were to forward their works has now expired. One hundred and fifty composers have entered the lists, and the average merit of their efforts is so good that the judges will have some difficulty, it is said, in making their award. The hundred and fifty compositions sent in comprise twenty-five Songs with Piano-forte Accompaniment, one Sonata for Piano-forte, four long compositions without words, eight Marches, and a host of pieces for Orchestra, Solists, and Chorus.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

SEVENTEENTH SEASON, 1874-5.

DIRECTOR—MR H. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE THIRTEENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 11, 1875.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUINTET, in A major, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello—
—MM. STRAHL, L. RIES, ZERRINI, BENNETT, and PIATTI
NEW SONG,—"Tender and true"—Miss EDITH WYKE
PRELUDE and FUGUE in A Tarantella, for pianoforte alone—Mlle
MARIE KREBS

Mendelssohn.

Schubert.

Bach.

PART II.

TRIO, in B flat, Op. 97, for piano-forte, violin, and violoncello—Mlle
MARIE KREBS and MM. STRAHL and PIATTI
SONG,—"Valse nel mio cor"—Miss EDITH WYKE
FANTASIA, in C major, Op. 149, for piano-forte and violin—Mlle
MARIE KREBS and Herr STRAHL

Berthold.

Gounod.

Schubert.

CONDUCTOR

Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 16, 1875.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUINTET, in C minor, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello—
—MM. STRAHL, L. RIES, ZERRINI, BENNETT, and PIATTI
NEW SONG—"Mr SEXTLEY
BONATA AFFANSONKATA, Op. 27, for piano-forte alone—Mlle
MARIE KREBS

Mozart.

Sullivan.

Berthold.

LARGO AND ALLEGRO, for violoncello, with pianoforte accom-
paniment—SIR PIATTI
SONG,—"The Wanderer"—Mr SEXTLEY
TRIO, in C minor, Op. 1, No. 3, for piano-forte, violin, and violon-
cello—Mlle MARIE KREBS, MM. STRAHL and PIATTI

Berthold.

Schubert.

Berthold.

CONDUCTOR

Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs
DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little
Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements
may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1875.

THE daily concerts at the Royal Albert Hall have now ceased and determined, to the surprise, perhaps, of few, to the regret, let us hope, of many. Those who know by observation how long it takes to establish an enterprise of the kind, will marvel that the directors were not prepared to work on during a much more extended period than seven weeks. "Not being so prepared," such persons will say, "the scheme ought never to have been entertained." There is a good deal of cogency in the argument, because if anything be more true than any other thing in the musical world, it is that success for a good enterprise can only follow upon long-sustained loss. The Albert Hall managers should have been equipped for at least a year's campaign; by the end of which some trustworthy indications as to ultimate results would probably have become obvious. A struggle of seven weeks' duration was a foregone defeat, even under the most advantageous conditions; much more when continued bad weather practically isolated the Albert Hall, by making access to it a matter of difficulty, such as should be encountered only in special cases. But crying over spilt milk

is an unprofitable occupation; and, it may be, there are reasons, in this particular instance, why it should be regarded as unnecessary. We have nothing but praise for all who were connected with the working of the daily concerts. From Mr Alfred Littleton, a manager of infinite tact, courtesy, and business habits, down to the least important member of his staff, the necessary labour was done with an energy and devotion that left nothing to desire. But the resources at command, large though they were, and the skill which directed them, great though it was, could not endure the strain of six concerts a week. Much was accomplished certainly—more than ever before—yet not all; and the fact could scarcely have been hidden even from those who looked with a desire to see nothing but good.

In the current number of the *Musical Times* appears an authoritative exposition of the plans which the managers of the late daily concerts now entertain. We rejoice to find that, while their too sanguine hopes have not been realized, they still keep the field, and are prepared to go on under modified conditions. In this we have an example of the national virtue which refuses to accept defeat. According to the logic of warfare, the Duke was beaten at Waterloo, but he declined to see the fact, and held on till Fortune's scale kicked the beam in his favour. So, logically, the directors of the Albert Hall Concerts have been discomfited by circumstances; nevertheless they mean to effect a change of front, and continue the strife. This time we see a lot of circumstances on their side. It is good for them that no more than two concerts per week will be given. Ample time will thus be available for preparation, and no work need be essayed without an absolute certainty of success. Of the two concerts thus determined upon, one will appeal to popular tastes, while keeping in view the fact that a miscellaneous audience is not wholly incompatible with a proportion, we will not say of good music, because there is good music of all sorts, but of music having high claims. The second concert will be alternately devoted to oratorio and orchestral works; thus making the scheme cover all the ground occupied by the daily performances. In commending the new arrangement, we are specially glad to observe that the directors have made up their minds to work it on the very liberal scale demanded by the edifice in which the concerts are to take place. The vast area of the Albert Hall insists upon large executive resources as an absolute essential; and when the orchestra directed by Mr Barbury numbers over 100 instruments, and when his chorus musters some 1,200 strong, we may look for those results which alone can satisfy the exigencies of the place. It is, we believe, the intention of the directors to make the necessary augmentation of force ere the concerts begin again; and we anticipate the happiest consequences to flow therefrom. In all other respects, the concerts will go on as heretofore, presenting the best available talent (the appearance of Herr Wilhelmj is announced, for example), and managed under the influence of an ardent desire to attain the best musical results independent of those personal, and therefore, narrow considerations which too often have the upper hand.

The new series of concerts will begin on January 19, when, we hope, a key-note of success will be struck in the most effectual manner. Messrs Novello, Ever & Co. have deserved such a reward for their labour and enterprise, and we are sure that none will grudge it to them.

THERE is no truth in the report that Mr Mapleson is going to the new theatre in the Haymarket with his Italian operatic company. For the present he remains at Drury Lane Theatre.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MIDDLE MARIE KREBS has been playing the music of our countryman, Sir Sterndale Bennett, in various towns of Germany with marked success. The last of his *Three Impromptus* (in F sharp minor) has especially created a sensation, and all the German pianists are anxious to play it. How few of them could play it like Marie Krebs may well be imagined. Of course, the only pianist who ever attempted it in England was Arabella Goddard, who is banished from England, because, for an Englishwoman, she played too well.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT has composed a *fantasia* upon "The Star Spangled Banner," for M^{rs} Arabella Goddard, who will, no doubt, play it in California, and elsewhere in the United States. Sir Julius has always shown himself a staunch and devoted friend to the greatest of our English pianists; and his friendship does not stint because she is now so many thousand miles away. That is true friendship, but nothing surprising from the gifted author of *St. Peter*. Sir Julius can hardly have forgotten A. G.'s magnificent performance of his magnificent Concerto in E flat at the Birmingham Festival and the Crystal Palace.

MR. BOUCAULT's name is so constantly before the public as the author of the most successful dramas of the time, that pains have been taken to ascertain as accurately as possible the number of plays he has written, and the number of times each has been performed. Mr. Boucault has written over four hundred plays. The names of the most successful are as follows, and to each is appended the number of times it has been performed:—*The Colleen Bawn*, 3,100 times; *Arrah-na-Pogue*, 2,100; *London Assurance*, 2,900; *Rip Van Winkle*, 1,100; *Old Heads and Young Hearts*, 1,250; *The Octoroon*, 1,800; *Formosa*, 1,100; *Jessie Brown*, 820; *The Corsican Brothers*, 2,200; *Don César de Bazan*, 1,700; *Used Up*, 1,350; *The Willow Copse*, 1,110; *The Streets of New York*, 2,860; and *Led Astray*, 498. These are the leading ones. Others have had a run of from 100 to 1,000 nights each. The total number of all the performances must have been nearly 50,000. Assuming that the receipts to each performance averaged 500 dols., the money paid by this public to witness these works would amount to 25,000,000 dols. The profits of *London Assurance*, when first produced at Covent Garden Theatre, as appears from the record of the management, were 120,000 dols.; the profits of *The Colleen Bawn* were 200,000 dols. in one year; the profits of *Arrah-na-Pogue*, 180,000 dols. The gross receipts of *Led Astray*, last year, at the Union Square Theatre, amounted to 154,000 dols., of which 80,000 dols. were profit. On these four pieces the theatres cleared upwards of 600,000 dols.—*Arcaidan*.

THE following are the Italian operas represented for the first time in Italy and elsewhere during the year 1874: *Re Manfredi*, Sig. Montuoro, 10th January, Teatro Regio, Turin; *La Moglie per un Sultano*, comic, Sig. Miglione, 14th Jan., Teatro del Foud, Naples; *Editta di Belcorvi*, Sig. Obizzo, 28th Jan., Teatro del Liceo, Barcellona; *La Contessa di Mons.* Signor Rossi, 31st Jan., Teatro Regio, Turin; *Trippella*, comic, Sig. Lanz, 7th Feb., Teatro Coccia, Novara; *Mami il Montanaro*, semi-serious, Sig. Caracciolo, 7th Feb., Teatro Piccini, Bari; *La Cantante*, comic, Sig. Cipollini, 13th Feb., College of St Cosimo, Salomina; *Carmela*, semi-serious, Sig. del Corona, 15th Feb., Teatro Manzoni, Pistoia; *La Capricciosa*, semi-serious, Sig. Valensin, 28th Feb., Teatro delle Loggie, Florence; *La Rinegrata*, Sig. Reparez, 1st March, Teatro S. Joao, Oporto; *Li Litani*, Sig. Ponchielli, 7th March, the Scala, Milan; *La Cacciata del Duca d'Atene*, Sig. Bacchini, 14th March, Teatro Pagliano, Florence; *Salvatore Rosa*, Sig. Gomez, 21st March, Teatro Carlo Felice, Genoa; *L'Idolo Cinese*, semi-serious, Signori De Champa, Felici, Giardini, and Tacchiniardi, 24th March, Teatro delle Loggie, Florence; *Bianco Orsini*, Sig. Petrella, 4th April, Teatro San Carlo, Naples; *La Fanciulla savanaica*, semi-serious, Sig. Reggio, 11th April, Teatro Doria, Genoa; *L'Ultimo degli Abencerragi*, Sig. Pedrell, April 14th, the Liceo, Barcellona; *La Spina di Marsina*, Sig. Bonawitz, 22nd April, Academy of Music, Philadelphia; *Maria Stuart*, Sig. l'Albino, 23rd April, San Carlo, Naples; *Maritima*, Sig. Cortesi, 23rd April, Teatro della Pergola, Florence; *Il Figlio del Signor Sindaco*, comic,

Sig. Rispoli, 6th May, Teatro Nuovo, Naples; *Don Fabiano dei Corbelli*, comic, Sig. Camerana, 10th June, Teatro Balbo, Turin; *Romilda de' Bardi*, Sig. Dell'Orefice, 21th June, Teatro Mercadante, Naples; *Colin di Rienzo*, Sig. Persichini, 28th June, the Politeama, Rome; *Celeste*, Sig. de Stefani, 1st July, Teatro Manzoni, Milan; *Giovanna di Castiglia*, Sig. Magnanini, 15th August, Teatro Sociale, Carpi; *I Pizzetti*, Sig. Canepa, 21st Sept., the Scala, Milan; *Raffaello e la Fornarina*, semi-serious, Sig. Chiotti, 30th Sept., Teatro Alfieri, Turin; *Il Dura di Tappigiano*, comic, Sig. Cagnoni, 10th Oct., Teatro Sociale, Lecco; *La Contessa di S. Romano*, Sig. Frangini, 10th Oct., Teatro Alfieri, Florence; *Piccarda Donati*, Sig. Burati-Forti, 31st Oct., Teatro Petrarca, Arezzo; *O Mego per Forza*, comic and in the Genoese dialect, Sig. Novaro, 31st Oct., Teatro Nazionale, Genoa; *Velleda*, Sig. Capani, November, Teatro Nazionale, Fojano; *Lo Lorenzino de' Medici*, Sig. Marengo, 1st December, Teatro Nazionale, Lodi; *L'Ultimo dei Mori in Ispagna*, Sig. Paravano, 12th Dec., Teatro Mercadante, Naples. Of the above 35 operas—against 24 in 1873, but 56 in 1872—5, marked with an asterisk (*), were very successful; 23, marked with a dagger (†), successful; 6, marked with a double-dagger (‡), moderately successful; and 1, which the reader is left to find for himself, a failure.

CONCERT.

MRS. GEORGE LINLEY's first grand evening concert took place on Thursday, the 22nd inst., at the Odeon Hall, South Kensington, and was attended by a large and fashionable audience. The programme opened with Liviere's well-known chorus, "Spring, gentle spring," which was sung by the juvenile members of the choir of St Peter's, Odeon Gardens, who, in the second part, created great enthusiasm by their hearty rendering of some Christmas carols, under the efficient direction of Mr Willis. Mr Albert James was most successful in Hummel's famous song, "The New-year," and in "The Thorn." The latter being encored, Mr James substituted "Faisila is my only joy," which also gave general satisfaction. The well-known song, "Kathleen Maureen," was excellently rendered by the concert-giver, who afterwards sang the old ballad, "Within a mile of Edinboro' town," with such point and vigour, that it was re-demanded. Mrs Linley, however, gave, instead, Schubert's "Adieu," and thereby showed that she was a mistress of different languages, and so of different styles of music. Miss Sophie Ferrar sang, with charming taste and thorough feeling, Spohr's "The Maid and the maiden," to which Mr Lazarus played the *obbligato* clarinet part in his own finished and musicianly manner. Miss Ferrar afterwards gave Mr J. P. Knight's "She was a wreath of roses," with a pathos and simplicity that captivated the audience. She was unanimously encored in both songs, and substituted for the latter "Home, sweet home." Miss Frances Ferrar contributed, in her own "winning way," Mr Molloy's "Don't be sorrowful, darling" (encored), and also joined her sister in the duet, "I know a bank." Masters George and John Linley were rapturously encored in the duet, "I would that my love," a compliment they well deserved. The instrumental portion was ably supplied by the Rev. C. C. Scholfield, Mr Lazarus, and their quartet, whose genuine talents as a large and a complex for his instrument is well known. He introduced his own composition, "Clouds and Sunshine," and, being encored, he gave his admired piece, "La Grande," which was equally successful. The Rev. C. C. Scholfield and Mr Lazarus delighted the audience by their performance of Weber's Grand Duo Concertante, for clarinet and piano, as well as by their respective solos. The concert concluded with the National Anthem.

THE BENEDICT TESTIMONIAL.—The lamented death of Mr John Mitchell, who took so active a part in promoting the Benedict testimonial, has necessitated the postponement of the presentation. Though the precise period when this token of public esteem is to be offered to Sir Julius Benedict has not been definitely fixed, we believe there is good ground for stating that the occasion will now be deferred until the London season has fairly commenced, when many of the distinguished composer's warmest admirers, who are now scattered far and wide, and who would naturally be desirous of joining in the manifestation, shall again have been brought together.

We are happy to state that Middle Tietjens is recovering from her severe indisposition.

We hear, on good authority, that Offenbach has engaged to write an *opera buffa* for Mr George Wood (J. B. Cramer and Co.) on the subject of *Don Quixote*.

PROVINCIAL.

EDINBURGH.—Professor Oakeley—says the *Edinburgh Courier*—gave on Thursday, the 24th ult, in his class-room, an organ recital; and, being Christmas Eve, there was a large and fashionable assembly of holly and evergreens set from Mortchall and Southbank, while the programme of music played was appropriate to the festive season of Christmas. The ornamentation of the hall was enhanced by the exhibition of a number of beautiful models of English and foreign cathedrals in which service is held on Christmas Eve; as also by a well-finished bust of Paganini, just presented to the Music Chair by Professor Hodgson. There was a large and fashionable assembly, which frequently demonstrated their admiration of Dr Oakeley's brilliant playing.

MANCHESTER.—Last week the Shelley and Old Gioscop hand-bell ringers contested at Belle Vue Gardens for the championship of England, and a prize of £50 offered by Messrs Jamison. Each of the bands has won three successive first prizes, thus excluding themselves for a similar number of years from the date of their last success from the annual competitions at Belle Vue. The Shelley band, which is the oldest of the two, numbers, including the conductor, eight ringers, while in the Old Gioscop there are twelve, though the former ring only as many bells as the latter. The Gioscop ringers' selection comprised the Kyrie and Gloria (Mozart), Haydn's No. 1 Symphony, and a Rondo Brillante. Their opponents also played Haydn's First Symphony and Haydn's D Symphony, and the overture to *Zanetta*. The judges were: Mr C. Wrenck Jordan, Mrs. Bar, Lewisham, Kent; Mr L. Goodwin, organist, Church of the Holy Name, Manchester; and Mr W. J. Young, professor of music, Manchester; and these gentlemen decided, after a contest lasting two hours, that the prize should be awarded to the Shelley ringers, though they expressed their opinion that the arrangement and execution by the Old Gioscop band of Haydn's First Symphony were superior to those of the other band. The result was hailed with considerable applause by the friends of the Shelley players.

SHEFFIELD.—Mr Charles Harvey's subscription concert took place, notwithstanding the disappointment at Mr Sims Reeves not making his appearance, owing to the severity of the weather, which prevented the great tenor from fulfilling his engagement. "We are, nevertheless, pleased that the concert was not postponed," says the *Independent* of December 23rd—the large and fashionable audience that assembled last night found a thoroughly refined and competent substitute in Mr W. H. Cummings. Mr Cummings has for many years taken his stand among the most useful and intelligent of English tenors, while, as a skillful—and, perhaps, we may add, a scholarly—musician, he is far in advance of nine-tenths of his brethren. It may not be known that he is the composer of a number of interesting musical fragments, exclusive of one or two works of considerable proportions. Mr Harvey had arranged that the change of singers should not interfere with the original construction of the programme, and Mr Cummings's special capacity for interpreting sacred music enabled him to do ample justice to the recitative and air, "Deeper and deeper still" and "Wait her, angels, to the skies." The recitative was declaimed by Mr Cummings with dramatic fervour and touching expressiveness; but he was even more successful in his rendering of the exquisite air, into which he infused a tone of hopeful pathos, which was imperative in the highest sense. The other songs given by the same gentleman were "Once Again," by Arthur Sullivan, and "Silly in our Alley," Madame Patey. Immensely the best of English contraltos—a experienced a reception nothing short of enthusiastic. She was in fine voice, and in all her efforts elicited a complete ovation. An encore was insisted upon in each instance. Mr J. G. Patey (soprano-voiced, and artist of style) furnished several thoroughly welcome contributions, all of which were received with unfeigned satisfaction. Madame Thaddeus Wells gave three ballads successfully. Mr Zerful accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte.

WINDSOR.—A special service—a correspondent writes us—was held in St George's Chapel on Christmas Eve, by permission of the Very Rev. the Hon. Gerald Wellesley, Dean of Windsor. It having been announced that a selection from the *Mass* would be given, a fine audience assembled, and completely filled the vast edifice (including the aisle). By the judicious issue of tickets, overcrowding was avoided, and the excellent arrangements of the Rev. Canon Everett enabled all who presented themselves for admission to enjoy the service to their hearts' content. The choir was composed of the Gentlemen of St George's Chapel, the Gentlemen of Eton College Chapel, supplemented by 22 sopranos, 12 altos, and 14 tenors—altogether, an excellent choral body. The service was intoned by the Rev. Mr Everett, Minor Canon, the lessons being read by the Rev. St John Blunt, Hon. Canon of Windsor and Rector of Old Windsor. In the selection from the *Mass*, the solos were entrusted to Masters Whitehouse and Smith, Messrs Hunt, Marriott, and H. Hardy. In the first solo,

"Comfort ye," Mr Hunt gave an excellent rendering, he was painstaking, singing without effort, and in good taste, putting one in mind of Mr Lockey in his style of delivery. Of Mr Marriott's solo, "Behold, a virgin," it need only be said that he sang as a veteran, and as such left nothing to be desired. To criticize Mr Barnby's delivery of "For behold darkness" would be unfair, as, unfortunately, he was evidently suffering from hoarseness, which produced a consequent amount of nervousness we are unaccustomed to find associated with that gentleman. Masters Whitehouse and Smith left nothing to be desired in "He shall feed His flock" and "Come unto Him," the freshness of their voices and their excellent training never shewed itself to greater advantage than in the solos entrusted to them in this instance. Of the selected choruses we can speak with unqualified praise: "For unto us," "Gloria to God," and the "Hallelujah"—especially the "Hallelujah"—evidently creating a marked effect upon the audience. Sir George Elvey presided at the organ, and to him we are not only indebted for the successful conduct of a more than ordinarily acceptable service, but likewise for an accompaniment to Handel's masterpieces which we but occasionally meet with. H.R.H. Prince Christian and the Princess Christian attended the service.

REVIEWS.

LAMBTON COOK.

Songs for Children. No. 8. "The Dog and the Cow." Words by Mrs R. B. TERTON. Music by Mrs WORTHINGTON BLISS.

THE words of this song are full of genuine humour, and children of the largest possible growth may find in them plenty of occasion for laughter. Here is the first verse as it appears:—

"A dog came up to a cow one day,
And said, as he bowed quite low,
'I've hired a balloon to go up to the moon,
'And I very much hope you'll go.'
The cow was drowsy in her Sunday best,
With a wreath on her radiant brow,
And she whispered 'Yes,' with a modest 'moo,'
While the dog said 'How now, how now.'"

Mrs Bliss's music is admirably in keeping with the droll verses, and the whole makes up a capital ditty for children's gatherings.

Little Alice (from "Wonderland"). Written by F. E. WEATHERLY, M.A. Composed by CLEVELAND WIGAN.

PARTY verses, pretty music, and a pretty title page—altogether a pretty thing. Let those who cater for young people in musical things look to it.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS.

Illustrations of National Music. Edited by BRISLEY RICHARDS. No. I. *The Rakotzy March* (Liszt). No. II. *Grand Study on the Pantomime Suite* (Chopin).

MR RICHARDS will do good service by pre-empting with the series of which these two pieces are the beginning. The more general an acquaintance with all varieties of national music, the more are the resources of the art increased; for it is a fact that nearly every marked form of rhythm and scale in classical art owes its origin to the "people," among whom it grew, rather than was invented. The examples before us could not have been better chosen, and alike in the famous Hungarian March, and in Chopin's curious Study, much of an interesting nature will be discovered by those who have eyes to see.

J. B. CHAMBER & CO.

La Española. Caprice Espagnol pour Piano, par FRANCISCO BERGUE.

THE Spanish character in this composition is well preserved throughout, and gives it no ordinary piquancy. Amateurs will find the Caprice easy to play, and very effective as a *morceau de salon*. Key, G.

Fairy Land. For the Pianoforte, by FRANCISCO BERGUE.

A LOVELY, pretty and easy piece, in the key of C, and one such as amateurs will welcome, because it secures the maximum of effect with the minimum of effort.

LONDON (Ontario).—The Hellmuth Ladies' School was re-opened on September 2nd under the most favourable auspices, and with a considerable increase in the number of boarding pupils. The College is evidently growing in public favour, and continues to be largely attended by pupils from every part, both of Canada and the United States. The Principal and Lady Principal, Rev. H. F. Darrell and Mrs Darrell, have been cordially received and supported by the College Staff, and Miss McClellan, the able Lady Superintendent, Miss Clinton and Miss Williams fill their former positions with their usual zeal and efficiency. The Teaching Staff has been further strengthened by the following additions:—French, Rev. Prof. Gilmont and Jiddle Fowler German, Fraulein Schenck; English, Miss Browne.—*Thurs Recorder*.

Social Intercourse.

"The contact of society is necessary for the nurture and the preservation of the generous feelings implanted in us by the Great Spirit."

(From "Another World.")

In the system I inaugurated, where every man pursued his occupation with enthusiastic delight, because he was engaged in that for which nature and education had fitted him, it became necessary to enjoin recreation and amusement as a duty, particularly in the case of learned men, whose attention was concentrated on one particular subject.

Before my reign learned men had been sometimes prone to seclude themselves from the world, while the opulent indulged in amusements to excess, and had indeed need of laws rather to restrain than to enjoin indulgence. Now, however, few except the "humble" classes (for we have no "poor" in your sense of the word), would have sought after diversions had not my laws enjoined them as a duty.

As regards learned men, I knew that if one part of the brain was unduly excited and overworked, the other parts would lie dormant and suffer. All classes therefore were required to "undergo" amusements, and many were the precepts to encourage them in the pursuit. I added to these the force of my own example; for, though occupied incessantly with the cares of government and with abstract meditations, I nevertheless attended amusements of all kinds, and often gave *fêtes* of great beauty and insignificance for the recreation of the people. I was a frequent attendant at places of amusement, public games, and races, and refreshed myself almost daily with the sympathetic contact of the numerous society which my hospitality brought round my table.

When any laws on the subject of social intercourse were first promulgated there were many wise men who questioned the wisdom of my requiring the learned to cultivate social relations. These addressed to me many arguments in support of their views, and objected that, without having their thoughts interrupted by the clang of society, simple clangs of subject, or at least the simplest distractions, would amply suffice to give the necessary repose. I always encouraged the learned to communicate to me their opinions, in which I invariably listened with attention; and in this case the arguments they adduced in support of their views were so plausible that I resolved to convince them by an actual experiment.

To satisfy them, and confirm the belief of others, I allowed the chief opponents of my doctrine to select ten learned men who desired to pursue their own idea of seclusion, and ten others were selected by me from those who were converts to my views in matters of recreation and amusement. The twenty men thus selected were, as nearly as possible equal in point of talent, and were all engaged on the same engrossing subject—one which required great concentration of thought. The utmost care was taken that the experiment might be fairly and conclusively tried.

The result of this experiment, which extended over many years, proved indisputably that I was right; for, whilst the productions of the "amusing and amused" men were equal in all, and in many respects superior, to those of the "seclusionists," the latter showed visible marks of the evils of their abstinence.

After a few years their indifference for the world had grown into positive misanthropy. They refused to receive any visits, became negligent of their personal appearance, and centred their whole affection upon the object of their study.

Dermses (Communicators).

(To be continued.)

PRESENTATION TO MR CURWEN.

A very large and enthusiastic meeting was held on Wednesday evening in the great room of Exeter Hall, respectfully filling it, for the purpose of publicly presenting to the Rev. John Curwen and Mrs Curwen testimonials of affectionate admiration for their strenuous and successful exertions in popularising skilled vocal music by the establishment of the Tonic Sol-Fa Association. In the absence of Sir Charles Reed, who had been advertised to preside, but who was prevented by indisposition from fulfilling his engagement, the chair was filled by Mr Hugh Matheson, of Hampstead. After the singing of the hymn, "O worship the King," by way of overture, the honorary secretary, Mr Froudmann, read an extract from Sir Charles Reed's letter, expressing his deep regret at being too unwell to keep his appointment. The secretary next read letters from Lord Shaftesbury, Sir John Goswami, Mr Frederick Smith, Mr G. A. Macfarren, and the Revs J Walker and T. Kyder, conveying the expression of their entire sympathy with the objects of the subscribers and their admiration of the founder of the Tonic Sol-Fa Association.

The Sol-faists then sang with admirable voice and precision "The Cornard's Song of Hope," the words by J. S. Stallybrass, and the music by Adolphe Adam. The address of presentation was then read by the honorary secretary of the Testimonial Committee, Mr Froudmann. It expressed the pleasure with which the teachers, pupils, and friends of the Tonic Sol-Fa method met Mr Curwen on that occasion. They offered him their hearty congratulations upon the remarkable success which had followed his efforts for the extension of popular musical education. They expressed their belief that it was to him they were mainly indebted for the restoration of scientific truth in the teaching of music, and that to him likewise they were indebted for its simplification by means of the Tonic Sol-Fa method of notation.

The subscribers wished also to encourage Mr Curwen for the future, and to assure him that, in his plans for the consolidation of the Tonic Sol-Fa College, he might expect not only their sympathy and good wishes, but also their hearty co-operation. As an earnest of this they asked him to accept the sum of money to be presented to him that night as a practical, though inadequate, expression of their friendship and personal regard.

Mr Linder, the earliest treasurer of the association, now, in the name of the subscribers, made the presentation of a cheque, the amount of which was not stated, to Mr Curwen, and to Mrs Curwen an expressive portrait of her husband, painted by Mr J. Edgar Williams. The artist was loudly called for and enthusiastically cheered. The part-song, "Who thro' heaven is guiding," conducted by Mr R. Griffiths, was next sung. Mr Curwen acknowledged the gratifying testimonials to himself and Mrs Curwen. He gave an interesting account of his first engagement in the improvement of popular vocal music, more than thirty years ago, of the severity of his early struggles, and of his ultimate triumphs. He reviewed at some length the past history and present prospects of the Sol-Fa movement for musical reform, and augured for it, in spite of momentary official discouragement, a bright future. The elementary schools were calling for the Sol-Fa method, and the school inspectors were all endorsing it. With this pressure behind, the Privy Council would, in due time, give way, and the system would force an entrance into the Normal Colleges. Mr Curwen gratefully enumerated the names of some of the more eminent of his coadjutors in the work. Among those who had passed away, the late General Perrot was greeted throughout with cheers. Mr Curwen's address was greeted throughout with cheers. The old Scotch song, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," most appropriately followed, with effective organ accompaniment by Mr Harris. The Sol-faing was ably conducted by Mr W. M. Miller, of Glasgow. It was executed with great spirit. In an admirable speech for Scotland, by Mr Colin Brown, of the Andersonian University, Glasgow, it was mentioned that in that city alone there are 50,000 Sol-faists. Mr Brinley Richards spoke most appropriately, as the representative of Welsh lovers of music, and other interesting addresses followed. After votes of thanks, the meeting concluded with the "Hallelujah Chorus," under the conduct of Mr Froudmann.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

The concert given on the afternoon of Boxing-day was not, unfortunately, enriched with the presence of Mr Sims Reeves, who, at the eleventh hour, telegraphed his inability to attend, in consequence of the foggy weather. The public, of good holiday dimensions as regarded the cheaper parts of the building, did not put up very aniously with the announcement, and, during the greater part of the concert, vented their displeasure in angry apostrophes, and now and then obstructed, with considerable persistence, the course of the performance. In addition to the absence of Mr Sims Reeves, there was that also of Mr Edward Lloyd to further suggest irritation and disturb the common harmony. The concert, however, bating these disappointments, was by no means a weak one of its kind, and, being constructed upon strictly popular principles, was well calculated to please the shilling ear. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, in spite of the unfriendly demonstrations she met with, soon quelled the fractious remonstrants who chafed at the loss of their favourite tenor, and obtained a triumphant encore in Clara's ballad "Come back to Erin," a recall in her husband's song "The Bird of Love," and universal acclamation in the Shadow Song from *Dinorah*, with which florid *marceus*, executed by her to perfection, the concert terminated. Then there was Miss Antonette Sterling, whose quaint old ditty, "The three ravens," and Burns's famous song "A man's a man for a' that," are always points of interest. The latter, as usual, was redemanded, a compliment also bestowed upon the same vocalist in a new song by Mr Barnby, called "When the flowing tide comes in," the pathetic sentiment of which, akin in motive to the intensely touching words of Kingeley's "The three fishers," made itself generally felt among all who listened to it—gentle and simple alike. The composer was his own accompanist, Mr Whitney, who has seldom been absent from the Albert Hall concerts, sang "Non più andrai," a new song by Arthur Sullivan—though scarcely up to the Sullivan mark—named "Christmas bells at sea," and Weiss's popular "Village Blacksmith." Mr Levy contributed, at intervals, solos on the cornet, and, it need hardly be observed, with his customary success; and Mr Hughes exhibited no inferiority of skill in his performance of "O ruddier than the cherry" on the ophicleide. The overtures to *Fra Diavolo* and *Guillaume Tell* were played with signal excellence by the orchestra; and the general conductors of the concert were Mr Barnby, Mr Randegger and Mr Politzer.

D. H. H.

DEATHS' DOINGS IN 1874.

Literature and the drama have lost representatives, more or less important, in M. Guizot, Mr Shirley Brooks, Mr Bellow (the popular lecturer), Mr John Henegge Jese, Miss Agnes Strickland, Mr James Hannay, Mr Tom Hood, M. Sylvain Van de Veyer, Mr Albert Way, F.S.A., Mr John Gough Nichols, F.S.A., Mr Howard Stanton, Mr Adrian Black (publisher), Mr Sydney Dobell, Mr Thomas Miller (the basket-maker poet), Mr John Blackie (publisher), Mlle Aline Dacelle, Mr W. H. Betty (the "youthful Roccus"), Dr Charles T. Beke, Mr Henry Godwin, F.S.A., Mr Charles Swain, John Moultrie (the poet), and Mrs Marsh-Caldwell.

From the world of art we have lost Mr John Pye (the "father of landscape engravers"), Mr Field Talford, Mr David Simson, of Edinburgh; Wilhelm von Kaulbach, of Munich; Mr W. Telbin, Mr Kenny Meadows, Mr J. H. Foley (the sculptor), Mr Robert Carlyle (miniature painter), the Baron de Triquiti, Mr Joseph Paton, and Mr Owen Jones.

Science has to lament the loss of Dr Neill Arnott, Dr Lankster, Sir John Rennie, Sir William Jardine, Dr Forbes Winslow, Maedler, the astronomer, of Hanover; Andreas Hansen, the astronomer, of Gotha; Mr Edward Blyth, the zoologist; Professor Phillips, of Oxford; Mr Richard Tappin, the surgeon; Paolo Rosa, the Roman astronomer; and Professor Grant, of University College.

Our list of miscellaneous deaths includes Madame Farpapa-Rosa, Mr John Grantham, civil engineer and architect; Mr William Torr, the agriculturist; Mr Charles Young, the comedian; and Mr Addison, the comedian.

PADDY GREEN.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

"On the 12th instant, Mr John Green, late of Evans's, Covent-garden, aged 73." The death at a ripe old age of this genial veteran will be, no doubt, deeply lamented by a large circle of friends; but the memory of the late Mr Green merits something beyond a mere obituary notice. If not a very remarkable man himself—indeed, he did not claim to be anything more than an affable Boileau, who was eager to welcome the coming and to speed the parting guest, and whose smile, whose salutation of "Dear boy," and whose snuff-box, were at everybody's service—Mr John Green had certainly succeeded in making the famous cellar in Covent-garden Piazza, over whose nocturnal and strictly decorous revels he presided, the favourite place of resort not only of two generations of remarkable Englishmen, but of distinguished foreigners from all parts of the civilized world. We have not the slightest doubt that the late Emperor Napoleon III. had often partaken of a pinch from Mr Green's box, and it is on literary record that Mr Charles Sumner went at least on one occasion to Evans's with Mr Thackeray, with whom he had been dining at the Garrick Club, then situated in King street, Covent-Garden. Who, indeed, had not been to the convivial *southern*? So widely was its fame known that there is little reason to regard as apocryphal the story of a Russian gentleman who arrived in this country with a solitary letter of introduction, which he said had been given to him by a Moldo-Wallachian friend on board a Danubian steamer. It was only a scrap of paper, on which were scrawled the words, "Evenschopingsmekroon, Covent-Gard." With the late Mr Green there is broken a link which connected the somewhat dreary and prosaic present with a very jovial and picturesque past. The Club element—the palatial and superlative club, we mean—is becoming more and more dominant in English society; and wits and barristers, guardsmen and country squires, are rarely to be found drinking grog and listening to songs in a tavern parlour. And it was a peculiar characteristic of the symposium over which Mr Green for so many years presided, that, great as were its lyrical attractions, and stately as were its later architectural adornments, it never became a music-hall, and never ceased to be a tavern of the old-fashioned order. Some thousands of good songs have been sung, and some thousands of good stories told, and pinches dispensed from the famous snuff-box at Evans's within the last forty years. Now the owner of the snuff-box himself returns to dust; and a sigh is due to the good-tempered names of poor "Paddy Green."

M. WABOT.—On leaving college, Victor Alexandre Joseph Warot, born at Verrier, on the 18th September, 1834, was articled to an attorney. He then studied law, and was admitted to the bar. He practised a short time, but soon abandoned the law for commerce. He entered the bank of MM. Prost and Co, Paris, and stayed there till he went upon the stage. His father, the composer of several operas, and a professor of singing, guided him in his musical studies, and rendered it unnecessary for him to attend the course of instruction at the Conservatory. Under the patronage of Nestor Roqueplan, M. Warot first appeared at the Opéra-Comique, in 1858, the opera being *Les Monténégres* and *La Dame Blanche*. In 1862, he sang in the revival of *Zémire et Azor*, his success being so great that M. Perrin at once engaged him for the Grand Opéra, at first as a *tenor léger*, and then as a *tenor fort*. Being loaned by M. Perrin to M. Lottelier, the manager of the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, he arrived in that capital in 1868, and from the very commencement, received an extremely flattering reception. In 1869, he returned to the Grand Opéra, Paris. Thence he proceeded, in 1870, to Marseilles, and then M. Vachot secured him for the Monnaie. This is the sixth season of his engagement in Brussels.—*Journal Amusant*.

WAIFS.

THE WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—A conference between the Sub-committee of the Festival Stewards and the Dean and Chapter met in the Chapter House, at Worcester, on Saturday afternoon. After a full and free discussion of the views of each party, the meeting broke up, the entire question remaining *in statu quo*. The Dean and Chapter intimated their willingness to aid the Stewards in every way, should they ultimately arrange for subsequent Festivals in any secular building. The only absent member of the Chapter was the Rev. Canon Seymour, M.A. [And thus the silver lining in the *Herald's* cloud has resulted, as we prognosticated it would be, in nothing. We have said from the beginning that the Dean and Chapter had long ago made up their mind; and why quarrel on? We would direct attention to a letter from a valued correspondent, "A Parson's Son," to be found in another column. His hint is very timely, and should be pondered over.—Ed. M. N.]—*Malvern News*, Dec. 26.

Madame Carloti Patil, M. Ritter, and M. Sivori have gone to Russia on a concert tour.

Don Giovanni has recently been played at Christiana, a place hitherto considered out of the range of Italian opera.

Signor Niccoli, detained en route for Paris, and unable to give his promised representations there, has left for Rome.

Madame Sangalli has arrived in Paris, to take part in Deiblé's ballet, *La Source*, at the opening of the new Opera House.

M. Alexandre Billel, the eminent pianist, will resume his annual performances of classical pianoforte music early in January, at St George's Hall.

There has just been published, chez Michel Lévy, a very interesting work on Les Salimbeneques, by M. Gaston Escudier. The subject is not only very interesting, but very amusing; and many of our readers may like to have their attention called to the work.

Signor Aristi has been reaping laurels at the opera in Hanover, where he mounted in one week, *Chi fan tutte*, *Il Mercurio*, *Belshazzar*, and *Don Pasquale*. In the latter Madame Aristi introduced Signor Aristi's new waltz, "L'Incontro," which created quite a furore.

The *Diritto* says the Pope has taken up a project which he formed many years ago of placing 12 statues round the cupola of St Peter's, in accordance with the idea of Michael Angelo. Twelve sculptors are to be charged each with the execution of a statue, but they are not to be chosen by public competition; nor will any artist be eligible for the work who was not domiciled in Rome prior to 1870, or who has manifested any opposition to the cause of Holy Church. The *Diritto* adds that, seeing the enormous sums which are just now being poured into the Pontifical Treasury in the shape of Peter's pence, there should be no lack of funds for carrying out the project.

We wish to make all possible exceptions when we say that nothing can exceed the concert and consequentialness of some Church choir.—What with whispering, laughing, tipping back or leaning lazily in their chairs, sitting invisible behind the screens, or leaving chairs during sermon time, we venture to say that that half-dozen people who do the music are to be charged with more impertinence and misbehavior than all the rest of the co-regation. We would desire to have all proper respect for those privileged ladies and gentlemen who compose the choir, but there is really no reason why, having sung God's praise, they should then address themselves to offering incense to the devil. The wrangling among choirs is notorious and universal, but their amazing impudence in many cases is not the less observable; and a really excellent choir, which is at the same time respectful and modest, indicates a remarkable triumph of grace and nature. There really ought to be no reason why those persons who are so cherubim in their voices, should often be so consequential and irreverent in their manners, and so utterly out of keeping with the place and the occasion.—*Church and State*.

WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—Petitions to the Queen in Council are being prepared by the council and the citizens of Worcester, praying that Her Majesty, "as the head of the Church of this realm, will be pleased to use her influence with the Dean and Chapter of Worcester to induce them to continue the holding of the Christian Festival in the Cathedral Church of the city, under such arrangements as will best promote the object in view." These petitions set out that musical Festivals have been held for 150 years at Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester alternately; have been the means of providing charitable funds for the relief of widows and orphans of clergymen of these three dioceses; have been largely attended by the inhabitants, and even patronised by the Queen herself in 1580, and that the decision of the Dean and Chapter refusing the use of the Cathedral except for a Festival at which regular religious services and sermons would be held, has caused great dissatisfaction, and the petitioners believe "that the discontinuance of the Festival would tend to lower the character of this city in the estimation of enlightened and educated people, and be not only a local but also a national loss."

Is it not bold of the *Herald* to ascribe Gluck's character to intoning that he was a gawker, as it did on Friday. Of course, that composer's gawtiness were what our contemporary meant to allude to.—*Arcadian*.

ANTWERP.—The programme of the first concert this season given by the Society of Music continued works by three celebrated German composers; namely, the Chorus No. 1 from *Judas Maccabaeus*, by Handel; a Cantata, by J. S. Bach; and the "Adventist," by J. R. Schumann. There were also various compositions of less importance. The concert gave the greatest satisfaction to a most crowded audience.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

ROBERT COCK & Co.—Sound the trumpet in Zion, quartet, for full choir, by Brinkley Richards; also by the same composer, "Alicia" (Handel), for the pianoforte.

T. DAINOFF.—"Original" (Compositions for the Organ), "Le Grimperier," voice parts, by J. R. Wallace.

HARVEY & Co.—"Why Moans the pine?" "Pavalia," "The Trumpet Call," songs by Felix Campagna.

C. JEFFREYS.—"On Pines," waltz, piano-forte, a quattro-marie, by Eugénie e Vittoria Herzhild; "At Bess," a Story of a New Year, song, by Edward Parry; "Sérenade Allemande," pour le piano, par A. Ruhl; "The Past," bass song, by Hope devereux; song, by A. G. Otis; "Glenora," polka-mazurka, by J. H. Perry; "Troll," song mazurka, by Gerald Leach; "Saskin," grand march, solo and duet, "Irish Diamond," No. 6, Fantasia on the popular melody, "The valley lay smiling before me," and "The girl I left behind me," "Rights of Women," No. 4, and "Long Byme" and "Charles is my darling," by Willie Page; "The Children's Victory," song, by Ed. Beryl; "Drifted," song, by Alfred Plumptre; "Dream Queen," song, by Ed. Beryl; "The Fairies' national fantasia," "The Fairies' Gathering," characteristic piece, by Michael Watson.

NOTTELL & KEMP & Co.—"Silly the echoes come and go," Christmas carol, William Harcourt; "Federal March," by Herbert S. Oakley; "Lessons sweet of spring returning," by T. P. M.

CHARLES J. KUTZ.—"It might have been," song, by Virginia Gabriel.

LAWSON COCK.—"Song for Children," No. 1, "The Dog and the Cow," by Mrs J. Worthington Biss; "The Syrian Bride," wedding march, by Charles Salaman; "Would you gain," middle-size, song, by Robert Stomas; "Little Alice," from "Wonderland," by Cleveland Jones.

METZLER & Co.—"There is a lady sweet and kind," song, Mrs Arthur Goodale; "The Boatsman's song," Edward de Jongh; "The Bird that's Lament," song, by Monigny; "Kevante," song, by Charles W. Smith; "Tom Hark," ballad, by Henry Smith; "Queen Mab," waltz, Lindsay Shop; "One look of mine," song, by Charles W. Smith.

WILKIE, WOOD & Co.—"A Dream," love song, "The Old Grand," by Virginia Gabriel; "The old home far away," song, by G. A. Macfarren; "Waltz for piano-forte," by W. C. Macfarren.

WILLIS & Co.—"Wood birds are singing," vocal duet, "Thine Image," "Love's Spring," "The Love Song," songs, by Frank Abt; "To Trust and trust," song, by Frank Abt.

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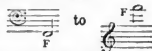
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SIR STERNDALÉ BENNETT.

(From "The Times," Feb. 2.)

One of the most gifted musicians ever born in this country—William Sterndale Bennett—died yesterday, about noon, at his residence in St John's Wood Road. He was born at Sheffield on the 13th of April, 1816. His father, Mr Robert Bennett, was organist at a church in that town, and the son's earliest days were passed as a choir-boy. Very soon, however, his extraordinarily precocious capacity raised general attention; and he was sent to our Royal Academy of Music for instruction. At the Academy he studied under Dr Crotch, Mr W. H. Holmes, Mr Cipriani Potter, and other professors of note. Although, at first, considered a rather dilatory scholar, he rapidly attained distinction. His symphony in E flat at once proclaimed his exceptional ability; and, not very long subsequently, his pianoforte concerto in D minor interested Mendelssohn so greatly that he desired to be introduced to the promising young musician. After progressing more and more in the same path, and when he had composed various works of immediately acknowledged excellence, Bennett was invited to perform at the Philharmonic Concerts, which at that period were the direct road to professional eminence. He played his second concerto (E flat), and, a year later, his third (C minor), each with brilliant success. From this time his career became assured; and as he was one of the finest pianists of his time—the nearest, in fact, to Mendelssohn that we can remember—his services were in constant request. He then went to Germany, and, at Leipzig, soon won the close intimacy of Mendelssohn and Schumann. How these remarkable men influenced his subsequent career is well known. Previous to his departure from England Bennett had obtained general acceptance through the pianoforte concertos we have named, his overtures, *Paraisio* and *The Naiades*—both masterpieces—and other works. At Leipzig he composed his finest overture, *The Wood Nymphs*, which, on his return to England, was given without delay by the Philharmonic Society, meeting with a reception no less cordial than had greeted it in the Saxon capital and other parts of Germany. Thenceforth his career was one of uninterrupted success. From a pupil he had ripened into a master, and his supremacy as an English pianist and composer was unanimously admitted. The works he has since produced are so well known to English musicians and amateurs that it would be superfluous to catalogue them in detail. Among the most remarkable, however, must be mentioned the fourth pianoforte concerto (F minor); the *Caprice* (E major), for pianoforte, with orchestra; a sonata dedicated to Mendelssohn (F minor); a fantasia, so called, though in form just as much a sonata as the other, dedicated to Schumann (A major); a cantata, entitled *The May Queen*, composed for the Leeds Festival of 1858, and now all over the country a household word; *The Woman of Samaria*, his chef d'œuvre in the sacred style, written for the Birmingham Festival; his seventh symphony (in G minor), performed only last Saturday week, amid general applause, at the Crystal Palace Concerts, under the direction of Mr Manns; his overture, *Paraisio* and *The Peri*, a poem, if ever there was one, in music; and last, not least, his beautiful pianoforte sonata, *The Maid of Orleans*, composed expressly for Madame Arabella Goddard, which, in her absence, has been performed by Dr Hans von Bulow, Mr Franklin Taylor, Mr Walter Macfarren, and other distinguished professors. Bennett has left a great number of compositions in manuscript, which, as fastidious as Mendelssohn himself, he kept by him for revision at leisure—a leisure which never came. He always looked at his art from a serious point of view, and did nothing to conciliate what is spoken of as "the popular taste of the day." The intimate friend of Mendelssohn and Schumann, he emulated their example, though he had done quite enough to assert his right to belong to the family of genuine artists before he made the acquaintance of either. Bennett was never, as we find so often stated, a pupil of Mendelssohn's. The two met at Düsseldorf and Leipzig on equal terms, and Mendelssohn esteemed our English composer just as highly as our English composer esteemed Mendelssohn. Of this there are existing proofs in the great German musician's own printed

works—instance the friendly and noble testimonial when Bennett was a candidate for the musical professorship at the Edinburgh University. Schumann's opinion of our countryman may be read, over and over again, in his "Gesammelte Schriften, über Musik und Musiker," especially when, criticizing *The Three Divisions* (pianoforte duets), he writes:—

"Über jener Engländer ist unter allen Fremden der deutschen Theilnahme am würdigsten, ein geborner Künstler, wie selbst Deutschland wenige aufzuweisen."

The distinctions conferred upon Bennett in the country of his birth, as simply recognitions of his merits, are various. In his early boyhood a chorister at King's College, Cambridge, he was eventually (1868) appointed Musical Professor at Cambridge University, where he also graduated as Musical Doctor, and some years after as Master of Arts. In 1870 he was made D.C.L. at Oxford, and the year following knighted by her Majesty the Queen at Windsor, in company with Julius Benedict, his worthy compeer. For eleven years—from 1856—he directed the Philharmonic Concerts, and composed his admirable overture, *Paraisio* and *The Peri*, for the occasion of their jubilee, celebrated in St James's Hall. In 1868 he succeeded the late Mr Lucas as Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, the fortunes of which he did more than any who had preceded him to sustain. In fact, his artistic career, humbly as it began, was to him an uninterrupted succession of honours. He deserved them well. Perhaps there never was a man in our time more universally liked and esteemed than William Sterndale Bennett; certainly there never was one who has done more to make English musical art respected abroad as well as at home.

(From the "Daily Telegraph," Feb. 2.)

About noon yesterday, at his residence in St John's Wood, died William Sterndale Bennett, Knight, Mus. Doc., M.A., D.C.L., Cambridge Professor and Principal of the Royal Academy of Music. By reason of this event the universal art of music mourns. Sterndale Bennett was an ordinary English master, such as the many who, having gained an insular reputation, never succeed in winning higher and broader honours. To a great extent, he was our representative man before the world of music. His name and genius have been known and respected on the Continent almost as many years as in his native land; and when the news spreads through the art circles of Europe and America that he who wrote the *Naiades*, the *Wood Nymphs*, and the pianoforte concerto in F minor, is no more, it will be said with regret that "a prince and a great man hath fallen." But if the sad event of yesterday cannot fail to arouse emotions of sorrow among amateurs all the world over, how ought it to be regarded here? English music—nay, England herself—is indeed the poorer for the loss of Sterndale Bennett. We have not had many such as he of whom to boast. We can point to very few who, in the grand procession of masters, have trodden closely in the footsteps of the foremost, and there have been fewer still whom Fate has allowed to win their rightful share of the world's honour. Even while our sense of loss is keen, we would not exaggerate the worth of the departed, and, when it is said that English music has just received a heavy blow, the uttered words are but simple truth.

Sterndale Bennett's career, looked at in connection with the many discouraging circumstances against which an English musician contends, is a remarkable instance of the power of real ability to make its way. Our dead master came of a musical family and respectable parentage, but hardly could anything have been less hopeful than his start in life. Mother and father were taken from him in infancy, the loss of the father being the more serious because, as an organist of repute in Sheffield, he was fitted to watch over the musical development of his son. But the orphan boy was not left friendless, and at eight years of age—that is to say, in 1824—Sterndale Bennett became attached, as a chorister of King's, to the University which now laments the loss of her distinguished Professor. His musical genius rapidly asserted itself; and those who were interested in him saw that the lad had gifts only needing proper care in order to attain

greatness. Hence his removal to the Royal Academy of Music, then a young institution, presided over by Dr Crotch, and giving much promise of good by its activity and success. Sterndale Bennett was now fairly started on his career, and some of those who remember him under these circumstances are fond of calling to mind the bright happy, high-spirited youth, already looked upon as the hope of English music. Bennett was no sluggard during his time of pupilage. Possessed by the spirit of art to that degree which only musicians know, he wrought incessantly, work after work coming from his busy pen, as though his resources were inexhaustible. How far, in this respect, he emulated the brilliant genius to whose artistic influence he laid himself open so unreservedly, it boots not to inquire. At any rate, these were Bennett's golden days—days in which honourable ambition fed upon successful achievement, and life seemed a fair and happy thing. The works produced at this early period are among the best he gave to the world, and by them, rather than by later compositions, his genius is known. As instances may be cited the pianoforte concertos in C minor and F minor, the overtures to the *Niads* and *Wood Nymphs*, and the Capriccio in E for pianoforte and orchestra. These things, and others more in number than can be mentioned here, marked young Bennett for distinction above his fellows, and it was with the best credentials that he travelled to Germany in 1836 on an artistic tour, for which the "ways and means" had been supplied by a liberal and discerning amateur. This visit to the land of the great masters marked an epoch in Bennett's life. Through it he came in contact with Mendelssohn, and began a friendship which death alone could interrupt, and to it was owing the speedy repute he gained among Continental amateurs. There is something very charming in the genial, affectionate welcome found by the young Englishman in the highest musical circles in Germany, and, above all, in Mendelssohn's almost brotherly kindness. No doubt the illustrious master felt flattered by the family likeness of Bennett's music to his own, but Mendelssohn only stretched out a cordial hand. Robert Schumann was then editing the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, and when, at the beginning of 1837, he wanted to present his readers with a new year's gift, he gave them a sketch of Sterndale Bennett. The great and gentle spirit of Schumann went out unreservedly to the youthful wanderer from the "unmusical country," and alike for the sake of a beautiful testimony borne by one artist to another, for the sake of the writer, and out of regard for the memory of the man he honoured, we must reproduce his words. The translation is that of "M. E. von G.":

"After much deliberation as to what new-year's gift I could present to the readers of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*—in addition to the compliments of the season—that should secure the good opinion, I have come to the conclusion that I can do nothing better than introduce them to some pleasant acquaintance. The man I have in my mind is no Beethoven, enveloped in endless contests; no Berlioz, preaching revolution with hero's voice, amid universal terror and destruction. On the contrary, he is a person of a quiet, amiable nature, who, whatever tumults may be raging, occupies himself in his own work, like some astronomer in a lonely observatory watching the course of events and investigating the secrets of nature. His name is William Sterndale Bennett, and he is the countryman and partly the namesake of Shakespeare.

"The arts of music and poetry are surely not so antagonistic that we need wonder that that famous country, which has given us Shakespeare and Byron, should also produce a great musician. The old prejudice which believed it impossible has been already shaken by Field, Osler, Potter, Bishop, and others; and now Sterndale Bennett has given it a harder blow than ever. Providence has watched over him from his cradle. . . . How far this development was promoted by the careful instruction he received at the Royal Academy of Music, in London, under masters like Crotch and Cipriani Potter, and by his own indefatigable studies, I know not; I only know that out of this chrysalis has burst a truly glorious butterfly, fluttering through the summer air, now lighting on this flower and now on that, and leaving us to follow with eager eyes and outstretched hands. A soaring spirit like this could not be contented to remain on its native earth without desiring to behold the land where its two greatest predecessors, Mozart and Beethoven, first saw the light. And thus it has come to pass that the favourite

of the London public, and the pride of musical England, is residing with us.

"As to the character of Bennett's compositions, no one can fail to be struck at first sight by their strong family likeness to those of Mendelssohn. There is the same beauty of form, the same poetic depth of clearness, the same ideal purity, the same divine power of impressing the hearer. And yet there is a distinction. It is even more evident in their playing than in their compositions. The Englishman excels in delicacy and finished detail; Mendelssohn in energy and grasp of the entire scope of the piece. The one is as delicate in the gradations of his softest pianos as the other is powerful and inexhaustible in his glorious fortis. Here we are rivetted by the divine expression of a single countenance; there we seem to be looking intone of Raffaele's backgrounds studied with hundreds of sweet cherub faces. And their compositions present somewhat similar contrasts. While Mendelssohn gives in fantastic outlines all the wild revelry of a *Midsommer Night's Dream*, Bennett's imagination was aroused by the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. The one spreads before us the slumbering ocean in all its boundless expanse; the other fondly lingers by the softly rippling lake, with the moon-beams quivering on its surface.

"I have still much to say on this interesting topic—how these and similar pieces are mere trifles by the side of his larger works—such as his six symphonies, his three pianoforte concertos, his six orchestral overtures—to *Parasina*, the *Niads*, &c.; how he knows all Handel by heart; how he can play all Mozart's operas on the piano, so as to bring them bodily before your eyes. All this and much more I could tell; but here he is himself! I can keep him off no longer; he has been looking over my shoulder for ever so long, and keeps asking, 'What are you writing there?' 'Dear old fellow! if you only knew what I have been saying!'"

Introduced in such glowing and affectionate terms, what wonder that Bennett and his music were warmly received. Several of his more important works were performed at the Gewandhaus Concerts in Leipzig, then under Mendelssohn's direction, whilst, as pianist not less than as composer, the young Englishman obtained the most flattering recognition. But perhaps the best measure of the impression made then, and subsequently upon the professors and amateurs of Germany, is supplied by the fact that, in 1853, when the conductorship of the Gewandhaus fell vacant, Bennett was invited to the post. The significance of this can hardly be appreciated by Englishmen, who are accustomed to see foreigners in the high places of music, but among the Germans it would be regarded as almost a phenomenal honour. Returning to England after the successful visit of 1836, Bennett soon settled down to the ordinary work of a professor, composing, performing, and teaching with equal success. But he was destined to an ultimate position in harmony with the richness of his gifts; and when, in 1844, he became a candidate for the Chair of Music in the University of Edinburgh, the first upward step was taken. True, the wise men of Modern Athens rejected his claims, and preferred another candidate, about whom it is needless to speak; but the contest brought Bennett prominently forward, and elicited from Mendelssohn, then in the zenith of his fame, a testimonial of priceless value. Whatever opinion the great master had put into deeds at Leipzig, he here put into words, and it was not the smallest of Sterndale Bennett's distinctions that such men as Schumann and Mendelssohn laid the homage of their admiration at his feet. Twelve years passed, during which our master, though not composing with the ardour of an earlier time, led a busy life; and then came the first of a crowd of honours. The Music Chair at Cambridge, vacated by the death of Dr Walmisley, was offered to Sterndale Bennett, and so it happened that the chorister boy of King's in 1826 became thirty years later the musical head of the University. Nor did this distinction come alone. After Herr Wagner's disastrous campaign in 1855 as conductor of the Philharmonic Society's Concerts, it was found needful to place the *baton* in other hands, and to whom could the directors more naturally turn than to the chief English musician of the day? Dr Bennett accepted the post, and held it till 1868, when he made way for Mr Cosins. How far his reign was a success, and in what degree he brought to the discharge of his duties the mingled strength and delicacy of a perfect *chef d'orchestre*, are questions which, if propounded, would receive a variety of answers. True it is, assuredly, that in nice

perception of a composer's meaning, and in sympathetic appreciation of the methods by which it was conveyed, few conductors could equal Sterndale Bennett. He may have lacked—nay, he did lack—the firmness, energy, and power of command that enable a *chef d'orchestre* to animate every subordinate with his own spirit; but, assuming that these merits could not be found united, he at least possessed the more essential. In 1858 Yorkshire recognized its now distinguished son by inviting him to preside over a grand festival at Leeds, and there was produced that beautiful and graceful work which, under the name of *The May Queen*, ranks among the classics of music. With this *chef d'œuvre* the career of Sterndale Bennett as a composer may be said to have reached its highest point. He did not, like Rossini, after *Guillaume Tell*, lay down his pen, but he had none the less done his devoir, and won his highest honours as an art-creator. In 1862, Dr Bennett composed the work which represented English music at the opening of the International Exhibition, the words being a poem by Tennyson—"Uplift a Thousand Voices"; and in the same year he co-operated with the late Canon Kingley in the Ode performed at the installation of the Duke of Devonshire as Chancellor of his University. The remainder of Dr Bennett's career is less noticeable for public work than for an accumulation of distinctions. In 1869, Cambridge enrolled him among her Masters of Arts, the Royal Academy having, a year previously, placed him at its head, in succession to Mr Lucas. Oxford subsequently made him a D.C.L., and on March 24th, 1871, her Majesty the Queen bestowed upon him the honour of Knighthood. It must not be supposed, however, that all this time the pen of the composer of the *May Queen* was idle. For the Birmingham Festival of 1867 Dr Bennett wrote his only oratorio, *The Woman of Samaria*—a work none the less full of beautiful music because it failed to achieve popular distinction. That the *Woman of Samaria* is not free from errors of judgment may be conceded, and yet leave much that some day or other will secure higher appreciation than it has hitherto obtained. The 24th of March, 1871, was a proud day in the life of the Sheffield organist's son; but a prouder, perhaps, was the 7th of April, 1872, when, in St James's Hall, from the hands of the Attorney-General—now Lord Coleridge—while the *élite* of musical London watched and applauded, Sir Sterndale Bennett received an address announcing that a biennial musical scholarship had been founded in his name. Hundreds who were present will now recall the scene, and once more behold the slight nervous frame of the honoured master as the work of his life was thus crowned and consummated. In a measure, this was Sterndale Bennett's farewell; and, though none knew the actual solemnity of the occasion, the speech of the Attorney-General was an elegy as well as an eulogium. Unwittingly Sir J. D. Coleridge summed up a life, when, referring to the limited repertory of English composers, he said:—"It has been the just good fortune of Sir Sterndale Bennett to put an end to this somewhat provincial character of English music, and to bring it about that the name and works of an English musician shall be known and honoured and admired beyond the limits of the empire, and amongst other great and cultivated nations; and since the day when he first went to Leipzig, at twenty years of age, carrying with him the overture to the *Naiades*, to which we have just listened with pleasure, up to the present hour, his fame has gone on increasing day by day, until it has assumed the solid and proud proportions which it is no less an act of justice than of pleasure for us to acknowledge."

Here, too, we must quote the felicitous words with which the Attorney-General accompanied the presentation. Referring to the testimonial, he said:—"Take it, keep it, treasure it, hand it down to your posterity, to keep alive the memory of this day when you and I alike are gone to our rest; to keep fresh the recollection of the admiration we feel for the man of genius, the respect and honour we feel for the great artist, and the affectionate regard and esteem in which we hold an excellent and honourable man." With the applause which confirmed these words ringing in his ears Sir Sterndale Bennett retired from public view; and though he worked on

nearly to the end—composing his beautiful sonata, *The Maid of Orleans*, for example—his career may be said to have closed with that grand proof of esteem and admiration.

We do not assume here and now to gauge the genius of the departed musician, nor to discuss the reasons which might be assigned for the comparative non-productiveness of his later years. Granted, as regards the second point, that Sir Sterndale Bennett's ripe manhood did not fulfil the brilliant hopes of his youth, it is not for us to pry into causes which may have been absolutely personal to himself. Rather, at this time especially, should we encourage a feeling of gratitude for the many things of beauty with which the deceased master enriched his art, and for the proof his career gives that merit, even in one who never asserts himself, is sure to meet with its reward. Sir Sterndale Bennett was no hunter after popularity. He was not ever anxious to keep himself before the public eye, seeking rather to avoid it with an earnestness well nigh culpable. All the stronger for this is the testimony borne by the honours lavished upon him. Of his ultimate place in music it would be rash to speak with confidence. The time may be at hand when that which has hitherto been accounted a composer's strength will be set down as his weakness, through a reversal of the canons of art; in which case Sterndale Bennett, as he flourished with his friend Mendelssohn, will suffer with him. Anyhow, we who were so lately his contemporaries value the delicate fancy, the graceful expression, and rich culture of Sterndale Bennett's muse. We, at least, shall keep and cherish his works as the productions of a richly gifted man, and when, in a few days, all musical England, in body or in spirit, stands at the side of his grave, the "Requiescat in pace" will apply only to the dust which returns to dust, for, while a love of genuine music exists, so long will Sterndale Bennett live and move amongst us.

We take the following *apropos* of the late Sterndale Bennett, from the *Figaro* of February 6th:—

The death of Sir William Sterndale Bennett will cause a feeling of the deepest grief throughout the whole world of music. An Englishman by birth and education, a composer of sterling merit, perhaps the best native writer we ever possessed, and a musician of the highest order, it is tolerably safe to say that his name will ever be associated with that of English music. Like many men of true genius, Sterndale Bennett has been the architect of his own fortunes.

Of his many works it is unnecessary to speak in detail. His symphonies, his trios, sonatas, and other chamber music—his piano-forte concertos (which, since the departure of Arabella Goldard, one of the most ardent disciples and admirers of Bennett, and a lady to whom English music owes a deep debt of gratitude), are known to musicians of every country. * * * Equally unnecessary is it to speak of his overtures; the *Naiades*, the *Wood Nymphs*, *Parasina*, and his last, the poetic Fantasia overture, *Paradise and the Peri*. * * * Bennett never composed an opera; but his oratorio, *The Woman of Samaria*, and his cantata, *The May Queen*, have long been accepted as works of the very highest order.

His personal virtues and his capacity for drawing towards him the hearts of all who knew him are well known. His great gifts and exceptional talent as composer and executant commanded the respect both of amateurs and musicians; his many pupils had for him a respect and adoration bordering almost upon idolatry, while his intimate acquaintances, more numerous in England and Germany than those who knew him not would consider possible, will lament the death of a true friend, and of one of the most remarkable men of the age. In the words of Tom Moore, Sterndale Bennett truly was

"One who, in life, where'er he moved,
Drew after him the hearts of many."

His long labouring in the cause of English music needs no mention. In early years few men worked harder; his numerous compositions attest the industry of his youthful days, and their great popularity is sufficient to tell of their worth. Refined, graceful, melodious, and bearing the stamp of their author's strong individuality, the

compositions of Sterndale Bennett, many years ago, obtained for him the richly-earned title of the "English Mendelssohn." His seven years' work as Principal of the Royal Academy of Music commenced at an age at which a successful and popular composer, a man full of dignities and honours, might with reason have deemed that the time had come for rest and retirement, shows his sterling love for English music and his earnest desire to raise the tone of art in his native land. When next we hear the incomparable music which he has set to *Paradise and the Peri*, we can comprehend the sigh of relief to the wearied composer, as the *Peri* seems to speak the words:—

"Joy, joy, for ever! my task is done;
The gates are pass'd, and heaven is won!"

Sterndale Bennett is now laid to his rest. The mortal man has gone, but his works, which are immortal, will remain to remind us of our friend. For long the premier musician of England, we now must seek for another to fill his place, and find him if we can. Sterndale Bennett died as he had lived—"in harness." Until his last illness prostrated him, his work at the Royal Academy of Music was carried on with all the vigor and industry of youth. Within the last two years he has enriched the repertory of chamber music with a sonata, which has excited the admiration of even professed champions of the Music of the Future. He dies surrounded by the atmosphere of music, bequeathing to posterity his immortal works. His epitaph should be in the words of the poet he has so beautifully illustrated:—

"Sleep," said the *Peri*, as softly she stole
The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,
As true as e'er warmed the human breast;
'Sleep on, in visions of odour rest!
In balmy airs than ever yet stir'd!
The enchanted ryle of that holy bird,
Who sings at the last his own death day,
And in music and perfume dies away."

CHERUBINO.

"THE SHADOW OF DEATH."

(To the Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

SIR,—I beg to be allowed to correct a mistake made in a paragraph of your to-day's paper concerning the position of the principal figure in my last picture. "Mr Holman Hunt's attention," it says, "has been called to the fact that in his picture of 'The Shadow of Death' he has represented the Saviour as sawing with his left hand;" and the writer goes on to say that I justify this—misquoting my own words to give this sense. The letter in the *Advertiser* of last week will prove to any person who reads it carefully that my meaning was that the Saviour had been sawing with the right and holding the plank with the left hand, and that in relinquishing his task he had stopped across the tressel to the space between it and the Virgin. It is only the liberty taken in imagining that the Saviour has moved from the standing place of his sawing for which I wished to account. I cannot, Sir, overlook the fact that in your paper the perversion of my meaning gives is unfairly designed to mislead your readers, and that I have the right to disprove such a mischievous misstatement, although I have none to dispute your critic's judgment on art questions.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

January 28.

W. HOLMAN HUNT.

DRESDEN.—We had a genuine artistic treat when Madame Otto-Alvensleben, whom the Dresdensers admire so much, gave a concert at the Hotel de Saxe, assisted by such eminent artists as Herr Reinecke, the Conductor of the Leipzig Gewandhaus Concerts, Herr De Abna, Concertmeister of Berlin, and Herren Zibold and Meinel. All the local papers bestow the highest praise on our celebrated townsman. The *Dresdener Journal* says:—"Frau Otto-Alvensleben has not lost anything of the beautifully soft and clear timbre, nor of the purity and smoothness of her sympathetic voice. Her well-known technique, full of artistically and musically correct feeling, was visible in all her performances. Her singing of Meyerbeer's aria from *L'Étoile du Nord*, with the accompaniment of two flutes, was distinguished throughout by clever and fluent vocalism, and perfect accuracy of intonation." The *Dresdener Press* writes:—"Frau Otto-Alvensleben, so much appreciated in England, especially in Otocoro, gave the aria of Cleopatra, in Handel's *Julius Cæsar*, which she executed with such accuracy and precision as to provoke unanimous applause. Equally distinguished was her performance of all her other pieces, and the richness and power of her voice was as much admired as the highly artistic use she made of it.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

The novelty at last Monday week's concert was a pianoforte Trio by Chopin, whose works, if not unduly neglected, looking at their comparative value, are played in St. James's Hall less frequently than the repute of the author would warrant. Thanks to his delightful pianoforte music, Chopin is more intimately known by the public at large than many composers who were far greater musicians, and it goes to show on what strict principles the Monday Popular Concerts are conducted when the most important chamber-piece of such a man is played for the first time in the seventeenth season. But, though the Trio comes late, and though it may not be a great work in the sense that most of its predecessors are great, it is none the less welcome. Those among the audience who took with them vivid impressions of Chopin's peculiar grace, refinement, and originality, derived from his best known compositions, were perhaps disappointed with the Trio, which must have been written at an early period of the master's career. It is undoubtedly true, as the annotated programme observed, that the work "exhibits few of those characteristic features that distinguished his (Chopin's) ripe maturity," but it is not less beyond question that even moderate keenness of sight detects the composer in every movement. Moreover, those characteristics of the Trio which are not Chopin's in the popular and accepted sense, are Chopin's all the same, it being impossible to say that they come from any extraneous source. From first to last, the work is original, and the impression of this fact is made stronger by the very degree in which the music fails to suggest the master as he is best known. The Trio exhibits certain broad peculiarities which are worthy of note, especially with regard to its form. Chopin wrote at a time when the laws of form in music were far more rigidly applied than now—it seems a virtue to break them in our time—and therefore all the greater importance attaches to the proofs here exhibited of independent thought. Mr. Chappell's acute analyst could not fail to observe, and observing, lay stress upon, the fact that the opening *Allegro*, for example, boldly ignores the orthodox procession of keys, and continues nearly throughout in that of G minor. Very many amateurs, even of the present day, look upon this as an offence against the "proprieties," and do not hesitate to hold the culprit worthy of condign punishment. But we are not now to discuss its propriety or impropriety further than the expression of an opinion that the ear is the standard by which to judge everything in music, and not tradition, nor even an intellectual conception of what makes correctness. Judged by the ear, the form of Chopin's *Allegro* is justified, and from this there can be no appeal. Another feature to be remarked is the unusual prominence of the pianoforte in every movement, save, perhaps, the *Adagio*. Chopin was above all things a writer for his own instrument; and no conditions availed to make him do other than give it a marked pre-eminence. In the case of the present work this predilection operated well, inasmuch as a good deal of its charm arises from the graceful, brilliant, and thoroughly characteristic pianoforte part. But, putting technical criticism aside, let us join with Monday week's audience in applauding a work so fresh and interesting, and in expressing a hope that it may soon be heard again. The performance by Mlle Marie Krebs, Mlle Neuda, and Signor Piatti would have satisfied the not easily pleased composer himself. Especially must Mlle Krebs be praised for a rendering of her difficult part such as could only be compassed by the highest executive powers. With the novelty of the evening were given Haydn's pretty quartet in G major (Op. 51); Beethoven's pianoforte sonata in D major (Op. 10); to the quick movements of which Mlle Krebs did full justice;—and Mozart's Sonata in G for violin and piano. Miss Antoinette Sterling sang no less than five songs; two by Rubinstein, the beauties of which are recondite; and three by Schubert. Mr Zerbini was, as always, an excellent accompanist.

BAUWICK.—After long negotiations, Mad. Lucca has engaged to sing once at the Ducal Theatre the part of Selica in *L'Africaine* for the sum of 3,000 marks. As she will not sing for less, the Intendant has been obliged to consent to her terms; but, not to be out of pocket, he will double or treble the price of admission.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL CONCERTS.

The "Popular" Concert which took place on the afternoon of Saturday last was tolerably well attended. The programme, if presenting no feature of novelty, was well selected, and the audience found its accustomed enjoyment in the singing of the several artists engaged in it. Miss Antoinette Sterling was in excellent voice. Her delivery of Haydn's fine song, "L'Alleluia de Sinai," with organ, violin, and harp accompaniment, was one of the specialties of the day, and was as impulsive as a pure, devotional sensibility of manner could make it. The second contribution of this lady was Mr Baraby's new song, "When the tide comes in," which, as we predicted, is making its way into the good graces of the public; and the third, her well-known version of the quaint old ballad, "The Three Ravens." Mdlle Johanna Levier, who has permanently identified herself with these concerts, sang the pretty arietta of Anshelm, in *Der Freischütz*, "Kommt ein schaukel Bursch gegangen;" Gounod's "Quand tu chantes berceuse," and "The Last Rose of Summer," in her own neat and unpretending style; and Mr Cummings again earned his oft-established right to honourable mention by his cultivated rendering of Roedel's song, "Only for Thee," and "Tom Bowling," in each of which he produced his customary effect. Mr Whitney was fast rising into celebrity as a singer of ballads of the domestic school, and his efforts on the present occasion—Wallace's "In Happy Moments," from *Maritana*, and Molloy's "Shipwright"—won general admiration for the refined tastefulness of his method. In the course of the morning, violin solos (by Hiller and Bach) were played by Herr Wilhelmj, whose suave and silvery tone, and masterly powers of execution, were forcibly revealed, and challenged universal applause. Besides the above, there were certain clever organ performances, by Mr Hoyer, who, it may be observed, was encoired in an Andante by Batiste; the Albert Hall chorists, at intervals, giving specimens of their matured skill in the art of part-singing—as, for instance, in the favourite madrigal of Festa, "Down in a flow'ry vale," which, by common demand, was repeated. Mr Randegger accompanied.

The attendance on Tuesday evening last, the occasion of the Orchestral Concert, was better than usual. The prevalence of a slight fog was an inconvenience, but the programme was too good to be overlooked, and hence the amphitheatre and arena seats were a very brilliant aspect. The principal orchestral selections consisted of the *Italian Symphony* by Mendelssohn, and the two overtures, Weber's *Freischütz* and Sullivan's *In Memoriam*, the last chosen, no doubt, by way of tribute to the recent irreparable loss English music has sustained by the death of Sir William Sterndale Bennett, to whose memory further reference was made by an incidental performance of the Dead March in *Saul*. The delivery of the symphony was all that could have been expected from the body of picked players now assembled under Mr Baraby's experienced rule, and was even superior, if it be possible, to the performance which took place in December last. Every fresh hearing of Mr Sullivan's deeply suggestive overture adds to the admiration it has engendered, whether on the score of art or feeling; and when associated, as it was upon this occasion, with a revered and honoured name, it becomes doubly touching and impressive. In the first part of the concert, Herr Wilhelmj made further advances in the good opinion of the public by his performance of a violin concerto, not hitherto heard in this country, by Herr Höggar, a Kapellmeister at Zurich, and a composer, it is alleged, of songs and choral music now enjoying considerable popularity in Germany. Of the merits of the new concerto it is too early to judge, but the accomplished analyst of the concert programmes calls attention, with his accustomed discriminative intelligence, to its leading points of interest—certain novelties of form and development being, apparently, the most remarkable. The music was heard with satisfaction. As regarded the exequiary of Herr Wilhelmj, there could be but one verdict as to its consummate excellence—an excellence again demonstrated in the second part of the programme, when he played a setting, by himself, of Wagner's "Albumblatt," and (accompanied by Herr Rudolph Niemann on the pianoforte) another similar setting of a Notturmo by Chopin. Herr Wilhelmj will doubtless be a conspicuous figure among the celebrities of the forthcoming season. He has come—been listened to—and, most undeniably, has conquered.

Mdlle Johanna Levier was the lady vocalist, and, as usual was both ear and heart by her graceful interpretation of Mendelssohn's charming *Lieder*, "Frühlingssied" and "Lieblingsplätzchen," and Schubert's and Brahms' equally charming "Liebesbotschaft," and "Wiegenlied"—the last, a veritable exemplification of "the linked sweetness long drawn out," being encoired with acclamation, as it has been before when Mdlle Levier has sung it, and as it will be again. The second vocalist was Mr Cummings, whose "Deeper and deeper still" and "Waft her angels," created the accustomed impression. This agreeable singer was also set down for Molique's finely conceived song, "When the moon is brightly shining." The vocalists were accompanied by Mr Randegger with his wonted skill.—D. H. H.

PHILHARMONIC THEATRE.

Last night Balfe's most popular opera, *The Bohemian Girl*, was produced, for the first time, at the Philharmonic Theatre, Islington; and the fact is, in an artistic sense, somewhat significant. This theatre has hitherto been devoted to English versions of opera-bouffe. Offenbach's *Genievie de Brabant* the *Fleur de Lys* of Léon Délébes, the *Fille de Madame Angot* of Lecocq drew thousands of people weekly from all parts of London to the little theatre at Islington; and it became the chief temple of opera-bouffe in this country. The faith or the zeal of worshippers visibly cooled of late, and even Lecocq's *Giroflé-Girofla*—a charming work—with elegantly written lyric versions (by Mr Campbell Clarke) of the principal vocal numbers, failed to attract permanently. That, under such circumstances, recourse should be had to higher forms of art is a gratifying recognition of artistic truth, which for a long time were preached to deaf ears; and we are glad to record the complete success of the experiment made last night, and the enthusiastic reception given to legitimate operatic art by an audience hitherto accustomed to art by no means legitimate.

Mr Nordblom, one of our best acting tenors, made a genuine success as Thaulde, and obtained a double encore for "When other lips," which was beautifully sung. Mr Rosenthal was an admirably Count Arnheim, and was deservedly encoired after "The heart bowed down." This gentleman, although chiefly known in London as an exponent of opera-bouffe, has for a long time enjoyed a high reputation in the provinces as an operatic baritone; and his performance last night proved him to be one of the best representatives of the Count Arnheim at present on the stage. Miss Monroe was an agreeable representative of Arline, and was encoired after the favourite air, "I dream that I dwell in marble halls." Miss Manetti was similarly complimented after the song, "Love smiles but to deceive," which (like most Gipsy Queens) she interpolated. Mr Knight Aston, as Florestan, and Mr Marler, as Devilshoof, were acceptable; the choruses were fairly good; the band efficient, though somewhat too strong in the brass instruments; and Mr Fayres conducted skilfully.

Should the *Bohemian Girl* prove to be a permanent attraction, other English operas will be produced by the management. Islington was for a long time the home of the Shakespearean drama; and if the earnest care displayed by Messrs Phelps and Greenwood in the casting, mounting, and rehearsing of the legitimate drama be emulated at the Philharmonic Theatre, it may acquire new lustre as the home of English opera.

CAPER O'COBBY (Bart.)

MILAN.—Sig. Manzotti's ballet, *Pietro Mico*, previously performed at the Teatro dal Verme, has replaced Sig. Moschini's *Giulia Cesare* at the Scala, and proved a decided hit. Sig. Pinzuti's ballet, also, *La Stella del Marinajo* has been successful at the Teatro della Canobbiana. —*Giroflé-Girofla* has not proved particularly attractive at the Teatro dal Verme.

BRESLAU.—Some seven years ago, a grand five-act romantic opera, *Gustav Wasi, der Held des Nordens*, was produced and frequently repeated at Weimar. It has now been brought out with marked success at the Stadttheater here, where its composer, Herr Carl Goss, is conductor. That gentleman was called on, the first night, at the conclusion of the second act, and, also, at the conclusion of the fifth.—Herr Johannes Brahms recently paid this town a visit, playing at the sixth Subscription Concert, and at the Seventh Evening for Chamber Music given by the Orchestral Union.

STERNDALE BENNETT'S G MINOR SYMPHONY (No. 7) AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

(From the "Musical Standard.")

Sir W. Sterndale Bennett ranks so high as a creative genius, to say nothing of his transcendent merits as an artist, and his ability as a professor, that we almost hesitate to gild the thrice assayed and genuine gold. But *no less*—(we mean Sir Sterndale's *noblesse*)—*nous oblige*. He is a tone-poet, pure and simple; a great composer; and, as regards the evolution of his ideas, a craftsman who, in accordance with the canon of Horatius Flaccus, most artfully conceals his instrumentality. The English accept Sir Sterndale Bennett as their noblest representative; and Germany, naturally disposed to frown upon foreigners from a high stand-point, because so rich in her own resources, has adopted him as one of her own sons. This symphony, the pianoforte concerto in F minor; the overtures known as *Niades* and *Paradies* and the *Peri*; and, not least, that vivid dramatic sonata, *The Maid of Orleans* (the property of Madame Aracella Goddard), proclaim the man and his merits without the necessity of tedious citation from the *catalogue raisonné* of his works. Let us speak of the symphony in G minor, written for the (old) Philharmonic Society, and first produced—(without the third movement) in June, 1864. We consider this work as a happy illustration of the composer's individual genius. Light and singularly graceful throughout, it is yet in parts eminently classical, and sufficiently severe to satisfy the strictest stickler for orthodoxy, according to the "canon laws" laid down by the great masters; whilst as regards symmetrical construction, gracefulness of ideas, charming contrast and exquisite delicacy, the symphony may fairly be ranked with the accepted orchestral *chefs-d'œuvre*. We doubt whether Sir Sterndale Bennett will ever be a favourite with the general public, or the "advanced modern" school. His music is far too good and too *recherché*. He will never condescend to write down to the low school-girl level of Liszt, and his compositions are far removed from the mistiness and noise which are essentials of Wagner. Whether in the loudest passages of a stretto, or the long drawn-out extreme harmonies of Sir Sterndale, we are never at a loss to discover both the time and rhythm which he is employing; whereas in most of the music of the modern ultra-German writers, it is regarded as a sinful weakness to be bound by the rigid chain of measure and accent, to exhibit a leaning towards tone, or a fondness for one fixed tonology. When will mankind learn to distinguish between incoherent license and well-ordered freedom? Moral philosophy is here at one with music and the fine arts.

Our readers may be reminded that the symphony now includes four movements, namely, an Allegro moderato in G minor, a Minuet (with trio) in B flat, a "Romanza" (the added movement) in D major, and a Rondo finale (presto) in G minor. We were once more struck on Saturday with the large form and breadth of the ideas and treatment. Those who imagine that Bennett never thinks very deeply, never rises to earnestness and passion, must have experienced surprise at the depth and fire displayed in the working up of the end of the first movement, where occurs that exquisitely tender motif in B flat, beginning with skips of the minor seventh. The charm of the minuet, in the relative major, lies in its deliciously fresh melody and ingenious little bits of imitation. It is quietly scored in the pastoral style throughout. What a fine contrast to this is the trio in E flat, written exclusively for the brass band, yet quite free from noise and blare. "G" need not have relied on a mere on dit in this part of his programme. The Minuet did originally form part of the Installation Ode composed in honour of the new Chancellor of the University of Cambridge—the Duke of Devonshire—by Mr Bennett (as Professor of Music), and performed at the Senate House, on Tuesday the 10th of June, 1862, at the Inauguration Concert. We had the good fortune to be present on the occasion, to see the Professor wave the bâton, invested with his beautiful white gown of office, and to hear the enthusiastic applause of the assembled auditory (a numerous but select one), who "re-demanded" the movement, *con amore* e *con tutta forza*. The epical odyssey to G minor, when the Minuet is repeated, and the masterly transition from B flat to D major (the key of the succeeding "Romanza"), which is effected by a few bars of orchestral preludes, once more brings forward the master mind in bold relief. The "Romanza," itself alive at little. It is a little gem in the form of a "song without words," varied by a charming contrast, for the sake of variety, in the accompaniment of the original scheme at its third occurrence, when the restless style and the lavish modulation induce a longing for the more quiescent tones of the original treatment. The

concluding Rondo is, perhaps, the most uncommon of all the movements: the subject-matter so quaint and delicate, the little points of pizzicato so coquettish and sprightly. The effect of the augmented fifth in the second theme—(the skips from F natural to C sharp)—show that this Homer is never asleep when intent on his score, but always alive to his art. The sternness of form is here admirably subordinated to a freedom of thought, and treatment the most charming. We copy the concluding paragraph of "G" with great pleasure, and fully agree with its purport. "So"—writes this eloquent annotator—"so ends a work in which perfect symmetry, delicate fancy, purity of taste great individuality, and entire absence of exaggeration and extravagance, have combined to produce one of the pleasantest symphonies to listen to in the repertory of the orchestra. Would that its author would indulge us with a companion to it!"

(From the "Sunday Times.")

Had any one doubted the fact that English musicians are admired and appreciated as much by the adherents of foreign factions as by their compatriots, he would have been greatly surprised on the occasion of the thirteenth Winter Concert in the Sydenham Palace by the flattering and hearty reception awarded to Sir W. Sterndale Bennett's symphony in G minor. The manner in which this beautiful composition was greeted is sufficient to prove that pure art, in its finest and most æsthetic forms, will always make its own way by the simple force of merit, and in this regard it is opposed to the reformatory school of modern days, whose efforts make the most persistent propaganda, and even then fail to create any lasting impression. The symphony in G minor is unique in more than one respect. It is not only an English symphony, but the English symphony. Numbers of similar works are now penned by English hands may have sufficed for one hearing, and have then been bundled into the lumber closet; even a greater quantity may be in existence which have never been heard at all; while some few are deemed worthy of occasional revival. Sir W. S. Bennett's only symphony given to the public is a masterpiece of art, the handiwork of one of the most inventive musicians that any land yet boasts of, and the production of the ripe maturity of that scholarly composer who has become endeared to the world under the pseudonym of the "English Mendelssohn."

We do not so often possess the opportunity of speaking about the G minor symphony that we can afford to pass it lightly by; and classical works always should command attention, no matter to what nationality they belong. When, therefore, the finest orchestral composition that England at present possesses is presented under such auspicious circumstances as those attendant upon its performance by Mr Mann's band, it may be rightly assumed to be a suitable time for due expatiation upon its merits. Of the antecedents of the work we need not speak at length, the barest chronicle of its production by the Philharmonic Society in 1864 as a "new orchestral piece" in three movements, its eventual development into the strict four movement symphonic form and appearance under the title of Symphony, at the Philharmonic Concerts in 1867, and its first appearance at the Crystal Palace in 1870, sufficing to refresh the memory of our readers. When first played at the Crystal Palace, however, Sir W. S. Bennett's symphony was in MS., but it was soon after engraved and issued both in score and in parts. What strikes the attention most particularly in the structure of the work is its compactness and unity, all the more remarkable from the fact of one movement being an interpolation. Whether it be the author's intention to have his G minor, like Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony, played without any obvious pause throughout, we cannot undertake to say; but certainly it bears the evidence of great pains having been taken in the moulding of each component part to fit the others. If the design—as we imagine it to be—was that the symphony should form a continuous whole, it is a great pity that this arrangement is not preserved in performance; but if, on the other hand, the movements were meant to be separate, it seems to us that the two subsidiary portions (the Introductions to Minuetto and Intermezzo) are somewhat superfluous. Without any introductory matter the symphony dashes at once into the *allegro moderato*—a movement full of bewitching grace, just tinged with sadness, most beautifully scored for the orchestra, and abounding in those independent figures for the various instruments which form so great a part of the charm of Schopenhauer's instrumental compositions. This portion of the symphony is remarkably brief, the double bar being soon reached, and the working out being quite a subordinate matter. What has been done, however, has been wrought by a master who evidently knew the best purpose to which to put the materials at his disposal. The meditative

recitative passages for the first violin are, perhaps, the most striking feature of the allegro, which is characterized throughout by great beauty of treatment and freshness and elegance of expression. The allegro over gives place to eight bars of modulation for the strings, which lead up to the minuet in the relative major (B flat). This minuet is more like a *réverie* than one of those piquant and naïve movements to be found in Haydn's or Mozart's compositions, and really possesses much of the character of a love song, with its quiet dreamy melody and rich harmonies. "G." tells us that this minuet originally formed part of an Installation Ode, composed in 1862 by Mr Bennett in pursuance of his duties as professor of music in the University of Cambridge, "where it points an allusion to the amusements of Alma Mater." We fail to perceive the force of the latter remark—does it mean that dancing minnets are one of the "amusements?" Coming after the smooth, flowing strains of the minuet, the trio breaks upon us rather suddenly with its marked accent and brassy tone. Trombones, horns, and trumpets are also engaged in the trio, which is in every respect opposed to the character of the minuet. In the recapitulation of the latter a new modulation into the initial key of the symphony (G minor) takes place; the original key (B flat) is, however, resumed, and the minuet ends as it began, peacefully and tenderly. The next section is the interpolated movement, a "Romanza" in D major, ushered in by a few transitory bars for the full orchestra. This is indeed, a pure song without words, having an exquisite and touching melody, given out by the violas, and accompanied by charming instrumental figures. The scoring here is beautiful, and the striking and effective modulations—almost as characteristic of Sir W. S. Bennett as they are of Spohr—are happily and judiciously used. The *romanza* is repeated almost in its integrity, and then comes an episode of a more dramatic and restless nature, in which the character of the air and its accompaniment are changed; after a time, however, the disturbance ceases, the violas take up once more the original dainty theme, and the movement closes quietly. An *intermezzo tempo di minuetto* leads from the *romanza* to the finale, which is a fairly-like presto in roondo form. In marked contrast to each of the preceding movements is this; all the mystery of the allegro and the tender pleading accents of the minuet and *romanza* vanish and give place to a theme as delicate and airy as the most joyous of elfin strains, interspersed with subtle touches of humor. The alternation between the bowed notes and those played pizzicato is charming as well as amusing, and the spirit and vivacity with which the subject is kept up render the finale thoroughly enjoyable, and a worthy wind-up to a work fraught with interest, and teeming with ideas throughout. Sir W. S. Bennett shows us, at any rate, that it is possible to unite melody with the highest forms of musical expression, and his symphony in G minor is a direct refutation of the modern dictum, that the fountain of tune has run dry, and that it is only to "new-found methods and to compounds strange" that the musician of the present has to look for the due production of effect. The performance was up to the average of Crystal Palace playing, and the audience were thoroughly delighted with both the work and the manner in which it was rendered. We cannot quit the notice of the symphony without quoting the remarks "G." has appended to his analysis in the book of words—"And so ends a work in which perfect symmetry, delicate fancy, purity of taste, great individuality, and entire absence of exaggeration and extravagance, have combined to produce one of the pleasantest symphonies to listen to in the repertory of the orchestra. Would that its author would indulge us with a companion to it."

(From the "Observer.")

Yesterday the thirteenth Saturday concert of the season was given at the Crystal Palace, and presented many attractions. The chief instrumental work was the G minor symphony of Sir Sterndale Bennett—a charming work, which, strange to say, has not been heard here for five years past. In its original form, as first played at the concert of the Philharmonic Society, on the 27th June, 1864, it consisted of three movements only, but it was subsequently enriched by the addition of the pathetic and graceful "Romanza" which now forms one of the chief ornaments of the work; and in this shape it was reproduced in July, 1867, at the Philharmonic Society's concert. From beginning to end it shows the hand of a master. It has no pretensions to grandeur, and is not remarkable for strongly developed sentiment, even in the *largo* cantabile "Romanza"; but it is so filled with grace and beauty that it enchains the ear of the listener; and not once does a passage occur which fails to repay attention. The first movement, "Allegro moderato," opens with a suggestive phrase for the violins, which recurs several times in the subsequent working out of this

and the subsidiary "subjects," and is introduced with happy results in connection with the presentation of the latter by the wind instruments. The minuet which follows is less effective than the trio pomposo to which it leads, and both are surpassed by the beautiful "Romanza." This effective movement is full of the grace and sympathetic charm which belongs to its author's compositions, and is none the less welcome because in some portions it is suggestive of Mendelssohn, while free from any suspicion of plagiarism. The final movement, a "Rondo Presto," is the most original and striking portion of the symphony, full of light, melody, and playful fancy, and worthy of Mendelssohn himself. Throughout the work the abundance of melody was not more remarkable than the happy use of the orchestra. The flute, oboe, and clarinet have important parts to play, and these were more than safe in the hands of such artists as MM. Wells, Duboucy, and Clinton. The strings and brass were also employed in a masterly way, and attention was kept on the alert, not only by the beauty of leading themes, but also by the variety of the orchestral devices which were unexpectedly manifested. The symphony was received with warm and prolonged applause, and will bear early repetition.

MUSIC AT BERLIN.

The third character chosen by Herr Ernst, at the Royal Operahouse, was that of Manrico in *Il Trovatore*. Though his performance was nothing extraordinary, it was good enough, apparently, to satisfy Herr von Hülse, the Intendant-General, for Herr Ernst has been permanently secured, his engagement commencing from the 1st April next. Madlle Brandt was effective as Azucena. Herr Wüsten's comic opera, *A-ling-fo-hi*, was successfully produced on the 25th ult. On the 22nd ult., there was a grand Subscription Ball, on a very magnificent scale, the Emperor and Empress, with their whole Court, being present.

La Jolie Parfumeuse, or *Schönwägen*, as they have re-named it here, continues its course at the Wallner-Theater, but without creating the *furor* which attended other works by the same composer. The principal parts are sustained with great spirit by Mesdms Milla Röder, Wegner, Löffler, Herreu Hlemmerding, Engel, and Wilken.

The programme of the first Quartet Soirée given by Herren Reichel, Sandow, Gustav Richter, and Jacobowski, consisted exclusively of works by Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. The success of this first Soirée augurs well for the result of the new venture.

Herr Joseph Wieniawski's concert at the Singacademie attracted a fair and tolerably enthusiastic audience.

Dr W. Langhans has presented a petition from the Universal Musical Association of Germany, praying the Prussian House of Representatives to call upon the Prussian Government to introduce generally the collegiate system, after the model of the Royal High Schools for Science, and the Royal High School for Music.

For some time, the *Post* warmly espoused the cause of Herr R. Wagner, and of his music. Recently, a change has come over the spirit of its dream. Speaking of the performance, not long ago, of *Euryante* at the Royal Operahouse, the above paper remarks: "This *Euryante* is a casket of precious pearls, and centuries hence—as long as a song is heard—Posterity will rejoice in it with pride and rapture, when *Der Fliegende Holländer*, *Tristan*, and *Tannhäuser* shall have long slumbered covered with dust on library-shelves, and only form part of the history of music."

The *Echo* publishes the following remarks for the benefit of the Corporation:—

"The City Fathers are forgetting among the very many celebrated children of the capital the most celebrated. We cannot otherwise explain why, in the long list of men whose effigies are to adorn the Rathhaus, music is represented solely by Felix Mendelssohn (born, by the way, at Hamburg). We would not on any account mislead this master from the hall of fame, or have him, for instance, chased by Zelter or Rungenhagen, but we must seriously direct attention to the fact that there was born in Berlin a master of tone who also gained a world-wide reputation, and who, moreover, held a high post in Berlin, where he was, moreover, buried. This master—Meyerbeer—has, most inexplicably, been forgotten! It might very easily come to pass that, for such want of reverence, the French would justly make merry at our expense. Let this inexcusable fault be at once rectified, and, should there not otherwise be space enough, let one of those in this list be omitted whose name recalls no song, no heroic book or no work of art."

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

SEVENTEENTH SEASON. 1874-5.

DIRECTOR—MR B. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE TWENTY-FIRST CONCERT OF THE SEASON.

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 8, 1875.

First Appearance of HERR JOSEPH JOACHIM.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in D minor, Op. 161, for two violins, viola, and violoncello —MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUSS, and PIATTI (by desire)	Schubert.
SONG, "L'esperto nocchiero"—Miss ENRIQUE	Bononcini.
SONATA, in E flat, Op. 20, No. 3, for pianoforte alone—Mr FRANKLIN TAYLOR	Beethoven.

PART II.

ANDANTE and ALLEGRO, from Sonata in A minor, for violin alone —Herr JOACHIM	Bach.
SONG, "Adina"—Miss ENRIQUE	Schubert.
QUINTET, in E flat, Op. 44, for pianoforte, two violins, viola, and violoncello—Mr FRANKLIN TAYLOR, MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUSS, and PIATTI	Schumann.
CONDUCTOR	Mr ZERBINI.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 6, 1875.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET, in C major, Op. 59, No. 2, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. SAINTON, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI	Beethoven.
SONG, "Name the glad day"—Miss HELEN HORNE	Dunst.
FANTASIERILDER, Op. 26, for pianoforte alone (first time at the Popular Concerts)—Dr. HANS YON BULOW	Schumann.
SONATA, in F major, for pianoforte and violin (first time at the Popular Concerts)—Dr. HANS YON BULOW and M. SAINTON	Orrig.
SONG, "Pack, clouds, away"—Miss HELEN HORNE—Clarinet obbligato, Mr LAURENCE	G. A. Macfarren.
QUINTET, in D minor, Op. 136, for pianoforte, two violins, viola, and violoncello—Dr. HANS YON BULOW, MM. SAINTON, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI	Spoth.
Conductor	Mr JULIUS BENEDICT.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT.—THIS Day, Herr Joachim will make his first appearance in England for the season. The programme will include: Suite in G for orchestra (J. S. Bach), first time in England; Scenes for soprano solo (Weber), first time; Recluterie, Adagio, and Allegro for violin (Grieg); Notturno for violin, with accompaniment for viola, cellos, basses, and wind (Joachim), first time in England; Symphony, No. 4, in B flat (Beethoven). Vocalists—Miss Sophie Lowe and Mr Pearson. Conductor—Mr MARSH. Transferable stall tickets for remaining Eleven Concerts, One Guinea. Stalls for single Concert, Half-a-Crown.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL CHORAL SOCIETY.—"A MESSIAH" on Ash Wednesday, Feb. 12. Madame Lemmens-Sterndale, Mrs Emily Spiller, Madame Taty (her first appearance since her return from Paris), Mr Vernon Rigby, and Mr Whitney. Solo Trumpet—Mr T. Harper. Organist—Dr Walter. Conductor—Mr BARNBY. Tickets, 7s 6d, 4s, 2s, 6d. Admission, One Shilling; now ready at NOVELLO'S, 1, Berners Street, and 3d, Postage; and at the Royal Albert Hall.

MONS. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S SECOND RECITAL (FIFTH SERIES) OF CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC will take place on WEDNESDAY, February 17th, 1875, at Three o'clock precisely, at St George's Hall. Programme: Trio, C minor, Op. 1, No. 3, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Beethoven)—MM. Billet, Henry Holmes, and Pague; Fugue, F minor (Schubert); Characteristic Pieces, Op. 7, Nos. 3 and 4, pianoforte alone (Mendelssohn)—M. Billet; Song, "The Tear" (Gumbert)—Miss Estelle Enrick; Sonata, C minor, Op. 111, pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—M. Billet; Air varié in D, pianoforte and violoncello (Mendelssohn)—MM. Billet and Pague; Song "La serenata" with violoncello obbligato (U. Braga)—Miss Estelle Enrick; Notturno in E flat (Feldt); Momento capriccioso, B flat, Op. 12, pianoforte alone (Weber)—M. Billet. Sofa stalls, Half-a-Guinea; family tickets (to admit Three), One Guinea; to be obtained at St George's Hall; and of M. BILLET, 17, Regent Street, Russell Square.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery. With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD Subscribers will receive four pages extra, and again, from time to time, as expediency may suggest.

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1875.

William Sterndale Bennett,

BORN APRIL 16, 1816. DIED FEBRUARY 1, 1875.

WILLIAM STERNDALÉ BENNETT.

Snap! is the chord that vibrated full oft—
Full oft? Alas, that we might say full long!—
With music rare as ever breathed in song.
Weaving bright thought with passion wild or soft!
Our Sterndale's spirit bath its earth-crust duff'd,
Mounting on high with pinions wide and strong,
Well fit to join the everlasting throng
Who ring and harp before the throne aloft.
The master's hand is useless now and still—
Still the friend's hand, and cold, once true and warm—
Yet lives in many a scroll the master's skill,
And glows in many a breast the friend's fond charm.
Upon the rest, Death work thy wasting will!
These and their spirit-foam thou canst not harm.

Feb. 1, 1875.

CHARLES LAMB KENNEY.

ON Monday last, about mid-day, William Sterndale Bennett "joined the majority," at the by no means advanced age of fifty-nine. Only a week before, with reference to the hearing of his symphony in G minor at the Crystal Palace, several of our contemporaries expressed an ardent hope that he would give more such things to the admiring world. There is an end to all such hopes and counsels now. The life-labour of Sterndale Bennett has closed. To him the still is still; the hand it guided has lost its power; and all that remains to do is to "bury the dead out of our sight." For this, we who are left behind, grieve. We lament that the possibilities of the future, with regard to Sterndale Bennett, are shut off from us by that black curtain, which is ever near, and behind which we shall all vanish in our turn. It cannot be said of the departed composer that he was gathered to the great garner "like a shock of corn, fully ripe." At his age many a master has shown the vigour of a healthy mind in a healthy body, and, for years after, done brave things in the cause of art and on behalf of his own reputation. This privilege has, in the inscrutable dispensations of Providence, been denied to Sterndale Bennett, and the possible advantage of it has been withheld from us. Naturally, as we reflect upon these things, we are tempted to rebellious thoughts against the decrees of Fate. We compare that which is with that which might have been, and, judging the situation by our own poor notions of what is best, we utter hard words in the midst of our grief. But if this is the case

among the men who knew Sterndale Bennett only as the accomplished musician, how must it be in that narrower circle where he was loved as a friend? Within the limits of that circle we do not presume to intrude. The grief now reigning there is sacred, and only concerns outsiders as it appeals to the sympathy of tender hearts. Over all, then, in a greater or less degree, the removal of our composer has thrown a gloom. Reason as we may we cannot make death cheerful. It involves too much absolute loss to the survivors for any such result as that. The end of aspirations, of well-doing, of loving intercourse, of bright example,—and death means this and more—must ever come as a great and terrible blow.

But while the foregoing be true, it is true, also, that tradition and a gloomy creed have taught us to look upon the end of earthly life as a much more fearful thing than it really is. Distorted religious views have surrounded the event with every concomitant of terror, and so far succeeded in hiding its character that few recognize in death a process as natural as birth. Admitting that a good deal of the sorrow attendant upon bereavement has its origin in selfishness, much springs from genuine sympathy with the departed one. We speak of him as "poor," and shake our heads mournfully as we recall his memory. How much of this commiseration is absolute waste? Dead men have simply completed a stage in the infinite circle of life! If you weep and wail over a fallen leaf, the philosopher will tell you that its atoms are destined to live again in an infinite series of glorious forms. If it be thus with the meanest organism of nature, how shall it be with that marvellous entity, the spirit of man? Sterndale Bennett dead! He is more alive than ever he was. This afternoon they will sing above a grave in Westminster Abbey, "His body is buried in peace, but his name liveth evermore"—not his name merely, let us add, but the man himself, in some higher and grander phase of existence, where, with enlarged capacities, greater possibilities open before him. To this we do not expect assent from all. Never mind. Let those whose notions of human life are bounded by birth and death get what comfort a cheerless creed will yield. They are welcome to it.

But there are other reasons for reverent submission to the decree which has taken away our master. He lives with us in his works. The music he created conquered, in some sense, the power of death. It could not arrest natural decay. The "earthly house of the tabernacle" dissolved, as earthly houses will, but the master remains in his artwork. Have the geniality, the delicate fancy, the exquisite refinement, the true poetic feeling of the musician, Sterndale Bennett, passed from us? Emphatically, no! nor can they pass. We recognize this species of immortality, often without knowing it, when we say, "Beethoven does this," or "Mozart does that." Such men are always in the present tense, because they ever live. Let us then in view of the change which, last Monday, came upon Sterndale Bennett, take heart of hope; even turning the event to account by changing sympathy from the man himself, who does not need it, into zeal for his reputation, which we may yet more fully help to vindicate now that his personality is no longer here as a mark for the jealousies and detractions that merit never fails to excite.

STERNDALE BENNETT is to be buried at noon, to-day, in Westminster Abbey. The honour is no more than what was due to one of England's most rarely gifted sons. None will envy it him, because every one who had the good for-

tune to know him also knew his worth. He was not merely an artist of the highest distinction, but a genuine, unaffected, noble-minded man. All who were acquainted with him loved him for his character, no less than they admired him for his genius. Very few artists have departed this life with so many, in grave sincerity, to deplore their loss. At Westminster Abbey, to-day, the anthem will consist of Bennett's own beautiful part-song, "God is a spirit" (*The Woman of Samaria*), and Handel's "His body is buried in peace." Nothing could be more appropriate to the occasion.

The requisition to the Dean of Westminster to permit the interment of Sir Sterndale Bennett in Westminster Abbey was signed by the following names:—Lord Coleridge, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, G. A. Macfarren, Sir Julius Benedict, Walter Macfarren, G. F. Anderson, Lucy Anderson, A. Handegger, Otto Goldschmidt, Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, G. A. Osborne, W. G. Cousins, J. T. Wilby, W. F. Low, J. Lamborn Cock, F. R. Cox, Brinley Richards, E. Garcia, H. E. Lunn, C. Steggall, Mus. D., Arthur S. Sullivan, John Hullah, Charles Santley, J. Sims Reeves, J. W. Davison, W. D. Davison, J. E. Millia, R.A., T. Woolner, R.A., Sir Henry Thomson, Sir Francis Grant, John Gill, H. E. Eyles, P. Sainton, Charlotte Dolby Sainton, Kellow Pye, Sir Thomas Gladstone, George Grove, A. Mann, Dr. Stainer, J. Joachim, A. Chappell, A. Patti, Charles Hallé, Dr. Rimbaud, E. J. Hopkins, Keav Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley, E. G. Monk, Mus. D., Rev. A. Beard (Cambridge), J. Barby, J. Turlie, George Rose, Henry Broadwood, Sir George Elvey, Sir John Goss, W. H. Cummings, C. L. Gruneisen, Hans von Bülow, T. Chappell, Stanley Lucas.

STERNDALE BENNETT.

He is not dead—oh, such as he die not!
Speak not of him who held those mighty powers
As of the crowd, who go through life's brief hours,
Then die, and are forgot.

No, the grand sons of music do die not!
Oh, not for them Death's all-dividing gloom,
And not for them the silence of the tomb—
We hear their voices sing:

When, in his noble works, the master's skill
Makes passion rage through his resounding chords,
Or grieve, in tender plaints, like sob' rest words,
Which thousand list'ners thrill;

When softly steals, on the ear-open soul,
Those great creations of a heaven-dower'd mind,
Whose lovely thoughts their seedling time will find
Through years which hereward roll.

Is not such charm immortal? We know well
Our babes will feel it with as fine a glow.
Music is part of heavenly bliss, and so

O'er death must hold a spell.
Thus Bennett lives; and thus his name shall be
A living gift to grace the unborn years,
In every land where humankind hath ears
For all-tongued melody.

'Tis well for England's honour that renowned
Circled his modest brow, ere they were dead.
Now he may rest—since rest, alas! he must—
Wearing a well-earn'd crown.

But raise his frame revered, which was the shrine
Of kindly heart, as well as gifted brain,
(Oh, rarely sweet, in this world poor and vain,
Such simple souls do shine!)

Lay him with our most honoured dead to sleep,
While his own notes, like morning children, rave
Around his tomb: Earth but the dross can have;
The precious gold we keep.

M. VAN LANDEGHEM.

HERR JOSEPH JOACHIM has arrived in London, and is to play at the Crystal Palace this afternoon. All hail!—Jupiter-tonnans!

Prayer.

(From "Another World.")

"Forget not the source from whence all blessings come."

(Continued from page 78.)

The children are encouraged not only in their affection to their parents, and immediate associates, but in brotherly love to all, and the whole discourse, which is very short, is pointed to their duty to God, being calculated to instill feelings of love and adoration for His goodness.

In the first series, for very young children whose intelligence is undeveloped, we have forms and ceremonies, the tendency of which is to fix their attention and inculcate thoughts and habits of a good tendency.

In the second series the addresses are of a more elevated character, and are accompanied by fewer forms and ceremonies.

In the highest series there are scarcely any ceremonies, and although the service and discourses are short, every one is expected to pass a certain time each day in voluntary prayer and meditation, in the private cabinet which in every house is set apart for devotion only.

Though the prayers for children are short, the preacher is greatly assisted by our method of education, inculcating the worship of the Supreme, by habits which the child is led to form. Thus we require the greatest attention to cleanliness, to the mode of eating, sleeping, talking, and indeed to all the daily practices of life.

The inculcation and exercise of good habits is considered to form, as it were, a perpetual living hymn to the Creator.

LECTURES.

Besides all this, twice a week, amusing lectures are delivered, on familiar subjects, to explain and illustrate the power and goodness of God.

A flower, for instance, is taken, and, in simple terms, intelligible to nearly every capacity, attention is called to its thousand fibres, its construction, growth, perfume, colour, delicacy of texture, loveliness, and to the wonders associated with its birth, death, and resurrection to life.

Another day, perhaps, the subject may be a child, a fly, or some other familiar object; but, whatever be the subject, the discourse is of a good tendency, and youth are early imbued with love and admiration for the Supreme Being.

Our objection to children repeating or listening to words which they do not understand is not confined to those of sacred import. During the education of their young minds the subject taught and the expressions used are adapted to their intelligence. Even though they may repeat every word of the lesson set with minute accuracy, they are not allowed to quit it, or to attend a lecture on another subject, until they have passed through examination in different forms, and often by different masters, and the result has clearly shown that they thoroughly understand what the words of the lesson are intended to convey.

So important is this considered that, on the occasion of the public solemn ceremony, when, in presence of the Kings, the preceptor is appointed to his responsible duties, one of the obligations to which he is required to subscribe is, that he will teach the pupil to understand thoroughly, and not merely by rote,—“monkey-like,” or as you would probably say “parrot-like,” were the same obligation imposed in your world.

Dermes (Communicator.)

CASSELL.—The Baron von Gile, formerly a captain in the second artillery regiment of the Prussian Guards, has been appointed Intendant of the Theatre Royal, in place of Herr von Carlshausen, lately deceased. He will enter on the discharge of his new duties on the 1st of April next.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

SIR STERNDALE BENNETT.—Six hundred admissions have been issued for the choir at Westminster Abbey, where the funeral of Sir Sterndale Bennett is to take place to-day at noon. The Philharmonic Society, the Royal Society of Musicians, the Cambridge University, and the Choirs of St Paul's and Westminster, will all be represented. The Choir only will be reserved, the rest of the Abbey being open, as usual, to the public generally.

THE American papers publish very favourable accounts of Mdlle Albani's performance of the part of Elsa in *Lohengrin*, which has been played several times, with Mdlle Albani in the principal character, at New York and also at Boston. At one of the representations there was a “double attraction,” consisting of *Lohengrin* on the stage and the King of the Sandwich Islands in the boxes. Herr Wagner, who thought nothing of the Parisians not caring for *Tannhäuser* will be pleased to hear that King Kalakua was delighted with *Lohengrin*. The *New York Herald* compliments his Majesty warmly on having shown “his appreciation of the music of the future,” and records the significant fact that he “remained until the end of the opera.” The presence of Royalty is said to have had a very inspiring effect on the *prima donna* of the evening, though King Kalakua must, we fancy, have been quite as much and as favorably impressed by Mdlle Albani as Mdlle Albani can have been by King Kalakua. From the first appearance of Elsa before the King “everything is said to have gone admirably”—the “King” in this instance being apparently the monarch not of the Sandwich Islands, but of Wagner's opera. *Observer's Writer.*

ON Monday, the 4th JANUARY, Mad. Schmidt-Zimmermann sang, at the Stadttheater, Hamburg, the part of Anna in Marschner's *Hans Heiling*, and, on Tuesday, the 5th, that of Elsa in Herr R. Wagner's *Lohengrin*. Immediately after the last piece, she set out for Holland, to sing, on the 6th, 7th, and 8th, at the grand concerts given respectively by the well-known societies, *Dilgeria* at the Hague, *Ermittio Musica* in Rotterdam, and *Felix Meritis* in Amsterdam. On Sunday, the 10th, she was back again at the Stadttheater, where she sang in Herr R. Wagner's *Fliegende Holländer*. The fair artist appears to have as great a capacity for work, and as marvellous powers of endurance, as the late Lord St Leonards himself.

BY the death of Mr John Henry Griesbach, musical science has lost an earnest student, for there was probably no member of the musical profession who had devoted more time and attention to the mathematical side of the subject. The results of his investigations were given in a volume entitled “Analysis of Musical Sounds, with Illustrative Figures of the Ratios of Vibrations of Musical Intervals,” &c., in which, with the aid of an elaborate series of diagrams, he made visible the character and extent of the vibrations of the various intervals. In the discussions which have taken place from time to time in the musical papers he defended his theories with great ability, and he also took an active part in the work of the committees appointed to arrive at some decision as to the adoption of a uniform pitch for concert purposes in this country. In the discussions as to the merits of what are known as the Equal and Unequal Temperament, he was a strong advocate of the former. Mr Griesbach was also well known as a pianist and as a teacher.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

It appears that in America a right much prized in some theatre-loving countries—the right to hiss—is not tolerated. The right, on the other hand, to encore a song four times is recognized. Both points were recently tested at the Globe Theatre of Boston, where a gentleman who had waited patiently while some favourite song was repeated again and again, found his patience giving way after the third encore, and at the fourth ventured upon a slight sibilation. This was more than the officials could stand. One of them tapped the gentleman on the shoulder, and threatened, unless he remained quiet and listened to the fourth encore, to have him removed by the police. Thus admonished, the amateur kept his peace, and heard once more the performance of which he was heartily tired. Next morning he sought consolation in writing to the newspapers; and his part is taken by the *New York Times*, which bears witness to the fact that hissing is rarely heard

at American theatres, adding that "practised within due bounds and at proper moments, it would rid the stage of many abuses, and temper the excess of the applause." In Vienna, by a new regulation, operatic artists who repeat a song are fined as for a misdemeanour. In New York it is on those who object to the repetition that punishment falls.

•Heber Silber.

The Municipalities of Italy appear to have been seized lately with a fit of economy, and to have determined on gratifying it at the expense of music. The Municipality of Naples has suppressed the grant to the San Carlo, and that of Rome appears inclined to follow this example, next season, at the Apollo. The Municipality of Florence has abolished the bands of the National Guard; Rome imitates Florence and dissolves the band of the Municipal Guards, and thinks of pursuing the same plan with that of the *Vigili*.

HERR VON WALDECK, a painter, recently celebrated in Paris his one-hundred-and-ninth birthday. The old gentleman belongs to a noble family of the whilom Holy Roman Empire. In his youth he was compelled, for some unknown cause or other, to leave his native country. He was for a time teacher of the harp to Queen Marie Antoinette. During the Reign of Terror, he travelled about to various places. He subsequently enlisted in the French army, and was present at the battle of Austerlitz. He has been three times married; his third wife presenting him, in his 85th year, with a son. He is still quite hearty, and walks without a stick. He is said to speak no less than twenty-one languages. There, Mr. Thoms! and there, Professor Max Müller!

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MISS JULIE STYVET'S evening concert took place on Wednesday, February 3, at the Beethoven Rooms. The talented lady earned much applause from the numerous audience for her singing of Meyerbeer's "Roberto in the adagio," Molloy's "Thaddy O'Flynn," Berlioz's "Florja," and Herr W. Coenen's "Lovely spring." The concert-giver also joined Miss Estelle Emrick, and Messrs Percy Rivers and T. Morse, in Verdi's Quartet, "Un di si ben." Some other vocal pieces were greatly admired, among them being Schira's "Sogno," charmingly sung by Miss Grace Lindo. Herr Schwartz, the pianist, was heard to advantage in a cavatina by Hoff, and Herr Oberlin, besides cleverly accompanying Miss Sydney in "Roberto in the adagio," played in brilliant style his fantasia for the harp on Scotch melodies. Miss Alma York, a pupil of Miss Sydney's, showed, in Meyerbeer's "Nobil Signor," that her talent was under good care; and a pianoforte solo, by Mr. W. S. Hoyte, was included in the programme. S. M.

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S RECITAL.—The recitals of pianoforte music annually given by M. Billet always command attention, not only from the artistic skill brought to bear upon them, but from the taste and judgment shown in the selection of works for performance. A thorough master of all styles now prevailing, M. Billet is always happy in the choice of pieces, even when exemplifying the newest phases of musical idealism; and those who take delight in the old school, as well as those whose proclivities are for the romantic and modern styles, find in the esteemed Russian pianist a very reliable as well as interesting interpreter. First in the musical field this season, as becomes a leader of acknowledged repute, M. Billet inaugurated his new series of performances in St. George's Hall with a selection of music which, from the most exacting standpoint, defied criticism, and yet was not extravagantly severe nor abstruse. The classical authors expounded were Bach, Handel, Dnesek, and Beethoven, whilst the modern pianoforte school was represented by Mendelssohn, Chopin, and Moscheles.—*The Hour*.

A CONCERT was given last Friday week, at St. James's Hall, for the benefit of Mr. Henry King, a gentleman who has been for a great many years connected with "music and musicians," and who, unfortunately, has been for some time unable to follow any occupation. The recitals were the Misses Johanna Levier, Sophie Ferrari, and Helen d'Alton, Messrs W. H. Cummings, and Maybrick. Miss Levier particularly pleased us in Brahms' "Wiegen-Lied"; Miss Sophie Ferrari in Benedict's "I am thine, only thine"; and Miss Helen d'Alton in Lover's "What will you do, love?" Mr. Henry Leslie's concert, conducted by the director himself, distinguished itself by some excellent performances, especially in Sir Julius Benedict's "Hunting Chorus," conducted by the composer, which excited great enthusiasm, and had to be repeated at the unanimous desire of the audience. Sir Julius Benedict also gave his own "Where the bee sucks" (for the first time these seven years) on the pianoforte, and the brilliancy of his playing, the charm of his touch, were enough to make every one regret that he is so seldom heard in public as a solo player. Mr. Walter

Bach played two pianoforte pieces by Schiœrt in his best style. The miserable weather on Friday did not prevent a large audience assembling, and we therefore hope that the concert was as successful financially as it was musically. A vote of thanks is due to the committee, in which were included some of the principal music publishers, and to Mr. Stanley Lucas as host, secretary and treasurer, for their exertions.—SIGNED MEXES.

THE FUNERAL OF JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET.

The great and original French painter Millet, who died last week at Barbizon, near Fontainebleau, was not as well known in England as he deserved. We publish the following passages from a letter written immediately after his funeral by an accomplished French lady to an English correspondent:—

"We have just returned from M. Millet's funeral, and our thoughts fly to you and to the day when for the first time we crossed all together the humble threshold of the greatest artist France possessed. Fate seems to have decreed that one by one her great men shall be taken from her, and that nothing shall remain to her in this hour of mediocrity and doubt but the rich memories of the past. Our great painter has passed away in his poverty, unnoticed in the de-olation of our indifference. The poor straggling funeral procession carried the body through the silent forest of Barbizon, and so across the great plains of Chailly to the little village church. There was a terrible storm, and the wind swept the rain in heavy masses over the country. As the little procession fell into rank on the road two peasants, ploughing in a field, stayed their work, drove the ploughshare into the ground, and waited to see the coffin pass. They, too, were indifferent as the rest. They knew not that in that simple bier lay the remains of the great poet of their toils and of their sorrows, who had written the poems of their lives in colours that will not fade. These peasants, their plough, the land furrowed in long deep lines by the share, the melancholy of the great open country, bordered on the horizon by the woods and rocks of Apremont—all made one feel that here had been the source of Millet's inspiration. It was in the effort to tell us something of the true meaning of these things, simple but grand and eternal, of nature, and of man the toiler, that he spent his great heart. But eye and soul were quickly torn away from this scene of beauty, and from all kindly memories, by a picture more fitting the pencil of a Courbet than a Millet. Some dirty choristers, their stiff surplices hastily thrust over their rough working clothes, their heads enveloped with rusty scarves, half hidden by immense umbrellas, snuffed out the funeral service in a shocking draw. The priests, still more odious in their indifference, made an attempt to conceal their eagerness to get through the skinned and unproductive economy (for Millet had desired a burial of the third class only). The church, an unpretending edifice enough, had been lately restored, and glared with brightly painted angels, from whose bare arms and shoulders hung garlands of paper flowers. It is impossible to describe the desolate and chilling effect of the scene. No one spoke a word of commemoration over the dead; the coffin, ornamented by a single wreath of carnations, was hastily lowered into the grave and the little group soon dispersed. For ourselves we lingered awhile, and an artist who had known Millet and loved him came up to me, the tears in his eyes, and gave me a little bunch of immortelles tied with a black ribbon. He had taken it off the coffin. It was the only relic of this sad ceremony. I send you a few of the flowers, for I know that you Positivists commemorate the great dead; and we have lost a great man. Perhaps France, now that he is taken from her, she too, will say, 'Now is virtue gone from me.' Poor Millet leaves a widow and nine children, no fortune, a staff of misery, and a full and unfulfilled portfolio of sketches, which will make the fortunes of twenty picture-dealers, and yet perhaps will not ensure bread or shelter *si vuoi cari*."

ROYAL ALBERT HALL CONCERTS.—The second Popular Concert will be given this (Saturday) evening, the 6th inst., with Miss Johanna Levier, Miss Antoinette Sterling, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Whitney, as vocalists. Mr. Reeves is announced to sing the "Study of Biscany," and the song by Arthur Sullivan, "The love that loves me now." Herr Wilhelm, whose performances have been received with so much enthusiasm, is to play the Theme with variations from the Kreutzer Sonata. The Part-Song Choir of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. Barnby, will sing several part-songs, and some organ solos will be contributed by Dr. Stainer. On Ash Wednesday, a performance of the *Messiah* is announced, with Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Spiller, Madame Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Whitney, as principals. Madame Patey will, on this occasion, make her first appearance in London, since her recent marked successes in Paris. Dr. Stainer will preside at the organ, and the oratorio will, as usual, be conducted by Mr. Barnby.

PROVINCIAL.

LEEDS.—Mme and Signor Campobello's concert tour appears, from all accounts, to have been a *series of triumphs*. The whole party afford a musical treat rarely to be obtained in the provinces. At Leeds last week, they gave a *reclat* of *Faust*, when, under the condonship of Mr Hallé, whose band is now one of the finest in the kingdom, they had one of their largest audiences, and made one of the greatest "hits" of the season. Mme Campobello, as Marguerite, and Signor Campobello, as Mephistopheles, were both very successful, and thoroughly pleased the audience, while Mme Stella Bonheur, as Siebel, made a great impression, and showed that she possesses a powerful, yet sweet, contralto. Signor Caravaggio, engaged for the occasion to undertake the part of Valentine, added a little to the interest of the evening. He was enthusiastically greeted and applauded throughout, a most marked effect being made by him in the well-known "La croce." With such a party, which we must not omit to mention, included the brilliant pianist, Signor Tito Mattel, and the excellent conductor, Signor Campana, we can well understand the success they have everywhere met with.

NOTTINGHAM.—The *Nottingham Journal* of January 27th says:—

"Last night the Sacred Harmonic Society gave the fourth concert of the season, *Acis and Galatea* being the work chosen. Of the performance we must speak in the highest terms, and if we use a redundancy of superlatives, it is because occasion requires it. Madame Sinio sang her songs excellently. She possesses a good clear voice (not of the highest range), the lower tones of which are very good. Mr Lloyd was in very good voice, and the bell-like tones of his upper notes were highly appreciated. Mr Guy interprets the music of *Damon* very faithfully, and he exerts himself to the utmost without taking liberties with the text. The honours of the evening were reserved for Signor Campobello, a genuine British bace. His voice is like the diapason of an organ, possessing sweetness rarely equalled. The choruses, of which there are very few, were sung with excellent effect, and gave evidence of careful training. The *pianissimo* passages were sung in such fashion as to leave no room to doubt the thrilling effect of soft music on the popular ear. Mr Essex presided at the organ, and rendered excellent service by his tasteful selection of steps, as also by his manipulation of the pedal. Mr Farmer conducted with his wonted ability, and to that ability, no doubt, we owe the best concert of the season. A short miscellaneous part brought the concert to a close."

BATH.—The Pump Room was crowded in every part—writes our correspondent. Anson—the title of the special concert, with the Liebhart vocalist. The band was unusually strong, there being twenty performers. As I expected, the large number of persons present, to whom Mme Liebhart was only known by reputation, were delighted with each performance of this accomplished lady. Her first song was "Sweet Spirit hear my prayer;" then followed "Little bird so sweetly singing," which was rendered in a very "bird-like" way, and, with the flute obbligato of Mr Bartlett, obtained from the audience such applause as to cause the fair cantatrice to be under the necessity of "Coming through the rye," to meet the satisfaction of her admirers, who would not be silenced till Mme Liebhart pointedly asked, "Why are you wandering here I pray," in a manner most bewitching. Her last song was "I love my love" (Pinetti). The slight foreign accent perceptible in the rendering of these English songs added to their charming effect. The instrumental portion of the programme was selected with discrimination. It comprised two overtures which I never tire of hearing, those of *Moriana* and *William Tell*. They were well played, and the audience applauded the efforts of the musicians. The concert altogether was a decided success.

GLASGOW.—We read in the *Glasgow Herald* of January 30 as follows:—

"On Wednesday evening, the Glasgow Amateur Orchestral Society gave, in the Queen's Rooms, their eighth concert. The performance was the best which has yet been given by the society, and it is gratifying to observe that its members continue to make steady progress. The concert opened with Beethoven's overture to his ballet music, *Prometheus*. It was remarkably well played, and at once showed that the orchestra had been thoroughly drilled. Beethoven's *Electric* *King Manfred* followed, a *reclat* piece which has been too often performed of late in Glasgow. Wallace's Overture to *Moriana* was, we considered, the best performed piece of the evening; and it has been often heard rendered by a professional orchestra too much less advantage. Many of the strict passages were given in exquisite taste and with perfect feeling. With the exception of the Andante, the execution of Haydn's Symphony deserves warm commendation. Considering the admirable manner in which the other movements were played, it is difficult to understand how the lovely Andante was so indifferently gone through, and we would advise the conductor and the members of the orchestra to reconsider their interpretation of this section of a very

fine work. The next orchestral piece was a *Serenade* by Newwade. It is a waddy bit of music, but received full justice in its execution from the orchestra. A spirited performance of Flotow's Overture to *Stradella* brought the concert to a close. A special word of praise is due to the young lady who played in capital style two movements from Mendelssohn's *G minor Piano-forte Concerto*. She possesses a good, firm touch, combined with a correct idea of the music, and highly pleased the audience. We understand that this young pianist is a pupil of Mr Howden, of this city. It gives us pleasure to congratulate Signor Zaverlani on his conducting. It was firm, steady, and thoroughly intelligent. One felt that he knew the import of the music, and was able to convey to the members of the orchestra the reading of it he had conscientiously conceived."

DERBY.—Mr Francis Fairlie's Company from the Globe Theatre, London, have been playing at the Lecture Hall, to crowded houses, the ever-popular *Fille de Mme Angot*. The cast is exceptionally good, and the audience testify their appreciation by frequent encores. Miss Marie Bransha, as Clarette, is charming. Her personal attractions are of no mean order, and she possesses a sweet soprano voice, which she uses to most advantage. Miss Anbrey is graceful as Lange, while Amaranthe is intrusted to Miss Annetta Gwill. It is seldom we have seen the market-woman played with more vivacity and spirit, and Miss Gwill fully deserves the hearty applause and unanimous encore she nightly gains for "The legend of *Mrs Angot*." Her voice is a contralto, rich in tone, and very powerful, and has been evidently highly cultivated. Of Mr Bedford's Ange Pitou, we must speak in terms of unequalled praise. The remaining characters are efficiently filled.

"IS ENGLISH OPERA TO DIE OUT?"—NO!

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Sir,—In your valuable journal, in the year of grace, 1872—or disgrace, I should say—when I kindly published my first letter—"Is English Opera to Die out?" When I wrote that letter I felt fully assured the time was not far distant when something would be done for English author and musician. You had your *joy* jokes and hearty laugh at my "well-meant but total want of knowledge of the musical taste of the country." I have worried you from time to time with letters upon the same subject, and "poor Miss English Opera" has sent forth her melancholy wail from the "door-step" of the haunted house in the Haymarket, where the ghosts of the departed great singers are said to assemble, gnash their teeth, tear their hair, and rattle their bony limbs furiously, and then vanish in disgust at seeing the very walls of the once famed opera house crumbling to decay. Passing the other evening, I saw my old lady friend sitting up, looking quite sprightly, and chuckling to herself, "Let it crumble—let it crumble to decay, and perish! and with it that wonderful genius 'Idealiser,' so learned in facts and figures, and who talked such learned nonsense about England having no singers, no composers, no authors." What I said in my letter was, "There should be a theatre connected with the Royal Academy of Music, for the careful training of those students who show unmistakable signs of talent for the stage. The theatre should be opened all the year round, at moderate charges. There should be no favouritism shown to authors or composers." &c.

I see by your leader of Saturday, the 23rd, there is every hope of really something being done to once more raise "poor Miss English Opera" from the "door-step" of the "haunted house," and place her upon the pedestal of fame, amidst lovely groves, the air fragrant with perfume and exquisite melody, sung by English nightingales to the sweet notes culled from English brains.—Yours, &c., R. U.

MUNICH.—The Intendant General has resolved that henceforth he will give every year, during the period from the 16th August to the 18th September, 35 performances of such operatic and dramatic works as have been got up with regard to the acting, singing, and *mise-en-scène*, at the Theatre Royal, in what may be considered a moderate manner. The 35 performances will be divided into 5 series of 7 each, and in each series 3 of the performances will be dedicated to opera and 4 to the drama.

Dusseldorf.—Herr Blum has been re-engaged for eight years at the Royal Opera, and moreover, granted with the title of Royal Chamber Singer. During his recent visit to Vienna, the Count von Platen, Intendant of the Theatres Royal, engaged Mdle Ornereder as lyric-dramatic singer for the Royal Operahouse. The young lady was a pupil of Mad. Marchesi at the Imperial Conservatory of Music in the Austrian capital.—Beethoven's Trio, Op. 70. No. 2, Sebastian Bach's grand Duo-Sonata, No. 3, in E major, and J. Radl's Piano-forte Quartet, Op. 107, were included in the programme of the second of the series of Trios, which was being given by Herr L. Rollfus, E. Ediger, and F. Büchmann.—On his passage through here to Vienna, Herr Joachim gave two most numerously attended concerts.

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our Correspondent.)

Since the date of my last letter, several interesting concerts have been given here, and though we are more than half way through the musical season, the most brilliant period has probably got to come. At Mr Hallé's last Choral Concert, the *Hymn of Praise* and the *Stabat Mater* were given—whose *Stabat Mater* there is as little need to say as whose *Hymn of Praise*. In a musical city like this, these works are of course very familiar, and I believe there never was a performance of either of them in the Free Trade Hall about which somebody did not say it was the very best ever heard in Manchester. This was said more than once after the last Choral Concert, and I for one am not prepared to deny it of either of these two great works. Last week we heard, for the first time, Berlioz's symphony, *Harold in Italy*. With the first three movements of this remarkable work, everybody was delighted, but some thought there was an ante-climax in the finale. I often envy the critics who can predict the verdict of posterity on a music composition on a first hearing; or, to speak more precisely, who have confidence in their own predictions. But I will not echo the opinions I have heard about the prospects of *Harold* in the future. I can, however, have no hesitation in saying that Mr Hallé's splendid band never played more magnificently than in this comparatively unknown work, and that Herr Straus, in the viola *obbligato*—which is continued through all the movements—was, as he always is, intelligent, artistic, and effective. Weber's *Subl-overture* opened the second part, and the majority of the audience arose when—to their surprise apparently—they heard the familiar National Anthem, with which it concludes, forgetting, by the way, that this overture was an "occasional" piece in honor of a King of Saxony. The concert was delightfully varied by a splendid performance of Beethoven's sonata, "Les Adieux, l'Absence, et le Retour," by Mr Hallé, and by the fine singing of Mdlle Tietjens and Mdlme Trebelli-Bettini. Here is the programme for this week's concert.

The Ninth Symphony in D minor, for orchestra, solo voices, and chorus (Beethoven)—Principal vocalists, Mdlle Otto Alvensleben, Miss Thorley, Mr Vernon Rigby, and Mr Santley; Overture, *Michel Angelo* (first time) (Gade); Air, "Un aura amoroso" (Cock fan Tutti) (Mozart)—Mr Vernon Rigby; Chorus, "The Charge of the Light Brigade" (Tenynson) (Edward Hecht); Air, "Non mi dir" (*Don Giovanni*) (Mozart)—Mdlme Alvensleben; Part-song, "My true love has my heart" (Gounod) and "The Bell of St Michael's Tower" (Knyvett)—Arranged and newly harmonized by Sir R. Stewart; Air, "Oh, Lisbons" (*Don Sebastiano*) (Donizetti)—Mr Santley; March and Chorus, *Tannhäuser* (first time complete) (Wagner).

Mr de Jong's recent concerts have been very well attended; at the last but one the hall was crowded to excess, the attraction being Mr Mapleson's concert party, including Mdlle Tietjens, Mdlme Trebelli, Signori Catalan and Perkin. A Belgian violinist, M. Colyne, also appeared with success. On Saturday last, the Dublin Glee and Madrigal Union appeared for the first time in Manchester, but the applause which followed the finished singing of this excellent glee society very decidedly expressed the hope of the audience that Mr de Jong would invite them to pay us another visit.

An admirable series of classical chamber concerts has been announced at the Town Hall, under the direction of Mr Frederick Uyer, an accomplished pianist and composer, who has also been a very successful teacher here for many years.

February 3rd, 1875.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

In my account of Herr Reichardt's splendid and very successful concert given on January 15, at the Etablissement des Bains, I finished my remarks by stating that he had made his bed "at the Hôpital St Louis for some poor valet or orphan." I was not then aware of the amount he had gained for his charitable object, but I gather from a letter from the great artist himself published in all the local journals, in which, worded with his usual good taste, he professes his thanks to all the artists and amateurs who so generously assisted him in his good work, that the success had surpassed all his expectations, so that after establishing the said bed at a cost of 8,000 fr., and deducting all expenses connected with the concert, he had a sum of 500 fr. left in his hands. This

amount he generously divided as follows:—Caisse des Orphelins, 100 fr.; Sailors' Institute, 100 fr.; British Free School, 100 fr.; à l'hospice pour extra aux vieillards et convalescents, 100 fr.; à la veuve — 100 fr.

So great was the satisfaction of all present on Friday, January 15, that already several amateurs of good music are talking of soliciting Herr Reichardt to undertake another concert during Lent, at which we should hope to hear M. Gounod's *Gallia* repeated and brought more prominently forward in the programme, so that we may have a better opportunity of judging of a great work of a truly great composer.

M. Troy has had good success lately at the Salle Monsigny. Being the director of no less than four theatres in the north of France (Boulogne, Calais, Dunkerque, and St Omer), and the theatres not being open every night, he has the great advantage of frequently changing his artists. Our present troupe is decidedly the best we have had for some time. Last night *Les deux Orphelins* was given with a spirit and go I have seldom seen here. M. Troy himself played the villain Jacques, with tact and good taste, and was ably supported by all his company. The character of Pierre, his unfortunate, crippled brother, was undertaken by M. Moreau, who showed by his calm, quiet acting in the first part of the play, and his frenzy in the last act but one, when he kills his elder brother, how well he had studied the character. Mdlle Filhod, as the "Comtesse," was all that a Comtesse should be. Mdlme Montgand, as La Frochard, was inimitable;—her make-up, her voice, and gestures were perfect. The audience were quite carried away by her acting. They entered so entirely into the idea and spirit of the piece that, when she pulled by the arm roughly, and finally pushed the poor blind Orpheline into a garret, they began to hiss. *Les deux Orphelins* are charmingly played by Mdlles Albano (Henriette), and Laurette (Louise).

Mdlle Scrivaneck, who is still travelling with M. Troy, gave us a treat on Saturday last by her wonderful impersonation of Gentil Bernard, in which she assumes no less than seven different characters. *La Bataille de Dames*, by Scribe and Legouvé, and *La belle Mère a des Ecus*—both well played—make up our theatrical week.

The ball I announced to take place last week, got up by the English inhabitants, in return for the magnificent reception given to the Lord Mayor, on January 11, has been abandoned—owing, so says the local press, to the serious illness of Prince Leopold. The fourteen gentlemen who formed the committee, having put down the sum of £2 each, would not receive back their subscriptions, but made a donation of the same to the Maire, for the poor of Boulogne.

Prospective arrangements—Ball given by the Sous-Prefet, M. le Baron de Latouche, on February 3rd; Bal du Commerce, February 6. At the Theatre, in rehearsal, *La Princesse de Trébizonde* (opérette), *Les idées d'une Comtesse* (comédie), *Benerato Cellini* (drama), and *La maîtresse légitime*.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, 21th January, 1875.

X. T.

HAMBURG.—Last September, Sig. Pollini entered upon the management of the Stadttheater. The building itself, entirely repaired and re-decorated by the Joint-Stock Company, to whom it belongs, was as bright as a new pin. But everything in it, dresses, scenery, and properties, was utterly ruined by more than forty years' wear and tear. The whole stock had, therefore, to be renewed. Then an opera company, a dramatic company, and a ballet company, had to be recruited from all parts of Germany. It was no easy matter to form a satisfactory repertory with so many artists perfect strangers to each other. Nevertheless, from September 16th, 1874, to the 1st January, 1875, the manager has produced 18 grand operas, 1 one-act opera, 3 operettas, 10 grand dramatic works, and 5 one or two act pieces, to wit: *Lohengrin* (7 times), *Les Huguenots* (1 time), *Ernst* (4 times), *Il Trovatore* (3 times), *Guillaume Tell* (twice), *Der Nibelungen* (1 time), *Die Lorelei* (4 times), *Fuclio* (twice), *La Nozze* (3 times), *Der Freischütz* (twice), *Tannhäuser* (twice), *Le Postillon de Longjumeau* (6 times), *Don Juan* (5 times), *La Dame Blanche* (4 times), *Die Zuberflote* (5 times), *Hans Heiling* (twice), *Fra Diavolo* (twice), *Cesar und Zimmermann* (4 times), *La Juive* (twice), *La Fille de Madame Angot* (9 times), *Fleurette*, and *Des Femmes*. The last three, also, a grand ballet, *Nymphes au Sac*. As every work had to be studied and rehearsed as if it was a perfect novelty, it is very evident that neither Sig. Pollini nor his artists can be accused of indolence.

THE PROPOSED NEW OPERAHOUSE.

Everybody—whether, like John Gilpin's spouse, of "frugal mind," or of those æsthetic tastes which are not always economical—will be glad to know that a portion of the reclaimed land on the Thames Embankment is likely to be turned to a good purpose without further delay. It is no secret that, for a long time past, Mr. Mapleson, in association with certain influential supporters of the lyric drama, has been looking for a place where Her Majesty's Opera might be located *en permanence*. The accommodation afforded at Drury Lane ever since the destruction of "the old house in the Haymarket" seven years ago, though good as a makeshift, left much to be desired in many respects, and from the first there could not have existed any idea of looking upon the tenancy of Mr. Chatterton's theatre as other than a temporary arrangement pending the re-erection of that over which Lord Dudley holds present sway. Why then now Her Majesty's Theatre remains empty—or perhaps we should say why it was built so that nobody could inhabit it—is a question scarcely worth the trouble of discussion. Enough that when the workmen turned it out of hand, Her Majesty's Opera preferred to remain in "Old Drury," and its manager resolved to look elsewhere for a permanent home. Various sites were proposed from time to time, but the exigencies of an operahouse are, in this respect, not easily satisfied. An operahouse not only wants room for itself, but for those who would reach it with ease and comfort; it must be readily accessible from the best quarters of town, and its surroundings should not present too great a contrast with the luxurious enjoyment purveyed. The difficulty in crowded London was to satisfy such demands at other than an absurdly extravagant cost, and this difficulty existed long after the vacant spaces of the Thames Embankment began to dry out for some one to come and build upon them. The Embankment was all very well, but how was it to be reached? To this question no answer came till the Metropolitan Board of Works resolved upon the new street from Charing Cross. Then the aspect of affairs entirely changed, and the "magnificent vacancy" lying between the proposed thoroughfare and the St. Stephen's Club presented every advantage for which Mr. Mapleson and his friends had looked so long in vain. No better site for an operahouse could be found throughout the length and breadth of London. The space left for the building and its approaches, is ample; while the access to it from these parts of London where opera-goers chiefly reside leaves nothing to desire; proximity to the Houses of Parliament being a specially important consideration. Looking at facts so important and indisputable, it is not surprising to find Mr. Mapleson in treaty with the Board of Works for possession of the land, and that at length more than a probability exists of London having an operahouse as well situated and, in all essentials, as complete as the magnificent building lately opened in Paris. If we are rightly informed, the actual transfer of the site has not yet been made; but, having regard to the purpose for which it is sought, the high character of those who promote the scheme, and the public spirit of the Board of Works, it can hardly be supposed that anything will hinder the realization of hopes which rumour long ago excited among the connoisseurs of opera.

With respect to the dimensions and architectural claims of the proposed building, nothing can be said now. It must be obvious, moreover, that any intentions whatever as regards a scheme at present existing only on paper are liable to change; but there is reason to believe that efforts will be made to obtain results of a kind quite unique in this country. We have never yet had a national operahouse, nor, in the fullest sense of the term, are we likely to have one for a long while. Opera in England must, under present circumstances, be either foreign, *par excellence*, or foreign in an English dress. This, however, should not hinder any effort to change the circumstances, and the new enterprise contemplates, besides the performance of English or quasi-English operas during the off-season, the establishment of an academy for the training of native artists, both vocalists and dancers. This project goes straight to the root of the matter. We shall never have a national opera till there is a national stage, with people upon it who are decently able, at least, to do their work. Let these essentials be provided—in other words, let our companies have a chance for their productions, and we believe the musical talent of England will make English opera a very different thing to what it now is. The entire artistic direction of the enterprise having been undertaken by Sir Michael Costa, we may confidently look for the greatest energy in its management. A better administrator than the Neapolitan gentleman who has become an English knight could hardly be found. Included in the scheme are other features, such as an ornamental garden and a grand café; but upon these we do not now propose to dwell; nor for these, comparative speaking, do we greatly care. Our only anxiety at present, and that of all who desire the prosperity of lyric drama, is to see Mr. Mapleson and his friends empowered to begin operations. The Board of Works has done much for London from an æsthetic point of view; it can now materially add to the obla-

tion by sanctioning a scheme worthy, for many reasons, of unqualified support.

Thaddeus Egg.

ORIGIN OF TOASTS.

At first sight, the incongruity between the meanings attached to the word "toast" would seem to be irreconcilable; it is none the less true that one was born of the other. Toasted bread and toasted biscuit were as necessary to many an old English drink as roasted apples were to the wassail bowl. Rochester carved a drinking-cup

"So large, that, filled with sack
Up to the swelling brim.
Vast toasts on the delicious lake,
Like ships at sea, may swim!"

A poetaster, inspired by punch, describes the gods assembled in solemn conclave to test the worth of the newly-invented beverage; Apollo contributed water from Parnassus, Juno finds lemonade, Venus sugar white as her own doves; Bacchus brings wine, Mars brandy, Saturn a few nutmegs, and then

"Neptune this ocean of liquor did crown
With a hard-baked biscuit well browned in the sun;"

their united efforts producing a liquor, the first taste of which made Jupiter declare that heaven was never true heaven before.

The connection of a toast with drinking is therefore one of ancient standing; but it was not until the beginning of the last century that the word made its first step towards its present meaning; for in 1709 the *Tatler* speaks of it as a new name found out by the wits to make a lady's name as effective as borage in a glass when a man is drinking. According to the same authority, the new form of gallantry sprang from the freak of a half-fuddled worshipper of the sex. A celebrated beauty dabbled in the public waters at Bath, one of her admirers filled a glass with water from the bath and drank it to the fair one's health. Another young fellow, not to be outdone, aware that though he did not like the liquor, he would have the toast, and tried to jump into the bath to the lady. He was prevented doing so; but from that time, every lady whose charms offered an excuse for a glass in her honour was dubbed "a toast." Arbuthnot, rhyming about a once famous club, says:—

"Whence deathless Kit-kat took his name,
Few critics can unravel;
Some say from pastrycook it came,
And some from Cat and Fiddle.
From no trim beaux this name it bears,
Grey statesmen or green wits;
But from the pell-mell pack of toasts,
Of old Cats and young Kits."

The Kit-kat toasts were elected by a majority of votes, and their names inscribed, with some complimentary verses beneath, upon the drinking-glasses of the club. Once allied to the pledging of a lady's health, it was easy for the word to slip into its more general meaning, and so "a toast" came to mean any home sentiment evoked by the command:—

"Give the Toast, my good fellow; be jovial and gay,
And let the bright moments prove beyond away!"

PALMERIA.—The first stone of a new theatre was laid here on the 12th ult.

DEMAU.—Herr Theodor Wachtel, Jun., has just died of pulmonary consumption at the age of thirty. Like his father, he began his theatrical career in Hanburgh. He was then engaged at the Theatre here, but was compelled, last summer, by falling health, to retire from the stage.

STRECKLAY.—161 fresh pupils were admitted last autumn into the Conservatory of Music, which is under the especial patronage of the King. The number of students is now 676, being 68 more than last year. Of these, 182 intend to follow music as a profession, 62 being males and 120 females, while 133 are not natives of Wurtemberg. Of the students generally, 806 belong to this town, and 22 to other parts of Wurtemberg: 10 come from Baden; 11 from Bavaria; 1 from Hesse; 23 from Prussia; 1 from Brunswick; 3 from Bremen; 1 from the Saxon Duchies; 2 from Hamburg; 1 from Austria; 36 from Switzerland; 1 from France; 63 from Great Britain; 1 from the Netherlands; 10 from Russia; 1 from Turkey; 79 from North America; and 1 from Africa. During the winter season, 706 lessons are given every week by 34 masters and 6 assistant-masters.

WAIFS.

One of the most interesting features of the Royal Albert Hall concert, on Tuesday last, was Herr Wilhelm's splendid performance of a violin concerto by Herr Heger, of Zurich, which, doubtless, will be heard again.

Mr Franklin Taylor will be the pianist at the Monday Popular Concert on Moody evening.

M. Padeloup has put Mr Alfred Holmes's second symphony in rehearsal. English art is going ahead in Paris.

The British Orchestral Society will perform Mr Alfred Holmes's symphony *Robin Hood*, at one of its concerts next month.

The death of Mr Webster, of the firm of Wilkie, Webster & Allan, the oldest established music warehouse in Melbourne (Australia), is announced.

Mr Alfred Holmes's symphony-odonta, *Jeanne d'Arc*, will be produced at the Crystal Palace on the 26th inst. Madame Sherrington will sing the music of the heroine.

Miss Annetta Gwilt, who is "starring" in the provinces, has made a "hit" in the part of *Arsinoe* (*La Fille de Madame Angot*). The capital style in which she sings the *Légende de la Mère Angot* "brings down the house" on each occasion.

It is said (by the *Arcadian*) that Mr Gye is trying to negotiate with Mme Lucca for the next season. That wayward little lady owes him a forfeit for breaking her engagement, but doubtless he will forgive that and welcome her to the fold with outstretched arms.

Signor Urti—write a provincial journal, in its notice of a local concert—proved that the reputation he has gained in this country is well bestowed, the "Rose Song" (from *Il Talmone*), being given in perfect style, and calling forth the heartiest plaudits of the audience.

A new weekly journal, to be entitled *The Megpie*, is announced to appear next Saturday, the 13th inst. Its columns are to be devoted to politics, literature, music, the drama, literature, etc. The names of the proprietors and contributors announced to carry on the work, and who have been connected for years with some of our best daily and weekly publications, are a guarantee for the sound principles on which the new journal is likely to be conducted.

His Excellency the Italian Minister, accompanied by Sir Michael Costa, on Saturday last honoured Mr Fredk. Godfrey with a visit to hear the rehearsal of a new musical composition by Sir Michael, the express command of His Majesty the King of Italy. On leaving, both Sir Michael and His Excellency expressed their high gratification at the able and efficient manner in which the Goldstreams, under the leadership of Mr F. Godfrey, had realised the views of the composer.

The Welsh people of the State of Wisconsin and Northern Illinois held their first annual Estedford in Milwaukee, at the Academy of Music on Christmas day. In its native land, this institution is of many centuries standing, and is still as popular among the masses of the nation as ever. A number of prominent men took part in the exercises on Christmas day at Milwaukee, also some of the best musicians of the North-west. Miss Anna S. Lewis was one who represented Chicago at the gathering.

Waifs on the subject of national music schools we may remark we have not heard lately anything of the Cole-Freake scheme. How far it is progressing here or elsewhere we cannot say, but when we have an established institution like the Royal Academy of Music, which has done such good service to art, and only wants further development in the way of scholarships, and that country aid which is being sought for on behalf of the new untutored school, we feel regret that there should be any diversion of funds from what is known to be a valuable institution. The adoption of Mr Freake's friends that he would accept the establishment of a local music school here, five years hence, in connection with the head academy, are at best very doubtful events, and will hardly compensate us for the delay or expense, even if attained, however it may suit others. London professors and managerial staff will have received £2,000 of Liverpool money, and London lodge-house keepers the profits of boarding the students sent up.—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

It was believed by some of Mr Tennyson's friends that he would accept a baronetcy, not because he personally desired it, but for his successors, and we are somewhat surprised, therefore, to see that he has declined it. We perceive that the papers are making capital out of these proffered honours to literature from the Conservative Government; but we believe it is no secret that Mr Tennyson had already been offered a baronetcy by the Liberal Government, but had declined it. The hereditary dignity was pressed upon Mr Tennyson because he has a family; and, as we have reason to know, sufficiently wealthy to keep up the honor. Mr Carlyle, having no descendants, was offered a knighthood and G.C.B. There is not the slightest surprise expressed anywhere that the philosopher of Chelsea should have declined the marks of his Sovereign's consideration, for he has always inveighed against titles. One would rather he does possess, however, which he regards with real favour, and that is the order of the Iron Crown conferred upon him by the Emperor of Germany, for his *Life of Frederick the Great*.

The death of Herr Leopold Jansa, for many years a resident in this country, and well known as an accomplished violinist, took place last month in Vienna. Herr Jansa, who was in his eightieth year, was a member of the Royal Prussian Court Chapel, and Honorary Professor in the Conservatory of Music.

The excitement in Worcester, consequent upon the refusal of the Dean and Chapter to grant the use of the Cathedral for the Festival of the Three Choirs, which should, in turn, have taken place there during the present year, still continues; and—from the determined attitude of those who assume that possession is, in this case, even more than "nine points" of the law—it appears not likely to subside. Meetings have been held, and conferences with the small opposing clerical body have taken place, but without effect; the latest news being that a petition to the Queen has been presented, with the hope of inducing her to persuade the Dean and Chapter to listen to the voice of the majority upon a matter so important, not only to sacred musical art, but to the Charity for the benefit of which these Festivals were instituted. Meanwhile we cannot but express surprise at the blaud manner in which the three Choirs, after having had an effectual stop put to the continuance of the Festival in the old form, have been requested to aid in establishing the new. Turning a person out of the home which for years he has occupied with honour to himself and all around him, may be one of those periodic exercises of despotic authority which it is better to bear with fortitude; but to call upon his best and truest friends to help in getting the house ready for another is an experiment which even a Dean and Chapter can hardly hope to prove successful.—*Musical Times*.

In a little paper in the *Era Almanack*, Mr Clement Scott—writing on a subject which will interest many playgoers—puts in his plea for the retention of the pit in recent years has been almost entirely banished from our theatres. The pit used to be a power, and even now the most habitual and devoted playgoers probably frequent it. Mr Scott is jealous of its privileges, for he writes:—"Had not the position of the pit been sadly altered, had not the conditions of pit criticism been changed, had not the voice of the pit been stifled, many of the recent scandals would have been avoided, and we should not have found, as now, a kind of civil war with its attendant evils in all matters of theatrical criticism. Had those who love theatre, on the other hand, who view it merely as a commercial speculation, or possibly something worse. Had the pit been left in its old form and strength, had this large and generous assemblage with no piques or prejudices, been permitted to remain and watch with eager eyes over the interests of art, the difficulties of the critic would in a great measure have been removed, and all authoritative interference would have been unnecessary." Let us not be too sanguine, however, what has been done with the poor old pit, what treatment has been extended to the honest gentlemen who, in fair weather and foul, have remained at the helm of the dramatic ship. They have been driven back, back, by these 10s stalls, until the place of the pit is a pee, and the pit's protection is no longer a power.

London—says the *Arcadian*—has lost one of her best-known and most respected citizens by the death of Mr John Mitchell, the publisher, librarian, and theatrical agent of Old Bond Street. Mr Mitchell entered into the employment of Mr Sims, as a shop-boy, nearly sixty years ago, but speedily won promotion, until he became the partner of his employer, and at his death the sole successor to the business. Although Mr Mitchell kept a shop (a thing looked upon with horror by aristocratic society), and was not in manner and appearance anything more than a formal tradesman of the old school, he was the trusted friend of the Queen and every member of the royal family. Scarcely anything of importance was ever brought by them without Mr Mitchell's approval had been first secured, and he was a kind of adviser-in-chief upon matters of taste to all the "Upper Ten." He had a lovely country house not far from Windsor, and there, when they were young, the princes and princesses spent many happy days. The Queen used often to visit him, and of late years the Princess of Wales and her children have taken the places of the latter's uncles and aunts. While these royal visits have been going on, as a shop-boy, nearly sixty years ago, plain old John Mitchell has enjoyed a large share of royalty's leisure moments. He was a short, stout, genial old gentleman, with white hair and a merry twinkle in his eye, a florid complexion, and a smooth face. His age is said to have been sixty-eight, but he has looked as old as that for many years past. During more than twenty seasons he directed French plays at the St James's and other theatres, and was the best conversationalist of the pit house—old Mitchell had the honour of being the first manager to introduce Rachel to an English audience. He was also a liberal supporter of the opera-houses, which, indeed, would often have collapsed but for his assistance. At Covent Garden he took for each season from a quarter to a third of the house, as all the most fashionable people secured their seats through him. It is thought that he will have left a large fortune, but the particulars have not yet transpired.

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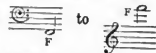


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VOL. 53—No. 7.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT.—THIS DAY. The programme will include: Overture, "Egmont" (Beethoven); Suite, No. 4 in G (Lachner); first time in England: Concerto for piano, in G minor (Mendelssohn); first time at these Concerts: "Meisius" (Mendelssohn); Vocalists—Miss Johanna Levis and Mr H. Walsman. Pianoforte—Dr Hans von Bülow. Conductor—Mr MAHNE. Transferable stalls for the remaining Ten Concerts, One Guinea. Stalls for single Concert, Half-a-Crown.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Dr HANS VON BÜLOW at the CONCERT, THIS DAY.

BRIGHTON.—MR KUHE'S MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—Monday, Feb. 15: Mr Arthur Sullivan will kindly conduct his Overture, "Di Rialto"; Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody—Mr Kuhe; Paganini's Violin Concerto—Mr Victor Collins. Tuesday, Feb. 16: Madama Lessemme-Sherrington, Miss Julia Elton, Feb. 16: Mr F. Earnest will kindly conduct his *Levy of the Last Miserable*; Schubert's Symphony, B minor; Overture, *Tannhäuser* (Wagner); Spohr's Adagio—Mr Lessemme; Mendelssohn's Rondo in B minor—Mr Kuhe; Brahms' Hungarian Dances, for orchestra. Accompanist—Mr Lindsay Sloper. Vocalist—Miss Johanna Levis. Thursday, Feb. 18: Mr G. A. Macfarlane's Overture, *St John the Baptist* (kindly conducted by Mr Michael Costa); and *Don Juan* (Gottschalk). Madama Lessemme-Sherrington, Miss Antoinette Sterling, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Mr Stanley. Friday, Feb. 19: Concert of Popular Music: M. Schell's Recollections of Ireland—Mr Michael Costa; Madama Lessemme-Sherrington; and Miss Charlotte. During the week, No. 1: Violin—M. Sainton. Flute—Mr Radcliffe. Violoncello—Mr H. Chipp. Oboe—Mr Barrett. Opfischel—Mr Hughes. Saturday, Feb. 20: Handel's *Hezekiah*. Madama Lessemme-Sherrington, Miss Julia Elton, Mr M. Pearson, Mr Lewis Thomas, and Mr Sims Reeves. Solo Trumpet—Mr T. Harper. Organ, at all Oratorios—Mr R. Taylor. Chorus—Brighton Sacred Harmonic Society. Conductors—Mr F. Kingsbury and Mr Kuhe.

BRIGHTON.—MR KUHE'S MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—Mr G. A. MACFARLANE being unable to conduct his own Work (*St John the Baptist*), Mr MICHAEL COSTA has, in the kindest manner, consented to do so for him.

BRITISH ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.—Patron, his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, K.G.—The THIRD SERIES of CONCERTS will take place at ST JAMES'S HALL, on WEDNESDAY Evenings, viz.—March 10, 21, April 2, 11, May 2, 19. The programmes will be selected chiefly from the works of the great masters, and at each concert a symphony, a concerto, two overtures, and vocal music will be performed. In the course of the season the following new works will be produced:—Symphony in C minor, "Robin Hood" (Alfred Holmes); Andante and Scherzo (Henry Gladby); Nutcracker (Orchestra (Mr Marshall)); Sonata, "Raffa" (A. Rindogger); Overtures by J. L. Hanson and T. Wingham. An analytical and historical programme of each concert will be written by Mr A. Macfarlane. The concerts will commence at eight o'clock, and the performance terminate as near ten o'clock as possible. Vocalists—Miss Lessemme-Sherrington, Miss Rose Harrow, Miss Blanche Cole, Miss Jessie Jones, Miss Edith Wynn, Miss Julia Elton, Mr Charles Roche, and Madam Patey; Mr R. Lloyd, Mr H. Guy, Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Lewis Thomas, and Mr Stanley; Instrumentalists: Pianoforte—Miss Emma Barnett, Miss Florence May, Mr Arthur Willford, and Mr Walter Roche. Violin—Mr Carrolls and Mr Henry Holmes. Violoncello—Mr Edward Howell. Conductor—Mr GEORGE MORTON. Orchestra of 15 Performers. Accompanist—Mr J. Serbell. Subscription stalls (in area or front row of balcony) £1 11s. 6d.; reserved seats (in area or balcony), 4s. A limited number of stall tickets to the members of the musical profession at One Guinea for the Series. For a single concert—stalls (area or front row of balcony), 1s.; reserved area or reserved balcony, 4s.; balcony, 2s.; back of area, orchestra, or gallery, 1s. Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co.; Crumey & Co.; Lamborn Cook; Mitchell's Library; Chappell & Co.; Gilchrist Pringle, & Co.; A. Hay; and at Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall.

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BRITISH ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY. By Special Desire under the immediate Patronage of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, K.G., and the Imperial Highness the Princess of Edinburgh, the Programme of the FIRST CONCERT (March 10) will consist entirely of Works by Sir W. STERN DALE BENNETT.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY, BETHVEN ROOMS, 27, Harley Street, W. President—Sir JULIUS BERNICK. Founder and Director—Herr ROSENTHAL. NINTH SEASON, 1874.—THE FIRST CONCERT will take place on the 28th of February next. The Concerts of the Society afford an excellent opportunity for rising Artists to make their first appearance in public. Full particulars and Prospectus may be had on application to H. O. HOFFER, Hon Sec.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.—GRAND ORCHESTRAL CONCERT. THURSDAY next, Feb. 18, at Eight. Programme: Overture, Exhibition (Auber); Lieder (a) "Wonne der Weibheit," (b) "Die ironischen geistlichen" (Beethoven); Miss Antoinette Sterling; Concerto in D for Violin, by Paganini (Paganini); Herr Wilhelm; Overture, "Paradise and the Peri" (Sir W. Stenhouse Bennett); Symphony, No. 1, unfinished (Schubert); Violin Solo, Chaconne, for violin alone (Rach)—Herr Wilhelm; Song, "Fatale Grabesang" (Chopin)—Miss Antoinette Sterling; Wedding March, *Mulattier's Flight Dream* (Mendelssohn). Conductor—MR BARNEY. Tickets, 1s. 6d., 2s., 3s., 4d., Admission, the Stalls, at NOVEMBER 1, Berners Street, and 31, Fostery; and at the Royal Albert Hall.

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MR HENRY LESLIE begs to announce that his Niece, Miss EVA LESLIE (who has studied under Madame Salomon-Delby), will make her first appearance in public at ST JAMES'S HALL, at the First Subscription Concert of his Choir on THURSDAY Evening next, Feb. 18.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.—Con- ductor—MR MICHAEL COSTA. FRIDAY, Feb. 26th, MACFARLANE'S Overture "ST JOHN THE BAPTIST." Madama Sherrington, Madama Patey, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Mr Stanley. Organist—Mr Willing. Tickets now ready, 2s., 3s., and 10s. 6d., at 6, Exeter Hall.

MANCHESTER and SALFORD GRAND VOCAL FESTIVAL, EXETER MURRAY and THURSDAY, March 22 and 23, at the ROYAL POMEREA PALACE. Competition of Choirs, Choral Societies, Euse Clubs, Solo Singers, &c. 2000 in Prizes. Chorus and Glee on Monday; Solo, &c., on Tuesday. Entries close March 1st. For particulars and Forms of Entry, apply to M. H. CHADWICK, 4, St Mark's Street, Manchester.

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MR WILHELM GANZ begs to inform his friends and pupils that he has REMOVED to 126, Harley Street, W.

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By the kind permission of the VERY REV. THE DEAN OF
WESTMINSTER.

ON SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6th, 1875.

REQUISITION.

To the VERY REV. THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

WE, the undersigned, are strongly of opinion that the Interment of the late SIR STERNDALÉ BENNETT, Professor of Music in the University of Cambridge, M.A., Mus. D., D.C.L., and Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, (who was unquestionably at the head of the Musical Profession in England,) in the Abbey Church of Westminster would be a fitting tribute to the genius and worth of this gifted Englishman; and, on more public grounds, a just recognition of the Art of which he was so distinguished an Ornament.

(Signed) His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, Earl of Dudley, Lord Coleridge, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, G. A. Macfarren, Sir Julius Benedict, Walter Macfarren, G. F. Anderson, Lucy Anderson, A. Randegger, Otto Goldschmidt, Jenny Goldschmidt-Lind, G. A. Osborne, W. G. Cousins, J. T. Wilby, W. F. Low, J. Lamborn Cook, F. R. Cox, W. Dorrell, Brinley Richards, E. Garcia, H. E. Lunn, C. Steggall, Mus. D., Arthur S. Sullivan, John Hullah, Charles Santley, J. Sims Reeves, Henry Leslie, J. W. Davison, W. D. Davison, J. E. Millais, R.A., T. Woolner, R.A., Sir Henry Thompson, Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A., H. R. Evers, P. Sainton, Charlotte Sainton-Dobly, Kellow Fye, Sir Thomas Gladstone, George Grove, A. M., H. Stainer, J. Joachim, A. Chappell, A. Piatti, Charles Hallé, H. Smart, Dr Rimbault, E. Pauer, F. R. Jewson, John Thomas, Charles E. Stephens, E. J. Hopkins, Rev. Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley, E. G. Monk, Mus. D., Rev. A. Beardi (Cambridge), J. Barnby, J. Tule, George Rose, Henry Broadwood, Sir George Elvey, Sir John Ross, W. H. Cummings, J. Macfarren, S. Arthur Cleson, T. M. Mudie, H. T. Mudie, C. Collard, W. S. Collard, C. I. Grunewien, Hans von Bulow, T. Chappell, John Gill, Stanley Lucas.

THE PROCESSION,

consisting of an Open Hearse and Mourning Carriages, left St John's Wood at 10.45, passing through Baker Street, Oxford Street, Union Street, Tottenham Street, past the Royal Academy of Music, and joined by the Royal and other Carriages, proceeded slowly along Regent Street, Charing Cross, and Parliament Street, to Westminster Abbey, in the following order:—

THE UNDERTAKER.

Two Assistants with wands.

THE HEARSE

Drawn by four horses, with silver equipments.

FOUR FAMILY MOURNING CARRIAGES—

C. S. Bennett, Esq. J. S. Bennett, Esq.
Thomas Case, Esq. Mrs Thomas Case.

Miss Scarr. Rev. H. Wood. Mr James Wood.
Mr and Mrs Case.

Rev. M. Kirkland. Lamborn Cook, Esq.
J. W. Davison, Esq. W. Dorrell, Esq.

Dr King. J. G. Forbes, Esq. R. Case, Esq.
J. Case, Esq. G. Case, Esq.

PRIVATE CARRIAGE OF SIR STERNDALÉ BENNETT.

The Honourable Mortimer Sackville-West.

Representing Her Majesty the Queen.

Colonel the Hon. W. J. Colville.

Representing H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh.

CARRIAGE No. 1.
Deputation from the University of Cambridge, &c.
The Vice-Chancellor. Dr Bateson, Master of St John's.
The Rev. Arthur Beard, Proctor of King's.
Right Hon. the Earl of Dudley (President of the Royal Academy).

CARRIAGE No. 2.
The Directors of the Royal Academy of Music.
Sir Thomas Gladstone. T. T. Bernard, Esq.
Henry Rougier, Esq. W. F. Low, Esq.

CARRIAGE No. 3.
The Directors of the Royal Academy of Music (continued).
C. E. Sparrow, Esq. George Wood, Esq.
J. F. H. Read, Esq. J. Bruzand, Esq.

CARRIAGE No. 4.
The Directors of the Royal Academy of Music (continued).
Chandon Wren Hoskyns, Esq.
Gerard F. Cobb, Esq. (Cambridge).
C. R. Carr, Esq., M.A. (Cambridge).
Dr Garrett (Cambridge).

CARRIAGE No. 5.
Committee of the Royal Academy of Music.
G. A. Macfarren, Esq. Walter Macfarren, Esq.
Dr Steggall. W. H. Holmes, Esq.

CARRIAGE No. 6.
Committee of the Royal Academy of Music (continued).
Brinley Richards, Esq. Henry Leslie, Esq.
H. C. Lunn, Esq. Signor Garcia.

CARRIAGE No. 7.
Committee of the Royal Academy of Music (continued).
F. R. Cox, Esq. F. B. Jewson, Esq. H. R. Evers, Esq.
John Gill, Esq., Secretary.

CARRIAGE No. 8.
Deputation from the Philharmonic Society.
G. F. Anderson (Honorary Treasurer), unavoidably absent through illness.
The Directors—J. Thomas, Esq. G. A. Osborne, Esq.
C. E. Stephens, Esq. F. B. Jewson, Esq.
Walter Macfarren, Esq.
Conductor, W. G. Cousins, Esq.
Secretary, Stanley Lucas, Esq.

CARRIAGE No. 9.
Deputation from the Royal Society of Musicians of Great Britain.
Sir John Goss. J. T. Wilby, Esq.
Charles Cooke, Esq. W. H. Cummings, Esq.
Alfred Gilbert, Esq.

CARRIAGE No. 10.
Royal Society of Musicians of Great Britain (continued).
Thos. Harper, Esq. Chas. Salaman, Esq.
H. Lamour, Esq. J. Ella, Esq.
J. W. Standen, Esq., Collector.
Stanley Lucas, Esq., Secretary.

CARRIAGE No. 11.
Paid Bearers.
W. H. Holmes, Esq. T. M. Mudie, Esq.
Kellow J. Fye, Esq. J. Howell, Esq.

CARRIAGE No. 12.
O. May, Esq. J. S. Bowley, Esq.
K. Barnett, Esq.

CARRIAGE No. 13.
Deputation from the Verein für Kunst und Wissenschaft
(German Athenæum).

PRESIDENTS.
Oscar von Ernsthausen, Esq. Professor S. Eggeling.
Hugo Daubert, Esq. William Kumpel, Esq.
(Musical Secretary.) (Member of Council.)

CARRIAGE No. 14.
Professors of the Royal Academy of Music.
Arthur S. Sullivan, Esq. Signor A. Randegger.
P. Sainton, Esq. Signor Piatti.

CARRIAGE No. 15.
H. C. Banister, Esq. A. O'Leary, Esq.
Harold Thomas, Esq. Fred Westlake, Esq.

CARRIAGE No. 16.			
H. Weist Hill, Esq.	O. Svendsen, Esq.		
W. Watson, Esq.	W. Pettit, Esq.		
CARRIAGE No. 17.			
George Benison, Esq.	F. Ralph, Esq.		
Ernest Lockwood, Esq.			
CARRIAGE No. 18.			
George Horton, Esq.	Charles Harper, Esq.		
R. Blagrove, Esq.	T. A. Wallworth, Esq.		
CARRIAGE No. 19.			
J. Cheshire, Esq.	Signor Rigaldi.	Signor Gilardoni.	
	J. G. Waetzig, Esq.		
CARRIAGE No. 20.			
Signor Fiori.	A. H. Thoulless, Esq.	Walter Lacy, Esq.	
	Signor Fraga.		
CARRIAGE No. 21.			
Dan Godfrey, Esq.	T. W. Aylward, Esq.		
Dr Weil.	W. Winterbottom, Esq.		
CARRIAGE No. 22.			
Stephen Kemp, Esq.	Eaton Faring, Esq.		
T. Wingham, Esq.	Walter Pitton, Esq.		
CARRIAGE No. 23.			
Charles Gardner, Esq.	J. L. Hatton, Esq.		
F. Kinkoe, Esq.	Lindsay Sloper, Esq.		
	Arthur Chappell, Esq.		
PRIVATE CARRIAGES OF			
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.			
H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.			
H.R.H. the DUKE OF EDINBURGH, K.G.			
The Right Rev. the BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER and BRISTOL.			
The Right Hon. the EARL OF DUDLEY.			
SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.			
ROBERT CASE, Esq.			
THOS. CHAPPELL, Esq.			
MISS WAGEMAN.			
And several others.			

At noon precisely, the Cortège reached Dean's Yard, Westminster, where the walking procession was formed:—

FALL BEARERS.

(Being fellow-students of the late Sir Sterndale Bennett, and representing the Royal Academy of Music, The Philharmonic Society, and the Royal Society of Musicians of Great Britain.)

R. Barnett, Esq.	F. R. Jewson, Esq.
J. S. Bowley, Esq.	G. A. Macfarren, Esq.
W. Dorrell, Esq.	Oliver May, Esq.
T. Harper, Esq.	T. M. Mudie, Esq.
W. H. Holmes, Esq.	Kellow J. Pye, Esq.
J. Howell, Esq.	Brinley Richards, Esq.

OUTER COFFIN.—French polished oak, with projecting lid and plinth; polished silvered mountings, consisting of chaste handles and corner clasps (Messrs Hatchards', the undertakers, own design); monogram, &c., and shield-shaped plate, with engraved inscription:—

SIR
WILLIAM STERNDALE
BENNETT, K.T.,
BORN 13TH APRIL,
1816,
DIED 1ST FEBRUARY,
1875.

The sides of the coffin were festooned with white lilac blossoms, and the lid was partly hidden by wreaths of choice flowers sent by—

The University of Edinburgh.
The Lady Students of the Royal Academy of Music.
Queen's College.
The German Athenæum.
And many Private Friends.

When the coffin was placed in the open hearse, and borne into the Abbey, a violet-lined velvet pall, fringed with white silk, was laid on it, leaving exposed bright silvered work and chaplets of flowers—

wreaths depending on either side. The Dean, Clergy, &c., met the Funeral at the West Cloister Door.

The usual Croft and Purcell Music was done at the Funeral. Purcell's Burial Chant from the 90th Psalm. After the Lesson, the Anthem, "God is a Spirit," by Sterndale Bennett, and sung by Master Beckham, Messrs Foster, Carter, and Lawler. On reaching the Grave, the "Croft" Music was resumed, and immediately before "The grace of our Lord," part of Handel's Funeral Anthem, "His body is buried in peace" was sung at the Grave. Dead March on Organ.

The Body and the Mourners, after the Choir Anthem, passed through the North Transept Gate to the Grave. The Choir and Clergy through the West Gate of the Choir (under the Organ) meeting the Body and Mourners at the Grave.

Mr Turle presided at the Organ, and Mr Montem Smith had the general directing of the Choir, which were as follows:—

ORGANISTS.—T. Turle, Esq., Dr Stainer, E. J. Hopkins, Esq., Geo. Cooper, Esq., J. Hopkins, Esq. (Rochester), and Dr C. Steggall.

Boys.—12 from Westminster Abbey.

- 4 from St Paul's.
- 4 from The Temple.
- 4 from The Chapel Royal.
- 4 from Lincoln's Inn.

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ALTO.—Messrs Barnby, Baxter, Foster, and Large (Westminster); Mr Stilliard (St Paul's); Mr Hodges (Chapel Royal); Mr Ball (Lincoln's Inn).

TENOR.—Messrs Montem Smith, Carter and Mason (Westminster); Messrs Walker and Kenningham (St Paul's); Mr Beckett (Chapel Royal); Messrs Coates and Guy (Lincoln's Inn).

BASS.—Messrs Whitehouse, Lawler, Hilton, and Bell (Westminster); Messrs Winn, De Lacey, Thurlay Beale, and Kempton (St Paul's); Mr Distin (Lincoln's Inn); Mr Lewis Thomas (Temple). Total—28 boys, and 26 men.

Black carpeting was laid throughout the Abbey for the procession. The Grave was draped with black, bordered with grey.

The whole of the arrangements were under the superintendence of MR JOHN GILL, Secretary of the Royal Academy of Music, and MR STANLEY LUCAS, Secretary of the Philharmonic Society, and the Royal Society of Musicians of Great Britain.

The Funeral was conducted by Mr S. HATCHARD, of 47, Crawford Street, Bryanston Square, and the excellent manner in which all the arrangements were carried out gave general satisfaction.

On Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, the Bishop of Ely (including Cambridge in his Diocese), preached with distinct reference to the Funeral of the preceding day. Before the Sermon, that is, after the 3rd Collect, Bennett's "Abide with me," from the *Woman of Samaria*, was sung; and, after the Services, Battishill's Anthem, "Behold, how good and joyful," with the verse set by Montem Smith.

FUNERAL OF SIR STERNDALE BENNETT.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

On Saturday, at noon, the mortal remains of our famous English composer were laid to rest, with becoming rites, amid universal sympathy. Among the feelings excited by the news of Sterndale Bennett's death was a desire that the last honours paid to him should be worthy of his genius, and a general wish arose to bury him in Westminster Abbey, that his dust might mingle with the dust of others who have helped to make bright the pages of our "rough island story." The idea was acted upon, and very soon a requisition, signed by about seventy persons, among whom were the Duke of Edinburgh, Lord Dudley, Lord Coleridge, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, Sir Julius Benedict, Sir John Goss, Sir Henry Thomp-

son, and Sir Francis Grant, was transmitted to Dean Stanley, urging that the burial of Sir Sterndale Bennett's remains in the Abbey Church of Westminster "would be a fitting tribute to the genius and worth of this gifted Englishman, and, on more public grounds, a just recognition of the art of which he was so distinguished an ornament." The honour thus sought is never lightly bestowed, but Dean Stanley did not hesitate to grant it in the case of our departed master; and so it comes to pass that all that was mortal of Sterndale Bennett reposes amid the crowd of kings and nobles, statesmen and warriors, poets and musicians, who lie beneath the roof of our glorious Abbey.

Great interest was shown by the general public in the funeral ceremony, and the Abbey doors had not been long opened before the nave and transepts were crowded. The choir had been reserved for ticket-holders, but long before the time when the procession was expected, every seat (those set apart for the mourners excepted) had its occupant. Nothing could have been more impressive than the waiting of this great, silent company, in such a place on such an occasion. The day was somewhat cheerful, and the majestic interior stood revealed in all its beauty, as the sun's rays poured through the windows "richly dight," flecking the soaring arches and massive columns with fantastic hues. But the spectacle of the crowd that could be seen, and the consciousness of other crowds that could not be seen, all as still as the dead heroes beneath their feet, and all possessed by one feeling of sympathy with the occasion, must have moved the least emotional onlooker. Meanwhile, through the busy streets leading from St John's Wood, the body of Sterndale Bennett was being conveyed to its last splendid home with fitting reverence. Messrs Hatchard, who conducted the funeral, had provided an open hearse, and on it lay the coffin, partly covered with a violet pall, partly hidden by wreaths and festoons of flowers, which loving hands had placed there in rich profusion. Under the hearse came a long array of mourning coaches, twenty-three in number, the rear of the procession being brought up by private carriages, among which were those of Her Majesty the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, Lord Dudley, Sir Julius Benedict, &c. The arrival of this imposing cortege at the Abbey was witnessed by a vast crowd of persons who could not be admitted to the interior, but as the police arrangements under Inspector Denning were excellent, the utmost order marked the proceedings, and in a little while the funeral train was prepared to enter the sacred edifice by the cloister door. Of all this the great waiting throng inside were ignorant, as a matter of course. For them there was only silence; and the silence seemed profoundest when Dean Stanley's well-known voice, in tones audible to every one, was heard proclaiming the "comfortable words" with which the Church begins her burial service: "I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord; He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in Me, shall never die." Then the organ pealed forth, and from the far west of the nave came the strains of Croft's solemn music to the remainder of the introductory sentences. The effect was both beautiful and impressive, as the stately chords followed each other, their order broken now and then seemingly that the distant chapels might faintly echo the music. Very slowly the procession defiled into the nave, headed by a choir numbering fifty-four voices, the Abbey singers having been reinforced by detachments from St Paul's, the Temple, the Chapel Royal, and Lincoln's Inn. Next came the clergy of the Cathedral, with Dean Stanley, and then the coffin—a mass of violet velvet, white silk, and wreaths, crosses, and festoons of flowers. It was right that here there should be nothing sombre and depressing. The dark train of mourners, the black-carpeted path trodden by the procession, and the gloomy attire of the on-looking multitude harmonized with a prevailing sense of loss; but the master himself was being borne to his rest, and his part in the scene was that of a triumph. Like a sunbeam in a dark place, the coffin moved along, the one cheerful feature of the solemn spectacle. Closely surrounding the body, and acting as pall-bearers, marched a number of the deceased musician's fellow-students—those who, having entered upon the battle of life with

him, lament a leader. Among them were Messrs G. A. Macfarren, T. Harper, W. H. Holmes, J. Howell, T. M. Mudie, Brinley Richards, and Robert Barnett, after whom came the family of the deceased and a few of his most intimate friends, including Messrs J. W. Davison and Lamborn Cock. In the long array that followed were Col. Colville, representing the Duke of Edinburgh; a deputa-tion from the University of Cambridge headed by the Vice-Chancellor; the directors of the Royal Academy of Music, among whom were the Earl of Dudley and Sir Thomas Gladstone; the committee of the same institution (Messrs H. Leslie, W. Macfarren, &c.); a deputa-tion from the Philharmonic Society, including the directors, conductor (Mr Cosins), and secretary; a deputa-tion from the Royal Society of Musicians, headed by Sir John Goss and Professor Ella; a deputa-tion from the German Athenæum; and the professors of the Royal Academy of Music, including Messrs Sullivan, Randegger, and Sainton. A large proportion of the members of this truly representative gathering carried wreaths or bouquets, and the scene presented when all had taken their places was of a very striking character.

Silence once more reigning throughout the edifice, Mr Turle, who presided at the organ, softly played Purcell's Chant in G minor, to which was sung the psalm, "Domine refugium," a version of the same chant in the major mode serving for the "Gloria." The lesson having been read, the quartet "God is a Spirit," from the deceased composer's *Woman of Samaria*, was sung in part by four solo voices, in part by the entire choir. Rendered with great taste, the effect of this beautiful example of religious music was perfect. The soft, sweet strains fell upon all ears with touching eloquence, suggesting, as nothing else could, the rich gifts which were his who lay there under the piled-up flowers. This over, the body and mourners proceeded to the grave, meeting there the choir and clergy, who reached it by another route. A fitting place had been chosen, and Sterndale Bennett rests in goodly company. He lies with Henry Purcell, Croft, Blow, and Arnold, in the narrow aisle connecting the north transept with the nave, and over him day by day through the centuries will

"The pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced choir below."

There could be no better spot in which to bury an English composer, and as, after the body had been lowered to its final resting-place, the majestic music of Purcell and Croft fell on the ear, it seemed that those long-dead masters welcomed their brother into the fellowship of the grave. Now mournful, now exultant, the solemn strains went on to the petition for strength "at our last hour," presently resuming with "I heard a voice from heaven," after which Dean Stanley continued the service in his most impressive manner. But the musical proceedings were not ended. During the march to the grave Mr Turle had played "Mourn, ye afflicted children," and now it was right that the mighty master lying yonder among the poets should contribute further to the obsequies of his successor. The first subdued chorals of "His body is buried in peace" made Handel's presence felt as nothing else could. How grandly the exulting strains set to "But his name liveth evermore" rang out from choir and organ can be imagined; hardly so the cheering effect produced on the vast assembly, who must have recognized that there is something stronger even than death. At the close of the anthem the benediction was pronounced, and, while the Dead March thrummed around, the mourners, raining flowers into the grave, till nothing but flowers could be seen, took a last farewell. In long procession the public followed them, and streamed out into the busy world again, some of them, perhaps, not unmind-ful of Tennyson's lines—

"He wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.
Speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him—
God accept him, Christ receive him."

WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT.

(From the "Sunday Times," Feb. 7.)

The whole world of music is in tears. It is not a common grief which it has lately sustained; the loss of the man whose genius upheld the dignity of English music is a calamity which not only his countrymen but all lovers of æsthetic art will mourn. Far and near the praises of William Sterndale Bennett have been sung, and far and near the news of his death will ring a knell in the hearts of those who have known him and loved him, either personally or in his works. It may be said of Bennett that he was the first English composer who shared the highest honours with the recognized leaders of contemporary art, and when it is stated that they were of no lesser weight than Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Hiller, it will be seen to what a height our countryman rose. No one will doubt that it was to his glorious talents that he owed his foreign as well as his native position; and few who are conversant with his works will dispute the fact that, after Mendelssohn's demise, there lived no man fitter to support the *prestige* of modern music than William Sterndale Bennett. But alas! the years of genius are numbered, like those of ordinary mortals, and sooner or later "Dark cloudy death o'er-shades his beams of life" and removes him from our midst, leaving behind a load of silent sorrow and a world full of regrets. But not all the terrors of death can estrange us from one who, like Bennett, lives in his works a life imperishable, so long as a sense of beauty in art obtains, and so long as music continues to be loved for its own sake, away from factional dissensions and party creeds. Our representative musician died, after a brief illness, on Monday last near the hour of noon. Up to the last few days there was no reason that the catastrophe might not be delayed, if not averted; and, when we took occasion to speak of Bennett's symphony in G minor at the Crystal Palace, there was no certainty that he would not enrich the world's library with another work of the kind. Fate, however, has willed to the contrary, and the hand which wrote the *Naiades* will hold the pen no more; its pulse is stilled for ever and its work is done. It might not be necessary to speak of a master who exercised less universal sway than did William Sterndale Bennett, at any inordinate length; but we share the sorrow of the time, and feel "the grief that does not speak; whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break."

The few biographical facts which we can relate of a man who, though to the last a servant of the public and a labourer in the art's cause, led a life of comparative seclusion, must be necessarily reflective rather than particular. Bennett was born with musical blood in his veins; his father, Robert Bennett, was an organist in Sheffield, and at an early age, William Sterndale, born on the 13th April, 1816, was admitted to his church as a chorister. Here the first evidences of genius became apparent, and after he had drunk of the bitter cup of misfortune—both his parents being removed while he was still in his childhood—fortune placed it in his power to come up to London and study at the Royal Academy of Music, then under the direction of Dr Crotch. Here young Bennett received instruction from the principal, and also from W. H. Holmes and Cipriani Potter, with others of note. We do not gather that he was remarkably assiduous as a scholar, although his extraordinary aptitude rapidly asserted itself, and work after work flowed from his ready pen. The productions of Bennett's youth are among the most brilliant of his whole career. When we mention his first symphony, in E flat, his concerto for the pianoforte and orchestra in D minor—afterwards published in his Op. 1—and his second concerto in E flat (Op. 4), which he performed at the Philharmonic Concerts—we call to mind works which might have afforded the most mature, most accomplished musician, pride and satisfaction. To this early period belong also the third and fourth concertos (in C minor and F minor respectively), the overtures to the *Naiades* and *Paradise*, and the Capriccio in E major—works which have become familiar as household words. But it was not only with these treasures of art that Bennett visited Germany in 1836, for, according to Schumann's account in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* (at the

beginning of 1837) he had written six orchestral symphonies and as many orchestral overtures. At Düsseldorf Bennett made the personal acquaintance of Mendelssohn, who already had an immense liking for the young Englishman through his works, and at Leipzig that of Schumann, who was too discriminating and free-minded a critic not to perceive the merit of our countryman. In the article above referred to from the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*—a sort of New Year's greeting, from the editor to his readers—we find not only that Schumann was imbued with a deep admiration for Bennett, but that he was positively enthusiastic about his music. Here is what he had to say, according to "M. E. G.'s" translation:—

"The arts of music and poetry are surely not so antagonistic that we need wonder that that famous country which has given us Shakespeare and Byron should also produce a good musician. The old prejudice which believed it impossible has been already shaken by Field, Onslow, Potter, Bishop, and others; and now Sterndale Bennett has given it a harder blow than ever. Providence has watched over him from his cradle.....How far this development was promoted by the careful instruction he received at the Royal Academy of Music, in London, under masters like Crotch and Cipriani Potter, and by his own indefatigable studies, I know not; I only know that out of this chrysalis has burst a truly glorious butterfly, fluttering through the summer air, now lighting on this flower and now on that, and leaving us to follow with eager eyes and outstretched hands. A soaring spirit like this could not be contented to remain on its native earth without desiring to behold the land where its two greatest predecessors, Mozart and Beethoven, first saw the light. And thus it has come to pass that the favourite of the London public, and the pride of musical England, is residing with us."

No less as a performer than as a composer was Bennett welcomed in Germany. His principal works were given under Mendelssohn's direction—a compliment as flattering as it was deserved—at the famous Gewandhaus Concerts, and a sympathy sprang up in the Saxon capital for the English composer, which so long endured that years afterwards he was invited to assume the direction of the very concerts which had been his portal to the road of continental fame. But we are anticipating. Bennett was accompanied on his travels by a friend—one who, if he willed, might have earned a distinguished place upon the scroll of musical fame, but who preferred to judge rather than be judged—whose early affection continued undiminished during the composer's earthly career. Many pleasant anecdotes are related of those halcyon days; one, of Mendelssohn knocking at the door of the room where our countrymen were reposing at the hour of eight in the morning, and calling them "lazy Englishmen."

Returning from Germany honour-laden, Bennett set to work in earnest, composing, teaching, and performing with the most triumphant success. One of the notable events, following on his return from abroad, was the production of the overture to *The Wood Nymphs*—which had been written and played at Leipzig—by the Philharmonic Society. Success, which may legitimately be called triumphant, attended the performance. And now honours began to crowd thick and frequent upon him. In 1844 he became a candidate for the Musical Chair in the Edinburgh University, when his claims were warmly supported by testimony from Mendelssohn. Although the candidature was not successful, the facts attending it served to thrust Bennett prominently forward, and perhaps proved eventually more beneficial than though he had been elected to the post. Beloved of the nation and lauded by such musicians and critics as Schumann, Mendelssohn, &c., Bennett could well afford to wait, and, pursuing his ordinary avocations, teaching a great deal and producing occasional works—works which, by-the-by, never were trifling or unimportant—he waited for more than a decade, when, in 1856, he was appointed Professor of Music to the University of Cambridge. The same season saw him installed as director of the Philharmonic Concerts, where he succeeded Richard Wagner. With unvarying success Professor Bennett held this position until 1868, when he resigned in favour of Mr W. G. Cousins. In addition to what he did for the society as conductor, Bennett enriched its repertory most signally; so wit, by the overture to *Paradise* and the *Peri*, one of the greatest masterpieces of programme

music, and the symphony in G minor—his only published symphony—late referred to in our columns. In 1858 he was invited to pre-
side over the festival at Leeds, and for this meeting he composed his
pastoral cantata, *The May Queen*, which has since become popular
throughout the length and breadth of the land. At the same meet-
ing Arabella Goddard played his well known caprice in E major—
one of his most finished masterpieces. In fact, we may say that
this was a culminating point in his career as a creative musician,
for, though his subsequent works were replete with the beauty and
fascination which appertained to all emanations from his genius, the
effect—the perfect propriety and dramatic fitness—of *The May
Queen* were never transcended. In 1862 we find English music
represented in his name at the opening of the International Exhibi-
tion by an ode, "Uplift a thousand voices," for which the Laureate
furnished the text; in the same year he also composed the Ode in
Commemoration of the Installation of the Duke of Devonshire as
Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, the lyrics being in this
instance provided by the late Canon Kingsley.

For the Birmingham Festival of 1867, Bennett composed his
sacred cantata, *The Woman of Samaria*. All who are acquainted
with this musician's method of procedure, his laborious care, and
his unswerving anxiety to do his best, will accept the fact that the
component parts of the sacred cantata are all gems. Bennett had
still further honours in store for him. Oxford made him D.C.L. in
1870, and on the 24th of March, 1871, her Majesty the Queen con-
ferred the honour of knighthood upon him, in conjunction with Mr
Benet, an illustrious foreigner, who had long before made England
his home and English sympathies his own. A year later, Sir Sterndale
Bennett received a public address from the Solicitor-General,
announcing the institution of a biennial scholarship under his name.
Here his public career may be considered to have ended; but his
work, not yet finished, closed in a befitting manner with his piano-
forte sonata, *The Maid of Orleans*, a piece destined for the fairy
fingers of Arabella Goddard, and therefore a votive offering from
England's leading composer to her leading executant. No more
beautiful composition is to be found in the repertory of the instru-
ment for which it was written, one emanation from a soul intensely
poetical more instinct with melody and grace of expression.

The list of Bennett's published works contains but forty-six
numbers, and hence the productivity of the musician who early
promised abundant fruitfulness must be regarded as small. There
were many reasons why he confined his efforts to occasional pro-
ductions, the first and greatest of which was his natural modesty.
If report speaks truly, the number of works which remain in manu-
script, hoarded by their author as a miser hoards his gold, is in
excess of those which have been given to the world. Another cause
for this unusual reticence was the labour which Bennett used to
spend over his compositions, altering this, correcting that, and
seldom easily satisfied. He was not troubled with the *caractères
éclatants*, and a hasty production never came from his pen; all was
planned and thought out before committing to paper, and those re-
visions subsequently made were dictated by his innate sense of pro-
portion and love of symmetry. All his published works are treasures;
and, as we estimate art at the present time, perfect examples of
their individual school. The day may arrive when the canons of
art will be reversed, and in that unhappy time, Sterndale Bennett, like
Mendelssohn, will be no more loved or revered. But while we con-
tinue to understand that the fundamental principle of art is to give
the most harmonious expression to our ideas, we shall not fail to
behold in the productions of "our English Mendelssohn" models of
form, refinement, culture, and scholarship. Sterndale Bennett has
left us in the flesh, but his works remain, a monumental testimony
to his genius.

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

The greatest composer England has ever produced was already so
well and so widely known as "Sterndale Bennett" that in Germany,
Holland, and all the countries inhabited by our Teutonic relatives,

he will doubtless still continue to be known as "Sterndale Bennett,"
without the prefix either of "Professor," of "Doctor," or of "Sir."
It was an excellent idea all the same to knight him, if only to pre-
vent his being called "Doctor" and "Professor" in his own coun-
try. To understand at once the absurdity of academic titles in con-
nection with artists of creative genius, it is only necessary to think
of Rossini as "Dr Rossini," or Mozart as "Professor Mozart." The
Emperor Nicholas is said to have thought himself insulted when
the University of Oxford made him a Doctor of Civil Laws; but
that may have been because in his own empire he considered him-
self above laws. Mendelssohn, however, might with reason have
felt himself aggrieved when the degree of Doctor in Philosophy was
imposed upon him; though he, doubtless, took the well-meant
compliment as it was intended. The qualities which raise a com-
poser above other composers, and give him a hold on the mind and
feelings of those who hear his music, are just such as a board of
examiners cannot measure—sometimes cannot appreciate; and so
many admirable masters have not been "doctors," while so many
doctors of music have abstained from showing that their invention
was at all on a par with their implied learning, that a composer, in
the high artistic sense of the word, had much better not call himself
"doctor," whether he has a right to do so or not.

Although Sterndale Bennett produced far less during the latter
than during the earlier period of his career, he was always planning,
carrying out, or perfecting some work. His last symphony (in G
minor), than which he has written nothing finer in the way of
orchestral music, dates from 1864. But he added a new movement
to it (the graceful and melodious "*Romanza*,") years afterwards.
Just a fortnight ago this thoroughly beautiful work was played at
the Crystal Palace Concerts; and many who had listened to it with
delight looked about to see whether the composer was present to
hear their applause. But though he went over his manuscripts again
and again before he would suffer them to leave him, Sterndale
Bennett did not trouble himself about the fate of his music when
he had once fairly given it to the public, and probably among those
who heard a piece of his for the first time, the only person not quite
content with the new creation was Bennett himself.

The latest work of the lamented composer is the sonata, now
picturesque, now pathetic, in one movement religious, in another
heroic, called *Joan of Arc*, composed for Madame Arabella Goddard,
first played in public by Herr von Bulow. Sterndale Bennett will
probably be best remembered in the concert-room by his orchestral
works and his works for orchestra and piano; in the drawing-room
by his minor pianoforte pieces, such as one of the oldest and at the
same time one of the freshest of them all, entitled "The Lake, the
Millstream, and the Fountain" (dedicated to J. W. Davison).
"Mendelssohn," wrote Schumann, "spreads before us the lumines-
cent ocean in all its boundless expanse; the other fingers by the
softly rippling lake, with the moonbeam quivering on its surface."

These words occur in an article devoted to Sterndale Bennett in
Schumann's musical journal. Bennett, then in his twenty-second
year, had just arrived in Germany, taking with him the overture to
the *Nights*, which still passes for one of his finest works. That
was nearly forty years ago; and in the meantime, though he wrote
a great deal, he produced far less than might have been expected of
him, had he devoted himself exclusively to composition. Several
questions of deep and almost painful interest present themselves in
connection with Sterndale Bennett's career which no one, perhaps,
but himself could have answered. But as to his giving to the
world comparatively few works, it should be remembered, first of
all, that everything he did put forth was highly elaborated, full of
delicate touches, and perfectly finished. It has taken Mr Kingsley
ten years to write an account of the battle of Inkermann, though
more than one journalist was able to describe it from beginning to
end the very night on which it was fought. But the only point to
consider in the matter is the value of Mr Kingsley's narrative now
that we are at last fortunate enough to get it; and all that need be

* Hand-drawn would have none of it.

asked in connection with Sir Sterndale Bennett's works is whether each of them is not indeed a masterpiece. At the Royal Academy of Music he was precisely in his proper place. But it is impossible not to grudge him the long hours that he spent day after day and year after year in teaching young ladies to play the piano. A certain amount of teaching was perhaps inevitable; for, unhappily, a composer cannot live by sonatas, symphonies, and concertos alone. Dramatic works, such as the never-to-be-forgotten *May Queen*, might have proved more remunerative. But in the *May Queen*, the verse to which the music is "married" is "immortal" only from its badness. One of the most perfect of musical pieces begins with this line—"Can that eye a cottage hide!" The plot is worthy of the poem, which is either unintelligible or puerile. Considered only as music, the *May Queen*, with its succession of beautiful melodies and simple but ingenious harmonies, is all that could be desired. But it has the disadvantage of being bound indissolubly to words with which it ought never to have been connected.

Apparently, Sterndale Bennett was not very particular as to the "words" he adopted from time to time for musical setting. Yet he showed a certain inclination for "programme music;" and he was fond of giving distinct names to his pieces, instead of merely numbering them and letting them be known as No. so-and-so, in such a key. In each of these tendencies we see at least the indication of a dramatic taste. Sterndale Bennett has not, as far as we know, left on record any direct expression of opinion as to the music, still less to the musical theories, of his contemporaries. But he had evident affinities with Mendelssohn. He inspired Schumann with much sympathy; and the composer of so many melodious, beautifully modelled, and delicately finished works could not have been favourably impressed by Wagner, who, considering how unable he has shown himself to estimate the genius of Mendelssohn at anything like its true value, would certainly have depreciated Bennett if he had ever condescended to speak of him. Bennett's friends and allies were Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Ferdinand Hiller; and to them in the secondary degree—though to his own admirable works in the first place—he owed the high position which he quickly attained in Germany, where, among musicians and the best class of amateurs, he is as well known as in England. The English Sterndale Bennett and the Danish Niels Gade are, perhaps, looked upon by the Germans as distinguished citizens of the same musical country as themselves. That seemed to be the light in which both Bennett and Gade were regarded when, five years ago, the two were present together at the Bonn Festival in honour of Beethoven. The French used to say that no singer could be considered successful who had not sung with success at Paris. It is certain that no composer of instrumental music can be said to have made his mark until he has been heard and adopted in Germany. In that sense not only Sterndale Bennett but also Macfarren have achieved success. Sterndale Bennett, however, has penetrated into German houses—an advantage to composer can well obtain who does not write specially for the voice, or the pianoforte.

It can scarcely be said that Sterndale Bennett was not honoured in his own country. But had he lived in Germany (it was not necessary that he should have been born there) he would have been appreciated, not more highly perhaps, but much more widely, than he is at this moment in England. There are more private players in Germany than in England equal to the difficulties of his pianoforte music, which, if it is not to be played perfectly, had better be left alone; and more concerts are given there than here in which his sonatas, his concertos, and his symphonies would naturally find a place. In England during Bennett's earlier years, and indeed until quite lately, a hard and fast line was drawn between subscription concerts of classical music, which the general public regard with a sort of awe, as something between mathematics and metaphysics, and concerts made up of show fantasies, songs of various kinds, and operatic scenes. Concerts composed of good and varied music, such as may now be heard on Saturdays at the Crystal Palace, were not offered to the general public at all; and of the tens of thousands who attended the performances of Balfe's operas, there were few, if

any, who had ever heard, or meant to hear, so much as a passage by Sterndale Bennett. We have now three times as many concert-rooms as we had then; and, counting those alone that are given at St James's Hall, the Crystal Palace, and the Albert Hall, at least six or eight times as many concerts. Thus it has happened that, while Sterndale Bennett has produced less every year, his compositions, taking them as a whole, have found every year a greater number of admirers. Nor can the circle fail to extend more and more as the taste increases for beautiful music. This Bennett's music emphatically is—differing in that respect from much so-called "good music," which, however "good" in a technical sense, is perhaps in a poetical sense just the contrary. A very large number of Englishmen who frequent theatres, the Opera, and even concerts, have not the least idea of the charm which pervades everything Bennett has written. He is undoubtedly one of the classical composers, not of England alone, but of the whole world. There is, however, nothing in the perfectly spontaneous flow of his ideas to suggest mere school or barren study; and a simple-minded lover of music might listen to no matter which of his graceful and melodious pieces without knowing it to be "classical" at all. The works of some few of the great composers must, to the ignorant, always be sealed books. But every one who can be moved by sweet sounds must enjoy the music of Sterndale Bennett.

(From the "Morning Advertiser.")

In Sir Sterndale Bennett we have lost a representative man. Rivalry may exist in the musical as in all other professions, but English composers of every grade united in accepting him as their chief. They revered him for what he had written, and gave place to him as the man who in his generation had done more than any other to sustain the dignity of art and the credit of the native school. Sterndale Bennett was an artist in all his sympathies. He strove always to uphold the true and beautiful in music, and disdained to pander to the vulgar taste. He never wrote a "shop song" in his life, nor made his art subservient to unworthy conditions of any kind. The bent of his genius led him into the higher realms of music, and, fortunately for posterity, kept him there. While the appreciation of purity in music exists, the name of Sterndale Bennett will be held in veneration. He was endowed with something more than the talent which will happily make a man prosperous and respected in his lifetime. The musician gone to his rest had genius which gives the immortality of art, and is for all time. Sterndale Bennett has gone from us; but before he was taken hence he was allowed to point out the way, which, if followed by his younger brethren in art, might lead them to fame that lasts beyond this life. Many young composers will look to his works and study his scores, and see how little, after all, they themselves have been able to do for music; and many a man who has numbered more years than the dead musician will hear the inner voices whispering to him how far he has fallen short of the standard of art set up by Sterndale Bennett. Art has its degrees; and even a greater man than Sterndale Bennett illustrated the exquisite story played out in the "wood near Athens;" but Mendelssohn was his friend, and mainly instrumental in bringing his compositions before the world. Sterndale Bennett's course is run, but his exquisite compositions remain. With the poignant regrets for the death of the musician will be intermixed many precious memories of the kind, gentle, and affectionate nature of the man.

(From "Society, at Home and Abroad.")

"Will thou have music? Hark! Apollo plays."
—Taming of the Shrew.

Sterndale Bennett, the man who has done more for the cause of English music than any other since Purcell, was laid at rest in Westminster Abbey on Saturday afternoon. In him the nation loses one of her most gifted sons, and the world of music one of its brightest stars. Still, though the blow be sudden, and the sorrow grievous, we may not complain. Sterndale Bennett had finished

career as honourable as it had been distinguished, when he completed his last published work, the pianoforte sonata, *Die Jungfrau von Orleans*, dedicated, with an apt discrimination, to Madame Arabella Goddard. His life had been a sequence of triumphs, social and artistic; and, when the highest honours he could possibly gain were fairly in his grasp, the master ceased his work, and rested. That rest, as far as the mortal garb in which his immortal spirit dwelt is concerned, is an eternal one; but neither his name nor fame are lost; and, while pure music has force to enoble our fancies and expand our intellects, Sterndale Bennett, in his works, will be a living, moving power in our midst. At the age of fifty-nine Bennett was called away; and so it happens that "the English Mendelssohn" reposes within a few feet of the grave wherein "the English Handel"—Purcell—sleeps his last sleep. Nothing could exceed the deferential homage paid to Bennett's memory. His burial in Westminster Abbey—the presence at the funeral of all the men of note who have made their lifelong efforts tend to the same goal as his own—the generous determination of the leading corporate musical societies to render the obsequies a national matter—these facts speak not alone to the estimation in which Bennett was held, but to the worldly position which he enjoyed. Fitting tribute to the departed genius was forthcoming, and he was carried to the grave in a manner worthy of one whose life had been throughout attended with honours.

Bennett wrote comparatively little, his published works numbering but forty-six; but every work that he permitted to go forth to the world was perfect of its kind. In face of the manner in which his compositions have been catalogued in our contemporaries, the barest reference to them is enough:—The overtures to *Paraisan*, *The Naades*, *The Wood Nymphs*, and *Paraisan* and *the Peri*, his Pianoforte Concerto in F minor (No. 4), his beautiful Symphony in G minor, and last, but by no means least, his Pianoforte Sonata, *Die Jungfrau von Orleans*, are so familiar, that praise at the present moment would be supererogatory. Many utterances have been made under the first influences of a heavy grief which will scarcely bear subsequent and dispassionate consideration. But while music survives, and the rules which govern this most beautiful art continue, England will be able to point to Sterndale Bennett as one who upheld her name as a musical country, not only at home, but throughout the whole civilized world. For the present we will not turn the occasion to profit, and write uncalled for panegyrics upon his honoured name, but—

"Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth."

ARION.

A TRIBUTE TO SIR WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT.

What can we say of him who now has gone?
Or how describe the beauty of that mind
Which new lies cold and mute? What can we say
Of one whose strains have waken'd in our hearts
A brighter, better, holier feeling?
If we but say he lov'd his Art for Art
Itself, and not for honours or reward;
Or that his title lent no lustre to
His name, which he did not repay
A hundred-fold; how little have we said
To mark the worth of him who hath endear'd
Himself alike by virtue as by genius—
Language fails. Art itself doth mourn the loss
Of her bright champion, whose spirit now
Has fled to swell that harmony divine
Which gave birth to his own.
We have done well to let him sleep among
The sculptur'd and escutcheon'd of the land.
(No nobler dust sleeps there.) And, while the love
Of all that's beautiful exists, his name
Will be remembered, and his music live,
For ages yet to come, to soothe and bless
And elevate mankind.

FREDERICK SANDERS.

SIR STERNDALE BENNETT.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—As the absence of my name from the list of professional musicians who attended the funeral of the late Sir W. Sterndale Bennett may lead to the supposition that I am unmindful of the respect due to his memory, I beg you will give publicity to the following letters. Permit me also to say in reference to Mr Lamborn Cock's letter, that the "Card of admission" alluded to, and which, it appears, ought to have been forwarded to me from the Royal Academy of Music, has not reached me. Also, that without waiting for Mr Lamborn Cock's reply to my letter, I did that for which I had asked permission. One of Mr Cock's own cards giving me admission to the Abbey, was enclosed in his letter, but, unfortunately, it came too late to be available.

I shall always deeply regret that, through what I trust may prove unintentional neglect on the part of the Royal Academy of Music, I was prevented joining in a public acknowledgment of the many virtues and talents of England's most distinguished musician. I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant.

H. WYLLIE

(Gresham Professor).

Gresham College, Feb. 10, 1875.

(Copy of letter addressed to LAMBORN COCK, Esq.)

"Gresham College, Feb. 5, 1875.
"DEAR SIR,—As the committee entrusted with the funeral honours to be paid to the late Sir W. Sterndale Bennett has not accorded me the privilege of personally paying my tribute of respect; nor, as Gresham Professor, of showing how highly his name was esteemed in this college, I trust I may be permitted to send my carriage to-morrow to follow the funeral cortege, and I beg you will acquaint me with the hour of its departure. I was always on the most friendly terms with Sir W. Sterndale Bennett, although my association with the London Academy separated us more than I desired, and I have a keen appreciation of his kind and generous nature, as well as great admiration of his genius and talents. You must excuse me, therefore, in saying that I had hoped all the acts of the committee would have reflected the noble-mindedness of our departed great musician, and that no 'professional differences' would have been remembered on such a solemn and melancholy occasion.—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully.

H. WYLLIE.

"Lamborn Cock, Esq."

(Copy of letter received from LAMBORN COCK, Esq.)

"63, New Bond Street, Feb. 6, 1875, 9 a.m.
"DEAR SIR,—I quite understood that an admission was posted to you yesterday—I will enquire about it from the secretaries, Mr S. Lucas and Mr Gill. I am on the point of leaving for the residence of Sir Sterndale Bennett, being one of the mourners from the house, or I would stay to attend to it. I may say, on behalf of the committee and the family, they will esteem it highly your kindly sending your carriage. I am so glad to let it be in Tendershire Street not later than 10.30. Excuse great haste.—Yours very truly,
"Professor Wyllie."

J. L. COCK.

STERNDALE BENNETT.

Sleep, Sterndale Bennett, thou art gone to thy rest!
Of English musicians the greatest and best.

The hand that disconcerted at thy magical will
Such eloquent music is silent and still.
Thou art gone to thy bride who has waited so long—
The wife whom thou lov'dest with a love so strong;
But, ah! the deep grief will never have an end,
In those who could boast the title of friend.

Mourn, England, mourn! for set is the star
That carried thy name in honour afar!

The land that for music now stands first in fame
Acknowledged thy genius and honoured thy name.

In nations that speak the old English tongue,
By thousands thy beautiful *Mary Queen* is sung.

The fame and the honours were showered on thee,
From pride and ambition thy pure mind was free.

Farewell, Sterndale Bennett! thou hast run thy brief span,
Farewell, great musician! farewell, blameless man!

In the grand old Abbey they have pillowed his head,
And calmly he sleeps midst the mighty dead,—

With Handel, and Purcell, and Gibbons he lies,
Till the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall arise.

Hyde, Feb. 6, 1875. W. C. M.

STUTTGART.—After leaving the Conservatory of Music, Professor Spiedel has established a Pianoforte School for professional and private students. Herr Seifritz, Royal *Capellmeister*, has accepted the chair of composition, while Herren Hugo Wehrle, and Jul. Caislins, will give lessons in concerted playing.

MUSIC AT BIRMINGHAM.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Christmas festivities over, and the first keen edge of pantomime appetite taken off, music has resumed her sway, three concerts of more or less interest having recently been given. First in point of order as well as novelty was that of Messrs Harrison, introducing Dr Hans von Bülow to a Birmingham audience. Much curiosity was naturally excited to hear the pianist about whose playing such contradictory opinions had been promulgated, consequently the Masonic Hall (an excellent room for chamber music) was well filled, despite the high prices, half-a-crown being the lowest scale of admission. The programme, played entirely from memory, was certainly calculated to give an idea of Dr Bülow's varied powers. That Dr Bülow possesses very undoubted mastery over the key-board, and, indeed, every requisite for a great player, no one can deny. In a selection of four pieces by Chopin, anything more deliciously delicate or exquisitely refined than his playing it would be impossible to conceive, while in the rhapsodies set down under the name of Liszt the pianist again appeared to find congenial occupation.

Mr Stockley's second orchestral concert was characterized by a good selection, comprising three overtures, each a masterpiece in its way—Beethoven's *Egmont*, Mendelssohn's *Hebrides*, and Auber's *Masaniello*—Mozart's symphony in C, the *entr'acte* preceding the second act of Ambrose Thomas's *Mignon*, and Ferdinand Hiller's concerto for piano and orchestra (Op. 69) in F sharp minor, in which Mdlle le Brun distinguished herself as a pianist of excellent capacity and greater promise, qualities further exhibited in Thalberg's *Don Giovanni* fantasia, which, being encored, was replaced by the same composer's "Home, sweet home." The vocalists were Miss Frances Brooke, whose voice, a *mezzo soprano*, was hardly suited to some of the music set down for her, and Mr Vernon Rigby, who gives a contradiction to the adage that "a prophet has no honour in his own country," by always meeting with a reception at the hands of his fellow-townsmen as thoroughly cordial as it is well deserved. It has frequently fallen to my lot to censure the orchestral playing in Birmingham, but I am glad to be able to record that upon this occasion a marked improvement was noticeable, although very much more remains to be done, are the local native talent attains that certainty of attack, delicacy, precision, and attention to light and shade so necessary for a perfect performance.

At the next orchestral concert, as a mark of respect to the memory of the lamented Sir Sterndale Bennett—whose *Woman of Samaria* conferred upon Birmingham a like honour to that of Mendelssohn with *Elijah*—the *Wood Nymphs* and *Naiads* overtures will be given. One of the pianoforte concertos of the great master whose loss we all deplore would also have been included, but that the arrangements for the programme had gone too far to admit of such alteration.

For their third concert, Messrs Harrison (the enterprising *impresarii* of the Black Country) engaged Mr Mapleson's touring party, including Mdlle Tietjens, Mdlle Risarrelli, Mdme Trebelli-Bettini, Signori Paladini, Catalani, and Perkins, with M. Colyns, a Belgian violinist, and Mr F. H. Cowen, solo pianoforte and conductor. The Town Hall was crammed, despite the terribly wet weather. It was satisfactory to find that, although still suffering from physical weakness, Mdlle Tietjens' voice showed no trace of her recent severe illness; while Mdme Trebelli, as well as the great German songstress, met with that hearty and enthusiastic reception which Birmingham so well knows how to accord to its special favourites. The same party is announced to appear for a sacred concert on Ash Wednesday, when Rossini's *Stabat Mater* and a selection from the same master's *Messe Solenne* (not a note of which has yet been heard in Birmingham) will be given. D. H.

PERA.—Liszt was to arrive on the 10th, and Herr B. Wagner, with his wife, on the 19th inst., for the purpose of giving concerts here and in Vienna.

LUZERN.—A new three-act opera, *Aménen von Tharau*, will be produced at the Stadttheater, for the first time, before the expiration of the current month. The book is by Dr Julius Stinde and this music by Herr Ernst Cadenhausen, formerly *Capellmeister* at Cologne.

MUSIC IN GLASGOW.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Glasgow, in musical matters, has of late been very busy. I would have written you sooner regarding these but for reasons which need not now be entered into, I thought it advisable not to do so. The great scheme of the season, a desire to establish a "resident orchestra" in Glasgow, has not met with that measure of success which its ardent supporters had anticipated. It is reported that a considerable shortcoming in the funds will have to be made up by the guarantors, who subscribed a sum reaching nearly £4,000. This result is to be deplored, seeing that the orchestra is one of rare excellence, containing as it does the following amongst other distinguished exponents: Mr Carrodus, as leader, is supported by Mr H. C. Cooper, Mr Gibson, &c.; Mr Peyton heads the second violins; Mr Hann, the violas; Mr Edward Howell, the violoncellos; and Mr A. Howell, the double basses. In the winds are found the well-known names of Mr Kappell, M. Lavigne, Mr Tyler, and Mr Hutchings. The brasses include the Messrs Harpers, Ellis, Tull, Harvey, and Signor Barra. The selection of music for these concerts has been uniformly characterized by rare good taste and enterprise, and it is no exaggeration to say that at no series of orchestral concerts has a finer or more elevated class of music been presented. Nor should I omit to make special mention of the annotated and illustrated programmes. I have seen nothing to excel them; not even those of the Crystal Palace Classical Concerts. To the writings of Mr Grove, late of Sydenham, and Mr Joseph Bennett, of London, the programme committee are much indebted. It is impossible, in a brief letter like this, to enumerate all the works performed; foremost amongst them may be noted three of Beethoven's symphonies (C minor, Pastoral, and Eroica); Mendelssohn's Scotch and Italian symphonies; Schumann's, in B flat; Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor; Mozart's Jupiter and C minor; and part of one by Spohr. Three choral and orchestral concerts have been given. At the first one, Smart's *Jacob* (originally produced at the Glasgow Festival of 1873) was the chief item; the programme of the same evening included Brahms' "Song of Destiny." The second choral concert was occupied entirely with Macfarren's *St John the Baptist*. At the third, the *Messiah* was given.

One of the most prominent features of the series has been the appearance of Mr Lambeth's "select choir." This small body of artists (numbering only twenty-four voices) has been trained by their conductor to a high state of perfection. Indeed, I have heard no such singing of madrigals and part-songs since the best days of Mr Henry Leslie's choir. Their efforts have been thoroughly appreciated, and, whenever they sang, enthusiastic applause has followed. Not less attractive has been the solo playing of Mr Carrodus, a countryman of whom we all feel proud. This gentleman's performances have been welcomed with an ardour which is not often experienced so far north. During the season, Mr Carrodus played (besides other items) the last two movements of Beethoven's violin Concerto, and the whole of Mendelssohn's. Mr Carrodus has now become such a universal favourite in Glasgow that no future orchestral concerts will be considered right without him. This favourable opinion I most willingly endorse. The violoncello playing of Mr Edward Howell has also formed a conspicuous attraction. He has given several solos, and your readers need not be informed with what excellence they were played. Mr A. Howell (double bass) has also covered himself with honour, especially for the important part he played in one of Handel's trios for violin (Mr Carrodus), violoncello (Mr E. Howell), and double bass. Some of the other members of the orchestra have contributed solos; amongst them Mr Keppel (flute), M. Lavigne (oboe), Mr Tyler (clarinet), and Mr Harvey (trombone).

DRESDEN.—A concert of especial local interest was lately given here, the programme, a tolerably long one, containing only works by living Dresden composers. The compositions selected were Overtures by Jul. Rietz, F. Baumfelder, C. Krele, Blicstein, and Berthold; Symphonic Marches by Gust. Franke and Kretschmer; B flat minor Symphony by Ernst Jul. Otto; a Romance for bass trombone by Grünzacher; a Scherzo by F. Reischel; a "Characterstück" by Riaschbieter; and Fritz Spindler's "Häuserreit," transcribed for orchestra.

BRIGHTON MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From the "Daily Telegraph," Feb. 10.)

The musical festival with which Mr. Kuhe has again endowed Brighton began on Tuesday evening in the Pavilion Dome, with every prospect of success. It would be strange as well as hard were the case otherwise. Mr. Kuhe not only deserves a return for so much public spirit, but has gone a long way to conquer it by persisting year after year in making his claims known and understood. The English public are slow to acknowledge new interests, but, having once done so, they are slow to neglect them. For this reason Mr. Kuhe's Festival may now be looked upon as safe. The amateurs of the southern counties regard it as an institution to support which is to do the correct thing. And, if report be true, they mean this time to make the Festival a greater success than ever. That the liberal arrangements of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway will facilitate the end in view is beyond question. Never before has a commercial company acted in such a kindly spirit towards an artistic enterprise, or with so much shrewd appreciation of what seems to its advantage and good name. Doubtless, the towns within easy reach of Brighton will contribute largely to the success of the Festival, which thus appeals to a wider constituency than ever.

This evening's programme was intended chiefly to display the resources of an orchestra adequate in point of numbers, made up of artists individually competent, and led by the ablest of *chefs d'orchestre*, M. Sainton. When it is stated that among the performers engaged, in addition to the eminent gentlemen just named, are Messrs. Viotti Collins, Lowell, Radcliffe, Barrett, Lazarus, Reynolds, Hughes, and Lockwood, it will be taken for granted that the orchestra is thoroughly up to the mark. True, the opening performance this evening was not free from blemish; but some shortcomings might have been expected at the outset; and could only have surprised the unreasonable. The programme had been skilfully drawn up, so as to present varied attractions, and the result was a large and brilliant audience promising well for the Festival alike as regards numbers and enthusiasm. In the first part were mostly classical works, beginning with the overture to *Fidelio*, fourth and last of the marvellous preludes written by Beethoven for his single opera. This was conducted by Mr. F. Kingsbury, who has long shared with Mr. Kuhe the conductor's duty, and done much to make the Festival an artistic success. Music so familiar could not go other than well, or be other than well received; but the audience were more demonstrative after hearing the pretty little gavotte, which is so attractive a feature in the *Mignon* of M. Ambroise Thomas. The delicacy and grace of this quaint dance were perfectly shown; indeed, the music could not have been better played, and an encore was the natural result. Next came the Concertstück of Weber, in connection with which ever-welcome piece Mr. Kuhe made his bow as a pianist. The "proprietor" of the Festival was received after a fashion adequate to his claims, long-continued applause demonstrating that some, at least, of those for whom he caters so spiritedly are not ungrateful. How Mr. Kuhe played the brilliant music of Weber need not be told. He never was in better form, nor within our experience has he ever achieved a more genuine success with his audience. Enthusiastic applause and a recall followed the close of the work. The time had now come for the vocal music, which at orchestral concerts so many hail with delight, and Miss Edith Wynne was introduced to sing the air, "Dalla torre sua romita," from Gounod's *Sappho*. Written in the French composer's most characteristic style, that is to say, marked strongly by his mannerisms, this air could not fail to delight many to whom M. Gounod's music is ever welcome, especially as Miss Wynne sang it with all the artistic perception and vocal skill which belong to her in an eminent degree. It may be questioned, however, whether a better choice was not possible without going far afield, or even without searching beyond the works of M. Gounod himself. Following the song came what was described in the programme as "Andante and Fiaale from Concerto, Mendelssohn," but which turned out to be the whole of the masterpiece named. By whomsoever the change was effected, the maker deserved great credit. Such a classical *chef d'œuvre* as Mendelssohn's Concerto should be given in its entirety, or not at all—the more because it is not made up of in-

dependent movements, connected only by a common name, but so fashioned that each movement is linked closely to the others. Besides, when such an artist as M. Sainton plays, we desire that his great powers should have the full exhibition which only a complete work like the one in question makes possible. The result was in all respects satisfactory. M. Sainton played with a *verve*, refinement, and accuracy worthy the ablest living representative of the great French school; all the strong individuality which enables him to do some things as no other man can being exhibited to perfection. Frequently applauded in the course of the work, M. Sainton, at its close, was recalled by acclamation, and congratulated upon his success in the warmest manner. At this point, Mr. Kingsbury, who had conducted throughout with much intelligence, handed over the baton to Mr. Kuhe, and the first part was brought to a close by a performance of Haydn's symphony in C major, first of the twelve composed for Salomon's concerts. Mr. Kuhe did wisely to introduce this pleasant masterpiece, and it may be accepted as an axiom on all such occasions that if it be desired to enlist the sympathies of the general public for classical music, there is no course so sure as the presentation of Haydn. The old master can charm philosopher and fool alike; for while one dwells with pleasure upon his consummate art, the other revels in a flood of artless tune. This was well exemplified by the performance under notice. Everybody heard the symphony with interest, and the loudest applause came from those parts of the house where one might perhaps have looked for the feeblest. Following the symphony, by way of tribute to the memory of the late Sir Sterndale Bennett, came Chopin's funeral march, after the first notes of which the entire audience rose, and remained standing to the end. The act was gracefully done, and obviously had the entire concurrence of all present. With regard to the march itself, it may be urged that so impressive a composition, so singular in character and so thoroughly in keeping with Chopin's genius, should have more frequent use. It deserves adoption as one of our recognised expressions of musical grief.

The second part was more popular in character than the first, and began with a selection from Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord*, introducing solos from Messrs. Sainton, Radcliffe, Barrett, Lazarus, Reynolds, and Hughes, all of which, capitally played, were much to the taste of the audience. Miss Wynne sang Sullivan's "Living Poems" and Oakley's "Tears, idle tears," the remainder of the selection comprising Schubert's "Ave Maria," for cornet solo (Mr. Reynolds), and the overture to *Les Diamans de la Couronne*. With Aubert's bright music, ended a very successful and interesting concert. Bach's *Passion Music* will be given on Thursday evening; and for Friday morning a classical miscellaneous programme is announced. The week's work closes on Saturday, with Sir M. Costa's *Nasman*, conducted by the composer.

Tins for Music.

A SUMMER NIGHT.

List to the sigh of the waves to-night—
The voice of the restless sea,
As it heaves 'neath a veil of silvery light,
That bathes the ocean and lea.
List to the trill of the nightingale,
As she sings to the glittering skies,
While far away an answering hale
Like a trembling echo dies.
List to the wind through the rustling trees,
Laden with breath of flowers;
Heavy and odorous comes the breeze,
As the dew falls in diamond showers.
Everything looks so peaceful and still,
Under the pale moon's light;
And the world seems free from sorrow and ill
On this glorious summer night.

S. WESTON JACKSON.

FLORENCE.—*La Dolores*, a new opera by a young composer, Sig. Auteri, will shortly be produced at the Pergola.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

SEVENTEENTH SEASON, 1874-5.
DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE TWENTY-THIRD CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 15, 1875.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

The First Part of the Programme will be selected from the Works of the late STERNDAL BENNETT.

Programme.

PART I.

- TRIO, in A major, for pianoforte, viola, and violoncello—Mlle Marie Krebs, MM. JOACHIM and PIATTI Bennett.
QUARTET, "God is a spirit"—Miss Nannie Goss, Miss POLING-BROKE, Mr HENRY GUY, and Mr HENRY FOX Bennett.
SONATA, "The Maid of Orleans," for pianoforte alone—Mlle Marie Krebs Bennett.

PART II.

- SONO, "The Knight of Toggenburg"—Mr SANTLEY Schubert.
SONATA, "Il Trillo del Diavolo," for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment—Herr JOACHIM Tartini.
ARIA, "O cessate di plegarmi"—Mr SANTLEY Scarlatti.
QUARTET, in F. Op. 15, No. 1, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. BELY, ZERNING, and PIATTI Beethoven.
CONDUCTOR Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 13, 1875.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

- QUARTET, in E minor, Op. 59, No. 2, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. BELY, ZERNING, and PIATTI Beethoven.
AIR "Evarina Dich" (*Pissen Music*, St Mathias)—Miss ANTOINETTE STERLING Bach.
PRELUDE AND FUGUE, in A minor, for pianoforte alone (first time at the Popular Concerts)—Mlle Marie Krebs Bach.
SONATA, in A major, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment—Herr JOACHIM Handel.
LIEDER, {"Neue Liebe, neues Leben"} Miss ANTOINETTE STERLING Beethoven.
TRIO, in D minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Mlle Marie Krebs, MM. JOACHIM, and PIATTI Mendelssohn.
CONDUCTOR Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

MARRIAGE.

On the 3rd February, at the parish church, Leeds, by the Rev. C. H. Gibson, Vicar of Gildersome, JAMES HATTFIELD, Jun., of Roseville, Halifax, to MARIANNE ELIZABETH, only daughter of Dr Spark, Springfield Villa, Leeds. No cards.

DEATH.

On JANUARY 25, at Vienna, HERR LEOPOLD JANS, in his eightieth year.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery. With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD Subscribers will receive eight pages extra, and again, from TIME TO TIME, as expediency may suggest.

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1875.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC TO THE CHILDREN OF STERNDAL BENNETT.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
4, TENTHREDEN STREET, HANOVER SQUARE,
LONDON, February 4th, 1875.

DEAR SIR AND MADAM,—We, the Committee of Management of the Royal Academy of Music, beg to offer you the expression of our deep sympathy in your heavy affliction. The bereavement you have sustained is not yours alone; in Sir Sterndale Bennett we have lost a friend who owned more personal love than falls to the lot of most men. England has lost one of its brightest ornaments; and music has lost an influence that has aided very materially in its advancement. It will be some consolation to us to remember that we have worked with the great musician we lament, and under his presidency in the management of this institution, wherein his genius was trained, and that had of late his peculiar care and attention.

The name Sterndale Bennett will still be conspicuous among those of which his country is proudest, and music is for ever enriched by his works, while native musicians will always be stimulated by his example.

When the pain of the present moment may be assuaged by time, let us hope that the heir-loom of your father's name may be as great a comfort to you as it will certainly be a distinction in the estimate of all the world, and that your pride may constantly be renewed in knowing yourselves the children of William Sterndale Bennett.

We are, with sincere regard, your devoted servants,
BRINLEY RICHARDS, W. F. LOW,
GEO. WOOD, MANUEL GARCIA,
CHARLES STRICKLAND, MUR. D., W. INDELL,
FRANK R. COX, HENRY C. LICK,
WALTER MACFARREN, HENRY LESLIE,
LAMORNE COCK, Treasurer,
Charles and James Bennett, Esqs., G. A. MACFARREN, Chairman,
and Mrs T. Case.

SIR STERNDAL BENNETT was buried on Saturday afternoon, by permission of Dean Stanley, at Westminster Abbey, close to the graves of Purcell and Croft, two of his most illustrious predecessors in the sphere which he had elected for himself, and in which he moved with dignity through the course of his artistic life. No more need be added to what has already been written about the career and works of Sterndale Bennett. That musical England widely deploras his loss the imposing ceremony of Saturday afforded sufficient proof. From all ranks and walks of life there were representatives to do him honour. Among the private carriages that joined the funeral cortege were those of Her Majesty the Queen, a great admirer of Bennett's music; His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. Earl Dudley (President of the Royal Academy of Music), who, with the Duke of Edinburgh, the Bishop of Gloucester, Sir Thomas Gladstone, and Lord Coleridge, were among the first to sign the requisition, suggested and drawn up by Mr G. A. Macfarren, to which Dean Stanley so heartily assented, was present on the occasion, and remained till the end of the service. Besides four mourning carriages occupied by the family and most intimate friends of the deceased, there were some 80 others, filled with persons of more or less note. Deputations were sent from the University of Cambridge—including the Vice-Chancellor, the Master of St John's, and the Precentor of King's College; from the Royal Society of Musicians of Great Britain; from the Royal Academy of Music; from the Philharmonic Society (directors, committee, and professors); and, last not least, from the Verein für Kunst und Wissenschaft (*German Athenaeum*). Without entering into further particulars, we must be

content to add that a full catalogue of those who came voluntarily to do honour to the memory of our distinguished countryman would take up more space than can be afforded. Enough that there was scarcely a carriage which did not contain mourners who, in their various capabilities, had done something to earn distinction. What, perhaps, more than anything else, afforded gratification to those who knew and appreciated the worth of Bennett, as an artist and as a man, was the immense crowd attracted to the Cathedral, unfurnished with the special privileges allotted only to occupants of the Choir. This all who had familiar acquaintance with the departed man of genius knew well would have pleased him more than anything else, being a proof that, uncompromising as he was in whatever concerned his art, his name had still spread far and wide, and that his music had penetrated not only into high places, but into every circle where such honest, genuine work as his could be felt and loved.

It would be of little purpose to describe the service in detail. A word or two must suffice. The ceremony was in all respects impressive. The imperishable music of Croft, Purcell (including the "Burial Chant"), and Handel—a selection from whose "Funeral Anthem" ("His body is buried in peace")—was sung over the grave, immediately before the "Blessing," followed by the "Dead March," from the oratorio of *Saul*, sublime in its simplicity, imparted appropriate significance to the solemn and touching occasion. The choir was composed of twenty-eight boys—Westminster Abbey, St Paul's, the Temple, the Chapel Royal, and Lincoln's Inn—with twenty-six men from among the picked chorists belonging to the same churches, organised under the general direction of Mr Montem Smith. They sang uniformly well. But perhaps the deepest interest was created by the exquisite and purely devotional quartet, "God is a spirit," from Sir Sterndale Bennett's own *Woman of Samaria*. This, which followed the Lesson, was entrusted to Master Beckham (of Westminster), Messrs John Foster, George Carter, and John Lawler, (all likewise of Westminster). It could hardly have been better given; and, when the last verse was sung by the whole choir, the effect was such that it would have pleased the composer himself, although he never dreamed of such an innovation. Mr Turle, of Westminster Abbey, presided at the organ—his prescriptive right; but other organists were named in the official list; as, for example, Dr Stainer, Dr C. Steggall, Messrs George Cooper and E. J. Hopkins. The early part of the service was read by Canon Conway, the remainder (at the grave), by Dean Stanley himself. The body and mourners passed through the north transept to the grave, and were met by the clergy and chorists from the west gate of the Choir, under the organ. Then the music of Croft was resumed, followed by that of Handel, to which reference has been made. The coffin was strewed with wreaths and flowers, and when the chief mourners had taken their last farewell, the general public were equally allowed to do homage to the great musician whose hand is henceforth still and whose lyre is now for ever silent. Sterndale Bennett is dead; but his music, happily, survives him—long to delight the world.

Mr Turle's Musical Festival, 1875.

In tribute to the memory of the late Sir W. Sterndale Bennett, the Orchestra will play Chopin's "Funeral March" to-night.

(Tuesday, February 9th.)

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I have for years cherished a hope that we might one day have a memorial window in Westminster Abbey to perpetuate the memory of the many distinguished musicians whose mortal remains are there enshrined; and now that our loved and departed friend, Sir Sterndale Bennett, is laid to rest with the kindred dust of Purcell, Croft, and Blow, it would seem to be a favourable opportunity for inaugurating a public subscription for the purpose I have indicated.

There is a colourless window overlooking the musicians' corner, which, with the permission of the Very Rev. the Dean of Westminster, might be filled with glass worthy of the sacred building and those memories all amateurs and artists would desire to honour. I am, yours, &c.,

WILLIAM H. CUMMINGS.

Brackley Villa, Thurloe Park Road,
Dulwich, Feb. 8, 1875.

Los Falt.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—At a time like the present, when musicians and amateurs are lamenting the loss of Sir W. Sterndale Bennett, a stronger desire than usual will naturally be kindled to become still more familiar with those immortal works of the great composer, which, like the season of the year and its peaceful circumstances so many of them poetically reflect, will be always fresh, green, and hopeful. The outside public are not so well acquainted as they should be with those charming songs, published in sets, so thoroughly appreciated by amateurs, and which are little pastoral gems. We may anticipate an eagerness on its part now to be introduced to some of these beautiful specimens, as the heart that conceived them, and the hand that penned them, are still for ever. Among them it would be difficult to find one to excel in genuine musical and poetic feeling a little jewel called "Forget-me-not"—a suggestive title. It is a setting of some words by "L. E. L." This song is very rarely sung in public, and for no other reason than that it is too short for public performance. It consists of but one short verse. Now, if another verse were added, in imitation somewhat of "L. E. L.'s" beautiful thoughts, the objection would be overcome, and I am sure my leather and sister artists would find great pleasure in introducing the song frequently. In default of one better capable of writing such a verse, acting upon the suggestion, I venture to offer some words; their only merit is of a negative character—they do not in their ascent war against the musical accent. I first subjoin "L. E. L.'s" exquisite lines, that the imitative character of the offered verse may be apparent, and its consequent not unfitness may also be seen:—

FORGET-ME-NOT.

- "Wave that wand'ring singing by,
Bearing leaves and flowers with thee,
To the lady of my heart
Wave a benison from me.
- "Wind that ro'it' around the grove,
Kissing every flower nigh,
I'll send thee on a sweeter search—
Bear my own true love my sigh.
- "Bark that show'at my graven words,
Thine be yet a happier lot,
May'st thou meet my maiden's eye,
Bidding her 'Forget-me-not.'
- Fleery cloudlets, fraught with good,
Sailing swift on Summer's eve,
Shower blessings on my love,
Or I ne'er shall cease to grieve.
- Stars that shine through silent night,
Glitter round my maiden's cot;
Lovingly some message bring,
Light with hope my dismal lot.
- Birds whose song perfumes the vale,
Leave, I pray, your hallowed spot;
Let your music teach my heart,
She I love forgets me not.

—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

F. E. PENNA.

February 6, 1875.

Flocks and Herds.

TREATMENT OF ANIMALS.

(From "Another World.")

"Why are the poor hungry?—Why do your flocks and herds multiply and increase?—Why do you maltreat the sire and kill the mother of many progenies?"

"Obey my laws, and your flocks will equal in number the drops of water in the great Cataract, which, ever flowing, ever merging in the mighty Ocean, is constantly supplied with new increases for the refreshment and delight of Montsalayah."

Amongst the numerous precautions for the promotion of the general health is the attention given to the subject of animal food, the care taken of the beast, the mode of slaughtering, and the rigour with which every beast having the slightest tendency to disease is rejected as unfit for food.

All animals, and particularly those intended for food, are now treated with great kindness, gentle treatment and cleanliness being thought essential to the excellence of the meat. Formerly, when the beasts were improperly treated, the growth of the young was impeded and the quality of the meat deteriorated. They are now watched over with the utmost care, the greatest attention is paid to the most minute particulars, and so well are they treated that, notwithstanding the heat of the climate, they are quite tame. When any one goes into a field, the sheep and lambs will come round him and lick his hand. Their pasture is changed every week, for it is found that, when in our climate grass is eaten too closely, noxious insects are bred by the accumulation of stale manure. In or near every pasturage are pools of running water, to which the animals are conducted daily. These are supplied by a very high jet which, when in action, throws its water from a reservoir to a long distance, which may even be increased by means of pipes, and thus fertilizes the field. Much of the water proceeds in the first instance from the cataracts, which begin high above the level of the meadows. As soon as the animals are turned out, the jet is made to play on the fields they have quitted. Then the moisture, mingling with the fresh manure, and our glorious sun enrich the land, and luxuriant grass is quickly produced.

In former years diseases prevailed amongst our flocks and herds. We had one amongst the sheep, not unlike the small-pox of your world. These diseases were generated partly by the filthiness of the pasturage, and partly by a want of change, which I believe to be principal causes of many of your cattle diseases. We now give far more attention to the cleanliness and health of the animal than in our world was formerly bestowed on the poor.

In every field is a shady spot, contrived to protect the animals from the sun during the heat of the day. The ground being very undulating, a shade is obtained by merely throwing out, from the higher land above, some wood or other material to serve as a roof.

In case of illness amongst the animals, the great remedy used is a particular kind of electricity, which gives an impulse to the blood and changes the humours. This, with diet and care, is the only expedient employed to restore the animal to health. If a female animal is of a sickly nature and likely to give birth to inferior beasts, she is quietly put out of the way.

THE MALE ALONE KILLERS.

To the care taken of the beasts is greatly due the perfection of their breed and to a certain extent their numbers; but the law that contributes most to the marvellous increase of our flocks and herds is that which forbids the slaughter of the female. In every species the male only is used for food. If we killed the mother, we should, as it were, kill the progeny that would otherwise be bred from her, and our immense stocks

would not then be a hundredth part as numerous as they are at present.

The cow, after she has calved bearing, is used to carry the women's baskets, or for very light draughts. The ewe, when she has calved bearing, is trained to assist in field and garden operations, to pull up cabbages, carrots, and other vegetables, being, in short, more useful to us than the dog.

Dermes (Communicator.)

(To be continued.)

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MR G. A. MACFARREN has been appointed Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, in the place of the late Sir Sterndale Bennett. A wiser choice could not possibly have been made. Who is to succeed Sir Sterndale as Musical Professor at the University of Cambridge has not yet been made known.

MR ARTHUR SULLIVAN has accepted the late Sir Sterndale Bennett's Composition Class at the Royal Academy of Music.

AMONG those who attended the burial of Sir Sterndale Bennett, last Saturday, in Westminster Abbey, was Mr Frederick Davison, chief of the great organ firm of Gray and Davison.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE SIR STERNDALE BENNETT.—We are instructed to state that the Honourable Mortimer Sackville-West, Groom-in-Waiting to the Queen, attended at Westminster Abbey, by Her Majesty's special and gracious command, on the above occasion.

The following notice has been lately placarded very liberally in Paris:—

CHEST C III

THE SOZZO METHOD.

Method for enabling every one to emit the high chest C. Thirty lessons and a month of medical treatment are sufficient. Thirty days in all.

I rely upon my success and my experience.

When every one is able to emit the high chest C, singers will discover that, as the compass of their voice rises, their remuneration will fall in exactly the same ratio; so that they would probably not be much benefited should M. Sozzo's method prove as effective as M. Sozzo intimates it to be.

THE first part of the next Monday Popular Concert (February 15), is to be devoted exclusively to works by Sterndale Bennett. Marie Krebs will play his sonata, *The Maid of Orleans*, which was composed expressly for Arabella Goddard. Our great English pianist could hardly be better represented than by this gifted young German.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL CONCERTS.—The third Popular Ballad Concert will take place this evening (Saturday), the 13th inst. Mme Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Annie Sinclair, Miss Antoinette Sterling, Mr Cummings, and Mr Whitney will be the vocalists. Herr Wilhelmj will play Ernst's "Elegie," and his own paraphrase of Chopin's *larghetto*, and several part-songs and madrigals will be given by the Part-Song Choir of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, under Mr Barnby's direction. The next orchestral concert is announced for Tuesday, the 16th inst., when the late Sir Sterndale Bennett's overture, *Paradise and the Peri*, and Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony," will be notable features of interest. On this occasion Herr Wilhelmj will introduce "Paganini's Concerto," a work of enormous difficulty, and he will also play Bach's "Chaconne" for violin alone. It will, doubtless, be interesting to musical amateurs to know that the violin used by Herr Wilhelmj is a very valuable instrument, being a genuine Stradivarius; and that he has on two separate occasions been offered as much as 1,000 guineas for it since his arrival in England this season.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MISS BLANCHÉ ROOPE, a young and intelligent pianist, gave her evening concert in the Store Street Rooms, under the direction of Mr Lansdowne Cottell. Miss Roope played Mendelsohn's "Rondo Capriccioso," a solo by Herr Willem Coenen (for the left hand), and her own capital arrangement of Irish songs. Miss Edith Shield, a young vocalist, gave the late Vincent Wallace's "Song of May," and was loudly encored; Miss Nina Monetta was obliged to repeat, at the unanimous desire of the audience, Benedict's "Rock me to sleep"; Mr Finlay Dunn, a Scotch tenor, sang the popular romance, "Alto, where art thou?" in perfection, and was also encored; Miss E. Fortescue, an English Gipsy's pretty song, "Across the Sea," gained the sympathies of all present by her artless singing; Mr Fred Meddon, who possesses a pure and full bass voice, gave a song by Gounod in capital style; and Mr Kemble gave Mr Henry Phillips's "Woman." Mr Lansdowne Cottell accompanied the vocal music with his usual tact and judgment.

The sixth Harrow Thriday "Popular Concert," which took place on the 4th February, was, like its predecessors, dignified by a highly classical programme. In the first piece—Beethoven's F major quartet (Op. 69)—Messrs Otto Feiniger (the clever violinist and Professor at Harrow School), Szaspanowski, Amor, and Pettit, showed their thorough ability and artistic feeling in interpreting this celebrated composition of the old master. In the same way Mozart's D major quartet (No. 18) was successfully rendered. Herr Otto Feiniger introduced as his solo an air by Bach, and delighted the distinguished audience with his beautiful tone and breadth of style. We have had opportunities to hear this artist on former occasions, and can only express the heartiest wish that he soon will acquire the popularity he so fully deserves. The vocalists were Mr Thaddeus Wells, who sang Spohr's "A bird at an alder bough," and an old English ballad, with great success; and Mr Henry Pratt, who gave an air from *Il Flauto Magico*, and "The brave old oak" (both encored) with all the vigour which characterises a happy owner of a splendid bass voice. In looking through the programmes of the series, we can but heartily congratulate the committee, who, headed by the well-known maestro, Mr John Farmer, manage these concerts with so much taste and artistic sense.

PROVINCIAL.

NORWICH.—The eminent pianist, Dr Hans von Bulow, gave a recital, in Nerrars's rooms, on Friday, February 6th, in the presence of a large and fashionable audience, which received his various performances with enthusiastic applause. This is the only entertainment of any importance that has taken place since the advent of Madame Lesmes-Sherington and party some two months ago; and though it is said to be a musical locality, we never remember being unhappy enough to reside in one where good concert, etc., bore such a close resemblance to angelic visitations.—S. W. S.

CHATHAM.—A musical performance took place in the Mechanics' Institute on Tuesday evening, February 2nd, under the direction of Mr Lansdowne Cottell, which attracted a very full audience. The entertainment commenced by Miss Edith Shield singing Wallace's charming "Song of May," and receiving a "double encore." Mr H. Kemble, who possesses a good baritone voice, then gave a song by Liszt, and "L'Ultimo pensiero," by Mariani. After various songs and duets had been sung by the Misses Fortescue, Lisle, Rice, &c., a selection was given, "in costume," by the same vocalist, assisted by an efficient chorus, from a comic opera by Mr Cottell, entitled *The Archer*. The whole gave evident pleasure, and was done every justice to by the young artist, under the direction of Mr Cottell, the composer and director.

LEEDS.—On Monday evening, February 8th, Dr Spark, the borough organist, gave a concert in the lecture hall of the Church Institute, Leeds, when several of his pupils, most of whom have been educated by him for the musical profession, were introduced to the audience. Young as were many of the vocalists, they exhibited in most instances a high degree of proficiency and skill. The names of those who assisted were Miss E. Carey Walker, Miss M. E. Storey, Miss Jenny Taylor, Mr E. Kemp (tenor), Mr A. Williams (tenor), Mr S. Whitcomb (bass), and Mr J. J. Bates (solo pianist). The audience was large. The first part of the entertainment was devoted to a recital of Dr Aron's operetta, *Love in a Village*, and the audience frequently intimated their satisfaction with the performance. In the miscellaneous portion of the programme, several solos were given, Mr J. Bates receiving an encore for a pianoforte fantasia. The pupils generally showed that much time must have been bestowed in bringing them to the proficiency they had attained.

NUREMBERG.—M. Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette* has been produced at the Stadttheater.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

Herr Joseph Joachim's re-appearance on the scene of these concerts is always a gala occasion, and St James's Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity last Monday evening by amateurs eager to give the—we may say it—well-loved artist a cordial reception. Apart from Herr Joachim's rare gifts as a violinist, he has in a high degree the faculty of attracting sympathy. It is not, therefore, merely the great performer whom the public are so delighted to honour. It is to some extent the man himself, for whom the humblest occupant of the shilling seat, albeit he has never exchanged, nor hopes to exchange, a word with him, entertains a feeling of personal regard. The nature of Herr Joachim's reception can be imagined, and we need not describe it further than by saying, in simplest words, everybody was very glad to see him. Schubert's quartet in D minor opened the proceedings, and was played perfectly by MM. Joachim, Ries, Straus, and Piatto, the remarkable variations on a theme from the composer's song, "Der Tod und das Mädchen," again making a profound impression. The quaint final presto brought the quartet to an end, amid a perfect storm of applause, than which no honour was ever more justly deserved. Schumann's pianoforte quintet in E flat was the only other concerted work; but this afforded a rich treat to all who had learned to appreciate the deep and tender expression, the true poetry, and the wonderful finish characteristic of its composer's music. We must refer especially to the slow movement, which, in the respects just named, may take equal rank with the best slow movements of Beethoven. Into this Schumann must have thrown his whole soul; and it is hard not to believe that personal experience is reflected in the funeral solemnity of the principal theme, and in the bright but tender beauty of the episode which comes after it, like the voice of consolation. Few things in music are more suggestive than this; but the whole work exercises the charm of genius, and never relaxes its hold upon either imagination or intellect. The quintet could not have been better played than by Mr Franklin Taylor and the artists already named; nor could it have had a more sympathetic reception. Mr Taylor's solo was Beethoven's Sonata in E flat (Op. 29), which he executed with rare precision, delicacy, and intelligence. This gentleman is not a sensational performer, and may seem to lack even necessary warmth of manner; but he is a faithful and able interpreter, as well as a most skilful pianist—merit that justify the high position he has reached. He was unanimously called for at the end. Herr Joachim's individual contribution to the programme was the Andante and Allegro from Bach's Sonata in A minor, a work he introduced two years ago. Can it be necessary to state how it was played? Certainly not. Enough that Joachim was himself, and that, in obedience to an "encore" not to be resisted, he gave the *Boat* ("Double") from the same composer's Sonata in B minor. Miss Enriquez sang Schubert's "Adina" and Buononcini's "L'Esperto nocchiero" so as to obtain a recall after each.

BRUSSELS.—M. Félicien David's anxiously awaited opera, *La Fête du Brétil*, has at length been produced at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie. It did not go off as well as was expected, and the principal artists by no means mutually distinguished themselves. The *Musiciens*, however, were all that could be desired.—The Minister of the Interior has obtained from the Chamber of Representatives a grant of 20,000 francs to purchase an organ for the Conservatory. Opinions were divided as to whether the instrument should be ordered of M. Cavallé-Coll, of Paris, or of MM. Schyven and Co., of Brussels. At length it was decided that the Belgian builders should have the preference.

BALEUTH.—Speaking of the *Niebelungen Trilogy*, a Frankfurt paper says that the first pianoforte rehearsal will take place at the commencement of July, and that each of the *Trilogie* will be rehearsed with the orchestra during the last three weeks of the same month. The performances will, according to the present plan, take place as follows:—On the first Sunday in August, at 4 o'clock p.m., *Rheingold*; on Monday, at the same hour, *Die Walküre*; on Tuesday, *Siegfried*; and on Wednesday, *Die Götterdämmerung*. After each act there will be a considerable pause, to enable the actors—and the public—to recover from the strain to which they will have been subjected. The second performance of the opera, in the same order, is fixed for the second week in August, and the third performance for the third week.

PRESENTATION TO SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

(From the "Liverpool Daily Post," Feb. 10.)

As our readers are aware, Sir Julius Benedict, the esteemed and distinguished leader of the Philharmonic Society's orchestra, has attained his seventieth year; and the occasion was one of which his very many friends thought they might fitly avail themselves in order to present him with some mark of the regard in which he is held. The shareholders in the Philharmonic Hall, the members of the chorus, and other Liverpool friends, all cordially joined in the subscription for a national testimonial; but the members of the band felt such a close personal intimacy with Sir Julius that they desired, on their own part, to present him with some little token; and accordingly got up a separate subscription list. Sufficient funds having thus been raised, a very handsome silver inkstand was purchased from the establishment of Messrs Clark and Driehelm, of Church Street, and this was presented to Sir Julius yesterday afternoon during a rehearsal for an evening concert. The inkstand was a very neat and chaste piece of workmanship, and bore the following inscription:—

"Presented to Sir Julius Benedict by the members of the band of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, on the anniversary of his seventieth birthday."

The presentation was made by Mr Haddock, the oldest resident member of the band, who said:—

"Sir Julius.—The task has been assigned to me of informing you that we, the members of the band of the Philharmonic Society, have taken advantage of the seventieth anniversary of your birthday to present to you a silver inkstand as a testimonial in recognition of your high and distinguished qualities, and as bearing witness to the firm confidence we repose in you as our conductor. I think it right to mention that we have gone against the wishes of some of our friends in this matter. We have been recommended, if we had anything to contribute, to send it to London, and let it form part of the general testimonial fund. In one sense that might have been the wisest course to pursue. But it was not quite what we wished to do. We thought, after deliberation and consulting, that something in the shape of a testimonial coming direct to you from us would serve better as a means of conveying our sentiments and our regard and esteem for you. We have been well-wishful, Sir Julius, that whatever we might offer you should be appropriate, and, if possible, useful, and we have been led to the selection of an inkstand as a suitable object by the consideration of the number, magnitude and importance of the works you have given to the world. In the process of writing so much as you have done you will have consumed great quantities of ink, and worn out pens beyond amount, and it is very probable that a few inkstands have come to grief. Be that as it may, an inkstand, we thought, would be both appropriate and useful. In begging your acceptance of it, we all unite in hoping and trusting that you may have many years of health. Health is the chief good. With health your energy and determination will never leave you. You will go on in the old way writing; and if, through our little testimonial, you should be sometimes reminded of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, and kindly feelings should be awakened in your breast towards the members of the band, our object will have been accomplished."

Sir Julius Benedict, in replying, said:—

"Mr Haddock and gentlemen of the band—I cannot express to you my feelings of deep and sincere gratitude for this very handsome testimonial of your regard and esteem for me. As Mr Haddock has observed, it has been my happy lot to have been associated with you for nearly eight years, and during that time we have had one up and down in our performances, as happens in the best regulated families. There have been here and there shortcomings—it may have been on my side or on yours—I won't investigate too closely—but there is one thing I will say both for you and myself—namely, that there has always been an earnest desire to do our best, and that whatever the work which has been entrusted to me for performance I have given it the most assiduous and careful attention. If there has been any shortcoming it must be attributed to the weakness of human nature, which we all know is never infallible. A testimonial like this, however, was not needed from you to show me how kind you are to me, and how willing you are at all times to follow my advice and my hints. That need not be enlarged upon, but I cannot but repeat that no such testimonial was needed to convince me of your good and kind feeling towards me. I saw now, as the inscription on your testimonial reminds me, at the more than ripe age of seventy, but, as Mr Haddock has well observed, health is the principal consideration, and though thirty years might be a great deal for many younger men to boast of, I can truly say that for forty years past I have never consulted a

physician—except as a friend. I hope, therefore, that under Providence I may yet be spared to give you my time and assistance, and to continue what has always been to me a labour of love. According to the ordinary lot of humanity the number of my years must now, of course, be very limited, but still I think, as long as one feels the power, the strength, and the understanding for great works of art, whatever the sphere in which they may be, and as long as one has the enthusiasm which in me is as young now as it was fifty years ago, I don't see the necessity of withdrawing. I have had a good deal of experience in my profession; I have been brought up to it as a boy; I have served my time to it as a private soldier, so to speak, and I have been under the guidance of the best masters—German, Italian, and English—and I may, therefore, perhaps, claim a certain right to occupy a post which, whilst it is responsible, is at the same time honourable. I will not detain you longer, gentlemen, but will only tell you again that I feel deeply grateful for this testimonial of your regard for me, and that my feelings towards you are also equally strong. Whatever the occasion or the opportunity in which I can be of use to the members of this orchestra, I shall always consider it my duty to do whatever I can to serve you, and perhaps I may be permitted to say that I feel on some occasions proud that I do not shrink from that responsibility. I hope you will continue to grant me your indulgence, and that if there should be any shortcoming on my part you will continue to bestow that attention and that care on your duties which alone can ensure a perfect performance of the works entrusted to me, whilst you may depend that upon my part there shall never be wanting the best wishes for your welfare, your success, and your prosperity. Again, gentlemen, I thank you for your very great kindness."

The proceedings then terminated.

SIGNORA CHIONI.

A young English artist has recently obtained the marked approval of a Milanese audience. Signora Chioni, who had previously sung at Oporto, Turin, and other Italian cities, achieved a complete success on her debut at the Carcano. *The Gazette dei Teatri* says:—

"A sweet, graceful, and very young artist is Mdlle Chioni, to whom nature has been prodigal in her gifts. Her voice is beautiful, and in tune in the highest degree, has a passionate accent. Her singing betrays the excellent school in which she has learned the rudiments of her art. She knows how to transmute her soul into her voice, and every note for her is but the expression of a sentiment. The press generally sounds the note of approbation of this young and distinguished artist, who to the graces of her person, and to a voice beautiful, sweet, and expressive, unites a high degree of artistic intelligence."

The Pungolo says:—

"The Signora Chioni, a graceful and beautiful artist, who has come amongst us preceded by good reports, has concentrated general expectation. She did not disappoint us. Sustained and dignified in her movements, she sang well, and with power, all through the opera, and gave with much elegance of style and with expression, the 'Romance of the Rose,' which roused the applause of the audience, followed by calls to the proscenium, which, in the succeeding duet, were shared with the tenor, Armandi-Villa."

The Perseeranza says:—

"She seems to have studied singing with care, intelligence, and passion. She sang with grace and correctness the beautiful 'Romance of the Rose.'"

The Gazzetta Musicale writes:—

"At the Carcano, we have had *Marta* the last few evenings well interpreted by the Signora Chioni, tolerably by the tenor, Armandi-Villa, and the last time, Morgas. The Signora Chioni has gained the caresses of the critics—caresses well merited. She is beautiful, has long fair hair, a sweet voice, and great capabilities."

The Lombarda is full of praises and encomiums, and writes thus:—

"The Signora Chioni, the leading artist, is a young and very fair stranger, who, for the first time, sang in Milan. She was warmly applauded in the romance, and in the duet with the tenor in Act III."

The opinion expressed by the *Arrestatore del Commercio* is most friendly, and describes the debutante as singing "in the most exquisite style of the Italian school," pronouncing Italian as even many natives fail to do, and possessing "a lithe and graceful figure, eyes in which you can read sweetness, yet which flash with rare intelligence, a mellow, flexible, passionate voice, with self-possession, and distinction of gesture and movement."

The *Sole* and the *Fama*, whose critic is Signor Cominazzi, one of the Nestors of the Milanese press, write also in terms of high approval.

A BALL AT THE PARIS OPERA-HOUSE.

Even amid the excitement caused by the elections, the first ball at the New Opera created much interest, results have been expected from it which do not seem to have been realized. One of the great economical mistakes of France is the belief that a ball or 100 balls can bring back that unprecedented prosperity which accrued of forty years of peace and settled government; for if the Empire by its magic historical associations knew how to give France the wealth which is still in existence, this arose not only from its representing 20 years of industry and economy, but from its succeeding to 20 years of peace without uneasiness, of thrift without disturbance, of peaceful labour without warlike interruption. To-day, or rather ever since the war, the well-being of the country has been attributed to the luxury and prodigality of Paris, as a brilliant, inexhaustible focus; and thus confusing effects with causes, people fancy that by getting up balls they will efface the traces left by a fatal and disastrous war.

Even viewed from this erroneous standpoint, yesterday's ball did not prove a very successful device for Parisian trade, for gentlemen were to ladies in the proportion of ten to one; and everybody knows that it is not male toilette which makes the fortunes of shopkeepers. It has been ascertained that out of 18,000 tickets sold, there were only 800 for ladies, making a total receipt of 152,000fr.—that is to say, 7,200 gentlemen's tickets at 20fr., and 800 ladies' tickets, at 10fr. Now, considering that at least 400 of the ladies did not stir from their boxes, and that only 300 or 400 moved about among the 8,000 black coats—for the 7,200 tickets sold do not include those given away—an idea may be formed of the far from gay appearance presented by the hall and the *foyers*. At the very threshold, moreover, gaiety, it may be said, was checked on the very first step. The fault had been found, especially on the opening day, with the discouraging gloom of the facade; but this defect, which under ordinary circumstances is without real importance, becomes striking when masked balls are in question. The isolated position of the building, moreover, does not conduce to that contagious gaiety which coursed as it were through all the veins of the old Opera. People remembered the enlivening effect of the great pyramidal gas jets which lit up the corner of the Rue Lepeletier and the Boulevards; the Paris Guards on horseback, who remained immovable in the full glare of the Boulevards and the gas jets; the masks who passed close along the brilliantly lit up and crowded pavements before entering the hall, into which, from midnight till 4 a.m., Parisian folly poured itself. Now, last night the front of the Opera, which has cost France 40,000,000fr., remained immersed in impenetrable obscurity; lamps without brilliancy replaced the pyramids of gas jets, and the crowd, kept at a respectful distance, greeted with ironical laughter the few masks who appeared afar off. When the silent terrace had been crossed and one penetrated below those solemn and imposing vaults, which are like the arches of a cloister, the doors opened and one mounted the steep of the staircase, from the top of which half the public ascended every disguised woman as she went through the double ordeal of criticism and laughter.

Above the broad passage, dimly lighted to stifle laughter as it rose to the lips, and in spite of oneself, one began to speak in a whisper. Yesterday more than ever no doubt, sonorous laughter was silenced by those passages at once lonely and thronged, for black coats have this strange property that they will take up space without forming a crowd. But the days which used to be the pride and delight of the Parisians are far distant. In those days some malicious daughter of Eve would, under the protection of the domino, tell some unsuspecting visitor, to his astonishment, many things which he thought were known to him alone. Now all this has gone out of fashion. Women are no longer sufficiently good natured to chaff without spite, and men have not sufficient refinement to be at once witty and well bred. What is now heard, when anything is heard,—for yesterday nobody spoke to anybody,—are commonplaces without end; jokes of questionable taste, and language which has obtained popularity in by streets. When I heard a young man for the first time say to a careless visitor, "I know you; you have got a dog which follows you like remorse and a wife who avoids you like a plague," I was very nearly prepared to find again the long lost French wit; but when I had heard it repeated five or six times without distinction

to men who had neither dog nor wife nor remorse, I bethought me that human folly was strutting insolently in a palace. I looked in vain for a spark of that sparkling mirth of yore. The country is hit more seriously than is generally thought, and its people laugh sadly now that they fear to provoke a smile.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL CONCERTS.

As far as the new series of these concerts has gone it fully bears out the promise of the directors to secure increased efficiency, Oratorios, orchestral music, and compositions of a more popular order, are still given in their turn; but, with more time for preparation and with improved means, the performances are so much bettered that it is hard to find reasonable ground for complaint against them. Since our last notice this has been very satisfactorily demonstrated with regard to oratorio, by an execution of *Israel in Egypt* which reflected the utmost credit upon all concerned. The chorus, so ably trained by Mr Barby, mustered in full force, and acquitted themselves better than ever before of a most onerous task. To say that there were no faults in the rendering of Handel's trying music would imply the attainment of an impossible perfection; but the merit shown was certainly exceptional, and as such we acknowledge it. The band, wisely increased to a hundred instruments—a degree of strength that should be maintained—did its work admirably; and the solos, entrusted to Mlle Levier, Miss Sterling, and Signor Fabrin, if not equal in merit, were on the whole acceptably sung. With the excellence of this concert may be compared that of the latest devoted to orchestral music, a special feature in which was the performance by Herr Wilhelmj of a violin concerto new to this country. His own arrangement for violin and orchestra of Wagner's "Albionblatt," and a Nocturne by Chopin. The concerto is the work of Herr F. Hegar, a Zurich musician, an ex-pupil of the Leipzig Conservatoire, and a composer whose songs and choral music have achieved popularity. Interesting from the peculiar form it exhibits, the concerto has other and more genuine attractions, arising out of melodic richness, and the graceful manner in which the orchestra is combined with the solo instrument, so as to make the most of each. We shall hear the work again with pleasure, especially if Herr Wilhelmj plays it in the astonishingly perfect manner shown on the occasion under notice. This great artist's performance, both of the concerto and the smaller pieces, was a marvel of executive skill. Beauty of tone, depth of expression, and technical ability of the rarest order, entitle Herr Wilhelmj to the honours bestowed on those who, though they may have rivals, know no superior, and his presence in England should be valued as enabling amateurs to make further acquaintance with a violinist of phenomenal power. Another interesting feature of this concert was a capital performance of Mendelssohn's Italian symphony; and Mr Sullivan's masterly overture, "In Memoriam"—perhaps our English composer's very best work for orchestra, not only because of superior technical skill, but because it abounds in that strong and earnest feeling without which no music can reach the soul of its hearers. Miss Levier, a real artist, if ever there was one, sang some German *lieder* charmingly, obtaining an encore for Brahms' "Wiegengesang;" and, between the parts, the "Dead March" was played as a tribute of respect to the memory of Sterndale Bennett.

A Ballad concert took place on Saturday last, supported by Miss Levier, Miss Sterling, Mr Lloyd, and Mr Whitney, with Herr Wilhelmj, Herr Rudolph Niemann (piano), and Mr G. Martin (organ) as solo instrumentalists. The excellent part-song choir of the Albert Hall Choral Society also attended, and gained much applause for a selection of favourite works. Miss Sterling was encored in Gatti's "The Hay is 't the mow," Macnierre's setting of "O, hush thee, my babe," and Hullah's "Three Fishers." Mr Lloyd was similarly complimented in Barby's graceful song, "My summer time;" nor were recalls wanting in other instances of exceptional merit. Herr Wilhelmj's performance of the variations from Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata made a great effect, and the lower solos were well received. Altogether, the concert, conducted by Mr Barby, was one of much and varied attraction.

On Wednesday evening the *Messiah* was performed, with Madame Sherrington, Miss Spiller, Madame Patey, Mr Rigby, and Mr Whitney as soloists.

THE "TOCSIN ALLÉGORIQUE" OF IGNACE PLEYEL.*

What member of the musical world does not know, at any rate, by tradition, the fertile composer Ignace Pleyel, the pupil of Joseph Haydn? He was born in Austria in 1757, and, after spending a large portion of his life in France, which he considered as his adopted country, died in Paris, the 14th November 1831. There still exist numerous compositions of his for pianoforte and violin, quartets, quintets, sonatas, etc., which, once known to all Europe, are now condemned to oblivion. His *School for the Pianoforte*, though not highly esteemed by the Prince of pianists, Ludwig van Beethoven, once played a great part in musical education and was used in some establishments till very recently.

In 1789, this composer, already very well known, was Chapell-master at the Cathedral of Strasburg, some of his predecessors in the post having become famous. Pleyel, however, had not time to distinguish himself there, because, in the revolutionary whirlwind, which then redoubled its violence, it was not long before he lost his appointment. He had, therefore, no great reason to love the Revolution, and he was not too particular in disguising his feelings for the unfortunate queen, Marie Antoinette. This circumstance, combined with the fact of his being an Austrian, could not long fail to render him an object of suspicion. The gendarmes received orders to watch him at a country house of his in Jorlishheim, and his position became one of extreme danger. If he had been brought before a revolutionary tribunal, he would certainly have been condemned to death. It was under these circumstances that some of his best friends advised him to declare himself openly a Republican, and to prove it by turning revolutionary composer. Now as Pleyel did not much relish being guillotined, he, indeed, very few persons do, he consented to write a work, unique in its kind and entitled: *La Révolution du 12 août, 1792, ou Tocsin allégorique*. There is now only a single copy left, and it is justly regarded at Strasburg as a precious score. Pleyel's republican being of such recent date, it was deemed becoming to assign him as a companion an amiable gendarme, who never lost sight of him during the composition of the *Tocsin allégorique*, which is, without doubt, the most original of all his works, and, as I was assured by a friend of mine, a brave musician and faithful German, during my sojourn of a month at Strasburg in the year 1835, contains some portions which Beethoven would certainly not have despised. There were at Strasburg, in those days of continual disturbance, 900 bells, taken from the villages and small towns of Alsace. These bells had become useless, as people then said, after the abolition of the Christian religion, Roman Catholic, Protestant, and were destined to be transformed into pieces of five or ten centimes. Pleyel obtained permission to choose an unlimited number of them for the execution of his work, which was to take place in the Cathedral. He selected seven giving the notes C, E, B, G, A, F, D.

The following is an epitome of his strange production. The Introduction, "The Awakening of the People," *allegro moderato*, 4-4 in F major, commences softly, and increases with a dull rumour marked continuously by the mournful sounds of the wind instruments. The confusion at last becomes a fearful storm, the attack on the Tuilleries, which dealt a fatal blow to the King of France, having reached its highest pitch, the tumult decreases little by little, and very soon appears lost in secondary kinds of agitation. After 97 bars, we hear the first stroke of the bell in C; at the 9th bar afterwards there is added the second in E; at the tenth, the bell in C leaves off, and, at the thirteenth, the bells in G unite with those in E, as, at the 19th, do that in F, and that in C. Amid the sounds of the bells, the stringed instruments vibrate most energetically in unison. After 51 bars of this alarm-ringing of the Churches of Paris, we suddenly hear the bell in D, while the drums beat the *general*, accompanied by the fifes. New confusion, 6-4 in D major, the effect in the orchestra being augmented gradually by the sound of the bells, at first isolated, then doubled, in B and in A, and lastly in F and G. This surprising instrumentation grows fainter; the wind instruments are silent, and the quartet no longer expresses more than the mournful sighs of the wounded and the dying. Suddenly the Royalists appear singing Grétry's celebrated air: "O, Richard,

ô, mon roi!" But, at the seventh bar, the terrible music of the fight, in 6-4, breaks forth with renewed vigour. It is followed by sweet and gentle harmony, *adagio*, quickly interrupted by an *allegro*, expressing courage and daring. A number of harmonious chords in A major lead up to another very well known air of Grétry's: "Ô peut-être mieux..." But at the conclusion of these strains, the report of the cannon is heard in the distance. Amid a revolutionary tempest, the home joys of family are of short duration. There is an indescribable ramour; the warlike kettle-drums grow animated, and lead, *crescendo*, at the double quick, 6-8, to the furious struggle between the two principles: the Republic and Royalty. It is here that the Alsatians assert Pleyel raised himself to the height of the Titan, Beethoven. The instrumentation is fearfully effective: the roar of the cannon, the sounds of the bells in B, D, G, C, F, and E, and the roll of the drums. . . . the kettle-drums, too, come out with prodigious force. At length, the chaos seems to have sunk into silence; the quartet ends in tones of lamentation, but suddenly the drums and kettle-drums announce the sanguinary triumph. A powerful chorus accompanied by brilliant instrumental music in D, 4-4, pronounces the words: *La victoire est à nous; le peuple est sauvé!* To this is united, with accompaniment of the orchestra which performs the famous "Ca ira," a four-part chorus 2-4, *allegro*, which sings the following verses, revolutionary both as regards words and music:—

"Nous t'offrons les débris d'un trône,
Sur ces autels, ô sainte Liberté.
De l'éternelle vérité
Ce jour enfin qui nous environne (?)
Rend tout un peuple à la félicité;
Par sa vertu, par sa fierté
Il conquiert l'équité.
L'armé nos héros la foudre qui tonne
L'annonce au loin à l'humanité.

A WOMAN (sola).

Mon fils vient d'expirer,
Mais je n'ai plus de roi!

Romance.

Il fut à son pas avant d'être à moi,
Et j'étais citoyenne avant d'être mère.
Mon fils! par tes vertus, l'honneur la posséder!"

Immediately after the last bar of the chorus: "Nous t'offrons les débris d'un trône," the noisy music of the "Ca ira" is again introduced. A soprano then sings two strophes of rampant republicanism commencing:—

"Ah! périsse l'idolâtrie
Qu'on voue à la royauté,
Terre ne soit qu'une patrie,
Qu'un seul temple à l'humanité," etc.

The following third strophe is sung by a tenor:

"Les Français qu'on forme à la guerre,
Appellent contre les tyrans
Les représentés de la terre
Du haut des palais fumants.
Les bords du Gange à ceux du Tibre,
Dieu! rends bientôt selon nos vœux
Tout homme un citoyen heureux,
Le genre humain un peuple libre."

The chorus repeats the last two lines, and then the baritone comes in with the recitative.

"Nous faisons son esclavage;
Ce grand jour en est le présage."

The work finishes with a brilliant coda of the chorus: "Nous t'offrons," etc., always accompanied by the music of "Ca ira."

On the day that the *Tocsin allégorique* was performed for the first time, the magnificent Cathedral was literally invaded by the crowd, and the Strasburgers, more or less old, said, in 1835, that the public was overpowered by indescribable enthusiasm. The cries of "Vive Pleyel!" "Vive la République!" resounded on all sides, and Pleyel was immediately freed from the custody of the gendarme, it being said that no one but a true patriot, and a foe to slavery could have produced such a master-piece. Of

* From *La Gazette Musicale*.

the numerous republican verses dedicated to Fleyel, the following are perhaps the least bad:—

"A PEYTEL.

"(Composéur des Peuples régénérés.)

"Ce qu'un mortel n'aurait jamais,
Ton Toccin aux peuples écrivit,
Foudroyant le vieux, le mauvais,
Il proclamait l'ÈRE NOUVELLE."

The success of this revolutionary composition increased with every performance. People flocked from far and wide to hear it, and Fleyel had never been so popular. What, however, did he do, in 1798, in the midst of his unasked-for triumph? Not wishing to lose his prestige, he suddenly disappeared, like a prudent musician, and went to London. Despite of this, the Toccin did not cease to be the rage. It was transported from the Cathedral Choir to the grand Mirror Concert Room, which was closed with it in 1798. The following year it was performed in the new room of the Réunion des Arts. Soon afterwards, however, nothing more was heard of this music of the New Era. The Consulate was not propitious to it; Bonaparte preferred for his governmental regimen calming to exciting music.

It is a somewhat remarkable fact that the seven bells selected by Fleyel for his Toccin allegorique, thanks to the musical purpose to which they were devoted, escaped the fate of the rest. Five were restored, after the re-establishment of the Christian religion, to their legitimate owners. One, which was accidentally taken to the Straßburg Theatre, perished in 1800, when that edifice was burnt down, and, lastly, the seventh, the one in F, was preserved in 1835 at the Office of the City Archives. A strange page in the history of music is this revolutionary work of Fleyel's!

DR. COREMANS.

Xines for Music.

"BROTHER JACK!"

(Copyright reserved.)

Why, brother Jack! What cheer, old boy?
I'm home for good—my flag is struck.
You're looking worn, and grey, old man,
And altogether out of luck.
We haven't met for many a year,
But now we meet again once more,
I'd like to see your dear old smile,
To greet me now I'm safe on shore.
We're brothers, ain't we, still, old man?—
Lord love us! what a time ago
Since we were curly-headed boys—
Dear heart! It makes my eyes overflow!
The kind old mother!—Jack, dy'e mind
The poor old soul's sad tears for me,
When to her heart she held me fast,
That day I first went off to sea?
And so she's gone, you tell me, Jack!
And things have mostly queer'd a bit—
The crops been bad; the cattle died;
And with it all you're sadly ill.
Taint all smooth sailing, Jack, dy'e see;
There's storms about for most poor men,
But keep her head well up to wind—
You'll mostly steer to port again.
We'll work the farm together, lad!
We'll rig anew the dear old home;
I'll blow my cloud, and spin a yarn
About the sea I used to roam.
And when the CAPTAIN'S signal comes,
To slip our cables, this our prayer:
That He'll in mercy take us both,
To join the dear old mother—there!

171, Gloucester Road, CHARLES J. ROWE.
Regent's Park, N. W.

It is reported from Cincinnati that Mr. Fechter will lose a leg by amputation, the result of his recent accident on the ice in that city. We hope that the report may prove incorrect.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

There were twenty-seven pieces—vocal and instrumental—in the programme of Mr. John Boosey's fifth concert, and a crowd as well as delighted audience managed to secure the acceptance of encores for all above nineteen. The repetition of others was asked, and hearty applause, in greater or less degree, fell to the lot of every one. After this bare statement of fact, it cannot be necessary to point out that the entertainment was a marked success; and when a ballad concert may be so described, a good deal may be involved in the way of thorough enjoyment, and almost childlike enthusiasm. It does one good to see Mr. Boosey's audience, what time, songs and singers are to the public taste, and encores are granted with promptitude, for then "killing care and grief of heart" have no lodgment in St. James's Hall.

It would be of little use to go through the programme item by item; let us, therefore, note only the chief successes, the greatest of which were gained by Mr. Santley. Our popular baritone first sang Hatto's "Fair is my love," for which he might have accepted an encore. His next song, Pimutti's "Free Lance," was imperatively re-demanded, as was the old Ballad about a "Leather Bottell." Responding on this last occasion, Mr. Santley gave two verses, but the audience were bent upon getting another song, out of their favourite, and gained "My Polly" for their pains. Mr. Lloyd was twice recalled after singing Sullivan's "Love laid his sleepless head," and had to repeat the same composer's "Once again," as well as Austin's "Roll-call." Other encores were awarded to Miss Edith Wynne and Miss Antoinette Sterling, while the services of Madame Osborne Williams, Miss Josephine Laurence (piano), and the London Vocal Union were received with every mark of appreciation. In short, the entertainment could not possibly have been a greater success.

VIENNA.—As the Intendant of the Imperial Operahouse declined to re-engage Mad. Friedrich Materna on the terms she demanded, namely, 17,000 florins a year, the lady has accepted an engagement at the Hamburg Stadttheater, the manager of which has consented to give her the terms in question.—On her return from her triumphant tour through Germany, Miss Minnie Hauke appeared here on one evening only, as Rosina, in *Il Barbiere*. In the singing-lesson scene she sang songs in three languages—English, Italian, and French.

ROME.—Fate has been singularly unkind, this season, to Sig. Jacovacci, the manager of the Apollo. The theatre was to have been opened with Aida, Signora Stolz, Sans, Signor Niccolini, Aldighieri, and Nannetti, sustaining the principal parts. Signora Sans was taken ill before reaching this capital, and it was determined to commence the season with *Les Huguenots*, executed by Signora Wiazack, Perinelli, Braccialini, Signor Niccolini and Castelnary. But Signora Wiazack, in her turn, was taken ill. The opening had to be deferred a day. At length, the theatre really did open, though Sig. Castelnary was somewhat indisposed the first night. The manager now determined that he would get up another opera, to alternate with *Les Huguenots*, so that he might give five performances a week, and thoroughly rehearse Aida. He chose *La Forza del Destino*, and confided the leading parts to Signora Stolz, Signor Masini, Aldighieri, Viganotti, and Nannetti. But a Preziozita was wanting. A week was lost in finding one. A lady was engaged at Milan, but found, at rehearsal, utterly incapable of performing the character. She was politely shown the stage-door, and Signora Passigli engaged in her stead. Everything now seemed to be going on admirably, when Sig. Masini fell ill. No sooner had he recovered, ere Signora Stolz was attacked. But she determined not to give in, and the curtain went up for the first performance of *La Forza del Destino*. The audience welcomed warmly Signora Stolz on her first appearance. They soon perceived, however, that she was suffering under a severe cold. Sig. Masini, also, was received with applause, but he, likewise, was labouring from the effects of indisposition. In the first act, after unheard-of efforts to continue, Signora Stolz was obliged to retire. The piece then proceeded without a prima donna, but, in the second act, Sig. Masini was again the necessity of following the example set by Signora Stolz. As an opera cannot be satisfactorily performed without the tenor as well as without the prima donna, the curtain had to be dropped. There was a tremendous disturbance in the theatre, and the only means of pacifying the audience was to return them their money. After this, the theatre was opened for three nights a week with *Les Huguenots* and a ballet. Sig. Masini, not getting better, cancelled his engagement. It is to be hoped that, when it is produced, Aida will compensate the manager for the ill-luck which has hitherto attended him this year.

WAIFS.

Mr Howard Paul is performing in the United States in connection with the Soldene Opera Troupe. He appears in a musical vaudeville written by himself, entitled, *Lucked Out*. Mr Paul returns to England in March or April.

We (*Arcaidians*) desired to have printed, in our musical department this week, the names of the members of the Philharmonic Society's orchestra, but when the composers had set up the first three—viz.: Lautenschlager, Wendelschaefer, and Pfeifferscheider, they struck, and refused to complete the list.

One of the new possums in Elizabeth arrested a negro last week, who resisted so stoutly that the officer splintered his club over his head. At his examination at the station-house he was asked whether the officer had struck him with his club. "No, sah; he said it's awah of," was the prompt reply.—*N. Y. World*.

Miss Neale Goode, Miss Bolingbroke, Mr Henry Guy, and Mr Henry Pope, all students at the Royal Academy of Music, will sing the quartet, "God is a Spirit," from *The Woman of Samaria*, at the next Monday Popular Concert, the first part of which is to be devoted to the compositions of Sterndale Bennett.

It is evident that the Boston Journal does not think it necessary that the person it sends to criticize performances of opera bouffe should understand French, as its critic recently got off these sentences: "Unfortunately, the enjoyment of the occasion was seriously marred by the want of libretto, these having failed to arrive from New York in season. Accordingly, although the story of the play may be made out, in a measure, by following the action, we will not venture to tell it, but await a more favourable opportunity."

Referring to Professor Oakley's New Funeral March and its recent performance in Edinburgh, the *Scotman* says:—

"A feature of the concert looked forward to with special interest was Professor Oakley's recently-written Funeral March, performed for the first time, and conducted, at the desire of the Choral Union, by the composer. It came into the programme, alas, with strange appropriateness, inasmuch as yesterday morning had brought the death of the very person to whom it was dedicated, the premature death of the greatest composer whom England has produced in the present generation. We would be disposed to assign the March a very high place among the writings of the present incumbent of our music chair. Impressive from beginning to end, it possesses a degree of originality which is extremely difficult of attainment in a composition of its class. The key is the same as that of Beethoven's famous march in the *F* minor symphony. C minor; the melody is entirely new, and very much varied, and the scoring displays an unusual command of orchestral resources. The wail of intense grief in the introduction, the deep sadness of the opening strain, where the measured tread of the mourners is so well suggested in the bass, the consoling ray of hope mingled with regret in the middle movement in the major key, and the less black despair on the recurrence of the original subject after the close of the trio, made themselves felt and appreciated."

It is a deeply interesting and noteworthy fact, that among all the busy workers in letters this day, possibly the most vigorous, and certainly not the least cheerful, are five men who have long since passed the grand climacteric, and who, with a single exception, have filled the allotted term of three score and ten years with unrelenting brain work. The long-lived and active spirits we refer to are none other than Victor Hugo, Carlyle, Emerson, Bryant, and Longfellow, whose average age equals the years of the present century, and whose memory still outlives many countries yet to come. One and all, they are apparently as eager, and, we rejoice to say, as capable for work, as they were half a century since. Hugo—whose life and writings were reviewed but lately at considerable length in our columns—is engaged, at his present age of seventy-three, on a great poem, entitled, "Les Quatre Ventes de l'Épique"; Carlyle, at seventy-four, is writing a "History of the Norse Kings"; Emerson, at seventy-two, is composing a "Critical Dissertation on Poesy"; Bryant and Longfellow, at the respective ages of eighty and sixty-eight, are producing verses which, as a writer in the *World* justly observes, present a pleasing contrast to the less hopeful plaints of our younger bards. The question then arises, What is it that moves men who have drunk unsatiatedly of fame, and who can appraise the bubble reputation at its true value—who it moves them to ply their pens at an age when they might be expected to find their chief delight in the undisturbed repose they have so fairly earned? Literature may have lost for them its early fascinations, but the ardent passion for work which accompanies genius is not to be either quenched or cooled. The glow of active intellects is radiated in work for the blessing of their fellows; and if Mr Bryant, being eighty years of age, sits down to humour the Muse that has so long attended him, he doubtless can plead what must be the reason of every inspired poet—

I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnet sing.

—*Arcaidian*.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has conferred the degree of Doctor in Music on William Henry Longhurst, Esq., Organist of Canterbury Cathedral.

The late Sir W. Sterndale Bennett's beautiful work, *The Women of Samaria*, was performed, on Monday evening last, at the Prince of Wales Assembly Rooms, by the Scarborough Amateur Vocal and Instrumental Society (conductor, Dr Sloman). In the miscellaneous selection, which formed the second part of the concert, was introduced a new song by Dr Sloman, "No Tidings," which was enthusiastically received by the large and distinguished audience.

NAPLES.—It is nearly certain that Sig. Musella will open the San Carlo without any grant from the Corporation. But everything depends on whether the chorus will, or will not, accept lower terms than last season. Should they consent, *I Parlati*, *Aida*, *La Forza del Destino*, and the ballet of *La Fuglia di Cleopatra*, are mentioned as among the works to be produced.

BRISBANE.—Subsequent performances have confirmed the favourable impression produced at the Royal Opera-house by Herr Richard Wüster's comic opera, *A-Ing-fu-hi*, on the first night of its production. Of the artists engaged in it, Herr Salomon and Madlle Lehmann most distinguished themselves. Herr Betz, Herr Bach, and Madlle Knecht, however, did not make as much of their parts as they might have done.—At the Friedrich-Wilhelm-Ländliches Theater, *Girolo-Girolo* alternates in the bills with *La Fille de Mad. Annot* and *Fledermaus*, but not one of these three works is very attractive. The management are said to have resolved on producing Lortzing's *Wilhelm Tell*, and, likewise, *Die beiden Schützen*. Should these prove successful, the management, it is further reported, will revive various operas by Dittusdorf, Schenk, Kater, Wagner, Müller, and others.—On the 10th April, when her engagement expires, Madlle Mallinger will leave the Royal Opera-house. She will not accept a fresh permanent engagement, but adopt the "starring" plan. In April, she will sing at the theatres in Dortmund and Straßburg. In May, she will sing in various operas by Herr Richard Wagner at Munich.—The principal items in the programme of Herr Joseph Wladimirsky's concert, on Tuesday evening, were: "Wanderer's Op. 15; several pieces by Chopin; Fugue in E minor, Handel; Gavotte, B minor, J. S. Bach; "Nocturne," J. Field; "Perpetuum mobile," C. M. von Weber; and various original compositions of the concert-giver.—Professor Stern being prevented by illness from conducting at the last Reichshallen-Concert, was replaced by Herr Jenks, who proved an efficient substitute. Dr Hermann Zopf, however, kindly conducted the "Fest-Overture" and the "Wanderer," and, having been successful had the fancy in it equalled the rendition. Madlle Langner gained golden opinions by her rendering of Jeno's air from Handel's *Semle*. Herr Michel Heris played Chopin's F minor Concerto. The second part of the concert was taken up exclusively by Schumann's E flat major Symphony.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

- ROBERT CHICKER & Co.—"The Harvest Song," transcribed for the pianoforte by G. F. West; "Sabrina," for the pianoforte, by W. S. Rockstroh; "Four Elfen," song, by Ciro Finetti; "Waiting for the swallow," song, by Ciro Finetti; "Christ walking on the sea," song, by W. F. Wrighton; "Memories of home," song, "Only to see thee," song, by Fabio Campana; "Vocal Quartet," No. 34, "Victoria," part-song, by Henry Smart; "A duet for two violoncellos," by P. J. Smith.
- J. B. CRAMER & Co.—"Sisette, the blind girl," song, in *The Two Orphans*, by J. E. Maitland; "Les Papillons," pour piano par Napoléone Viorio; "Open Sesame," love song, by Stephen Hawell; "Locuste," Romance, by O. Serpette.
- CHAPPELL & Co.—"The Tear," song, by L. Zverval.
- CRAMER & Co.—"At the Eastern gate," song, by Barthel Thyrill.
- E. L. KENDALL.—"My lady fair," song, by Fanny Susan Wynn; "The Little Birds," song, by Arthur H. Thomas; "The Life Chase," song, by E. Silas; "Woman's rule is still," song, from *The Autumn*, by E. L. Loder.
- LAMBORN COOK & Co.—"Improviser for the Pianoforte," "Larghetto and Fugue, for the Organ," by Wesley Richards.
- J. McDOWELL & Co.—"Air de Ballet," morose characteristic; "Andante Scherzo et Trio," pour le piano; "Joyous Spring," caprice, pour le piano; "Valse d'autre fois," feutillé d'album, par Clara Guttschall; "Romance de Garat," pour piano, par Clara Guttschall.
- WILLIAM MORLEY.—"Preciosa," serenade, composed by Leonard Barnes.
- NOVELLO, EWAS & Co.—"The Organist," Quarterly Journal, edited by William West.
- STANLEY LUCAS, WALKER & Co.—"The Path thro' the Snow," song, by Fredk E. Barnes.
- SHERBO & Co.—"Marche Heroique," for the pianoforte, by Jacob Bradford; "Fleur de Lys," pour le piano, par Edouard Noville; "The Fairies Ring," song, by T. G. H. Bailey; "Laughing Lips," valse brillante, by Richard F. H. Bailey; "The Little Boatman," song, by George R. Allen; "The world is what we make it," by Carlo Minard.
- JOSEPH WILLIAMS.—"Hallel Meek in G," arranged for the pianoforte, by F. B. Walden; "Sing again that dear old song," by Arthur Greenville; "From dark to dawn," song, by Elizabeth Philip; "The Last Serenade," song, by E. Faldin; "Havanna," pour piano, Transcription by Richard F. H. Williams; "Robin Adair, No. 2," "Maiden's Flower Song," No. 3; "Sweet Home"; "Serenade de Zanesio," pour piano, par Ch. Newsted; "Muset," for the pianoforte, by Benjamin Godard; "Flower Maiden," transcribed for the pianoforte by George Jackson; "Mouset de Bergame," pour piano, par Kermeuse, pour piano, par Auguste Durand.

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6. "Song of the Water" *Smart.*

BOOK II.

7. "Oh, boatman, row" *Dowdell.*
8. "Villages rising" *Waller.*
9. "Music of the night" *Hart.*
10. "I have my love" *Allen.*
11. "Hark! 'o'er the" *Waller.*

BOOK III.

12. "Now lightly we" *Balfe.*
13. "Hark! 'o'er the" *Balfe.*
14. "A palm of life" *Waller.*
15. "Araby's daughter" *Waller.*
16. "Come o'er the waters" *Waller.*
17. "Where the fairies" *Balfe.*

BOOK IV.

18. "The skylark" *Gilbert.*
19. "Hark! 'the Gondolier" *Waller.*
20. "Too late" *Waller.*
21. "When the moon" *Waller.*
22. "The sun has been" *Waller.*
23. "Bridal Chorus" *Waller.*

BOOK V.

24. "Merry minstrel" *Waller.*
25. "The evening" *Waller.*
26. "Lightly, softly" *Waller.*
27. "With song of bird" *Waller.*
28. "Happy as the day" *Waller.*
29. "The red cross banner" *Waller.*

BOOK VI.

30. "The distant bell" *Waller.*
31. "The sunset bell" *Waller.*
32. "Who'll follow" *Waller.*
33. "Step on" *Waller.*
34. "On the summer night" *Waller.*
35. "O hear ye not" *Waller.*

BOOK VII.

36. "Sea flowers" *Waller.*
37. "Forest home" *Waller.*
38. "Warbler of the forest" *Waller.*
39. "Thoughts of home" *Waller.*
40. "Welcome Spring" *Waller.*
41. "The noisy mill" *Waller.*

BOOK VIII.

42. "Faith" *Waller.*
43. "The Spring" *Waller.*
44. "Charity" *Waller.*
45. "Fairly into" *Waller.*
46. "The Barrow" *Waller.*
47. "Let us haste to the" *Waller.*

BOOK IX.

48. "The Village Church" *Waller.*
49. "Come, waters, come" *Waller.*
50. "Fairly into" *Waller.*
51. "Morning" *Waller.*
52. "Evening" *Waller.*
53. "Sleep, gentle" *Waller.*

BOOK X.

54. "The Rhine Boat" *Waller.*
55. "Angels that around" *Waller.*
56. "The Spring" *Waller.*
57. "Through the grass" *Waller.*
58. "Our happy valley" *Waller.*
59. "Homed to the Home" *Waller.*

BOOK XI.

60. "Happy, smiling faces" *Waller.*
61. "Faint flowers" *Waller.*
62. "Floods of the dawn" *Waller.*
63. "At our spinning wheel" *Waller.*
64. "How can we ring" *Waller.*
65. "The standard waves" *Waller.*

BOOK XII.

66. "A spring sun peepeth out" *Waller.*
67. "The storm" *Waller.*
68. "Lightly, softly" *Waller.*
69. "Over woodland, over plain" *Waller.*
70. "Flower softly, flow" *Waller.*
71. "How bravely" *Waller.*

BOOK XIII.

72. "Puzzling" *Waller.*
73. "Softly now" *Waller.*
74. "The Night Bell" *Waller.*
75. "Dancing Sunbeams" *Waller.*
76. "Fair and fertile valley" *Waller.*
77. "Friedrich" *Waller.*

BOOK XIV.

78. "Our Vesper Hymn" *Waller.*
79. "Our last farewell" *Waller.*
80. "Flower Greeting" *Waller.*
81. "Hark the Pilot" *Waller.*
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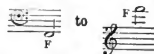


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VOL. 53.—No. 8.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1875.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT.—THIS DAY. The programme will include: Overture, "Seraglio" (Mozart); Piano Concerto (Brahms); Symphony in B minor, No. 9, unfinished (Schubert); "Festral Overture" (Kreba), first time in England. Vocalists—Madame Pary and Mr Edward Lloyd. Pianoforte—Miss Maria Kreba. Conductor—Mr MAX N. Transferrable stalls for the remaining Nine Concerts, One Guinea. Stalls for single Concert, Half-a-Crown.

BRITISH ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.—Patron, H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, K.G.—THE THIRD SERIES OF CONCERTS will take place at ST JAMES'S HALL, on WEDNESDAY Evenings, viz.—March 10, 21, April 1, 21, May 5, 19. Conductor—MR GEORGE MCKAY. Subscription, £1 11s. 6d. and £1 1s. Single tickets, 7s. 6s. 3s. 1s. Lucas, Weber & Co.; Cramer; Lamborn Cook; Mitchell; Chappell; Gilliver; Keith & Prosser; A. Hay; and Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall.

BRITISH ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.—By Special Desire (under the immediate Patronage of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, K.G. and Her Imperial Highness the Duchess of Edinburgh), the Programme of the FIRST CONCERT (March 10) will consist entirely of Works by SIR W. STERNDALE BENNETT.

BRIGHTON.—MR KUHE'S MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—This day (Feb. 20), Handel's *Messiah*. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Julia Elton, Mr Pearson, Mr Lewis Thomas, and Mr Sims Bayes. Solo Trumpet—Mr T. Harper. Conductor—Mr F. Kingsbury. Monday, Feb. 23, the Festival will conclude with Haydn's *Creation*. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr E. Lloyd, and Mr Lewis Thomas. Organ—Mr B. Taylor. Chorus—Brighton Sacred Harmonic Society. Conductor—Mr Kuhe.

FRIDAY NEXT.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.—Conductor—Sir MICHAEL COSTA. FRIDAY, FEB. 21, MACFARLANE'S Oratorio "JOHN THE BAPTIST." Madame Sherrington, Madame Pary, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Mr Stanley. Organist—Mr Wiling. Tickets now ready, 3s., 6s., and 10s. 6d., at 6, Exeter Hall.

MR HENRY WEBBS

SECOND ORATORIO AND CONCERT TOUR (1875) will commence March 24th. Vocalists—Miss Joe Sherrington, Madame Pary, Mr Nelson Varley, and Mr Wadmore. Instrumentalists: Violin—Madame Varley-Liedt. Piano—Mrs. The Concerts of the Society afford an excellent opportunity for rising Artists to make their first appearance in public. Full particulars and Prospects may be had on application to H. U. HOFFER, Hon. Sec.

MR LANDSOWNE COTTELL'S OPERA COSTUME CONCERT TOUR (by his Pupils and eminent Artists) will re-commence the 24th of February, at the Corn Exchange, Bedford. Production of a New Opera written and composed by LANDSOWNE COTTELL, entitled "THE ARCHEAN." The Music is splendid and fine; Messrs H. Kemble, F. Forrest, and Ramsacott. —C. Ray, Sec., 37, Abbey Road, N.W.

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SCHUBERT SOCIETY, BRETHERTON ROOMS, 27, Harley Street, W. President—Sir JULIAN BENNETT. Founder and Director—Herr KREUTER. NINTH SEASON, 1874.—THE FIRST CONCERT will take place on the 24th of February next. The Concerts of the Society afford an excellent opportunity for rising Artists to make their first appearance in public. Full particulars and Prospects may be had on application to H. U. HOFFER, Hon. Sec.

MANCHESTER AND SALFORD GRAND VOCAL FESTIVAL, EASTER MONDAY AND TUESDAY, March 29 and 30, at the ROTAL PALACE FOLIO. Competition of Choral, Choral Societies, Glee Clubs, Solo Singers, &c. 2200 in Prices. Chorus about 100 persons, can be engaged for Concerts and Meetings on Afternoons and Evenings throughout the year. For terms and dates, apply to Mr T. EVANS, Lessee; or to the Secretary, at the Office, 4, Langham Place, Regent Street North.

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ROYAL ALBERT HALL CHORAL SOCIETY. TUESDAY next, Feb. 23, at Eight o'clock, MR EDWARD MURRAY's "ELIJAH." Madame Marie Rose, Miss Annetta Sterling, Mr Whitely. Organist—Dr. Stoddart. Conductor—MR BARNBY. Tickets 7s. 6s. 3s. 1s. Admission, One Shilling; at NOVELLO, 1, Berners Street, and 35, Postley; and at the Royal Albert Hall.

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MR ORLANDO CHRISTIAN (Basso) begs to announce his Return to Town, and requests that all letters respecting ENGAGEMENTS may be addressed, 5, Chapel Place, Cavendish Square, W.

SIGNOR FOLI begs to announce his Return to England on March 12th. Address, until March 7th, to Opera Italian, Moscow.

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ROYAL ALBERT HALL CONCERTS.

The programme of the Popular Concert on Saturday night last presented the usual assortment of songs and ballads—most of them well known and all calculated to please the common ear. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington was in commission, her first song being one called the "Wren's nest," written by her husband, M. Lemmens, and which she made interesting, notwithstanding the somewhat dry quality of the music. "John Anderson, my Jo," was her subsequent offering, and from the lips of our accomplished vocalist this famous Scotch song is always fresh and unfading. Miss Antoinette Sterling, in whose excellent singing the public take so much natural delight, was in her accustomed place, and gave a new song, done for her, in the old ballad fashion, by Blumenthal, designated the "Lament of the border widow," which touched the sensibilities of the auditory as keenly as such simple ditties invariably do, when rendered with earnestness and feeling. In reply to the encore which followed, she gave Miss Macrone's pretty "Lullaby." Mr. Barnby's lately-written song, "When the tide comes in," is another of those pathetic effusions to which Miss Antoinette Sterling is wont to give the utmost expression, and to look for an inevitable flat of repetition. Miss Annie Sinclair, who had previously given the "Jewel song" from *Faust*, descended presently to the humbler story of the "Balliff's daughter of Ialington," in which, as well as in "Robin Adair," she displayed much good taste as a singer of the household ballads of the olden school. Mr. W. H. Cummings, always sure of a cordial welcome, was encored in Roedel's sentimental song, "Only for thee," and again in a new song by Blumenthal, called "Yes," the graceful piquancy of which will no doubt bring it into domestic request. Mr. Cummings was also announced to sing "Sally in our alley." Mr. Whitney is another of the Albert Hall favourites. His performances on the present occasion were an old German drinking song, "Down deep within the cellar," versified by John Oxenford; Barnby's "Bells of St Etheldred," and Balf's air, "The heart bowed down"—a series well chosen to please an audience addicted to the lightest of vocal matters. The selected chorists of the Albert Hall were agreeably employed in the several part-songs set down for them. Among their best efforts were Pearall's well-known madrigal, "Who shall win my lady fair," which they had to repeat, and a harmonised version of the "Blue Bells of Scotland." The singing of these vocalists is invariably neat and finished, and pleasant to hear. M. Wilhelm is fast making a name in this country. Nothing more beautiful, each in its way, could have been heard than his respective deliveries of Ernst's passionate *Elégie*, and his own paraphrase of a *Larghetto* by Chopin. In the latter he was not only recalled, but encored. Mr. Randegger accompanied most of the vocal music.

The scheme of the Classical concert on Tuesday evening contained some interesting features. There were, for instance, Auber's sparkling overture written for the opening of the International Exhibition of 1862—the only one of the special compositions that may be said to have survived the occasion; one of Paganini's eight violin concertos, Sterndale Bennett's ever charming *Paradise and the Peri*, and Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor—"the mingled grandeur and loveliness of which," to quote the words of the accomplished writer of the notes in the official programme, "must ever provoke discontent at its fragmentary character." The delivery of these several works was everything that could be wished, and proclaimed emphatically the superior quality and discipline of Mr. Barnby's large body of instrumentalists. The violin concerto afforded Herr Wilhelm another opportunity of displaying—all that it was doubtless derived for—his mastery command over difficulties, the power of dealing with which Paganini probably fancied would have died with himself. But Paganini's mantle has been worn again and again, and by few more successfully than by Herr Wilhelm. Abounding in bravura, passages not wanting at times in gracefulness of shape and motive, the interpretation of the concerto divulged Herr Wilhelm's consummate ability in the most remarkable manner, and more than ever confirmed the excellent impression it has been his fortune to make upon the public mind. In the second part Herr Wilhelm was heard in another and very different field of art, and raised a tumultuous and not easily quelled storm of approbation by his reading of

Bach's *Chaconne* in D minor. In force, clearness, and accuracy of development, this performance was unquestionably one of the chief events of the evening. The new tenor, Herr Werrenrath, did himself honour by his delivery of Mendelssohn's lovely *aria* from *St Paul*, "Be thou faithful unto death." A tender, sympathetic voice, wholly devoid of the ordinary German hardness of quality, and used with refined taste, is his chief credential, and will probably win him favour. He was not quite so successful in his rendering of "Adelaide," which, though sung with abundant expression, lacked something of the power in the upper notes to which we are accustomed. Miss Antoinette Sterling gave a couple of *Lieder* by Beethoven, in her own effective manner, to the skilful accompaniment of Mr Willem Coenen.

D. H. H.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

Yesterday's Saturday Concert at the Crystal Palace was signalized by the first appearance this season of the great violinist, Herr Joachim, whose appearance on the platform was the signal for rounds of enthusiastic cheering. His opening piece was Spohr's "Recitative, Adagio, and Allegro, for solo violin and orchestra (Concerto No. 6)," last performed at these concerts by Herr Straus, in November, 1873. Herr Joachim has never played better than in this Concerto yesterday. It is needless to say how magnificently he executed the most difficult violin passages, or how he played double scales and double octaves with apparent ease. The idea of difficulty, in fact, never disturbs his audience, and they are able to enter into the fullest enjoyment of the music he plays, without the slightest fear that elaborate intricacies may fail to be surmounted. His mastery of *technique* is not, however, by any means his highest merit. His playing is conspicuous for intellectuality. He seizes the intentions of his author, and makes them clear to his auditors by his admirable interpretation; and his phrasing might be advantageously studied by vocalists as well as violinists. No verbal description can convey an idea of the exquisite manner in which he played the *Adagio* of Spohr's Concerto. His second piece was a "Notturmo in A," for solo violin, with accompaniment of viola, violoncello, contrabass, oboe, and horn (Op. 12), composed by himself. As a composition it hardly bore the contrast with Spohr's Concerto. The orchestration was effective, but there was an absence of sustained melody. A number of phrases followed each other without any apparent design, and the general effect was vague and unsatisfactory. Of course the deficiencies of the composer were partly compensated by the merits of the performer, and Herr Joachim played the Notturmo exquisitely, receiving on this, as on the previous occasion, a hearty recall. The concert commenced with an orchestral "suite" of pieces in C, by J. S. Bach, very quaint and interesting, and concluded with Beethoven's No. 4 Symphony in B flat, which was faultlessly played by the fine band of the Palace. The vocal music was contributed by Miss Sophie Löwe and Mr Henry Guy, and Mr Manns was an able and zealous conductor.

BAGNESA.—The grand gala performance of *Les Huguenots* to celebrate the marriage of the Princess Louise was repeated the day after the nuptials for the benefit of the non-paying public, the theatre being thrown open gratuitously. The part of Valentine was entrusted to Madlle Feruci, of the Grand Opera, Paris, who was especially engaged by M. Camponasso. The other principal parts were sustained by Madlle Hamsekere, Mlle Eshott, Warot, and Devoyod, *La Perle du Brésil* is certainly not a success. A great deal of trouble expended in getting it up will, apparently, have been completely thrown away. It is to be hoped that *La Reine de Chypre*, still in preparation, will be more successful.

COPENHAGEN.—After the performance at the Royal Opera of the operetta, *Frøimønstret*, says the *Bertingske Tidende*—the Swedish singer, Mlle Victoria Bunsen, appeared and gave three compositions by Rossini, Meyerbeer, and Donizetti. Mlle Bunsen possesses more than ordinary vocal powers. With a powerful voice and an excellent school she has formed a contralto of rare sympathetic quality and great extension. In the air by Meyerbeer, and still more in the great air from Rossini's *Cenerentola*, the singer had an excellent opportunity to show her ability. The most difficult passages she sang with a correctness and pureness which electrified the audience, who greeted her with hearty applause. Finally, Mlle Bunsen sang with great effect the *Brindisi* from *Luceria Borgina*.

BRIGHTON MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

Brighton started its Festival in a sullen mood; perhaps it was unfortunate it had to commence the Lent season at the same time, for it was evident that it could not change its condition from grave to gay with the requisite rapidity. Everything seemed penitential. The lines of buildings from east to west were mournfully draped in mists, expressing thereby contrition for the many vanities practised in the drives and walks at their feet. The Marine Parade, apparently, was doomed to the severest penance; its houses perched upon the tall cliff looked as sulkily as a row of big children put in disgrace upon the highest stool in a school. The sea likewise observed Lent in its own fashion. It hid its face from the sight of man, and moaned away from morn till night, and night till morn, in sullen cadences; instead of making sweet silvery music with its foamy fingers on the pebbles, rivaling thereby Æolus touching his harp strings, it threw the stones with harsh noise upon the beach, as if they were petrified tears of sulky rage. The sky also was very sad and grave. Fogs from the sea and fogs from the land were mixed and churned together by a cruel east wind, through which the church bells rolled as dismally as fog bells upon a rock-bound coast. Did the sirens ever visit those shores? If they did, they came and went with the swallows. Their visits, however, would scarcely be acceptable to Brighton matrons. Would they not go in deputation to the Mayor to seek his authority to prevent their descent upon the coast? For hear what their poet saith of them:—

"Where the sirens dwell you plough the seas:
Their song is death, and makes destruction please.
Unbless the men whom music wins to stay:
Nigh the curst shore, and listen to the lay:
No more that wretch shall view the joys of life,
His blooming offspring, or his beauteous wife."

Such creatures are certainly not fit for a wife's quiet tea party. No! should they appear they must be driven away, for they would bring dismay and desolation to Brighton hearths and homes. There is a strange story circulating in the King's Road, that the fish have been driven away by the German bands, to the ruin of the fisherman's craft; and that the authorities send out, far into the deep sea, for fish, and keep them for a time in the Aquarium tanks to hear other music, and then cunningly drop them into the sea again, to report that the disease which made the fish sick had vanished. It is very desirable the fish should return, for do they not teach man wisdom! Is it not a well-known fact that the study, afforded by the Aquarium, of the calm ways of those creatures of cool blood, have taught bipeds of a better nature true philosophy and morality? Mr Kuhe, however, enticeth not fish; the musical baits he offers are those used by fishers of men, and what tempting and varied morsels he fastens to his many lines—every taste is accommodated with the richest and most cunningly adapted means for gratification. Bach's *Passion* for those who assume the severely classical, Handel's *Messiah* as an exercise for the robust musical Christian, and Haydn's *Creation* for those charmed by the preet flowers of melody. What a triumvirate, Bach, Handel, and Haydn! The three sirens of Greece—Parthenope, Ligeia, and Leucosia—were common street ballad singers compared to those mighty bards. A Beethoven symphony also is offered for those of the sublimest fancy—those who think the lute of Orpheus itself was but a poor dull thing in comparison with the majestic lyre of Beethoven, that Jupiter of music who rules the entire realm of sound, whose muse soars far up to the highest heavens, moves and expresses the passions which sway the breasts of mortals, and even snatches mysterious shadows from the realms of Hades.

Mr Kuhe, bountifully patronises living composers. The oratorios: *Naaman*, by Costa, and *St John the Baptist*, by Macfarren, are in the programme; also the overtures: *The Tempest*, by Benedict, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, by Barnett, and *Di Ballo*, by Sullivan. The deceased masters, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Schubert, together with Sterndale Bennett, the English master, now unanimously mourned by us, are represented. During the Festivals, twenty vocalists, headed by Sims Reeves, are announced to sing. A fine body of instrumentalists, led by

M. Sainton, form a splendid orchestra; and the Brighton Sacred Harmonic Society, trained and directed by Mr R. Taylor, execute the choruses. It is a strange fact that no composition by Kuhe is in the scheme. What a remarkable act of self-denial! It deserves notice, if not imitation. The question is asked, "Why are all these attractions now offered, all these delicious baits hooked, when the big fish of Brighton are away; when the east wind empties the streets, and Lent fills the churches; when boards, with 'Lodgings to let' printed thereon, are seen in every part of the town as thick as blackberries in autumn fields, and the fashionable season is utterly dead and gone?" Most persons in their experience have enjoyed the hour when the principal guests have departed from the feast, and the host has taken them to some cosy room to partake of the delights of intimate friendship, and to revel in those pleasures which the dazling crowd could not appreciate nor participate in. So, likewise, should Mr Kuhe's fellow-citizens value his efforts to afford them a noble entertainment when the fashionable and pleasure-seeking world has flown. He has kept his good wine until now, and freely offers it to his friendly patrons and neighbours.

The Festival commenced on Tuesday, the 9th instant, with a symphony by Papa Haydn. Mr Kuhe played in brilliant style Weber's *Concert-stück*, and M. Sainton rendered Mendelssohn's violin concerto with all the verve, brilliancy, taste and power that has ever distinguished his performances. A tribute of respect was paid to the memory of the late Sir Sterndale Bennett on the same occasion. On the Thursday following Bach's *Passion* music was performed for the first time in Brighton. The many perplexities and difficulties of this truly grand work were surmounted with more or less freedom. The choir achieved therein its greatest success; their conductor, Mr R. Taylor, led them nobly on to victory. Whether the oratorio was understood and appreciated by the audience could not be well ascertained, as they gave no audible signs of admiration. On Friday morning Benedict's overture *The Tempest* was the novelty of the concert. The appearance of the worthy knight on the platform was the signal for applause which increased tenfold at the termination of his fanciful work. He seemed to have realised the powers of a musical Prospero, calling forth at his will troops of fairies to sport hither and thither; and our old friend Caliban described his clammy carcase about at the master's command. The description of the storm was powerfully graphic. Beethoven's symphony in C minor was admirably rendered, and Schumann's concerto in A minor gave unqualified delight by its many beauties, its masterful treatment and highly poetic colouring. A little Kreisler played the pianoforte part superbly—just perception and unerring skill. Sir Sterndale Bennett's overture commenced the concert, and more than ever convinced the listener that he was the foremost English composer of his day and generation. It was ably conducted by Mr F. Kingsbury, the indispensable and versatile conductor of Mr Kuhe at the conductor's desk. *Naaman* was given on Saturday morning, and drew to the Dome a large and enthusiastic audience. Whenever and wherever Sir Michael Costa conducts, a powerful, masterly, and refined performance is certain; and his remarkable gifts were doubly felt in his own oratorio. *Naaman* is a work that has undoubtedly added fame to its author. In it he has seized upon the characteristic form, tone, and colour of the story. To flowing melodies he has joined descriptive powers, and to skill in orchestration, fervency of thought, feeling, and intonation. The audience were delighted, and did not attempt to conceal their feelings. Last Monday was a popular night, and included Sullivan's characteristic and charming *Overture di Ballo*. In Tuesday evening's programme, Barnett's *Lay of the Last Minstrel* formed a prominent number. The beauty of this composition places its author in the very front rank of our young English musicians. Wagner's overture to *Tannhäuser* was a feast for those fond of something "thick in the mouth." Mr Kuhe played Mendelssohn's Rondo in B minor with the most effective results. On Thursday night, Macfarren's *St John the Baptist* was produced, under the safe conduct of Sir Michael Costa. The author, in this work, has not only attained the height of his great argument, but has reached the summit of enduring fame. Its merits will live long after the plaudits of his generation are silent. This morning, Handel's *Messiah* will be performed. The Festival

will conclude with Haydn's *Creation* on Monday next, avowedly given for the benefit of Mr Kube. The founder and sole manager of the Brighton Festival surely deserves hearty recognition for his efforts in the cause of music, and his courage in facing defeat and pecuniary loss year after year. The Festival will, may it, become an established institution, and he can proudly say, "alone I did it." If he gains not riches thereby, he must assuredly secure the esteem, thanks, and praise of all true lovers of music, who may apply to him, in common with all who follow the art with singleness of purpose, the language of the poet of antiquity:—

"Unsterblich bleibst."

He whom the muses love. A melting voice
Flows ever from his lips; and is there one
Whose aching heart some sudden anguish wrings?
But lo! the bard, the muse's minister,
Awakes the strain; he sings the mighty deeds
Of men of yore; the praise of blessed gods
In heaven; and straight, though stricken to the soul,
He shall forget, our anguish of all his griefs.
Remember

Would that poems were negotiable at bankers.

PENCERDD GWFFYN.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

The Council of the Senate has issued a report as to the Professorship of Music. Upon inquiry it appears that there is no deed of foundation and no endowment, the Professorship having been founded by a Grace of the Senate in 1684, but no stipend having been assigned. The duty of examining the exercises of Bachelors and Doctors of Music devolves upon the Professor. Lectures in Music have occasionally been given, but they do not appear to have been obligatory. In 1867 a recommendation was made and approved by the Senate that every facility should be given for the delivery of such lectures, and the expense in connexion therewith should be paid from the chest. In February, 1868, a stipend of £100 per annum was assigned to the late Sir W. Sterndale Bennett so long as he remained Professor. The mode of election on the last vacancy was *more burgensium*—that is, by the votes of the whole body of the members of the Senate—and at present no alteration is proposed. The Council recommend that a stipend of £200 be assigned to the next Professor so long as he holds office; that the new Professor be required to give a course of not less than four lectures in music annually in the University, the cost of illustrating these lectures, subject to the approval of the Vice-Chancellor, being defrayed from the chest; that the course be delivered gratis, and that the Professor be not authorised to charge any fees to candidates for degrees in Music. The election of the Professor to be *more burgensium*. The Vice-Chancellor invites the attendance of members of the Senate to discuss these recommendations on Thursday, in the Art School, immediately after the congregation.

Mr G. A. Macfarren, the Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, has issued a circular to the members of the Senate, soliciting election to the vacant Professorship. He promises, if elected, not only to act as Examiner for Musical Degrees, but also to deliver lectures, such as he hopes might prove useful to resident musical students, and would endeavour, to the best of his power, to advance the study of music in the University.

Cambridge, Feb. 16.

ORGAN RECITAL.

The following is the programme of the fourth organ recital, by Mr W. T. Best, on Wednesday evening, 10th February, in the New Town Hall, Bolton, on the new grand organ built by Messrs Gray and Davison:—

Overture, *Mazurka*—Auber; Serenade, "When the moon is brightly shining"—Mozart; Organ Sonata (No. 1, F minor), Allegro moderato, Adagio, Andante Recitativo, Allegro assai vivace—Mendelssohn; Tema con Variazioni, for the Organ—J. Lemmens; Invitation pour la Vierge—Weber; Schiller-Fest—March—Meyerbeer.

The hall was very well attended, and the audience very attentive.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From the "Hour.")

The concert of last Monday evening was associated with a programme presented as a tribute of respect to the talents of England's most distinguished composer, the late Sir Sterndale Bennett, and constituted the first artistic monument raised to his memory. The compositions which were performed have on many occasions bent the heads of listeners in acknowledgment of the genius which permeated them, and made voices eloquent in praise of the great musicianship, which adorns them. But sorrow as well as admiration affected the audience of last evening, and eyes which used to glisten with delight while listening to the musical tales unfolded by our great English composer, were dimmed with tears as strain after strain appealed to the musical sense, and stirred the secret springs of mental emotion.

Applause grated harshly on the ear as the voice of one so dear to the musical profession and the whole musical world spoke in the sweet language of his art. Perfect silence would, doubtless, have best become the occasion, but it might have been misinterpreted, so the mode of expressing sympathy with a national bereavement found few objectors, and the sentiment which actuated the audience was regarded in the light of homage to a great name.

Criticism would be entirely out of place in the notice of this performance, even had it been open to it from a musical point of view. Happily, Mr Arthur Chappell, with his usual sound judgment and artistic perception brought to bear upon the work, presented some of the first talent of the day, and so made his highly-esteemed tribute one which it would be difficult to surpass.

One remark may, perhaps, be permitted in connection with this performance, which is, that those who doubted must have been convinced on Monday evening that some, if not all, of the works of Sir Sterndale Bennett are destined to survive the recollection of his personality. To a name so long honoured, and crowned with many highly-prized rewards, posterity, we are convinced, will not hesitate to affix its seal of renown, and Time, the touchstone of all that is true and noble, may be trusted to write in indelible letters the glorious word Immortal on works which almost point to inspiration.

Sterndale Bennett.

IN MEMORIAM.

Thou art gone! thou bright and beautiful star,
Thou art gone to thy heavenly rest,
To join in the music of saints above,
And lean on thy Saviour's breast.
No more shall we see thy welcoming smile,
Nor list to thy gentle voice;
Thy work on earth is but too soon o'er,
And now the angels rejoice.
But thy memory ever shall fade from earth,
For the works thou hast left behind
Are gems, such as Britain is proud to own,
Be-spaking the master-mind.
They are tied with sadness—can it be
That in youth thou wert called to part
With thy nearest on earth, thy parents dear,
Then—with two bosom friends of thine art?
Retiring thou wert, thy only fault
Was thine effort to bloom unseen,
But thy talents burst forth, and would not be hid,
Fit king to thine own "May Queen."
We mourn thee deeply, our hearts are sad,
That thy short course on earth is run;
But may He who hath called thee to us say,
"Not our will, but *Thine* be done."

12th Feb, 1875.

VIOLET.

KIEL.—Herr Joachim has been requested by the Committee of Management to direct the grand Musical Festival to be given here on the 4th and 6th of July.

THE CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

AN ORCHESTRAL FOCUS.

(From "Journal and Jottings," by Henry W. Gooden.)

One of the grandest and most impressive events I have ever been a participant in was the coronation of Her Majesty at Westminster Abbey, June 28, 1838. I was then studying at the Royal Academy of Music, and had been there for about nine months. Four of the principal students on the male side, and four on the female side were engaged to attend the ceremony, as members of the State Band and Choir; and as I was the principal violoncellist, and a sub-professor at the time, I was one of the selected eight. When the letter arrived from Sir George Smart, the conductor, offering me the engagement, the glow of delight it gave me was of the rosiest tint, and delicious in its intensity; and, as it was accompanied with an order to go to a celebrated tailor, in St. James's Street, to be measured for a handsome State uniform that was to be worn on the occasion, the notion of my first appearance in life in a cocked hat, a red coat trimmed with gold lace and purple velvet, coronation buttons, white kerseymere knee breeches, silk stockings, pumps and buckles, gave me such an amazing picture of myself in gay reality, and suggested a pardonable amount of vanity at that age, at the figure I should make in my imaginary magnificence; besides, to be one of the actors in such a scene of history was to have a recollection worth retaining for the rest of my life.

The evening previous to the day of the ceremony, I and one of my comrades called out to endeavour to engage two Hackney coaches, and found the jockey appreciated the opportunity of raising their fares so cleverly that we could get nothing to convey us to the scene of action for less than a sovereign each—the usual fare for the distance being about two shillings. We engaged the coaches, and ordered the coachman to be at the Royal Academy of Music with them at six o'clock the next morning, as, according to our directions, we were to be at Westminster Abbey, in the orchestra, at eight.

We naturally arose at five, and did not want calling. We had promised to show ourselves in a certain part of the playground at 5.30, at the request of the young ladies on the other side of the house, who were desirous of contemplating us in our peacock's feathers, and could accomplish that object by rising unusually early, and appearing at their windows at the appointed time; and so much excitement did this inspection cause, that they were crowded by the envious damsels who were not going with us, certainly not in the most attractive condition of toilets—curl-papers and night-caps being a predominant feature in their head-dress—all having hurried from their somniferous repose, with their eyes scarcely in a condition to see clearly, none having adorned themselves in any way for general admiration, so dear to the fair sex. This "*leer de rideaux*" over the sherry-flask and sandwich-box looked to (as we were advised that all the refreshment we should get would be what we brought), off we started for the Abbey, two gentlemen and two ladies in each coach, the ladies dressed in pure white muslin, made high up in the neck, without a ribbon or an ornament of any sort, either on their dress or in their hair—that being the order from the Lord Chamberlain's Office—which caused no end of vexation and annoyance, as it was such an effective extinguisher to their desire to show their taste, and exercise their attractive power in decorative effect.

Our prescribed route took us through Oxford Street, Hyde Park, to the Corner, down Constitution Hill to St. James's Park, and a special entrance to the Abbey, where we arrived at about 7.30—the crowds of carriages, even at that time of the morning, making our journey a very slow one. On our way we were honoured by the constant salutes of the sentries, who, seeing our cocked hats and uniforms, thought they carried military distinction under them. As there was no opportunity of arguing the matter and convincing them that they were acting under an exaggerated impression of our importance, we accepted the compliment and returned the salutes, and put up with the unlooked-for attention with calm serenity.

When we walked into the Crypt, where the members of the State Band assembled, we found many of our comrades there, criticising each other's appearance in so gorguous and unusual a

condition of costume, and amusing each other by their unrestrained personal remarks. Old Dragonetti had walked from his residence in Leicester Square, and had covered his silk stockings with a pair of black socks, that they might not get splashed; he wore a great coat over his uniform, and a skull cap of velvet, and looked a strange figure. His principal anxiety seemed to be in the care of his snuff-box which he carried in his hand, and to the contents of which he devoted himself to the enjoyment of continually. Lindley, the violoncellist, had preferred walking to being driven, and appeared in his great coat and without his cocked hat, which he left at home as a very unnecessary article of use in the matter of violoncello playing; and as he did not wear it, he saw the street boys could not laugh at him as he did; so his usual black beaver did duty. Watkins, the principal second violin, had padded his calves unequally; consequently one was bigger than the other; and Gratton Cooke, the hautboy player,—the wag of the profession at this time—seized a favourable opportunity to stick a pin into the one more fully developed, which the owner carried about with him in the most unfeeling manner, not at all understanding the chaffing he was subjected to. As the clock struck eight, we ascended the steps leading to the orchestra, which was erected in front of the organ-screen, with the instrument as a back-ground, and the House of Commons' gallery facing it, over the altar at the opposite end of the choir, where a blaze of decorative effect greeted our sight in the arrangement of the choir below, the pillars right and left, the seats for the expected company, the heraldic escutcheons and banners, the throne, the altar, etc., all glowing with gorgeous brightness and colour. As the guests arrived, and were shown to their places by the Earl Marshal's men, amongst whom I recognised my friend William Walmale, the clerk of the journals of the House of Lords, our interest was constantly kept alive by the brilliancy of the ladies' toilets, the gems they wore, their own beauty, the splendid uniforms of the men, the State dresses of the officials, and the appearance of European celebrities of our own country, and from all the kingdoms that sent their ambassadors extraordinary to represent them, dressed in the court and national costumes of the countries they represented.

As they walked up the choir their personal popularity was tested by the reception they met with from the assembled company. When the Duke of Wellington appeared, the clapping of hands was very enthusiastic, and was only equalled when Marshal Soult, accompanied by his suite, presented himself. The two great warriors shook hands most cordially when they met each other, and it was reported that the Duke reminded the Marshal that he had been endeavouring to catch him all the time they were commanding opposing armies, and had always failed, and at last, on this peaceful occasion, he had succeeded. There was one of the handsomest men I ever saw belonging to the Greek Embassy, dressed in the picturesque costume of the country he represented, who received a flattering ovation, but I could not ascertain who he was. Thus occupied and amused, the time until eleven o'clock passed so quickly, with the constant interest that was sustained until that hour by the unceasing arrivals, and the excitement that was caused by the guests' endeavours to find and settle themselves in their appointed places, that when the booming of the guns in St. James's Park announced the departure of the Queen and her cortege from Buckingham Palace on her way to Westminster Abbey, and the low reverberating tap of Sir George Smart's *baton* on his desk gave the signal for us to settle ourselves in our places, we found three hours had passed so quickly that we were quite unconscious of the time that had elapsed.

At 11.30 Her Majesty, attended by the officers of State and the ladies of her court, arrived at the principal entrance. The procession was formed and preceded by the kings at arms, the heralds and State trumpeters, in their golden uniforms and velvet caps, blowing a triumphant blast from their silver trumpets, amidst the enthusiastic plaudits of her loyal subjects assembled to greet and do honour to her on the occasion. The Duchess of Sutherland, as a peeress and mistress of the robes, wearing her crimson velvet train, bordered with golden straw berry leaves and lined with ermine, held by two handsome pages, with a third carrying her coronet on a velvet cushion, was a splendid illustration of true English beauty. She eclipsed all the rest of the suite, and was, indeed, "a loadstone to all hearts, and a load-

star to all eyes." When the Queen mounted the raised throne facing the altar and the House of Commons' gallery, with the peers in their robes on the right hand, upon rows of seats ascending towards the windows on the side of Poets' corner, headed by the Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge, and on her left by peeresses arranged in the same way, the burst of loyal enthusiasm as her youthful Majesty assumed her position as the head of the nation was positively entralling.

(To be continued.)

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our Correspondent.)

A considerable number of interesting concerts have been given here since I last wrote, but I need only refer to the more attractive of them. Beethoven's mighty Choral Symphony was given at Mr Hallé's concert the week before last, and, though the work has been frequently heard here, it created an unmistakable sensation. The performance was remarkably fine, and all who were engaged in it might claim a share of the applause, which was freely given. Unquestionably, the Ninth Symphony has at last secured a firm place in the favour of our local amateurs, and not a few who some years ago confessed their inability to understand it were in ecstasies on this occasion. The vocal solos were very well sung by Mme Otto Alshoben, Miss Thorley, Mr Vernon Rigby, and Mr Santley. At the same concert, a picturesque setting of Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," for full choir with orchestral accompaniments, by Mr Ed. Hecht, was also produced. It is the work of a musician, and was admirably sung and very cordially received. For last week's concert Mr Hallé had secured the services of Herr Joachim, who played Spohr's E minor Concerto—how, I will not attempt to say, for the best of all reasons—and, for the first time, a Nocturne of his own, a composition of wondrous beauty, and scored for the orchestra with great skill. Mr Hallé played a Bach selection with perfect finish and refinement, and the singing of Mme Nouver, a local artist, was not unworthy of this admirable concert. The symphony of the evening was Beethoven's No. 2, which, like the other orchestral selections, was splendidly played by Mr Hallé's magnificent band. The programme for this week's concert is also very attractive:—

Grand Symphony, in G minor, Op. 45 (first time)—Sterndale Bennett; Recit. and Air, "War and Peace," Op. 56 (Mlle Sophie Löwe)—Weber; Grand Concerto, in D (violin, Herr Joachim)—Beethoven; "Evening," Rhapsodie, in E flat (first time)—Raff; Concerto for two violins, in D minor (Madame Norman-Néruda and Herr Joachim)—S. Bach; Air, "Lorraine moon maitre en voyage" (Jean de Paris) (Mlle Sophie Löwe)—Baldieu; Solo Fantasia, in E and D, "Noveletten" (first time) (Mr Charles Hallé); Schumann; Duet, two violins, Adagio and Finale (from duet in D major) (Madame Norman-Néruda and Herr Joachim)—Spohr; Overture, *Le Nozze di Figaro*—Mozart.

This will not be the first time that Madame Néruda and Herr Joachim have played together in Manchester; the previous occasion being the concert given last year, by Herr Joachim and Mr Hallé, for the benefit of the Bach Monument Fund. You will also see with interest that we are to hear, for the first time, the G minor symphony of the lamented composer, whose career, character, and services have been so appropriately and so gracefully described in your columns.

Mr De Jong's last subscription concert was given on Saturday evening, when Mr Mapleson's concert party again appeared. With the names of Tietjens and Trebelli on the programme, a crowded house was a matter of course, and one of the largest audiences of the season greeted them. On Saturday next an extra benefit concert will be given by Mr De Jong, for which several eminent artists have promised their services.

February 17, 1875.

BAIKRETH.—The land of the Grand-National-Festival-Stage-Play-Theatre will consist of some 150 performers, namely: 16 first, and 16 second, violins; 10 tenors; 12 violoncellos; 7 harps; 5 flutes oboes, and clarinets; 2 English horns; 2 ophicleides; 16 horns; 8 trumpets; 15 brass trombones and tubas, and 6 pairs of cymbals. This body of instrumentalists will represent the pick of the exponents of Germany, the best artists from Brunswick, Uessen, Coburg, Meiningen, Weimar, Berlin, Hanover, Leipzig, and many other places, having promised their services.

WILLIAM STERNDALÉ BENNETT.

(From the "Globe," Feb. 8th.)

William Sterndale Bennett was consigned to the last home reserved for the greatest and best of England's children on Saturday. For nearly two centuries our beautiful and venerated Abbey has gathered to its bosom no such representative of the art he practised. Nor could it have done so. Henry Purcell and Sterndale Bennett are as yet our representative musicians. Not that proofs of scholarship and even genius are wanting in the works of English composers who have lived and died between the years 1695 and 1875, but that their influence on the great mass of those who speak the universal language has been but local, and their very names are unknown out of their own country. Differing as widely as any two practitioners of an art whose processes and even aims have been in a continual state of transition since it has been one, and whose careers have been separated by so long an interval of time, there is much in common with the two men, even in their external history. They were both nurtured in, and they both owed their first impressions to, those time-honoured conservatories of music, our cathedral or choral schools; they both manifested and cultivated their precious gifts early; but, more than all, they both exhibited genius so individual that no competent reader or hearer could ever fail to assign from internal evidence any one of their works to its right owner. Here the parallel must end. The productions of a musician trained and finishing his course in the seventeenth century were inevitably as inferior to, as they were different from, those of a musician of the nineteenth. A Bennett could no more have existed in the seventeenth century than a Raphael in the fourteenth. The age of Purcell was everywhere—and especially in England—an age of transition. Everywhere the tonality, and with it the influence, of the old masters who worked in it was getting out of date, and a new art taking the place of the old; while in England political causes had interrupted for an entire generation before Purcell's time, not only the progress, but even the maintenance of the art in its former condition. But it is chiefly in one particular that the difference between Purcell's epoch and our own is most strikingly manifested. In the former music was little more than the handmaid of another art; it had scarcely an existence apart from poetry; in the latter it has rendered itself entirely independent and individual, and in doing so exhibited powers and resources unconceived, perhaps inconceivable, by its earlier practitioners. It is through the agency of music, pure and simple, often without even the stimulus of any particular sentiment or idea, always without the interpretation or point that would be given to any such sentiment or idea by verse, or even prose, that the composer of the nineteenth century must take rank among this order. He must speak, if he would speak to the universe, in the universal language—the language of unarticulated sounds. Those who have proved themselves masters of this language, and have shown that they have something to say in it which concerns and interests humanity, constitute as yet a small company. Six—at the utmost seven—are all the representatives of the symphonic school that the world has as yet accepted, and they are all natives of Germany. To these must now be added another in Sterndale Bennett. What place among them posterity will assign to him it would be rash to anticipate. How far a deficiency in force may be counterbalanced, to those who follow us, by invention, refinement, grace, and beauty of detail, always subordinate to proportion, time will show. That he will take his place, and that not the lowest, "tra colando unno," we hold to be certain.

PEETH.—Should no unforeseen obstacle occur to prevent it, the grand Wagner Concert will be given here on the 21st February. The Composer of the Future will himself perform "Wotans Feuerzauber" from the *Walküre*, and the "Tod" from the *Götterdämmerung*, the last work in the *Nibelungen-Tetralogie*. He will also conduct the other works performed, except Franz Liszt's new composition, *Die Glocken von Strassburg*, for solo, mixed chorus, and orchestra, which the Abbate will conduct personally.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

SEVENTEENTH SEASON, 1874-5.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 22, 1875.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

- SEXTET, in B flat, Op. 18 No. 1, for two violins, two violas, and two violoncellos—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUSS, ZERRINI, DARTMIST, and PIATTI *Drabms.*
SONG, "Du bist wie eine Blume"—Madame OTTO-ALVISEN .. *Robinson.*
SONATA, in A major, Op. 101, for pianoforte alone—Herr DANKREUTHER *Bethoven.*

PART II.

- FANTASIESTÜCKE, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (first time at the Popular Concerts)—MM. DANKREUTHER, JOACHIM, and PIATTI *Schumann.*
SONG, "Die Bekrönte"—Madame OTTO-ALVISEN *Vollmann.*
QUARTET, in D minor, Op. 76, No. 2, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUSS, and PIATTI .. *Haydn.*
CONDUCTOR Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 20, 1875.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

- QUINTET, in D major, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUSS, ZERRINI, and PIATTI .. *Meert.*
LIEDER, ("Liebe") *Schumann.*
SONG, ("Scouting") *Robins.*
SONATA, in E flat, Op. 81, "Les adieux, l'absence, et le retour," for pianoforte alone—Mr CHARLES HALLS *Bethoven.*
SARABANDE and TAMBOURIN, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment—Herr JOACHIM *Lecier.*
LIEDER, ("Der Lindenbaum") *Schubert.*
TRIO, in F major, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—MM. CHARLES HALLS, JOACHIM, and PIATTI .. *Gersheim.*
CONDUCTOR Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

BIRTH.

On February 17th, the wife of B. H. W. WAY, Esq., Denham Place, Buckinghamshire, of a son.

MARRIAGE.

On Feb. 8, at St Mary's, Bathwick, by the Rev. John Way, Vicar of Henbury, and the Rev. Bromley Way, Rector of Stapleton, brothers of the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. George Tugwell, Rector of Bathwick, EDWARD DANIEL WAY, Capt. H.M. 105th Regt., youngest son of the Rev. H. H. WAY, of Alderbourne, Bucks, to GEORGINA SCHWE, second daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Prior, 97, Sydney Place, Bath.

DEATHS.

On the 2nd Feb., at 56, Loudoun Road, St John's Wood, SIONOR ABERN, late of Her Majesty's Opera Troupe, &c.
On February 14th, in London, MARGARET GRACE ALLEYNE.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1875.

WE are sorry to learn that matters do not progress smoothly at the Royal Academy of Music, in connection with the appointment of Mr G. A. Macfarren as Principal of that establishment. The dispute is based, as we are informed, upon the correct interpretation of those clauses in the Charter which provide for the choice of Principal. Into the legal bearings of the case we do not propose to enter, the less because our hope is that the question of what may or may not be legal will soon disappear; and, indeed, we refer to the matter at all simply to counsel the moderation which cannot fail to set things right. It appears that the Committee of Management, having to fill the vacancy caused by Sir Sterndale Bennett's death, and being under the necessity of doing so without delay, appointed Mr Macfarren in the absence of the President, Lord Dudley, who first learned their decision through the public journals. Upon this part of the case it is not difficult to offer an opinion. The Charter may sustain the action of the Committee; but even if that body had the fullest right to make an election without consulting the President, the exercise of its right amounted to a grave act of discourtesy. The Royal Academy may have a President who does not assume presidential functions, but simply plays the part of an ornamental figure-head. Whether this be so or not, we do not know, nor does it matter. Enough that Lord Dudley should have had a voice in the election of Principal; or, at least, should have been informed that an election was about to take place, and his presence as chairman requested. Naturally, Lord Dudley felt annoyed, not so much at what had been done, as that it had been done behind his back; and he at once communicated with the Committee, questioning the legality of Mr Macfarren's appointment, and declining to recognize him as Principal of the Academy. In this emergency the Committee did a sensible thing. After electing Mr Macfarren in such a manner, they might have been expected to defy their President; instead of which a conciliatory letter of explanation was sent to the offended nobleman, and at this point the matter now rests. We trust peace will soon be made. The Committee must recognize and acknowledge the fact of having done, inadvertently no doubt, an uncivil thing. Furthermore, if it be demanded, they should be prepared to cancel the election and re-appoint Mr Macfarren with all proper observance, we will not say of the terms of the Charter, but of etiquette and propriety. The *amende honorable* thus made, Earl Dudley can have no difficulty in forgetting the matter. The rights of his position will have been asserted, and we may suppose that for those rights, rather than for any personal considerations, he is jealous. A moral easily springs out of this *contretemps*,—one which counsels deliberation in the performance of important acts, and a careful regard for all that those acts may affect. Had it occurred to a single member of the Committee that the Academy boasted a noble President, and that his place was at their head, we should have heard nothing of the present difficulty.

Mr Macfarren, of course, stands apart from the embroglio, with which he had nothing to do. Nobody claims his claim in question, and no doubt exists that, if a new election were made in strict form, he would be unanimously chosen. Let us hope that matters will not proceed so far—that Lord Dudley having received the explanations of the Committee, will recognize as Principal the man who, of all others, is best fitted for the place.

WHEN public opinion demands that an eminent man's remains shall be buried with solemn state, it is only fair that the burden of expense should be lifted from the shoulders of his family. We are happy to know that the obligation is recognized in the case of the late Sir Sterndale Bennett. Three of the institutions with which our departed master was associated in life—viz., the Philharmonic Society, the Royal Society of Musicians, and the Royal Academy of Music—sent their representatives to a conference some days ago, at which it was resolved that the cost of the funeral should be jointly borne, each society paying a certain proportion. The arrangement, we understand, must be submitted, as far as concerns the Royal Society of Musicians, to a general meeting of that body; but as the opposition to it, if any, can only be insignificant, we may regard the matter as finally settled in a way that reflects the utmost honour upon those concerned.

OCASIONAL NOTES.

Galignani states that several travellers of various countries have called at its office, complaining of the extortionate sums they have been asked to pay for places in the new Opera House at Paris. When they applied at the theatre, they were told that every seat was taken, but that perhaps the agents might be able to supply them. These last had some places disposable, but at prices not much inferior to double the regular charge; and the complainants now inquire if some remedy cannot be devised for such an abuse. No hope is held out of redress.

It is the intention of the directors to devote the programme of a future concert at the Crystal Palace to the works of Sterndale Bennett.

PEOPLE often ask: Who is the composer of the celebrated Hungarian "Rakoczy March," which Berlioz introduced so effectively in *La Damnation de Faust*? According to a Hungarian journal, Franz Rakoczy II., the hero of the war of Magyar independence, returning on the 10th November, 1705, from the battle-field of Sabor, first heard it played by a certain Barna Miksa, who in honour of the gallant soldier, called it after him. A descendant of the composer's made it generally known by playing it wherever he went. At Stuhlweissenburg, he performed it before the Abbaté Vacek, who introduced it to the notice of the composer, Razienka. The latter cast it in a more perfect musical form. From that period, innumerable variations have been, and still continue to be, added to it.

OUR American contemporary, the *Philharmonic Journal*, has taken to "high falutin," and does it well. Here is a specimen:—"The Kellogg English Opera Troupe, now performing at the Academy of Music, is probably, with the exception of the late Pappas-Rosa company, the finest organisation of the kind ever heard in America. There is no one in the troupe who is not a first-rate artist. When we Americans 'give our mind' to anything, there is little doubt of our ultimate success. The greatest prime donne of the world, to-day, are Americans. Patti, Miss Harris, Albani, Miss Kellogg, and Minnie Hanck. Miss Nilsson is second to Patti, Lucia is older than Kellogg, and Titejeans (sic) is quite *passé* (sic). The finest contraltos are Americans, namely, Miss Phillips, Miss Cary, and Miss Sterling. Few tenors are equal to our Geo. Simpson, Wm. Castle, and Wm. Leggett; while Sig. Foll (sic—Foley) and Wm. Perkins, both Americans, are now estimated abroad as the two finest bassi on the stage, not excepting Santley and Faure, both of whom are little more than novices."

We will not dispute our contemporary's assertion, but perhaps it would be as well if he "gave his mind" to orthography. Being an American, there would be "little doubt of his ultimate success."

HAMBURG.—Herr Link, from the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, has been singing at the Stadttheater in various operas, including *Il Trovatore*, *Guillaume Tell*, and *Luceria Borgia*. *Le Prophète*, with Madlle Borbe as Fides, will be produced about the end of the month.

LEWIS.—Mad. Pauline Lecca has appeared at the Stadttheater as Frau Fluth (Mrs Ford) in Nicolai's *Lustige Weiber von Windsor*. Though the price of admission was doubled, every place in the house was occupied. The lady's terms are said to have been 8,000 marks for the evening.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

THE third of Mr Charles Fletcher's quartet concerts (an esteemed correspondent informs us), was given at Crescent House, South Kensington, last week. Haydn's Quartet in G major (No. 8), Op. 77, and a Quintet (Op. 44), by Schumann, were the concerted pieces. Madame Fletcher played Liszt's "Tarentelle" on the pianoforte, and her husband the Andante and Presto from Mendelssohn's violin concerto. Miss Purdy was the vocalist. She sang, "Ah! se tu dormi," and the "Lullaby," by Brahms. The latter was, with unaccompanied energy for a drawing-room audience, re-demanded.

A MOSTLY successful amateur concert was given, on the 4th inst., in the Horns Assembly Rooms, Kensington, by the Victoria Works Band (Powis, James, Western & Co., engineers), who, considering they have been formed only a little over a year, acquitted themselves exceedingly well, and reflected much credit on their conductors, and the many. The amateur ladies and gentlemen who assisted them, nearly all of whom were in some way connected with the works, gave their songs in excellent style. Chiefly noticeable was Mr G. Hatch's rendering of Sullivan's "Golden Days"; Miss Lillie Jones and Miss Sharland's duet, "The Flower Gatherers"; Miss Chail's, "Emeralda"; (Lever); Mr Manfred Isler's "Mandolinata"; and "You'll remember me"; and Mr Moore's "O'er the dark and stormy ocean" (Glover). Miss Wilson's pianoforte playing was appreciated by the audience, and Miss Hamilton won applause for her excellent rendering of Faurer's "Oberon." Mr W. F. Taylor, who was the musical director, contributed Schubert's "Carneval de Venise," which was re-demanded, but not accorded to; and afterwards played, with his pupil, Miss Hamilton, his Grand Duo on Airs from *Genève de Brabant*. The room was crowded to excess, and we hope the Band Fund will be substantially benefited thereby.

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S RECITAL.—The second of the series of M. Alexandre Billet's pianoforte recitals was given on Wednesday morning, before an audience that filled nearly every seat in St George's Hall. Among the selection of pieces which the distinguished Franco-Prussian professor performed, the specially noticeable features were Beethoven's Trio (Op. 1, No. 3) in C minor, in which Mr Henry Holmes and M. Pague were his adequate collaborators, and Mendelssohn's Variations in D major (Op. 17), for pianoforte and violoncello, in which the last-named gentleman rendered valuable service. The qualities which M. Billet possesses as a pianist have been so often praised, that no fresh eulogium is needed. Miss Estelle Emrick, whose voice and style we have often had occasion to notice, was the vocalist. She delivered Gumbert's pretty song, "The Tear," to the satisfaction of the audience, whilst she was encased in Braga's "Serenata" (violin-cello obbligato, M. Pague). M. Billet's solo pieces were Beethoven's Sonata in C minor (Op. 111), the faithful rendering of which deserves a special word of praise, Scarlatti's Fugue in F minor, Nos. 3 and 4 of Mendelssohn's Characteristic Pieces (Op. 7), Field's Nocturno in E-flat, and Weber's Momento Capriccioso in B flat (Op. 12). Herr Lehmann accompanied the vocal music.—SUNDAY MARKS.

THE Guild of St Mark's, president the Rev. J. Erskine Clarke, M.A. (Vicar of Battersea), vice-presidents Philip Casanova, Esq., Rev. H. B. Verdon, B.A., and the Rev. S. G. Scott, M.A., gave an evening concert on the 8th instant, in St Mark's Schoolroom, Battersea, under the directorship of Mr W. F. Taylor, assisted by Miss Webb, B.A.M., Miss Emma Webb, Miss Atter, Miss Hamilton, Miss Hardy (violin), Miss McDonald, Baker, &c. The concert opened with Herr's grand pianoforte duet on the March in *Guillaume Tell*, which was admirably played by Mr Taylor and his pupil, Miss Hamilton. Miss Webb followed with "Robin Adair," and would have repeated it, but the vice-president wisely prohibited "encores." Miss Webb also joined her sister, Miss Emma Webb, in a duet by Mendelssohn, "Wert thou in the casid bay," which was sung charmingly. Miss Emma Webb also gave, in capital style, Horn's "Cherry Bipe." The Misses Atter were also very successful in their songs and duets. Mr Baker sang "The village blacksmith" and "I am a flier of Orders Grey;" Mr J. B. McDonald, "As I'd nothing else to do" (Hailton); and an amateur quartet party sang a four-part song excellently. Miss Hardy, a very youthful artist, showed great finish in her violin solo on airs from *Lucia*, and gives promise of future excellence. Miss Hamilton's playing was highly appreciated, and Mr W. F. Taylor's performance of his grand Polonaise Concert, "Wladimir," much admired. The room was crowded; during intervals in the course of the concert, two instructive and amusing readings were introduced by P. Casanova, Esq., and the Rev. S. G. Scott; and this highly successful evening's entertainment was brought to a close by a spirited performance (by Miss Hamilton and Mr W. F. Taylor) of the overture to *Zampa*, as a pianoforte duet, and the National Anthem.

We hear on good authority that the foundation stone of Mr Mapleson's new opera-house will be laid by the Prince of Wales. We have reason to believe that Sig. Ardit is engaged to conduct the next series of Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden Theatre.

Flocks and Birds.

TREATMENT OF ANIMALS.

(From "Another World.")

(Continued from page 118.)

"Why are the poor hungry?—Why do not your flocks and herds multiply and increase?—Why do you maltreat the sire and kill the mother of many progenies?"

"Obey my laws, and your flocks will equal in number the drops of water in the great Cataract, which, ever flowing, ever merging in the mighty Ocean, is constantly supplied with new increase for the refreshment and delight of Montanians."

SLAUGHTERING ANIMALS.

In killing animals for food all painful processes are avoided. Under the old system the cruelty with which the animal was treated, and its suffering from the violence of the death-struggle greatly effected the quality of the meat, lessened its nutritive powers, and rendered it less digestible, and very often exciting and injurious. Now, when an animal is to be killed, it is placed in a large lighted stable, over which is a loft, communicating with it by means of a grating. In this a man is stationed, who thrusts through the grating, a long stick, baited with a bunch of fresh grass, in the middle of which is contained a small globe endued with the property of depriving the animal of all consciousness and sense of feeling. As soon as the beast has eaten the grass, and consequently swallowed the pill, he staggers and falls; and, before he has time to recover, the butcher despatches him by cutting his throat and letting out the blood, whereupon he dies a painless death, without a struggle. Only one animal is despatched at a time in the same stable, so that one does not see another killed. There is reason for this precaution.

A lamb takes the ball of grass from the hand, for it is thus our shepherds sometimes feed them. Poultry are killed by very small quantities of the preparation being mixed with their grain; the fowls sometimes take up two or three grains not impregnated with the material, but as soon as the smallest particle is swallowed they stagger and fall. It is interesting to see this, the effect is so instantaneous. The ingredient used does not in any way injure the meat and is indeed considered beneficial, even to the human system, when administered in small quantities, since the torpor it causes at the moment is succeeded by increased vitality and strength.

THE BLOOD OF ANIMALS.

When the animal is killed we are very scrupulous in pouring out the blood, which we avoid using for any purpose connected with food. On every occasion of the kind "field doctors" are present to see that all due precautions are taken. They analyse the blood, and, if it does not contain the proper ingredients, the animal is looked upon as diseased, and its flesh rejected as so far unwholesome; in our climate it would be difficult of digestion, and produce heaviness, disinclination to study, despondency, and other inconveniences. Blood is said to contain the electricity that, in connection with the electricity on the nerve, gives action, feeling, pleasure, and pain. Blood, indeed, contains as it were the material through which the life of the animal carries on its operations.

PROTECTION OF THE MEAT FROM INSECTS.

The animal as soon as killed is cut up into different portions, each of which is placed for a few minutes in a large vessel containing an infusion of a certain herb, to which flies and winged insects of all kinds have a great antipathy. The steeping of the meat into this preparation effectually protects it against their approach. There are immense numbers of winged insects in our climate, but none will approach food which has been steeped in an infusion of this herb. By these and other

precautions they are kept within certain limits and driven to the uses for which nature intended them. It is not necessary to keep the meat in the vessel for more than a few minutes, nor does the liquid deteriorate the quality or taste of the meat. Far from being noxious to the human race, the herb, which is free from smell, contains a healthy hitter, is cooling and refreshing, and cleanses and preserves the pores of the skin.

Formerly numbers of persons were effected by the deposits, which, left by flies on meats and provisions generally, caused irritation of the bowels, diarrhoea, and vomit, and were either wise or injurious to the system.

I may here mention that a preparation of the herb to which I have referred is used for fruits and provisions generally, which are protected by a light gauze steeped in an infusion of the herb and thrown loosely over them; though, indeed, it is only necessary to place the gauze at the side of the provisions to prevent the approach of the enemy.

This infusion is also used in our houses, and during repairs; couches, bedding, and coverings are sprinkled with the liquid. A preparation is also used for the toilette, in order to protect the head and face from the flies.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

Cruelty to an animal, even when not intended for food, entails so much disgrace that it is an offence of the rarest occurrence. My laws provide various punishments according to the grade of the offender and the nature of the offence.

If a common man were really cruel to his horse he would be compelled to draw his merchandise by hand. If the offence were committed by a man of high position the punishment would be more severe, and not only would he be treated as though he were unworthy of exercising power over good animals, and consequently deprived of all his horses, but he would be supplied with a vicious horse, which, perhaps, he would be obliged to ride along a dangerous path, that he might thus be made to appreciate the superior gentleness of the one he had maltreated. If the offence were repeated, he would be degraded from his position or condemned during a certain period to wear "the dress of shame."

VETEMES (Communicator.)

MILAN.—The public is still expecting the first representation, at the Scala, of Sig. Marchetti's new opera, *Gustavo Wasi*, which has been put off so often that every one's patience is pretty well exhausted. There is a report that, for some unknown reason or other, Sig. Pallares has withdrawn his ballet of *Semiramide*.—*Il Guarany*, by Sig. Gomez, is in rehearsal at the Carcano.

TOBIN.—In consequence of Sig. ora V. rolin's having cancelled her engagement, Sig. Lissini's new opera, *Gitana*, has been withdrawn, at least temporarily, as the part intended for the fair singer is not adapted to Signora Bedetti, who replaces her. Sig. Guana has arrived to superintend the rehearsals of *Salvatore Rosa*, which is cast as follows:—Isabella, Signora Singer; Salvatore, Sig. Paterno; Gennariello, Signora Cavendish; Massanello, Sig. Moriani; and the Duca d'Aroca, Sig. Barboisi.

STOCKHOLM.—The *Dagens nyheter* (Daily News) says that Mdlle Victoria Bunsen, who has been singing at the Opera-house, is one of those young and talented artists whose country is Europe. There is a long and difficult way before one arrives at the point where art unveils her face, and gives to her worshippers her hidden treasure. In one word, when that point is arrived at, you become an artist. Mdlle Bunsen is an artist! A singer can be an artist with small means, but Mdlle Bunsen has the advantage of a fine voice, a full, pure, and extensive contralto, of which the lowest and highest notes are comparatively the best. The middle notes are of good quality, but are not so powerful. Mdlle Bunsen's execution and declamation are perfect, and her style of singing excellent. Mdlle Bunsen sang an aria by Mercadante, and one by Rossini. On being recalled after the first, and "encored" after the second, she gave, with extraordinary dash and brilliancy, the Brindisi from *Lucrezia Borgia*. Mdlle Bunsen's success was complete.

PROVINCIAL.

TERLING (Essex).—An evening concert was given on Monday, under the patronage of Lord Hayleigh and General Hill, &c., in the School Room of Terling, which attracted a full and appreciative audience. The Terling Choral Society, under the direction of the Hon. Richard Strutt, gave part-songs and glees by Attwood, Ford, Bishop, &c., with effect, and were encored in several; Miss Jessie Stocken gave some popular songs; Messrs J. Smith, Robert Gill, and J. B. Bolton, were also much applauded for their vocal contributions. Mr Bolton, who possesses a good and effective baritone voice, sang "Polly," was encored, and received the same compliment in conjunction with Mr J. Smith, in Tom Cooke's "Love and War." Miss Clara Lewis presided at the piano, and also performed, with decided effect, a piano-forte duet with the Hon. R. Strutt.—*Terling Paper.*

BARNSTON.—Mr Kuhe's Festival has occupied the musical public this last fortnight, and has been quite the "rage." Notwithstanding its attraction, however, the Aquarium Concerts have been well attended. Mr Levy and Mr T. Harper have been the instrumental, and Madame Osborn Williams, Miss Minnie Curtis and Mr George Perren, the vocal attractions. At to-day's concert the Duke of York's band, from the Military Asylum, Chelsea, under the direction of the bandmaster, Mr C. Thomas, was present. Madame Otto-Alwischen, by the bye, has gained the approbation of the visitors to Mr Kuhe's Festival as well as of the critics. A local journal, in its remarks on a recent performance, says that Madame Alwischen sings with a fidelity and truthfulness that prove her to be a conscientious as well as a carefully trained artist. Applause came to her in due proportion, and certainly she deserved all she obtained, and more.

SHEFFIELD.—A concert on a grand scale, well patronised, was given in the Town Hall. Some of the performers were, we believe, new to the district. Miss Joë Sherrington has an excellent voice, and her rendering of Handel's "Angela ever bright and fair" was delightful. One feature was specially noteworthy,—the splendid character of her *diva*, *scando*, the like of which we have not listened to for many years. Her *shaks* also is good, and she was deservedly recalled. Miss Sherrington also sang "The Shadow Song" from *Dunorah* in exquisite style, and was under the necessity of repeating the latter part. Madame Poles sang "Never parted" and the "Maiden's Rose." Madame Varley-Liebe, an enchanting violinist, evoked a perfect storm of applause; and Mr Varley the tenor sang "My sweetheart when a boy" and "Sound the alarm." Mr Wadmore sang "My weakness and of the miscellaneous items, the best was the charming trio, "The Magic Wove Start," from *The Mountain Sylph*, prettily rendered by Miss Joë Sherrington, Mr Varley, and Mr Wadmore.—*Sheffield Paper.*

DOUGLAS.—Mr Eyre gave his annual concert at the Guild-hall. In order to afford the inhabitants in the district an opportunity of being present, Mr Eyre had two performances, one in the afternoon and one in the evening. The vocalists included Madame Thaddeus Wells, Miss Sara Smith, a pupil of Mr Eyre; Mr T. Wright, the noted tenor from Bradford; and Mr Eyre. The principal instrumentalist was Mr Henry Nicholson, solo flautist. Of Madame Wells, either as a singer or an instrumentalist, one can scarcely speak in too high terms. To a rich and flexible soprano voice she adds excellent taste and a charming manner, and sings with a sweetness, feeling, and precision, that it would be almost impossible to excel. As a pianist, too, this lady is no mean performer. Her accompaniments to Mr Nicholson well merited the applause she received. Miss Smith made her first public appearance before a Douglas audience on the occasion. She has a fine pure voice of a more than moderate compass and a pleasing style, and she gives proofs of careful and diligent training. Mr Booth made a very able accompanist of the vocal music.—*Douglas Paper.*

BARNSTON (Essex).—Mr Henry Morley, of the Royal Academy of Music, London, gave a vocal and instrumental concert on Thursday evening, February 11, in the Town Hall, with Miss Banks, Miss Lina Glover, and Mr Albert James as vocalists; Miss Morley (piano-forte) and the *beneficiaire* himself (violin), as instrumentalists. Miss Emily Glover, the accomplished harpist (daughter of Professor Glover, of Dublin), was also announced to assist, but was unfortunately prevented by indisposition. There was notwithstanding the inclement weather, a good attendance. The performances by Miss Morley and Mr Morley of fantasias for violin and piano on airs from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and from Adolph Adams' *Si j'étais Roi*, were heard with great pleasure by the audience, who also expressed their approbation of the vocal pieces, sung by the artists we have named above. Ascher's charming romancer, "Alice, where art thou?" sung by Mr A. James; M. Gonnod's *Boccaccio* (violin obbligato, Mr Morley), sung by Miss Banks; and "The Harp that once through Tara's hall" sung, *romance*, by Miss Lina Glover, were all greatly admired; and Mr Morley deserves to be highly praised for the charming entertainment he provided for his patrons.

STIRLING AND PAISLEY.—Mr Henry Webb has just concluded a very successful concert tour. His party consisted of Madames Joë Sherrington, Poole, Varley-Liebe (violin); Messrs Nelson Varley, Wadmore, and Malcolm (piano-forte). The towns visited have been Yeovil, Devizes, Wexbury, Burslem, Burton-on-Trent, Southport, Bathgate, Stirling, Paisley, Airdrie, and Whitehaven. The miscellaneous concerts were of a very attractive character, and were attended by large audiences. At Stirling and Paisley *The Messiah* and *St John the Baptist* were given. Handel's masterpieces were given for the first time in Stirling, and received a magnificent rendering by all concerned. The recently reconstituted Choral Society (under the conductorship of Mr C. E. Allum) gave the choruses in an unexceptionable manner, and the Glasgow Resident Orchestra, under the leadership of Mr J. T. Carruthers, was a host in itself. The large hall of the Smith Institute was filled to overflowing with a brilliant assembly. The Paisley Musical Association are congratulated on selecting Macfarren's *St John the Baptist* for one of their series of concerts, as it attracted an immense audience. The soloists did full justice to the work, and, with a well-trained chorus and band (leader, Mr Carruthers), under the directorship of Mr Lorimer, the performance was very satisfactory. Altogether, the tour has been successful from every point of view. The same party will leave London again on March 24th, to fulfil several provincial engagements.

TEIGNMOUTH.—On Friday, the 25th of January, at the New Assembly Rooms, the Schubert Society (President, Sir Julius Benedict), gave their first concert for the benefit of the infirmary, under the patronage of the Right Honourable the Earl of Devon, the Hon. and Rev. H. H. Courtenay, the Hon. and Rev. G. L. Courtenay, and many ladies and gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood. The artists were Miss Banks, Madame Dryden-Serquet, Herr Schubert, Miss Hincks, assisted by the Teignmouth Branch of the Schubert Society, who provided part-songs and choruses, and Mr G. G. Leader. The programme began with the "Grand Duo du Couronnement," by Herz and Lohrke, for harp and piano-forte, played by Madame Dryden-Serquet and Miss Hincks. Miss Banks' song, "Over hill, over dale," by T. Cooke, took the next place. Miss Hincks followed with Thalberg's "Fantasia on an Arabian Air," and three Welsh melodies, given as part-songs by some of the members of the Schubert Society, accompanied on the harp (alone) by Madame Dryden-Serquet. Herr Schubert (who was received with applause each time he appeared, and whom the audience seemed pleased to greet again on this his second appearance in Teignmouth), now gave a solo by Raff, which was beautifully and tastefully executed. Next in the programme came the song, "In the green spring," composed by Miss Hincks, who accompanied on the violin (cello obbligato by Herr Schubert). It was capably sung by Miss Banks. Among the best vocal pieces was Formes' popular *Lied*, "In sheltered vale," sung with pathos and effect by Mr G. G. Leader. "The Vale of Avoca" as a part-song, and the lively air of "The Shamrock" as a full chorus, terminated a most agreeable concert. The platform looked very picturesque. The white dresses of the ladies of the chorus contrasted agreeably with the dark green of the beautiful evergreens (kindly lent by Mr Hannaford), which bordered the platform.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL CONCERTS.—Mendelssohn's *Elijah* is announced for the next performance of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, under the direction of Mr Barnby, on Tuesday next, the 23rd inst., with Madame Marie Rozé, Miss Antoinette Sterling, Mr Whitney, &c., as the principal vocalists. The next Popular Hall Concert will take place on Saturday, the 27th inst., when Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Antoinette Sterling, Mr Thurlby Beale, &c., will sing, and Mr Henry Logé will make his debut here as a pianist. The Part-Song Choir of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, under Mr Barnby's direction, will, as usual, sing several madrigals and part-songs. A Welsh Festival Concert is announced for St David's Day (March 1).

BERLIN.—Ida M. Maligner, who, as already announced in this paper, will shortly cease to be a member of the company at the Royal Opera-house, Madlle Gross, said, will not renew her present engagement, which terminates with the present season. A difference of opinion as to money matters between the young lady and the management is said to be the cause of this step.—Madlle Urayn, from the Strassburger Stadttheater, recently appeared as the heroine in *La Jolie Parfumeuse* at the Wallner Theatre. Neither as an actress nor a singer did she produce a very favourable impression.—Mad. Bianca Blume Sauter, formerly of the Royal Opera-house, will, after several years' absence from this capital, sing during the summer at Kroll's Theatre.—Anton Bruckner has been stopping here some time, and the commencement of the month, discussing the *miscellaneous* of his new opera, *Judith*, at first called *Die Maccabees*, which will be produced some time in April. Madlle Brandt will sustain the principal female part, *Lea*.

RICHARD WAGNER'S REMINISCENCES OF SPONTINI.

(From "Le Ménestrel.")

III.

(Continued from page 39.)

The performance of *The Vestal* went off with great precision, and the artists displayed all possible zeal. But, from the very earliest scenes, a drawback, of which no one had thought, struck us all, and was evident to the most inattentive observer. Our great Schröder-Devrient was evidently no longer of an age to sustain the part of Julia. Her physiognomy and bearing betrayed a certain maternal something or other agreeing little with the spring-tide graces of the Princess who is designated in the libretto as simply the youngest of the Vestals. The disproportion between the personage and her interpreter struck the spectator still more when Julia appeared side by side with the Chief Vestal represented by my niece, Johanna Wagner, then a young girl aged seventeen, in all the splendour of her beauty. Her youth was so dazzling that no stage artifice could disguise it; her fine voice and good delivery, the result of her happy natural qualities, caused in every one an involuntary desire to reverse the cast, and to put the one lady in the place of the other. This unfavourable coincidence could not escape the penetrating glance of Mad. Schröder-Devrient, but she hoped to regain the lost ground and dispel any prejudicial prepossession by bringing to bear all the intensity of the means which her talent placed at her command. Unfortunately, the desire to acquit herself well induced her frequently to overdo the part, and sometimes to exaggerate it in a manner which was really deplorable. Thus, after the great trio in the second act, when, on the flight of Licinius, Julia, breathless and exhausted, drags herself to the extremity of the stage, and allows the cry of hope: "He will live!" to escape from her oppressed soul, Mad. Schröder-Devrient considered she might, *primum*, to speak these words instead of singing them. She had on several previous occasions already tried the effect of a word simply declaimed and flung suddenly into the midst of the music in a prominent scene. For instance, in *Fidelio*, when she exclaimed: "One step more and you are dead!" she never failed to speak rather than sing the word: *dead*. I myself have experienced the shudder which this effect caused to run through the audience. At this cry, an involuntary feeling of terror seized on me, and, as though by a blow from a hatchet, I seemed rudely precipitated into the sombre horrors of reality from the ideal heights to which music raises every situation, even the most horrible. This effect touches visibly the extreme limits of the Sublime; it is like the blasting shock with which two distinct worlds come into collision, and the flash which escapes permits us suddenly to embrace at a glance a double reality. But how difficult it is to seize this fugitive instant. How foolish of anyone to suppose it can be brought about at one's mere will and employed for a purely personal end! I saw this but too clearly in the present instance, for Mad. Schröder's attempt was a sad failure. The absence of character in her utterance and the hollowness of her voice produced a painful impression. It appeared as though a torrent of ice-cold water had been suddenly poured upon the heads of the public, and everyone agreed that the singer had produced an effect exactly opposite to that she had dreamt of producing. As to the general impression made by the work, public admiration obstinately refused to rise to the pitch of enthusiasm. Expectation had, no doubt, been too much excited, and the augmentation in the prices of admission, which had been doubled, under the pretext that Spontini himself would conduct, had provoked more than one manifestation of discontent. Perhaps, also, despite the beauties and the splendour of the music, the style of the work, with its antique subject dressed up according to French taste, had become slightly old and out of date. Perhaps, too, the languid conclusion and the unsuccessful effects of Mad. Devrient, were not foreign to the lamentable coldness on the part of the public. However this may have been, the applause struck me not so much as homage paid to the beauty of the opera as a respectful consecration of the universal reputation enjoyed by the composer, and I could not help experiencing a painful feeling when I saw the latter, decked out in all his crowns and all his orders, come forward on the stage in reply to the acclamations, of somewhat short duration, which were raised for him at the fall of the

certain. He was not deceived, however, by the reception accorded to his work, but he flattered himself he could force the success, or, at least, save appearances. To manage this, he thought of the means which stood him in such good stead at Berlin, where his operas always filled the house, and were played to enthusiastic audiences. He consecrated to his profit our paying day, and promised to conduct *The Vestal* for the second time on the Sunday following. As that day was rather distant, he was obliged to make a longer stay in Dresden, a fact which procured me the pleasure of passing a little more time in his interesting society. I have faithfully preserved the memory of our long conversations, and of the many hours we spent together, sometimes at Mad. Schröder's house, and sometimes at mine. I will state a few of my reminiscences.

I especially remember a dinner at Mad. Schröder's, which Spontini attended, with his wife, a sister of Erard, the celebrated pianoforte maker. We had a very long and animated conversation. The part at first taken by Spontini in our discussions was rather small. He began by manifesting reserve and listening in silence, with an air which seemed to imply that he would not give his opinion, unless we took the trouble to ask for it. When he condescended to open his lips, he expressed himself with pompous rhetoric and haughty emphasis, formulating his ideas in peremptory and categorical phrases, the sententious tone of which did not appear to admit the possibility of contradiction. To doubt his infallibility would have been to offer him an insult—a grave outrage. But, at the party of which I am speaking, he was more unconstrained, and grew quite warm by the time the cloth was cleared. I have already said that he had taken a liking to me, and displayed an attachment as strong as was compatible with his disposition. He now declared openly that he entertained a feeling of friendship for me, and meant to prove it by endeavouring to preserve me from the fatal idea of following the career of a dramatic composer. He expected, he said, to have some trouble in convincing me of the excellence of his reasons, and of making me understand the service he was conferring, but the matter inspired him with such interest, and struck him as so important, that he was ready to stop a few moments in Dresden to accomplish it. In this case, he observed, we might turn his sojourn to account by getting up some of his other works, especially *Agnes de Hohenstaufen*, which he declared himself ready to conduct as he had conducted *The Vestal*. To make me perceive clearly my temerity in venturing upon a career illustrated by Spontini, he began by addressing me a peculiarly flattering eulogium, and this is what he said: "Quand j'ai entendu votre *Rienzi*, j'ai dit: C'est un homme de génie, mais déjà il a plus fait qu'il ne peut faire." ("When I heard your *Rienzi* I said: This is a man of genius, but he has already done more than he can do.") To furnish me with the key to this paradox, he added: "Après Gluck, c'est moi qui ai fait la grande révolution avec *La Vestale*. J'ai introduit le *Forhallt de la secte*" (sic) "dans l'harmonie et la grosse caisse dans l'orchestre. Avec *Cortès* j'ai fait un pas plus avant; puis j'ai fait trois pas avec *Olympie*—*Nurmahal*, *Alcidor*, et tout ce que j'ai fait dans les premiers temps de Berlin, je vous le livre. C'étaient des œuvres occasionnelles; mais puis j'ai fait cent pas en avant avec *Agnes de Hohenstaufen*, où j'ai imaginé un emploi de l'orchestre remplaçant parfaitement l'orgue." ("After Gluck, it is I who brought about the great revolution with *The Vestal*. It was I who introduced the *Forhallt de la secte*" (sic) "in the harmony and the big drum in the orchestra. With *Cortès* I made a step further; then I made three with *Olympie*—As for *Nurmahal*, *Alcidor*, and all I did during the first part of my residence in Berlin, I deliver them up to your mercy. They were occasional works; but I then took a hundred steps forward with *Agnes de Hohenstaufen*, where I thought of a way of employing the orchestra so as perfectly to replace the organ." He added that since then he had busied himself with a libretto called the *Athenians*. The Prince Royal of Prussia had strongly pressed him to set it to music. To give a proof of what he said, he took from his pocket-book several of his Highness's letters, and handed them to us. When we had read them through, he went on to

* The reader must recollect that all the French passages between turned commas are French in Wagner's original text.

† *Forhallt*, Prologation, Suspension, Ritardando.

say that, despite this flattering pressure, he had definitively given up the idea of setting the libretto, though he thought the subject excellent. His reason for this resolution was his conviction that he should never succeed in excelling *Agnes of Holenstein*, or in inventing a new style, and finer music. He then wound up, by way of conclusion: "Or, comment voulez-vous que quiconque puisse inventer quelque chose de nouveau, moi, Spontini, déclarant ne pouvoir en aucune façon surpasser mes œuvres précédentes; d'autre part étant avisé que depuis *La Vestale* il n'a point été écrite une note qui n'ait été volée dans mes partitions." ("Now, how do you suppose anyone can invent aught new, when I, Spontini, declare that I cannot by any possibility surpass my preceding works, while, on the other hand, aware that, since *The Vestal*, there has not been written a note which was not stolen from my scores.")

(To be continued.)

ROYAL ALBERT HALL CONCERTS.

The directors of the Royal Albert Hall Concerts show no diminution of energy. The attractions provided for the "Popular" concert given last night were abundant, and might have been expected to attract a larger attendance. The list of vocalists included the names of Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Annie Sinclair, and Miss Sterling; Mr W. H. Cummings, with the excellent part-song choir of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society. Mr G. Martin was organist, and Herr Wilhelm was also engaged. Mr Barnby conducted, and the accompaniments were in the skilful hands of Mr Randegger. Whether the most was made of these valuable materials may be questioned; but beyond a doubt there was much to enjoy and much to praise in the execution of the various selections included in the programme. By far the best and most delightful of the vocal performances were those of the Part-Song Choir, which were alone well worth the journey to Kensington. It would be difficult to find a finer body of sixty voices; but their vocal endowments are by no means their highest distinction. They have learned to suppress all individuality, and they sing as if the whole body of voices belonged to but one mind. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington's first song, "The Wren's Nest," was sung with that admirable vocalization for which this excellent artist is distinguished; and it was only to be regretted that her powers should be employed on so feeble a composition. In the old Scotch ballad, "John Anderson, my Jo," she vindicated her reputation as one of our best ballad singers, and sang charmingly. Miss Annie Sinclair, a promising young artist, essayed the Jewel Song from Gounod's *Faust*, song by no means suitable for concert purposes, and hardly within her powers. Her second song, "The Bailiff's Daughter of Ilington," was more successful, but would have been improved by a more dramatic and natural manner of relating the incidents of the familiar legend. Miss Sterling sang, with rare beauty of voice and intense dramatic expression, Blumenthal's "Lament of the Border Widow" by no means a favourable specimen of the composer—and Mr Barnby's new song, "When the tide comes in," a graceful composition, in which a tragic story is sympathetically treated. On each occasion Miss Sterling was warmly greeted. Mr Cummings sang with success "Only for thee," by J. L. Roedel, and a new song, entitled "Yes," by J. Blumenthal, which is not equal to former works by the same composer. The old ballad, "Sally in our alley," well sung by Mr Cummings, produced double effect from the contrast with its predecessors. Mr Whitney sang with good taste Mr John Oxenford's "Down deep within the cellar," three spirited verses to an old German tune, Mr Barnby's "Tells of St Ethelred," and Balfe's "Heart bowed down." Mr Martin, in his rendering of Balfe's Gavotte in B minor, and in a March by T. Hewlett, proved himself to be an accomplished organist. How Mr Barnby and Mr Randegger acquitted themselves it is unnecessary to say. The "lion" of the evening was Herr Wilhelm, who played for his first solo Ernst's "Elegie." His powerful tone, particularly on the fourth string, was as remarkable as heretofore, and his mechanism was almost perfect. Herr Wilhelm's second solo—his own paraphrase of the slow movement in Chopin's Pianoforte Concerto—was far more successful. He was loudly applauded on both occasions. *Elijah* will be given next Tuesday, with full orchestra and chorus, under the direction of Mr Barnby.

HOPWOOD & CREW'S SALE.

The sale by auction of the stock of music plates and copyrights of Messrs Hopwood & Crew, just concluded by Messrs Puttick & Simpson, of Leicester Square, in which the music trade and profession generally have taken considerable interest, is remarkable for the large, and in many cases extraordinary, prices obtained. Among the more prominent may be cited lots 44, Blamphin's *Dreaming of Angels*, £63 15s. (Brewer). 61. The same composer's *Just touch the Harp gently*, £113 15s. (ditto). 81. Pretty Swallow, also by Blamphin, £69 (J. Williams). 168. Signor Campana's *Speak to me*, £110 (Chappell). 175. The *Scout*, by the same composer. This song (rendered most effectively by the singing of Mr Santley), after a spirited competition, fell to Mr Morley, junr., at the large sum of £312. Lot 201. Clifton (H.), *As Welcome as the Flowers in May*, £72 (Metzler). 224. Ditto, *It's really very singular*, £82 10s. (ditto). 258. Coote (C.), *Archery Galop*, £96 (Ashdown & Parry). 260. Ditto, *Awfully Jolly Waltz*, £94 10s. (ditto). 271. Ditto, *Barlesque Valse*, £157 10s. (ditto). 283. The *Cornflower Valse*, £132 (ditto). 281. Clifton (H.), *Pulling hair against the Stream*, £67 10s. (J. Williams). 282. Ditto, *Robinson Crusoe*, £132 (ditto). 393. Ditto, *Where there's a will there's a way*, £61 10s. (J. Williams). 407. Wait for the turn of the Tide, £75 (ditto). 509. Hobson's *Come sing to me*, £83 15s. (ditto). 510. *Complaints, or the Ills of Life*, by the same composer, £85 10s. (ditto). 527. Howard (R.), *You'll never miss the water till the well runs dry*, £163 (B. Williams). 578. Coote's *Just Out Galop*, £73 12s. (Chappell). 623. Ditto, *Pretty Bird Valse*, £66 6s. (ditto). 631. Ditto, *Princes Imperial Galop*. This lot was knocked down to Mr J. Williams, amidst considerable applause, for £990, the largest price, we believe, ever obtained for a single piece of dance music. Lot 655. Coote's *Sweetly Pretty Valse*, £245 (Chappell). 660. Hobson's *Popular Favourites for the Pianoforte*, £412 10s. (ditto). 682. Buckley's *Come Where the moonbeams linger*, £157 10s. (ditto). 684. Clifton (H.), *Very Suspicious*, £330 (J. Williams). 686. Ditto, *Folly and Fashion*, £72 10s. (Ashdown & Parry). 710. Hunt (G. W.), *The Belle of the Ball*, £90 (Bath). 937. Coote, *The Encore Galop*, £122 8s., purchased by the composer. 953. The *Snowdrift Galop*, £561, also purchased by Mr Coote. 974. Coote & Tinney's *Ball Room Album*, £110 (Chappell). 1060. Read (J.), *Down by the Old Mill Stream*, £78 (Bath). 1152. Thomas (J. R.), *The Birds will come again*, £153 (J. Williams). 1187. Vane (B.), *I never was meant for the sea*, £35 (Bath). 1315. *Fizz Galop*, by Tinney, £76 14s. (Chappell). 1325. Robert Coote's *Ball Room Guide*, £150 (Willey). Total, nearly £15,000.

PARMA.—At the second performance of *Il Conte Verde*, the composer, Sig. Libani, was called on 30 times.

BAUWINK.—Sig. Verdi's *Aida* has been successfully produced at the Ducal Theatre. Meddles *Preis*, Scheuerlin, Herren H. Schröter, Ulbricht, and Lieb, sustained the principal parts. They were warmly applauded and called on several times. The band and chorus were especially good; the scenery, dresses, and decorations, all that could be desired.

St PETERSBURG.—Mr Anton Rubinstein's new opera, *The Demon*, was produced on the 25th January. There is no overture. The curtain rises on an instrumental introduction, with an inviolable chorus of good and of bad spirits. It is night, and a violent storm is raging. *The Demon*, the principle of evil, is implacably bent on the ruin of innocents, personified in the young Princess Tamara, the betrothed of Sindral, an Eastern prince. To the principle of evil is opposed the principle of good, represented by an Angel. Both the Demon and the Angel, at the commencement of the piece, claim entire power over the destinies of the human race. The second scene represents a smiling landscape bathed in sunshine. Tamara appears in the midst of a chorus of maidens, to whom she imparts her hopes. The scene changes again, and exhibits a caravan led by her lover, Sindral. A savage horde attacks it, and Sindral is killed in the conflict. The second act passes in the palace of Prince Gudar, Tamara's father. Splendid festivities are being celebrated in honour of Sindral's arrival. They are interrupted by the intelligence of his death. Tamara, in despair, begs permission of her father to enter a cloister. The third act is consecrated to the temptation of Tamara, whom the Angel of Good in vain endeavours to snatch from the grasp of the Demon. Tamara succumbs, but a last prayer saves her, and the Demon flies to the regions below. The libretto, founded on a well-known legend by Leremoutoff, is by a Russian poet, Wiskowoff. This is the composer's seventh opera, his first, *Donizetti* (Moscow), dates from 1859, and was rewarded here three times; then came *Vengeance* and *The Seven Hunters of Siberia*, never acted. These were succeeded by *Ferramos*, *The Sons of the Heath*, and *The Noces*, the last of which is now being got up at Berlin and Paris.

WAIFS.

A new musical journal, *La Globe Musical*, has made its appearance at Geneva.

M. Lamoureux will probably introduce Handel's *Alexander's Feast* to the Parisians on the 25th inst.

Max Bruch's *Odyssæus* will be performed at Manchester, for the first time in England, next month.

The death of Grace Alleyne, formerly well known and admired as a concert singer, occurred on the 14th inst.

Mr W. Howell Alliekin, Mus. Bsc., has been appointed organist and choir-master of St John's College, Oxford.

The first concert of the ninth season of the Schubert Society will take place on Wednesday next, the 24th inst.

M. Gevaert has published the first volume of his interesting and exhaustive work on the history and theory of the music of antiquity.

Mdme Patry, Mr W. H. Cummings, and Mr Patry will make a short professional tour in Devonshire and Cornwall at Easter—may success wait on them.

The Crystal Palace English operatic performances will be resumed in May next, and it is at present proposed to bring them to a conclusion at the end of July.

The Sacred Harmonic Society, on Friday last week, gave a performance of Mozart's Mass in C, Spohr's *Christian's Prayer*, and Mendelssohn's *Athalie*, with Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Elton, Mr Guy, and Mr Theodore Dittin as vocalists, and Mr John Ryder as reciter of the verses in *Athalie*.

An old relic of the Hanover Square Rooms has departed. James Fitzgerald, the carriage attendant at the Queen's Concert Rooms, died on the 4th inst (aged 74). He was the oldest man in that line of business, and about the last of the old school. He was well known to most of the nobility and aristocracy, and generally respected by all who knew him.

Prof. Mulder Fabbrì, husband of Madame Ines Fabbrì, and for many years a well-known musician and orchestral conductor at San Francisco, died in that city December 22nd, aged fifty-two. San Francisco owes him several seasons of opera, which were rightly called *polygot*, but which did much to strengthen and improve the musical tastes of the people on the Pacific coast. He left his wife in easy circumstances.

The Alexandra Theatre, in Park Street, Camden Town, re-opened on Saturday last, under the direction of Mr Thorpe Pede, whose operetta, *Marguerite*, was among the attractions of the evening, with Miss Gertrude Ashton and Mr J. W. Turner in the principal parts. The novelty of the evening was an operetta by M. Charles Lecocq, played for the first time in England. It is entitled, *Eighteen Years in one Hour*. The chief parts were ably sustained by Mr Herbert and Miss J. Coventry. The operetta pleased very much, a chorus of old men being especially admired. We congratulate Mr Pede on having so successfully begun his opera season.

We subjoin the programme of Professor Oakley's third orchestral concert, at the Reed commemorative festival, on Wednesday, Feb. 17th:—

PART FIRST.—Overture, *Merry Wives of Windsor*—Nicolaï; Serenade (Mr Pearson)—Schubert; *Ave Maria*, arranged on Bach's 1st Prelude, for soprano, violin, organ, and piano (Solo Violin, Mr Carrodus)—Gounod; "Qui sedego," from *Flauto Magico* (Mr Whitty)—Mozart; Symphony in A minor (the Scotch)—Mendelssohn. PART SECOND.—Funeral March (in Memoriam) (conducted, by request, by the composer)—H. S. Oakley; Fantasia Overture, *Faraway and Near*—Steuernale Bennett (Obit. 1st Feb. 1875); "Come into the garden, Maid" (Mr Pearson)—Balfé; Flute solo on a German air (Mr Kypke)—Boehm; "I'm a Roamer," from *Son and Stranger* (Mr Whitty)—Mendelssohn; Fœtal March, "Edinburgh" (conducted by the composer)—H. S. Oakley; "God save the Queen."

Wa (*Aradian*) used to think that the great P. T. Barnum was the prince of advertisers, and had exhausted every known dodge and trick. He has, however, been outdone by Sherry Shook, the proprietor of the Union Square Theatre, and bosom friend of N. Hart Jackson, Esq. a few days ago Mr Shook induced one of the Mulberry street detectives to steal his watch. The news of the robbery was spread about in all the papers, and interesting paragraphs were made up showing how the thief's attention was attracted by Mr Shook's continual application to his watch to see whether the various tableaux of *The Two Orphans* were on time. Some days were permitted to elapse, and then more paragraphs were sent to the papers, stating how mysterious individual came to the Union Square Theatre, demanded to see Mr Shook, took him on one side, and, in a palmy-his whisper, asked whether he had not lost his watch. Mr Shook replied that he had. Whereupon the mysterious individual aforesaid observed, "Here it is." "What's to pay?" inquired Mr Shook. "Nuffin," was the reply, "I used to be a bad un, but since I saw them two orfe 'n's I is a reformed card."

English opera has drawn such large audiences lately at the Philharmonic Theatre, Kingston, that the directors have resolved to give a series of English operatic performances on a more important scale. Several new engagements have been made, and on Saturday, February 27, Wallace's *Marianna* will be produced, with Miss Rose Herose in the title character. Other distinguished artists will, on this occasion, make their first appearance at the Philharmonic Theatre.

The Theatre Royal of Edinburgh, the principal place of amusement in that city, was totally burned to the ground on Saturday last week. The cause of the fire has not been ascertained, but it is believed that it originated from an explosion of gas connected with the time-light apparatus used in the pantomime. This is the third time the Royal Theatre has been destroyed by fire within the last forty years. It was burnt to the ground in 1853, and again about twelve years later, while under the present management. The building was purchased last year by a private gentleman who resided in Edinburgh, but who was at one time a banker in London. He is fully insured.

MADRID.—Verdi's *Mass* will shortly be executed here.

GENOA.—*Salvator Rosa*, by Sig. Gomez, has been revived and favourably received at the Carlo Felice.

BARCELONA.—*Mignon*, by M. Ambrosio Thomas, is in rehearsal at the Teatro Hellin. According to report, it will be followed by *I promessi Sposi* of Ponchelli.

GENEVA.—A short time since, the first stone was laid of the new theatre to be erected with a part of the money left to the City by the late ex-Duke of Brunswick.

BRISLAW.—The programme of the eighth Subscription Concert given by the Orchestral Union included, as a novelty, Herr Raff's new Symphony, No. 6, in D minor. The work met with a favourable reception. DRESDEN.—At a recent concert of the Instrumental Union, one of the attractions was the overture to a new opera, *Alcina*, by Herr Thooff. It produced a good impression. The entire opera will most probably be brought out here next season.

VICENZA.—At the Imperial Operahouse, the new opera *Der Widerspenstigen Zähmung*, by Herr Götz, proved a decided hit. The next novelty, to be produced at the end of the present month is *Die Königin von Saba*, by Herr Goldmark. This will be followed by *Die Fledermaus*, of Herr Edmund Krieger. The last two librettos are by Dr Mosenthal. Herr Jacob Müller, the well-known baritone from the Comic Opera, is engaged in the place of Dr Kraus.

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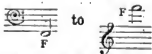
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BOOK III.

13. *Now lightly we Balfe.
14. *Hark! over the Balfe.
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17. *Come over the waters Bonaldi.
18. *Where the fairies Balfe.

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24. *Bridal Chorus Barrett.

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27. *Hark! the merry Paganini.
28. *With song of the bird Paganini.
29. *Happy as the day Wallace.
30. *The red cross banner Balfe.

BOOK VI.

31. *The distant bell Balfe.
32. *The sunset bell Paganini.
33. *Who'll follow Paganini.
34. *Sleep on Balfe.
35. *O the summer night Prentice.
36. *O hear ye not Smart.

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49. *The Village Church Becker.
50. *Come, sisters, come Gordiniani.
51. *The Zingari Balfe.
52. *Morning T. Hanley.
53. *Evening T. Hanley.
54. *Sleep, gentle baby Bishop.

BOOK X.

55. *The Rhine Post Ardt.
56. *Angels that around Wallace.
57. *Happy Wanderer Albi.
58. *Through the grassy Balfe.
59. *Our happy valley Bonaldi.
60. *Blessed be the Home Bonaldi.

BOOK XI.

61. *Happy, smiling faces Owen.
62. *Fairest flowers Paganini.
63. *Jodens of the dawn Smart.
64. *At our spinning wheel Wagner.
65. *How can we sing Balfe.
66. *The standard waves Bishop.

BOOK XII.

67. *A spring sun peepeth out Richards.
68. *The storm Richards.
69. *Lightly, softly Paganini.
70. *Over woodland, over plain Paganini.
71. *How softly, how Costa.
72. *Flowing bravely Campana.

BOOK XIII.

73. *Pursuing Paganini.
74. *Softly now Paganini.
75. *The Night Bell Bonaldi.
76. *Musing Sanbano Paganini.
77. *Fair and fertile valley Paganini.
78. *Friendship Allen.

BOOK XIV.

79. *Our Year is full Ricci.
80. *Our last farewell Curcioman.
81. *Follower Greeting Curcioman.
82. *Hark the Pines Bishop.
83. *While the days are bright Bonaldi.
84. *Sweet Bird of Heaven, Wallace.

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 Qui me prodiguait ses tendresses!
 Je pleure son regard charmé!
 Je ne reçois plus ses caresses!

Ainsi parlait, en gémissant,
 Une orpheline désolée:
 Mais un bel ange, l'embrassant,
 Lui dit, d'une voix inspirée:
 "No pleure plus et sois ma sœur
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CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The weather notwithstanding (and it could hardly have been worse), there was a fair attendance at the concert of Saturday afternoon. The programme, although comprising no entire orchestral symphony, generally the "pièce de résistance," at these entertainments, presented sufficient variety of attraction, and the audience showed by their applause throughout that they were more than satisfied. The overture to *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* (*Seraglio*), one of Mozart's most spirited and characteristic dramatic preludes, was a good beginning. The members of the orchestra, judging by the animation they threw into their performance, seemed thoroughly to enjoy the task allotted to them. We have never heard the overture go better, rarely so well. It is a pity there should not be many more such joyous preludes. "Love laid his sleeping head," a tenor song, composed by Mr Arthur Sullivan (to strains by Algernon Swinburne), for his incidental music to the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and marked by genuine feeling, was given with true expression by Mr Edward Lloyd. Nothing could have afforded a more striking contrast to the overture than this graceful effusion which, if on that account alone, was sure to make an impression. The song was much liked, and equally so the singer; but, on being called for, Mr Lloyd merely bowed, declining to accept an "encore," thereby following the initiative frequently set by an eminent brother artist.

What came next was in still livelier contrast. The pianoforte concerto in F minor of Herr Johannes Brahms, a comparatively early work, belongs, nevertheless, to modern German art in its highest form of development. How Robert Schumann first made acquaintance with Brahms, what he thought of him at the time, and the prophecy he made of his future career has been more than once narrated. Whether Schumann's predictions are destined to be fulfilled to the letter, time alone can prove; one thing, however, is certain, that Brahms has for a long period been steadily advancing, and that he already stands foremost in the estimation of his compatriots, who year after year confer upon him fresh honours. Away from his home, too, Brahms progresses surely, if slowly. Here in England he has found very many sincere admirers, which Mr Manns at the Crystal Palace, and Mr Arthur Chappell at St James's Hall, were not slow to perceive, and, perceiving, to profit by, for the benefit of their respective patrons. Some of the chamber music of Brahms has for years been known to various select circles, but now not only his chamber music, but his orchestral music and his sacred music are becoming in a certain degree familiar to the general public. He thus obtains more and more chances of appreciation, and it is to be hoped that the favourite of Schumann will as nearly as possible (for Schumann talked in a highly rhetorical vein on the subject), realize the hopes of his friend and master. In one sense he already does—the influence of Schumann being clearly manifest in not a few of the compositions Herr Brahms has given to the art. Among these may be cited the pianoforte concerto introduced for the second time at the Crystal Palace Concerts on Saturday. The first to play it at these concerts was a young English pianist, Miss Baglehole, a student, under Mr W. H. Holmes, at the Royal Academy of Music. In each of the three movements, the first and last especially, we detect signs of the influence to which reference has been made—not plagiarism, be it understood, but what appears to indicate unmistakable sympathy. There are occasional passages, moreover, which remind us that Herr Brahms leans also towards Beethoven, just as Schumann did himself in the prime of his artistic career. He might do worse, seeing that he possesses unquestionable originality of his own. The concerto in F minor is, in certain respects, one of the most difficult tasks to set before a pianist, even at a time when the possession of mechanical dexterity is too often looked upon as an end rather than as a means. Then, the tax upon the physical powers of the solo performer is made heavier by the full, elaborate, and incessant employment of the orchestra, both in "tutti" and accompaniment—which latter, in sundry instances, if not carefully toned down by the conductor—a feat by no means over-easy—is calculated

now and then to drown the notes of the pianoforte. No such mishap occurred, however—which may be readily believed when it is added that the pianist was Mlle Marie Krebs. This young lady is equal to any, the most trying, *bravura* passages, surmounting them with invariable ease; while her touch is so elastic, her tone so powerful and telling, that no amount of orchestral colouring, however indiscriminately laid on, seems to interfere with the unchecked freedom of her manipulation. Mlle Krebs played from beginning to end without book—a custom we cannot altogether approve in the instance of concertos, where there are others besides the solo performer upon whom a considerable share of the responsibility devolves. Firm as a rock, however, she has seldom played more brilliantly, with better sustained fluency, and—remembering the *adagio*, and its several phrases of *cantabile*—with an expression more delicately balanced, while free from the slightest tinge of exaggeration. No success could have been completer, and rarely has unanimous applause followed a display of executive art more thoroughly deserving.

The concerto was succeeded by two airs from the late Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*—"Oh Lord! Thou hast searched me out," which could not have been sung with a deeper insight into its character and meaning than that evinced by Mme Patey (fresh from her Paris successes); and "His salvation is nigh them that fear Him," to which Mr Lloyd did every justice. It was hardly discreet, we think, in a concert-room, to place two airs, so quietly unobtrusive, one immediately after the other; but, as both are pure gems of devotional song, they were acceptable all the same. About the two movements from Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor, perhaps the most precious of the several MSS. which Mr G. Grove had the good fortune to discover at Vienna and introduce to England, we can only repeat what we have said before—that they exhibit their gifted author at his best, which causes all the more regret that so beautiful a work should have come to us in an incomplete shape. Never have the two movements been listened to with more earnest and absorbing attention, and never, it should also be stated, have they been interpreted in a style more nearly bordering on the ideal perfection to which they emphatically point. The wind instruments in the lovely *Andante* were absolutely irreplaceable; but, where all was truly excellent, it would be invidious to single out further examples for special eulogy. At the conclusion the audience expressed their gratification with unbounded heartiness, so much so that Mr Manns, the conductor, turned round and applauded his own orchestra—a little breach of etiquette quite pardonable under the circumstances. M. Gounod's sacred ballad, "There is a green hill far away," sung by Mme Patey, and a very effectively scored *Festive Overture*, written by Herr Krebs, Kapellmeister of Dresden (father of Mlle Marie), in commemoration of the German victories in the war of 1870-71, played with congenial spirit by the orchestra, brought this very interesting concert to a close.

At the concert to-day, Saturday, *Jeune d'Arc*, "a dramatic scene," by Mr Alfred Holmes, is to be given for the first time; and for next Saturday, the "Sterndale Bennett Memorial Concert," at which the entire programme will be made up from the compositions of our late countryman, is announced.—*Times*.

BAKSWICK.—It is some time since any theatrical event created so much sensation here as the appearance of Mad. Lucca, for one night only, as Selma, in *L'Africain*. The theatre was crowded to suffocation, though the price of admission were doubled, and, in some instances, even trebled. The audience were enthusiastic, and applauded most vigorously on every possible opportunity.

VIENNA.—The new opera, *Cagliostro in Wira*, by Herr Johann Strauss, is nearly finished. The first and second acts have already been in rehearsal for some time. The work will very shortly be produced at the Theater an der Wien.—Sig. Franchi, the manager, has been expected here for some time past, to make arrangements for the appearance of Mad. Adeline Patu, which will take place at the Comic Opera in the early part of March. Mad. Patu will sing on sixteen evenings, and in the following operas: *Dinorah*, *Il Trovatore*, *Il Barbiere*, *Don Paquale*, *Lucia*, *La Sonnambula*, *La Traviata*, and, perhaps, *Fenella*.

THE CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

AN ORCHESTRAL POEM.

(From "Journal and Jottings," by Henry W. Goodben.)

(Concluded from page 134.)

I can only record certain circumstances that struck my mind very forcibly during the progress of the ceremony—the details arc written elsewhere. One of the most thrilling and impressive was when the Archbishop of Canterbury was crowning the Queen. Every part of the ceremony had been rehearsed and timed; and, whilst he held the crown over her head, previous to its descending upon her brow, he repeated a prayer. At the moment it touched her forehead the peers and peeresses raised their coronets, which had been hitherto held by their pages, and placed them on their heads. The sun—the great colourist of life, which up to this moment had been hiding his glory, fused into his rays all the tints that colour the world—burst forth in all his splendour, and, through the stained glass window facing the throne, threw such streams of light upon the crown diamonds and the surrounding and abounding gems, that made a blaze of sparkling brilliancy never to be witnessed a second time in a life's span, inaugurating the coronation of the maiden Queen with a happy halo of rich lustre. The cannons in St James's Park boomed forth their salute; the bells from all the surrounding churches clanged their clappers in a joy-fire; the air reverberated with shouts from the people of "Long live the Queen, hurrah!" the excitement was beyond my power to describe; my flesh crept, and I felt as if I belonged to the feathered race, and wanted to mount into the air, but had suddenly been plucked by electricity, leaving an effect of cold shiver on a warm summer's day.

The Queen's mind, no doubt, in the midst of this din and enthusiasm, was centred in an appeal to "Our Father," for strength, wisdom, and grace to support her in the position it had pleased Him to call her to. "How well the human heart was known to Him who first called God by the name of Our Father." After Her Majesty had been crowned, the peers ascended the dais to the throne where she sat to receive the oath of fealty from each in order and rank, according to their rank and precedence. It is the privilege of the peers, after taking the oath of allegiance, to kiss the cheek of the monarch. As the Queen was only a girl of nineteen years of age, it was thought that upwards of 350 kisses, disbursed from lips of men, young, middle-aged, and old, would not be a very agreeable or fragrant proceeding, but a dose sufficient to make the recipient hope never to receive more than one at a time for the rest of a life. It was, therefore, decided that a ceremony of more delicacy and less fatigue might be substituted; so, as the peers passed the throne, they kissed her hand instead of her cheek.

As Lord Rolie, a very old and infirm nobleman, was descending the steps, he missed his footing, fell and literally rolled down, causing great consternation and alarm amongst the surrounding peers. Her Majesty rose from the throne, prompted by the impulse of her youthful and sympathetic nature, as if with the intention of giving some personal help in the matter of picking him up; but as he was soon reinstated in a horizontal position, and was not much hurt, the commotion soon subsided. This solemn ceremony had its ludicrous side also. Whilst the peers were paying homage to the Queen, the treasurer of the household appeared on the scene, with his attendants, carrying bags of gold and silver coronation medals, which he commenced to scatter amongst the people, who shouted "Largesse, largesse!" As he proceeded down the choir, many of the occupants of the front seats left their places, and joined in the scramble for possession of some of the desired medals, with an exception on the part of the judges, who preserved the dignity of their position by remaining in their places, and looking on at this very extraordinary scene, contenting themselves by each holding up a hand as the treasurer passed, hoping that a medal or two might come within their catch. This event must have reminded the participants of their school-boy days, when they had scrambled in their playgrounds. Possibly "my lads" might have wished they could have laid aside their judge-alops for a time, and joined in the merriment and fun it caused. The young pages were the most rampant and active; they thought nothing of pitching over anyone, in their way, when they fixed

their will upon the possession of any glittering piece that caught their eyes. I saw one of the heralds absolutely sprawling on the carpet from a push given him by one of these irresistible scapegraces, when he stooped to gain possession of a desired medal, which he did not get. The page was too agile for him. Some few were thrown into the orchestra, but only those sitting near the front had a chance of getting any.

The efforts of the fine band of 120 instrumentalists and a chorus of greater number were not taxed very severely, as the music, though a great feature, was not super-abundant in quantity. Handel's *Coronation Anthem* ("Zadok the Priest") and one composed by William Knyvett, who held the appointment of State composer, and whose duty it was at such a ceremony to produce some new musical emanation of his brain *à propos* of the occasion. These, with the "Hallelujah" Chorus, were the most important features in the programme, and the effect produced by the first and last was remarkably fine. Old Handel's everlasting and grandly effective compositions, with their broad harmonies, reverberated round the Abbey walls gloriously. The State Composer's effort may be said to have been a weak one, as far as any display of genius or gain to art was concerned.

When the ceremony was over, the procession was formed in the same way as it had entered. The Queen left the throne and took her place in it, walked down the middle of the choir and nave "crowned Monarch of the realm" amidst the reiterated shouts of the people who had been privileged to assist in this remarkable event.

The scene then became varied. Everybody left their seats to depart eventually as they could. They walked about wherever they pleased—some chatting with and greeting their friends, others, worn out with excitement and hunger, applying themselves to their sandwich boxes and flasks. The appearance from the orchestra was that of an animated, lunatic Turkey carpet, acting in a kaleidoscopic fashion. All the colours and gems changed places incessantly, the wearers thereof moving about in the most brilliant confusion. The steps to the throne were soon taken possession of by the loveliest of ladies in the most elegant toilettes, petting the prettiest of pages, and surrounded by the happiest of cavaliers, attending these daintiest of dames and damsels.

I passed into the choir and was in the midst of this gorgeous glory—inspected the altar with its golden communion plate and purple velvet appointments, gazed with wonder upon the dress and hat Prince Esterhazy wore, covered with diamonds and pearls, admired the Countess of Essex (Miss Stephens), the once celebrated vocalist, and a great deal else that was attractive, and then made my way through the crowd into the nave, when another singular scene riveted my attention. The flooring was covered with red carpet, and at the foot of one of the pillars, with a sentry of the Guards standing at ease close by, was a party consisting of two peeresses, arrayed in their coronets and robes, and some other ladies, sitting on the floor picnic fashion, two peers, with their robes tucked up under their arms, also wearing their coronets, a gentleman belonging to the suite of the Austrian Embassy, and an English General, all in an apparently ravenous condition, as they passed their refreshments and flasks about to one another with great satisfaction and enjoyment, and an abrogation of ceremony as they put their bottles to their lips in turn, the absence of wine glasses not troubling their minds in the least degree. Many other parties of a similar description were spotted about whilst waiting for their carriages.

Having seen all I could, I began to get of getting away; and as there was no other means of doing so than by boldly facing the huge crowd which seemed so densely packed that to get through it was an impossibility, I and my comrades took the young ladies we had brought under our care; and, after an hour and a half's perseverance and patience, managed to reach Charing Cross, having met with nothing but civility, good-temper, and humorous "chaffing" on our way.

STOTTGART.—Sir. Verdi's opera of *Aida* is to be produced for the first time at the Theatre Royal on the King's birthday, the 4th March. Mad. Schröder-Planstengl will sustain the part of the heroine. The next operatic novelty will be from *Enrico von Hohenhausen*, libretto by Herr A. B. Dulk, and music by Herr J. J. Abert.

MR J. F. BARNETT'S LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

(From the "Sussex Daily News," February 17.)

The sixth concert of Mr Kuhn's Festival, which took place in the Dome on Tuesday evening, February 16, before a large and fashionable audience, was rendered more than ordinarily interesting by the performance, for the first time in Brighton, of Mr J. F. Barnett's descriptive music to Sir Walter Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel." This piece, which was written for and produced at the Triennial Musical Festival at Liverpool last year, places its composer one step higher in the ranks of contemporary musicians, and establishes his position among the small but gradually increasing band of English composers, whose works are a complete refutation to the sneers from foreign quarters at the unmusicalness of our country. It is worthy of the composer of the *Raising of Lazarus*, the *Ancient Mariner*, and *Paradise and the Peri*, and proves how deeply and successfully he has studied orchestral writing, and how skilful he is in extracting the best effects from each instrument without resorting to any of the tricks which so many "popular" composers are prone to, and upon which their reputation is principally based. Like many of the productions of the living school of composers, Mr Barnett has taken a "poetic basis" for his work, and has chosen to illustrate the work of another rather than create and paint his own picture; a course which makes the sister arts more than ever dependent upon each other, without either, however, sacrificing its characteristics or individuality. In the "argument" of his composition, Mr Barnett describes the first movement, which he names "Fair Melrose" (*arghetto*), as "an elegy on that venerable building," his idea being to illustrate "the feelings of one who, visiting the Abbey 'by pale moonlight,' at the sight of the touching relics of a past age, gives vent to his mournful feelings in a strain such as that suggested by the solo from all the violoncelli." He calls up in his imagination "the choir of the monks of old, like the sound of distant church music," the orchestra, to produce the last effect, being aided by the pedal notes of the organ, which wonderfully improve and vivify the effect. From this mournful picture of the past, the composer turns to a romance, Lady Margaret and the Knight being selected as the subject for this episode, and the movement being described "as a song, or rather a duet without words for orchestra; the first voice being represented by the violins, and the second by the viola and afterwards by the violoncello. A few bars of symphony lead to a theme given out *cantabile* by the first violins, accompanied by *pizzicato* chords of a harp-like character. This is answered by a solo for all the violas; an instrument which is too rarely heard as a solo effect, but whose invaluable qualities in the orchestra cannot be over-estimated." The third movement, the subject of which is the Elf in page, manifestly suggested a *scherzo*, and Mr Barnett has done his best to write something of which neither Weber nor Mendelssohn need have been ashamed. It is quaint, full of tricks and mischief, and so charmingly and delicately scored that the ear must be very dull indeed which could not detect its beauty; but both at Liverpool and Brighton its merits were spontaneously recognized, and it was encored not less enthusiastically last evening than it was last October. The final movement is devoted to the rejoicings at the triumph of Lord Cranston over Richard Maugrave, and is worked out at greater length than any of the preceding, the brass instruments and the whole power of the orchestra being brought into play. The opening and chief melody is vivacious and tuneful, and is assigned to the wind instruments, the strings accompanying, the whole being brought to a spirited and effective conclusion, without, however, any straining; for throughout the composer has written well within himself, and the listener is impressed with the idea that there is more power in him if he cares but to exert it. It is gratifying to see that there are composers amongst us who are content to study in the best schools, and honestly and legitimately strive to write music which shall be truthful and natural, and altogether removed from the clap-trap which French and Italian composers are turning out in such quantities. Mr Barnett himself conducted his work, and had the pleasure of observing how much his latest work was admired, and of receiving the warmest encouragement to persevere in the line which he has struck out for himself. He was unanimously recalled at the close of his work, which was performed by the band in a manner which only calls for praise.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL CONCERTS.

The second concert of the Amateur Orchestral Society was dedicated, as is the rule of the body, to a good work—the Royal Alfred Aged Merchant Seamen's Institute being, upon this occasion, the object of assistance, and the more appropriate, perhaps, as the Duke of Edinburgh is the president of the charity in question. The attendance was not only fashionable, in the best and most brilliant sense of the word, but was also considerable, from which it may be inferred that the beneficent purposes in view were satisfactorily realized. The instrumentalists, among whom the Duke took his usual place, played with their accustomed care and attention, and their delivery of Beethoven's eighth symphony, the introduction to the third act of *Lohengrin* and the overture to the *Cheval de Bronze* and the *Ambassadeur*, presented many creditable points, betokening the value of the discipline they are experiencing at the hands of their leader, Mr H. Enthoven, and their conductor, Mr George Mount. The society is fortunate in its amateur vocalists. At the former concert a pupil of Mr Randegger, Miss Fanny Brongh, a mezzo-soprano, made her *début*, and, despite her obvious nervousness, exhibited an amount of practical accomplishment, which, unquestionably, would soon make her a reputation were public life her aim. On Saturday night we had a Miss Robertson (another pupil of the same distinguished teacher), who has, it is said, been singing with considerable *éclat* in the west of England, on behalf of numerous charitable undertakings. The good words spoken of her do not appear to have been undeserved, for she has a soprano voice of high range and of excellent quality, and a facility of execution which enables her to attack florid music with a skill little short of professional in its results. She gave favourable examples of her ability in Donizetti's "O luce di quest'anima," and Randegger's "Bird of the spring time," which, in both cases, and particularly in the latter, in which she was encored, revealed her undoubted vocal skill, and brought down very genuine and prolonged applause. Mr C. E. McChene has been heard before at these concerts, and in "Tom Bowling" was heard again with all the satisfaction that a tenor singer of taste and feeling never fails to engender. Upon being encored he substituted "The Letter" of Arthur Sullivan. Captain Carlyon-Simmons revived a charming ballad, of "The Thorn" pattern, by the late G. F. Harris, called "Did ye see the red rose?" and Mr W. Ross, R. E., contributed a pair of songs by Schumann, and a spirited *aria* from a cantata by W. Walter Austin. The part-music included agreeable interpretations of Verdi's quartet from *Rigoletto*, "Un di, si ben," and Costa's well-known "Ecco quel fiero istante." The first section of the programme was graced with a violin solo, Ernst's "Reverie," played with masterly skill by Mr H. Enthoven. Mr Randegger accompanied Miss Robertson in her two solo performances.

D. H. H.

THE LONDON WAGNER SOCIETY.

Mr Dannreuther has addressed the following to a contemporary, in answer to some remarks upon the above subject:—

(To the Editor of the "Musical Standard.")

"Sir,—In your last number you state that the *Monthly Musical Record*, 'which should know,' speaks of the London Wagner Society as 'now defunct.'

"Allow me to say that there is not the smallest need of an obituary notice as yet. We shall not resume the orchestral concert, as one of our objects—that of drawing attention to Wagner's music—is attained; but our other and main object—that of sending money to Bayreuth—will continue in force until *Der Ring des Nibelungen* has actually been performed there. And if we go on as we have begun, the financial committee at Bayreuth will some day be able to give a good account of us. I have the honour to be, Sir, truly yours,

"12, Orme Square, January 25th, 1875." EDWARD DANNREUTHER.

BEE LAC.—Herr Theodor Wachtel has been singing at the Stadttheater. He is announced to appear in *Lohengrin*.—Die *Fledermaus* of Herr Johann Strauss has been produced and well received at the Stadttheater.—The principal features at the last Soirée for Chamber-Music given by the Orchestral Union, were the stringed Trio Serenade, Op. 8, of Beethoven, and Hummel's *Sei, tei*. Herr B. Scholz, also, performed two pianoforte pieces of his own composition, from Op. 40.

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our Correspondent.)

Sterndale Bennett's G minor symphony, which was played for the first time in Manchester, at Mr Hallé's last concert, was, I need scarcely tell you, followed with musical interest. It was splendidly played, and seldom did a work of this character produce so decidedly favourable an impression on a first hearing. Every movement was heartily applauded, and there was a disposition to encore the minuetto and the trio—the latter of these was given with most gratifying taste and accuracy by the brass instruments. Of the symphony itself I will not say a word; I will add nothing to the admirable notices given recently in your columns.

In no memorial notice of the lamented Sterndale Bennett have I seen any reference to what I believe was his only appearance on a London stage. Yet, during the time he was a pupil at the Royal Academy, he did actually take the part of Cherubino in Mozart's *Figaro*, in the concert-room of Her Majesty's Theatre, which was fitted up as a theatre for the occasion. All the performers were pupils and members of the Academy; and Mr C. A. Seymour, who for many years has been the leader of the Manchester orchestras, was the leader of the orchestra at this interesting production of Mozart's masterpiece. It must have been somewhere about 1830 or 1831, and a London newspaper, in noticing the performance, spoke of "Master Bennett's little pipe." It will certainly not surprise the lovers of Sterndale Bennett's unrivalled lyrics to learn that he had himself been a trained singer. Even great composers have made the mistake, which Bennett always avoided, of writing music for the voice only suitable for an instrument.

The concert referred to above was in other respects memorable. Herr Joachim played Beethoven's violin concerto in his own imperial style, satisfying, and more than satisfying, the most exacting critics. In the second part Herr Joachim and Herr Straus played a concerto by Bach, with the orchestra, and an unaccompanied duet by Spohr. Anything finer than these displays could not well be imagined. Madame Néruda had been announced to appear, but she had been suddenly summoned to Brünn, in Moravia, in consequence of the illness of her father. Mr Hallé played a Bach selection, which delighted everybody; and, possibly, somebody was delighted by the orchestral rhapsodie of Raff, heard for the first time. Madlle Sophie Löwe, the singer of the evening, is not a great artist, nor can she boast of a fine voice; but, if grace of manner and other attractions were universally accepted as compensation, Madlle Löwe would be a universal favourite. If I were not writing to so dignified a journal as the *Musical World*, I might go so far as to say that, in looking at Madlle Löwe, critics forget to listen.

At the Concert Hall on Monday, Herr Wilhelmj made his first appearance this season—since 1868, indeed, I believe. His marvellous execution, and, above all, his pre-eminently splendid tone, excited general astonishment and delight, but, as an intellectual player, he cannot be placed side by side with Herr Joachim. He played Mendelssohn's Concerto, a Romance of his own composition, and two Paraphrases of Chopin. Sterndale Bennett's lovely *Naimides* overture, Bizet's noble overture in A, two movements of Beethoven's No. 1 Symphony, and Rossini's *Siege of Coriath* overture, were the orchestral selections. Mr Santley and Mr Welby Wallace were the singers, the latter a *debutant*, who did not create a profound impression. Mr Santley sang superbly, and his delivery of Wagner's "O star of eve" created a great sensation; he also revived a remarkably fine scene from *I Briganti*, of Mercadante, which he sang with consummate finish and skill.

Mr de Jong's extra benefit concert attracted a large audience on Saturday evening. Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Blanche Cole, and other prominent artists appeared.

Mr Frederick Unger's third classical chamber concert was given at the Town Hall, last night. The programme included Mozart's string Trio, Op. 19, in E flat; Schubert's Piano-forte Fantasia in C major; Mendelssohn's Duet, Op. 58, in D, for piano-forte and violoncello; and Schumann's Quartet, for piano-forte and strings, Op. 47, in E flat. The executants, Messrs Unger, Banckelers, Speelman, and Van Bieze, all distinguished themselves; and we can give no higher praise to M. Van Bieze's

playing than by saying that it was not unworthy to be compared to that of the prince of violoncellists, Signor Piatti himself.

I have said nothing hitherto about the pantomime music; but the charming melodies and graceful part-songs by Mr Alfred Cellier, in the Christmas pantomime, are quite above the average of compositions of the kind; and there is also some very clever music by Mr A. Plumptre, in the pantomime at the Theatre Royal.

To-morrow night the *Creation* will be given, under Mr Hallé's direction, with Madme Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr Nelson Varley, and Mr Whitney, as the principal singers; and we are looking forward with interest to a performance of Max Bruch's *Oedysseus*, to be given on the 13th of March, by the St Cecilia Amateur Choral Society, assisted by Mr Santley.

February 21, 1875.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

We have had nothing of particular importance in the musical world here of late, since Reichardt's successful concert.

Scrivaneck, after repeating Gentil Bernard with great success, took her leave on the 6th, playing in *Les princesses de la rampa* and *L'élégie en voyage*, and, since her departure, we have had various comedies and dramas, such as *Le roman d'un jeune homme pauvre*, *Les premiers ames de Richelieu*, *Les trois chapeaux de Monsieur*, &c., played with varied success at the Salle Mousigny. Offenbach's *Princesse de Trébizonde* has been given twice, more successfully on the second than on the first occasion, and *Girofl-Girofla* is in rehearsal. *Les deux Orphelins* has also been repeated twice to crowded houses.

Appropos of musical matters, I may mention the reception of two handsome bronze medals at the Museum here, forwarded by M. Marcotte de Quivères, Director of the French Mint. The first was struck in memory of Cherubini, and bears on the reverse side to the excellent medalion of the great musician the following inscription:—

"Né à Florence, 8 Septembre, 1760, Démosthène, Médie, Lodolska, Dux Jouréas, Achille à Seyros, Faniaka, Les Abencerrages, Ali Baba, etc. Mort de Requin, Messe du sacré—Surintendant de la Musique du Roi, Directeur de la Conserve, 1822-1842. Membre de l'Institut, Commandeur de la Légion d'Honneur. Mort à Paris, 15 Mars, 1842."

The medalion is by Odino. The second, in memory of François Adrien Boieldieu, by Legerange, après Dantan:—

"Né à Rouen, le 15 Décembre, 1775, Professeur au Conservatoire, Chef de la Légion d'Honneur, Membre de l'Institut.—La famille usière, Benicourt, Le Café de Bagdad, Ma tante Aurore, Jean de Paris, Le nouveau Seigneur. Le petit Chapeau rouge, Les vœux vœux, La Dame Blanche, Les deux mœurs. Mort à Jarcy près Grosbois, le 8 Octobre, 1844."

I suppose you are aware that there is to be an *Concours de Musique Internationale* during the coming summer at Rouen, to celebrate the centenary of Boieldieu's birth?

Lent makes everything very dull, and the weather suggests firesides at home. Micarême, however, our mid-Lent Thursday, is approaching, and at that sort of safety-valve day for the pent-up feelings of the would-be joyful, numbers of amusements and innumerable balls are being talked of.

P. S.—The young woman who was so successfully treated by music for hysterics some eight months ago, is perfectly well, and gaining her living by needlework. She is an excellent workwoman, and several ladies give her as much as she can do. *She has never had a relapse* since May 6, 1874, when the music was applied—or, rather, "taken as before."

DAVID.—Madlle Orgéni and Herr Edmann are playing a short marriage engagement at the theatre here. The opera is selected for their first appearance was *Il Trovatore*.

FLORENCE.—At a public price distribution of the Florentine Institution, and in presence of the Municipal authorities, the band of the National Guards performed Mr Goldberg's Triumphant March. It will be remembered that this march was first played when the Italian troops entered Rome, after the French troops had left the Eternal City. Mr Goldberg, having dedicated his Triumphant March to the King of Italy, received on that occasion, in acknowledgment from His Majesty, a highly flattering letter, thanking Mr Goldberg in most gracious terms for his patriotic sentiments which had inspired him to compose his Triumphant March.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

The present series of the London Ballad Concerts has come to its close, and Mr John Boosey can look back on a successful season. The concert-hall has always been very well filled with what the French call "La crème de la société," and the novelties produced were, almost without exception, very favourably received. The success of the London Ballad Concerts is chiefly due to the superior spirit in which this popular style of entertainment has been conducted, and was particularly noticeable in the concert of Wednesday evening—the last of the season. The attendance was very large, considering the unfavourable weather, and the programme consisted of some of our standard ballads. The greatest successes were Mr Santley's and Mr Lloyd's. The former gentleman substituted for the "encore" gained by his splendid singing of the "Leather Bottle," Hatton's "To Anthea," and, on being encored in the "Vicar of Bray," he repeated the last verse, and, on his recall, gave "Polly." Mr Edward Lloyd sang Sullivan's "Once Again," besides the pieces put down for him, and repeated Balfe's "Come into the garden, Maud." Madame Lemmens-Sherrington was, unfortunately, not in good voice, and therefore Sir Julius Benedict's new song, "Love's Appeal"—a *bravura* composition—could not fairly be judged. Miss Edith Wynne was encoresd in Cowen's "It was a dream." Miss Antoinette Sterling sang some ballads—Barbary's "When the tide comes in," and "Home, sweet home." Mr Sydney Smith played his own pianoforte solos, "Air Irlandais" and "Le jet d'eau," in excellent style, and to the evident satisfaction of the audience. Amongst the admired features of the programme were the performances of the "London Vocal Union, from St Paul's," under Mr Frederick Walker's direction. The ensemble singing of these gentlemen is perfect. Praise is also due to them for their selection of pieces.—SIGMUND MENKES.

MUSIC IN NEW ZEALAND.

(From a Correspondent.)

We have had quite a plethora of music lately. Madame Goddard and party, the Royal English Opera Company, besides concerts innumerable, given by Mrs Palmer (Fanny Carandini), Madame Winter, and the musical societies.

Madame Goddard's reception has been more enthusiastic here than, perhaps, in any other town in the colonies. At her first concert, some hundreds were turned away from the doors, unable to gain admission. However, this is not uncommon anywhere; but there was a cordiality in her reception that seemed to touch her heart considerably, and she readily responded to encores, which she frequently declines to do. Of her playing it is needless to speak. It was as perfect as usual, and the critics scarcely presume to say more than that. Her company is weak, with the exception of Herr Doehler, the violinist; but Madame Goddard requires no support. Her name is sufficient everywhere.

The Opera Company played for a month before Madame Goddard's arrival, and since her departure they have returned for a few nights. Miss Alice May took her benefit on Monday; and, in spite of a wet night, she had a bumper. She appeared for the first time in Christchurch as Marguerite, and the general opinion is that it is her greatest part. Mr Hilliam is becoming a favourite. His voice, though light, is nice in quality, and he has the good sense not to force it. Mr Templeton, the baritone, has a fine voice, with which he makes a capital use, and his acting is gentlemanly and free from vulgarity. Mr Vernon has not quite the vocal powers of a great tenor, but he is a graceful and natural actor, and has especially distinguished himself in Myles-Napcopaleen. The *tout ensemble* of Mr Allen's company is excellent, and it deserves the success it has obtained in New Zealand. At the same time it is creditable to the musical taste of so young a country, that they support an entertainment for a year. Miss Alice May is really the pet of the country. No one else has received such lavish praise, presents, and honours. At the conclusion of the present tour the company are likely to go to India, under the auspices of Signor Biscaccianti, who prognosticates a decided success. In no country is talent more appreciated than in India.

G. B. A.

Christchurch, December 20, 1874.

MUSICAL CRITICISM.

Writing to *Duright's Journal of Music* about a matter of personal interest, an American pianist, Mr B. D. Allen, goes on to say:—

"Now that I have pen in hand, may I give expression to a thought or two, bearing upon the general subject of musical criticism, without reference to special cases? I believe in the independence of the critic; that, excluding purely personal considerations, he should labour for the advancement of the art. With this end in view, he may adopt, as his standard, *perfection*; condemning all according to the degree in which they fall of this. The result will probably be that none can wholly bear the test, while most will fall far short of it. Those who seek to act as conservators of the public taste, by the organization of an orchestra, for instance, or, in small cities, by the organization of a choir for the production of rare choral works, will find their efforts decared, without any consideration of peculiar circumstances which may limit the number of rehearsals or otherwise impair the efficiency of their work. In such cases, does not the critic retard art to the extent to which he discourages and represses the efforts of those who would be its promoters? Many a singer of ability would be willing to give time, study, and unrecompensed effort for the sake of helping on the good cause, who would shrink from exposing his reputation to the assaults of ungenerous criticism. Where such prevail, the community itself, as well as art, is the loser. Is not the needed criticism in such cases that which shall build up (edify), not that which shall tear down and destroy?"

"A point for the artist's consideration is this; that, as the late critic of the *London Athenaeum* has expressed it, a quill in a man's hand 'does not give him wings to his shoulders, and convert him into a chartered angel, whose name must be spoken with dread as soon as ever his praise or blame appears in the journal.' As one emerges from a state of pupillage, he will need less and less the verdict of the outside public to assure him of his position in the kingdom of art. He, who, after every performance, must rush from the concert-hall to inquire of the dispenser through whether he did well, had better not be too hasty in dismissing his teacher. But those who walk in artistic freedom know when they have done well, though the world may disagree. They know, too, when they have done ill, though the world may extol. In striving to reach this position should we not all remember, that the criticism which does us good is friendly, even though it be severe."

MDME GODDARD IN CALIFORNIA.

Mdme Arabelle Goddard, who arrived on the Cyphrenes, Saturday night (January 30), has been in the Australian Colonies during part of the past year, but brings the most flattering endorsements from the great London journals, and testimonials of the London public's appreciation. The *Times* of February 12th, 1873, says:—"From her first achievements, at the concert of the Quartette Association, when she played from memory the long, elaborate, and, to nineteen pianists out of twenty, almost impracticable sonata of Beethoven in B flat, Op. 106, to her more recent exhibitions in public, she has only to look back to an uninterrupted series of triumphs." Mdme Goddard will commence her series of concerts early next week, in either Pacific Hall or Platt's Hall.—*San Francisco Journal*, February 1st.

A CORRECTION.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Sir,—In the *Athenaeum* of last Saturday appears the following statement:—

"The death of Sir W. Stremdale Bennett has left two posts of honour, if not of profit, open, namely, the Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, and the musical professorship of Cambridge. The committee of management, it seems, has elected Mr G. A. Macfarlane; but the validity of the nomination is disputed on the ground that the electoral power rests with the directors, who wish to appoint Mr Sullivan."

Will you allow me, through your columns, to declare on the authority of Mr Gill, the secretary of the Royal Academy of Music, that there is not a shadow of truth in the above, and that its foundation rests entirely in the imagination of the writer of the paragraph.

I must, also, call attention to the obvious purport of his remarks further on, when he gives the names of several of the most distinguished musicians as forming the committee of management, and states that the board of directors is composed chiefly of "aristocratic amateurs."—I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant,

8, Albert Mansions, S. W.,

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Feb. 24, 1875.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ST JAMES'S HALL.

SEVENTEENTH SEASON, 1874-5.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 1, 1875.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.		
QUARTET, in E flat, Op. 18, No. 4, for two violins, viola, and		Reethoven.
violinello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIEG, STRAUSS, and PIATTI		Neuditsch.
SONGS, "Die Liebende schreibt" Mlle JOHANA LEVIER		Schwert.
"Wohin"		Bach.
FRANZLILUM, ARIA, PASSEPIED, and GIGUE, for piano-		
forte alone—MR CHARLES HALLÉ		Bach.
PART II.		
SONATA, in D minor, for pianoforte and violin (first time at the		Schumann.
Popular Concerts)—MR CHARLES HALLÉ and HERT JOACHIM		Neuditsch.
SONGS, "Die Liebende schreibt" Mlle JOHANA LEVIER		Schwert.
"Wohin"		Bach.
VARIATIONS on the Song, "Ich bin der Schneider Kalandu,"		
for pianoforte, violin, and violinello (first time at the Popular		
Concerts)—MR CHARLES HALLÉ, HERT JOACHIM, and Signor		
PIATTI		Reethoven.
CONDUCTOR		MR ZERDINI.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 27, 1875.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUINTET, in F minor, for pianoforte, two violins, viola, and violon-		
cello (first time at the Popular Concerts)—MR CHARLES		
HALLÉ, JOACHIM, L. RIEG, STRAUSS, and PIATTI		Druma.
SONGS, "Mour, thou poor heart"—Miss ANNA WILLIAMS		Wier.
SONATA, in D major (No. 21 of Hallé's Edition), for pianoforte		Moart.
alone—MR CHARLES HALLÉ		Schwann.
SONG, "Ich grölle nicht"—Miss ANNA WILLIAMS		
QUARTET, in F major, Op. 49, No. 1, for two violins, viola, and		Reethoven.
violinello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIEG, STRAUSS, and PIATTI		
Conductor		MR JULIUS BENEDICT.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VAN PHAAG (San Francisco).—The "Golden Dollar" arrived safely.

MARRIAGE.

On the 23rd inst., ARTHUR HOWELL, Esq., to Miss ROSE HERBER, daughter of Henry Herber, Esq., of Lee Place, Kent.

DEATHS.

On the 9th inst., at Matlock, aged 46, ROBERT BURKIN YOUNG, Esq., late of Mirzapore and Calcutta.

On the 20th inst., at 13, Fisher Street, Carlisle, CATHERINE, wife of H. E. FORD, Esq., organist of Carlisle Cathedral.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursdays. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1875.

IN another column appears an extract from a letter addressed to *Dwight's Journal of Music*, by an American artist, who had something to grumble at. The object of his grumbling was an unkind critic, and between him and critics in general lay but a short and easy step. We are glad the artist took it. As a rule, when offended performers write to editors, they make themselves ridiculous; but our American friend appeared in the character of a sensible and reasonable man. Whether he was right or wrong about the

special matter of which he complained, we cannot tell. But these are pertinent and weighty remarks:—

"I believe in the independence of the critic; that, excluding purely personal considerations, he should labour for the advancement of the art. With this end in view, he may adopt, as his standard, *perfection*; condemning all according to the degree in which they fail of this. The result will probably be that none can wholly bear the test, while most will fall far short of it. Those who seek to act as conservators of the public taste, by the organization of an orchestra, for instance, or, in small cities, by the organization of a choir for the production of rare choral works, will find their efforts derided, without any consideration of peculiar circumstances which may limit the number of rehearsals or otherwise impair the efficiency of their work. In such cases, does not the critic retard art to the extent to which he discourages and represses the efforts of those who would be its promoters? Many a singer of ability would be willing to give time, study, and unrecompensed effort for the sake of helping on the good cause, who would shrink from exposing his reputation to the assaults of ungenerous criticism. Where such prevail, the community itself, as well as art, is the loser. Is not the needed criticism in such cases that which shall build up (edify), not that which shall tear down and destroy?"

How far such observations were called for by the character of American criticism, we do not pretend to judge, nor does it matter as regards the use we shall make of them. They concern the interests of music in England not less, we will venture to say, than in America, because they indicate a danger towards which we are apparently drifting. If common testimony may be believed, there was once a time, not so long ago as the Conquest, when what purported to be musical criticism was neither more nor less than indiscriminate laudation. The critics all wore spectacles *couleur de rose*, and either through timidity, or for reasons of another kind, kept their intelligent countenances beaming with delight. From one point of view, this was an agreeable state of things. Nobody got into trouble, and everybody enjoyed his share of journalistic "fat." Art languished, of course, in an atmosphere at once so luxurious and enervating; but Art, being impersonal, was of small account, and nobody thought about it. We are not going to defend this state of things. In so far as it belongs to the past, the change is for the better, and that it does, in some degree, belong to the past, few will deny. But, men are ever ready to rush from one extreme to another. The hottest zealot is a perverser; the fiercest enemy he who was once a friend. Perhaps, this general principle explains why musical criticism nowadays shows a disposition to swing over to the other side of injustice, and offend, not by leniency, but by unreasoning and unfair hostility. At any rate, circumstances make it worth while to enquire whether the first business of a musical critic be to foster art, or to chastise its professors. In the second case, the best course is, as observes the American pianist, to "adopt, as his standard, *perfection*, condemning all according to the degree in which they fail." On this ground the chastiser is safe, because, as perfection cannot be demonstrated, he may hit out at everybody without exposing his own ignorance. Moreover, plausible but spurious logic may be invented to back up the position. It is easy to say that, as the conservator of art, a critic knows nothing of extraneous circumstances, from which he stands divided by the highest and most imperative obligations. The result may be hard upon those who are merely exponents of art, but it is a necessary consequence of their position, and should be endured as an engine driver endures the roasting of his legs while his teeth are chattering. But if it can be shown that this judgment by the standard of perfection actually bars

the progress of art towards the point insisted on, the whole theory tumbles like a house of cards. The test perfection must be abandoned, and our critic, with his head against the arch of heaven, must come down to the very mundane labour of putting his shoulder to a possibly muddy wheel—in other words, when forming judgment upon a thing done, he must stoop to acknowledge the conditions of its doing, and shape his verdict accordingly. After all, this line of action—the only true one, as we believe—is that by which opinion upon most matters is regulated. When a painter holds the pencil between his toes for lack of arms, his deprivation becomes a factor in our estimate of the result. Examples might be multiplied to infinity, but there is no need of them. It falls in with the true idea of justice that a man is worthy of praise or blame, not as he stands with regard to "perfection," but according to the opportunities he has had of becoming perfect.

We wish our musical critics would often bear these considerations in mind. To do so, we know, involves some sacrifice. He who blames, by the very act, puts himself above the blamed, and the position is gratifying to self-love. Besides, a course of indiscriminate censure involves many opportunities for the exhibition of that "smartness" which an age of "fast" journalism cherishes; while it also gratifies the cruelty of human nature. With a genuine critic, however, such considerations go for little. Desiring to promote the advance of art, his eye is upon all artistic doings, measuring the result achieved by the means available, and ready to praise honest effort even though it be very far indeed from evolving perfection. To encourage the first steps of a little child is quite as noble as to cheer an athlete; and, if the men who wield the pen of criticism could be got to recognize the fact, a healthier spirit would pervade the musical world.

AS the question of a Sterndale Bennett memorial in Westminster Abbey is sure to be raised, we cannot do better than direct attention to the excellent proposal recently made, through our columns, by Mr W. H. Cummings. It will be remembered that Mr Cummings advocated the filling in with stained glass of an uncoloured window which lights "Musicians' Corner." Than this nothing could be better. In the first place, the plan would make needless the addition of another stone monument to those which already crowd the Abbey. What monstrosities abound within those venerable walls, and in what degree they disfigure the place, nobody wants to be told. Indeed, the time can hardly be far distant when public opinion will insist upon their removal as an act alike of justice and expediency. The proposed window could not, in any case, give such offence, rather would it heighten the beauty of the interior, and carry one step further those measures of restoration which will in time, let us hope, make amends for centuries of neglect. Every window in the grand old building should be "richly dight," and not that alone, but "storied" also. For the one near which repose Purcell, Blow, Croft, Arnold, and Sterndale Bennett, a splendid opportunity now offers. It may be true that these men need no memorial; but there is something pleasing in the idea that the light of Heaven, entering the Abbey, and falling on their graves, will be stained with the hues in which gratitude and admiration have commemorated their lives. We sincerely trust that the "Musicians' Window" will at once be taken in hand, subject, of course, to the approbation of the Dean and Chapter. For ourselves, we shall be glad to receive communications on the subject with a view to this result.

The Glimpse.

From ("Another World.")

"Improve Nature's gifts, and with her elements form new compounds."
"Were man's faculties given that they should slumber?"

Nothing engaged my attention more than the health of my people. I had satisfied myself that the most virulent diseases took their development from minute, nay, almost imperceptible causes.

As I had determined to find out the germs of faults in children, which, when neglected, led to confirmed vices in the adult; so I was determined to discover disease in its incipience, and, wherever possible, remove the exciting cause.

I have already referred to the creation of a new fruit-vegetable, as one of the subjects of a series of pictures in my summer palace. I will now relate to you some facts regarding the production of the fruit, the offspring of my anxiety for the health of the people.

In the early part of my reign, before the means had been discovered for detecting the incipient germs of disease, the people were afflicted by the return of a painful malady, with which they had often been afflicted before. It was attended with irritation of the intestines, and carried the sufferer off rapidly; for, although all the doctors were familiar with the symptoms, none of them had been able to discover the cause of the disease, or its cure.

I remarked that the children at the colleges were not attacked by this disease, and therefore thought that it had probably originated in something used by adults and not by the young.

The truth of my hypothesis was soon tested. A person of robust frame, whom I much esteemed, died suddenly of the malady. I entreated his friends, in the interest of humanity, to allow his body to be examined.

The people at this period indulged in the use of sauces, seasoned with strong stimulating spices. These were excluded from colleges, and consequently were used by adults only.

I communicated my opinion to the doctors; viz., that, in the case they were about to examine, it would be found that those burning condiments had inflamed the intestines, and impeded nature in the discharge of her functions. My impressions were correct. With the aid of the electric microscope upwards of forty minute ulcers, highly inflamed, were discovered in the intestines of the deceased, and in each of those ulcers were seen several minute grains of some very hot condiments much in use, which had affected the inner membrane, generated the ulcers, and caused a hasty but painful death.

Aware of the baneful effect of the condiments, I determined to forbid their use, though I knew this would be a serious infliction on the people, inasmuch as the extreme heat of our climate made stimulants necessary. The condiments were much liked, and amongst all the many fruits and vegetables we possessed there were none that could be used as substitutes.

On forbidding their use, I made known publicly the discovery that had been made, every particular being clearly explained, that the people might be convinced that I was acting for their good.

In obedience to my orders, the spices were collected from every quarter, and placed in large warehouses secured under lock. The "bolts" were delivered to the kings, who were astonished at the rapidity with which I had obtained obedience to a decree depriving all of what had become a daily want.

Dermes (Communicator.)

(To be continued.)

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

Mr GYE is reported by the *Musicalist* to have secured the exclusive right of representing Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette* in England.

A SIXTH volume of the *Biographie Universelle des Musiciens* is being prepared by M. Arthur Pougin. While the publishers are about it, they may as well re-write a good many of M. Fétis's biographical articles, and supply some omissions, notably those which do so much injustice to English composers.

THE first performance of *Lokegrin*, at the Scala, Milan, brought in 10,982 lire; the first performance of *Aida*, 13,314; the first performance of Sig. Ponchielli's *Litani*, 13,636; the first performance of Sig. Boito's *Mcfolafefe*, 13,690; and the first performance of Sig. Marchetti's *Gustavo Wase*, 6,748.

THERE are at present twenty-two theatres open in Paris, namely:—the Opera, the Opéra-Comique, the Théâtre Français, the Odéon, the Châtelet, the Théâtre-Lyrique-Dramatique, the Vaudeville, the Variétés, the Gymnase, the Gaité, the Palais-Royal, the Bouffes Parisiens, the Porte St Martin, the Renaissance, the Folies-Dramatiques, the Ambigu-Comique, the Châtelet d'Eau, the Cluny, the Théâtre des Arts, the Déjazet, the Folies-Margery, and the Athénée.

ACCORDING to a letter in the Italian paper, *Il Secolo*, the pecuniary affairs of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, are not in a very flourishing state. The deficit has amounted, in a short time, to the by no means inconsiderable sum of 350,000 florins, or about £30,000 sterling. Among other reasons assigned for this deficit are the enormous nightly expenses, the great number of persons employed in the administrative department, and the high prices, which keep away the public.

CATANIA.—Mdlle Ida Corani has had a brilliant success in the *Semambula*, according to the local journals. *Il Monitor* says:—"With regard to the performance, we must say that the warmest applause fell to the share of Signorina Ida Corani, who, as the Swiss maid, was admirable. She sang the air of the first act, the duet with the tenor, and the rondo finale, with artistic finish, and throughout the opera received quite an ovation from a crowded house. She must have devoted long and patient study to her art, for she could have acquired the complete command she possesses over her voice, which has evidently been cultivated in the purest school. The audience were enthusiastic, and recalled Mdlle Corani several times to receive well-merited applause."

MILAN.—A little more animation has just been infused into matters operatic here. After innumerable delays and postponements, which, like the increase of appetite whereto Hamlet referred, seemed to grow by what they fed on, the new opera, *Gustavo Wase*, by Sig. Filippo Marchetti, has at length been brought out at the Scala. Opinion is much divided as to its merits, both among the critics and the public. One person says it was a failure. Another, with equal confidence, asserts it to have been a success. "*In medio tutissimam ibis*" Horace wrote some time ago. Perhaps the truth lies between the two verdicts just cited. One thing is pretty certain. The libretto is not well adapted for music. It is dull, gloomy, and monotonous, offering the composer few opportunities of introducing a little musical sunshine to cheer up the prevailing shadow. Among the pieces which pleased most, in the first act, was the love duet between the tenor and the soprano, though it reminds one too much of the same composer's *Ruy Blas*. In fact, this charge has been brought against the whole opera, and some ill-natured members of the orchestra went so far as to affirm that "*Gustavo Wase*" was a cupful of *Ruy Blas* in a jiffy of water." In the second act, the audience bestowed the greatest amount of applause on the recitative of the barytone; the last part of the duet between the barytone and the soprano; the grand air sung by Signora Mariati as Romilia; and the romance of the bass. The most striking portions of the third act were a duet between the tenor and the bass; and Romilia's mad scene. Almost the only praise-worthy feature in the fourth act was the death of Romilia, to which full justice was done by Signora Mariati, who especially distinguished herself, both by her singing and her acting, throughout the evening. Signori Bolle, Pantaloe, and Maini, also, did all that possibly could be done with the music respectively assigned to them. The chorus was satisfactory; the orchestra, under the practised direction of Sig. Facio, decidedly good. On the first night, Sig. Marchetti was called eight times, and, on the second, fourteen, which, for these unbusinesslike institutions, is much. *Le Lega*, by Sig. Jossé, is in rehearsal. It will be followed by Sig. Ponchielli's work, *Litani* corrected and revised by its composer.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

THE Wilton Belgrave Cricket Club gave a vocal and instrumental concert at the Chelsea Vestry Hall, on Monday, February 15th, with the assistance of Mdlle Vittoria de Bone (violinist) and Miss Ada Lester (pianist). In the duet from *Guillaume Tell*, and the solo, "*A Venezia*," Mdlle de Bone displayed considerable execution, and she was most ably accompanied by Miss Lester, whose solo, "*Dal tuo stellato*," and "*Irish Diamonds*, No. 3," showed her power over the instrument of her predilection. Mrs Fenton, Mdlle Vandenbroeke, and Mr Tinney, were the principal vocalists; Mr Jones was the accompanist, and the concert was under the direction of Mr Woods.

ATHEKEUM, CAMDEN TOWN.—An esteemed correspondent writes us word that Miss Lillie Albrecht, who made her second appearance among us on Friday, the 19th inst., succeeded in delighting a large and appreciative audience, who expressed warmly their approbation of the fair young artist's taste and execution, so well evidenced in her performance of Ascher's brilliant arrangement of "*Alice*," which she gave with delicacy and finish. Miss Albrecht's second piece, Ketterer's "*Octave Grand Galop de Concert*," was admirably adapted to display the remarkable power of execution she possesses in passages for the left hand, and drew down an unanimous recall, to which the fair young artist responded by giving her own charming *révérité*, "*The Maiden's Tear*." We heartily congratulate Miss Albrecht on her thorough command over the instrument of her predilection, and on the artistic style in which she plays the works of modern as well as of classical masters, in both of which she has now been heard to advantage.

BROMPTON CONSUMPTION HOSPITAL.—An entertainment was given to the patients of this institution last week by Mdlle Mangold Diehl and Miss Elizabeth Philip, assisted by Messrs Colnaghi, Holmore, and Hepworth. The first part of the programme was devoted to songs, and a pianoforte solo by Mdlle Mangold Diehl, which found great favour, and was warmly demanded, a success that also attended Miss Philip's rendering of her popular song, "*Lillie's Good-Night*." The second part was occupied by Sullivan's *Cox and Box*, for the performance of which a little stage had been erected. Given in costume, capably acted, and well sung, the spirited piece, with its charming music, seemed quite to raise the suffering spectators into a temporary forgetfulness of their woes, and the genuine laughter and evident satisfaction of the song, favourite song and well-known "point" must have fully rewarded those whose time and trouble had been given to ensure the success of the evening. We must compliment both Mr Holmore (Cox) and Mr Colnaghi (Box) on their nice discrimination in those farcical scenes, that might so easily be marred by want of tact and experience. Their acting would have done credit to any stage, and their duet singing was especially deserving of praise. Mdlle Mangold Diehl accompanied, and the evening ended with a vote of thanks to, and a round of cheers for, the entertainers.—Z.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The oratorio, last night, was Macfarren's *John the Baptist*. In the course of the evening, the Dead March from *Soul* was played as a tribute of respect to the memory of Sterndale Bennett. Particulars in our next.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL CONCERTS.—St David's Day will be celebrated by a Welsh Festival Concert at the Royal Albert Hall, on which occasion the members of the Principality residing in London and the suburbs will have a thoroughly national programme presented to them. Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Lizzie Evans, Miss Marian Williams, Miss Mary Davies, Madame Patey, Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Ap Herbert and Mr Lewis Thomas are announced as vocalists; Miss Bessie M. Vaughn, Mr W. H. Thomas and Mr Brinley Richards presiding at the pianoforte. A Band of Harp, under the direction of Mr John Thomas, who also assisted the Part-Song Choir of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, under Mr Barnby's direction, will contribute Welsh Choruses and Part-Songs. A Popular and Ballad Concert takes place to-night, at the Royal Albert Hall, with Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Antoinette Sterling, Mr Edward Lloyd and Mr Thurlie Beale as vocalists.

BERLIN.—Negotiations have been renewed between Mad. Mallinger and Herr von Hülken, the Intendant-General of the Theatres Royal. Such favourable terms have now been offered the lady that she will in all probability accept them. Should she do so, she will cancel as many engagements as she can of those she has under the impression that she must close to belong to the Royal Operahouse. There are some she cannot cancel, and these she will have to fulfil during her annual leave of absence.

PROVINCIAL.

PYNER (Herts).—A concert was given in the Hall, February 22nd, and drew a crowded audience. The vocalists were the Misses Dunsford and Rayner, and Messrs Norton and Ch. J. Bishenden. Miss Dunsford sang to advantage in her solos, especially in "Tell me, my heart;" Mr Norton was also highly successful, and proved himself a good singer. Mr Bishenden, who, with great applause on his first appearance, the audience liking his songs so much that they encored "The Outlaw" and "The brave old Oak." The performance was very satisfactory.

LEWISHAM.—The Musical Society gave a concert at the Hall, on February 23; and long before the time for the commencement of the performance the place was filled. Besides the attraction of Mr Ch. J. Bishenden's being engaged, a number of new songs were in the programme, all of which were written expressly for this concert, viz.:—"The Soldier-Boy's Mother," sung by Mr Lines; "A Name," sung by Miss Brewster; and a ballad sung by Mme Robert, the name of which was not printed. Mr Spawls sang "The Burial of Sir John Moore," and Mr H. V. Lewis R.A. sang his new fantasia, "God Bless the Prince of Wales;" Mr Ch. J. Bishenden gave a new anthem, "Victoria," which brought the concert to a finish.

LEICESTER.—Since Mr Elliot Galer has re-modelled, re-decorated, and made an old dingy place a handsome and commodious theatre, there has been no lack of patronage. Mr Galer having proved himself a successful manager in every sense of the word. He has produced opera, opera-bouffe, dramas, Shakespeare's plays, and pantomime—all proving remunerative. Three weeks ago, he produced a new and original farce by R. Clothier, Esq., of which the *Era* speaks highly. The local newspaper says:—"The house is kept in a continual roar of laughter from the time the curtain rises till the end of the piece, when all the performers are called before the curtain." Mr Charles Matthews played last week for two nights, preceded by the new farce, *Our Tempest from Oxford*, to crowded houses. We wish Mr Galer all success.

ORRETT (Essex).—The choral society, consisting of about fifty amateurs, gave a concert in the Institute on Thursday evening, January 28, by the kind permission of R. B. Wingfield Baker, Esq. The first part consisted of excerpts from Mendelssohn's *St Paul* and *Elphig*, and Handel's *Messiah*, interpreted by Mrs Littlehale, Mrs Lea Corbet, Mrs S. Squier, Miss Falcon, Mr Crosthwaite, and the Rev. A. E. Robinson. The second part was miscellaneous, in which Miss Lucia Falcon and her sister, the Rev. E. C. Lethbridge, and the choral society took part. All "went" to the entire satisfaction of the audience, thanks to the energy and tact displayed by Mr H. Rogaldi, of the Royal Academy of Music, London, who conducted. The accompanists of the vocal pieces, on the pianoforte, were Miss Bloomfield and Mr S. Nolle.

BOSWORTH.—The South Essex Choral Society gave a concert in the Corn Exchange on Thursday evening, February 4th, the first part of which consisted of an instrumental piece for the pianoforte a *quatre mains*, played by Messrs A. H. and W. W. Brown; Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer" (soprano solo by Mrs Emily Hope); and a selection from *Elphig*, sung by the Misses Emily and Alice Hope, Mrs Haynes, Miss Josephine Fry, Miss Lopes, the Messrs J. W. and G. P. Bennett, Messrs Crosthwaite, Lumberton and Fry; and the second part, a miscellaneous collection of vocal pieces given by the choir and Mr G. Crosthwaite, two violin solos by Mr T. Sergeant, and a pianoforte duet by the Messrs Brown. The concert was well patronized, and the audience must have been pleased with the performance. Mr H. Rogaldi, of the Royal Academy of Music, was the conductor, and the post could not have been placed in able hands.

FOLKSTONE.—The fifth meeting in connection with the Catch Club was held with Mr Akl Thomas Caister in the chair. There was a very large attendance. Excellent talent had been engaged for the occasion in Mr and Mrs Oxford. The music was under the management of Mr G. Nicholson in the place of Mr Jarrett, who was prevented from attending. Mrs Oxford acquitted herself particularly well in the "Fairly Glen" and "Hone to the Mountain;" and in the second part she was enthusiastically encored in each of her songs, "And Robin Gray," and "The harp that once thronged Tara's halls." Mr Oxford sang some sea songs in very fine style, especially the song dedicated to Samuel Pimmett, and "Let me like a soldier play." Mr Matthews, who sang "Not twice," "Please to knock and ring," and "The girl with a will," met with much favour from the audience. Mr Nicholson, during the evening, gave two solos on the flute, which were beautifully played, and one was particularly encored.

HARLOW-ON-THE-HILL.—The seventh "Thursday Popular Concert" introduced us to Brahms' sextet, Op. 18, and Handel's concerto for string instruments, the first creating satisfaction even to those of the audience who reluctantly accept the works of new composers. The difficult task, as regards conception and technique, was in the able hands of

our regular quartet—Messrs Otto Peiniger, Szeepanowski, Amor, Ould, Webb and Pettit, who, afterwards, with some other artists, executed Handel's solo-concerto with all the care which is due to the dear old master. Between Mendelssohn's "O rest in the Lord," sung by Miss Dones, and Handel's "Honour and arms," sung by Mr Pyatt, Mr Ould played with beautiful tone a Romanza for "Violoncello," by Gollermann, and was, like the solo singers, heartily applauded. The concert finished with some well chosen English ballads, and we left the hall once more with a high feeling of gratitude to Messrs Farmer and Otto Peiniger who take so much pains in arranging these concerts.

DUNDEE.—Last night the orchestral concerts in Dundee, for this season, terminated. The audience seemed to be rather larger than usual, though it was not such as either the fame of the orchestra or the superior excellence of the programme deserved. This concert was, perhaps, the best—as it certainly was in our view, the most interesting—of the short series. The chief orchestral effort was Mendelssohn's *flut symphony* in A minor, which, on fairly reliable grounds, it is said he once called his "Scotch symphony." The work next in importance produced was Sir William Sterndale Bennett's entrancing *Fantasia Overture, Paradise and the Peri*—one of the very finest musical conceptions ever penned by any composer. Professor Oakley's new score of "Funeral March" and his "Edinburgh March" were excellent performances. The composer's own direction of the work was most efficient, and throughout intelligible. The "Funeral March" is a well made composition in C minor. The trio particularly fell to the ear last night with pleasure. An agreeable surprise was that of the trumpets introduced on the bright tonic major triad towards the close of the march. The passages for the cellos were also excellent features in the effect. The composer has himself indicated the shades of feeling sought to be expressed in this march, and, with his words before the eye, few could fail to appreciate the success of his design.—*Dundee Advertiser*, Feb. 18.

We take the following from the *Dundee Courier*, a recent performance of Handegger's *Fridolin* in that hyperborean town:—

"In the story of *Fridolin*, founded on a ballad of Schiller's, Signor Handegger has a theme of intense dramatic interest, which could easily be developed into a first-rate opera. As it is, he has reduced it to music so powerfully and vividly expressive of the situations, so full of natural affinities with the scenes depicted, and so exciting, that the imagination is completely taken captive, and compelled to own the original power, scholarship, and fertility of resource of the composer. The poem affords striking contrast of character, and great diversity and contrast of scene and situation, all of which the music interprets with such force that, in our opinion, it gives more pleasure to the sphere of melodrama. We also venture to think that the scene where Hubert is cast into the furnace, and the Count and Countess arrive in time to save Fridolin from a similar fate, is the climax; and that the work might have concluded quietly with something like the *Andante Religioso*, as the interest in the story is then exhausted, and the epilogue, although in it all the resources of orchestra, organ, chorus, and soloists are piled up in the most gigantic manner, has, after all, only the weak effect of an anti-climax. Miss Hesse identified her—how frequently a pure, sweet soprano voice and good style. If her notes were a little thin occasionally, the great range of compass and trying character of the music must be taken into account. Mr Pearson's fame has travelled before him, but we must own to a little disappointment, for he seemed to be out of voice, probably owing to cold. Little coarseness in pronunciation could be detected now and then, and the contrast in changing the register was sometimes hard and disagreeable, but he seems to be an earnest and painstaking young artist, and with further study will no doubt make his mark. Mr Waldner sang the bristling music pertaining to the Count with good effect. His interpretation of the air "O, woman, with the pure and guileless face," especially shewed his equally developed, well-cultivated voice and sympathetic treatment, while in the more dramatic scenes his declamation was true and forcible. In Mr Whitney we have a true bass. He possesses a voice at once deep and powerful, while he sings with the ease of a fine artist. His powers were admirably suited in the difficult part of Hubert, whose lago-like duplicity and hate he portrayed with great fidelity. Altogether the cast was an admirable one, and, together with the efforts of the chorus and orchestra, must have satisfied Signor Handegger that pains had been taken to do his fine work all manner of justice. The orchestra, barring an occasional little roughness and untidiness, was highly satisfactory, while the choristers exhibited much the same excellences and imperfections which have lately characterized them. Signor Handegger's conducting is masterly, but, if anything, too demonstrative. His whole body is full of music, and vibrates with the effects to be produced. We could, however, spare the rhythmic boot, as there is no part in the score for it, and, although there is 'nothing like leather,' his musical pretensions are still doubtful."

Verein für Kunst und Wissenschaft in London,
(German Athenaeum)
61, MORTIMER STREET, REGENT STREET, W.

30ster musikalischer Abend,

Freitag, den 19. Februar 1875,

Zwisch 8½ Uhr präcis,
unter gütiger Mitwirkung des
Mr. W. Dorrell.

SIR STERNEALD BENNETT,

geb. den 13. April 1816, gest. den 1. Februar 1875.

IN MEMORIAM.

PROGRAMM.

1. Sonate für Clavier: "Die Jungfrau von Orleans" (Schiller) Op. 46.
Andante Pastorale. "In the Fields."
Schubert's Lied: "Ich meine Lamm auf des stillen Berges Hob."
Allegro Marziale. "In the Field."
Den Feldern der ich mächtig zu mir bringe,
Das Schicksal'schicksal steigt und die Trompeten klingen.
Adagio pastorale. "In Prison."
Hör mich, Gott, in meiner höchsten Roth,
Dinauf zu dir, in diesem Flehenswunsch,
In deine Himmel send' ich meine Worte.
Moto di passione. "The End."
Ruh ist der Schmerz und ewig ist die Freude.
Mr. Franklin Taylor.
2. Sonata Duo für Pianoforte und Cello Op. 32.
Adagio sostenuto. Allegro giusto e leggiero. Minuetto scherzoso. Andante grazioso. Allegro piacevole.
Mr. W. Dorrell und Herr D. Daubert.
3. Zwei Lieder: "Forget me not" (L. E. L.) Op. 23.
"Sing, Maiden, sing" (Barry Cornwall) ... Op. 33.
Herr W. Rempel.
4. Three Divisions as Duets für Pianoforte Op. 17.
1. Allegretto semplice. 2. Andante cantabile. 3. Allegro agitato.
Mr. W. Dorrell und Herr D. den Ernsthausen.
5. Chamber Trio für Clavier, Cello, und Cello Op. 26.
Andante tranquillo ma non moto, Serenade, Andante ma un poco scherzando, Finale fermato.
Mr. Franklin Taylor, Herr Carl Reichmann, und Herr D. Daubert.

Herr D. Daubert.

Schriftführer für die musikalische Abtheilung

MUSIC AT COLOGNE.

On the 3rd and 4th of April next will be celebrated a two-fold jubilee, namely: the 25th anniversary of the foundation of the Conservatory of Music—at first called the Rhenish School of Music—and of the uninterrupted connection with it, as director, of Dr Ferdinand Hiller. A brilliant concert will be given at the Gürzenich in honour of the double event.

Speaking of the Gürzenich Concerts, a correspondent of the Berlin Echo says:—

"Of more interesting programmes than those of the present season these concerts have not boasted for a long time, or, perhaps, ever: not one of the performances passed by—and there were seven—at which, besides, of course, due attention being paid to the valuable productions of the older masters, one, or even more compositions of quite recent date did not figure among the pieces executed. Here are the names of the composers thus favoured: Volkmann, Brahms, Lalo, Svendsen, Benedict, Grieg, Liszt, Jensen, Rheinberger, and Wagner. Even this short list says, at any rate, something for a town like Cologne, where, not so very many years ago, people could not make up their minds to believe that musicians over the hills and far away could do something, and that by no means so bad, in the way of composition. Whether this satisfactory advance merits, however, enthusiastic praise, or ought simply to be regarded as a matter of duty, is a question for our readers to decide. To mention in detail everything brought forward at the concerts would probably be wearisome. We will select, therefore, the works which impressed themselves most vividly on our recollection. They are the Symphony in D major by Svendsen; the 'Schicksalslied' by Brahms; the 'Fest-Ouverture' by Volkmann; the Overture to *Die Söhne Rades*, by Rheinberger; the Violin Concerto by Lalo; the Piano Concerto, by Ed. V. Grieg; the grand Symphonie Orchestrale Work—called only an Overture in the programme—by G. Jensen (a teacher at the Cologne Conservatory), and the G minor Symphony, an especially fresh and pleasing production, by Benedict of London. Hiller, our *Capellmeister*, did not, of course, completely forget himself; he contributed to the first, the second, the sixth, and, also, to the eighth concert. As belonging to the section above mentioned of the valuable productions of the older masters, we will cite Beethoven's third and fifth Symphony, and his overture to *Coriolan*; Gade's Symphony in B flat major, and Schumann's, the Symphony surnamed 'the Rhenish'; in E flat; the grand Mass in D minor by Cherubini; and Overtures by Mozart and Weber. The series of soloists was undisturbed by any failure, special approbation falling to Wilhelm Japhs, Wieniawski (violin); Kwast, teacher at the Cologne Conservatory, an artist still young but of great promise, Brassin, from Brussels (pianoforte); Mendel Orgéni, Regau, Radecke, Herren G. Henschel and Schüttky (vocalists)."

CONSTANTINOPLE.—It has been resolved to erect a new opera-house in this capital.

BOLGNA.—Sig. Arrigo Boito has just completed an Italian version of the book of Glinka's Russian opera, *Ruslan und Ljudmila*, which, according to report, will be performed, next autumn, at the Teatro Comunale.

LEIPZIG.—Herrn A. Winterberger and F. Stade have been giving at the Central Hall a series of concerts designated Novitäten-Matinées, or Novelty-Matinées. The programmes have included Pianoforte Trios by Goldmark, Heinrich Hofmann, Saint-Saens; the Duo-Sonata, Op. 77, by Rheinberger; Pianoforte Pieces by Schulz-Beuthen, A. W. Drezer, and T. Kirchner, together with songs and other vocal pieces by Winterberger, Ad. Jensen, and R. Franz.

BREMEN.—There is now no doubt that M. Félien David's *Perle du Brésil*, at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie, is an even more decided failure than was at first supposed. It will probably not be given again. *Le Bal Masqué*, otherwise *Un Ballo in Maschera*, has all-red Meddies Leslino, Sall, M. Devoyod, and other members of M. Camponovo's company, an opportunity of proving that they do not appear to the best advantage in this work of Sig. Verdi's. In active rehearsal, and will be produced soon after *La Nona di Chyrr*, the next novelty.—M. Lescocq's *Prés St Germain* was to be produced very shortly at the Alcazar.

DUSSELDORF.—The New Stadttheater is so far advanced towards completion that it will possibly be opened before the end of the present year. Meanwhile, the usual laudable activity is manifested by the manager, Herr Scherbarth, at the old house. Madlle Marie Lehmann, from Cologne, recently appeared, with great success, as *Fiam*, in Herr R. Wagner's *Lohengrin*, Mad. Scherbarth, as Ortrud, being equally fortunate in pleasing the audience.—There has been no lack of concerts recently. Among those most worthy of notice may be mentioned that got up for the benefit of the Cornelius Monument to be erected here, and a matinee given by Herr Jules de Swert.

THE LIVERPOOL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—On Tuesday, an extraordinary meeting of the members of the society was held, for the purpose of determining upon the future policy of the committee. The past policy has been of an exclusive nature, the use of the Philharmonic Hall having been denied to outside impresarios. This course, however, has resulted in a deficit in the accounts, and, at the annual meeting held about a month ago, a resolution was passed recommending the committee to let the hall for all legitimate musical purposes. The meeting yesterday was called to reconsider this resolution, the committee wishing to have it withdrawn. A very strong feeling was expressed, however, against the restrictive policy of the past, which was severely criticised, and the motion for superseding the resolution was overwhelmed by a large majority. It was stated that Sir Julius Benedict had intimated he would resign if the hall was let to Mr Charles Hallé, on account of the comparisons which would be made; but there was strong dissent from this remark, and a vote of thanks to Sir Julius was adopted.

RAFF AND WAGNER IN AMERICA.

Two novelties, Raff's new Symphony and a selection from Wagner's *Walkyrie*, having been played at a Thomas concert, were thus commented on by *Drlight*—

"The new Symphony by that sleepless and voluncomine composer Raff, revealed no correspondence, part for part, between its several movements and the sections of the rhymed German motto, which means 'Lived and strove; suffered and fought; died and won.' To be sure, one might feel in the general character of the work as a whole (especially the first movement), as he does in so many of the more earnest, great Symphonic works—notably the C minor of Beethoven—a suggestion of the conflict and the victory of life. This we have, rather weakly and vaguely (with nothing like the consciousness and the fire of Beethoven), in the first *allegro*, which seemed not unusual, not of marked originality (of course, speaking from a single bearing). But the *Vivace*, which succeeds it, is just a freakish, wild fantastic *scherzo*, *apropos* of nothing, surely not of *glitter* or *glitter*. The Funeral March is by far the most striking movement, and, taken by itself, quite interesting. But the Finale, which we suppose should mean Victory in Death, disappointed every hope of glorious climax, and was wholly uninspiring, tame, prolix, and tedious. (Think of the Finale of the Fifth Symphony!) But your outright Thomas public, as well as ye Thomas "critics," always in duty bound to go by the book, seem ready to reverse the maxim of taking the will for the deed, and measure the intrinsic value of the composition by the splendour and precision of the instrumental execution. Everything is good, in other words, which Thomas plays, and because Thomas plays it. The dances by Brahms did not give us half the pleasure which a good old set of the Strauss waltzes would on any fit occasion.

"Of the new Wagnerian instalment, from the *Walkyrie*, we may confess we listened to it all with interest and amusement; it stirred up some sensations, which it would be hopeless to define. Wotan (who is a sort of Scandinavian Jove, ruler of all the world except himself), has condemned his beautiful daughter, Brunhilde, to the condition of a mortal, leaving her in deep sleep, and doomed to marry the first man who awakens her. Touched with a little human pity, notwithstanding, he takes leave of her, and sings his *Abschied*, a strain not without tender feeling, but amidst the wild hurrahs of orchestral accompaniment, the strange struggle between the trunk and the father in one breast? The 'Fire Charm,' which follows, where the god calls fire out of the rocks to form a protecting ring about Brunhilde, is certainly a vivid, most ingenious piece of descriptive instrumental music, producing pleasurable surprise, like any other clever novelty in fireworks."

WAIFS.

Middle Ida Corani has been singing the part of Amina (*La Sonnambula*) with great success, in Catania.

Middle Belocci, M. Manrico Strakoschi's latest *protégé*, is having great success in the French provinces.

Mr J. P. Clarke, the writer of some popular dance music, has joined the Scots Fusilier Guards as Band-master.

Preparations are being made for the transference of Donizetti's remains to the tomb erected for them in Bergamo Cathedral.

Mr Carl Rom has returned from Italy, where he made several valuable engagements for his coming English Opera campaign.

The much talked of *Oedipus* of Max Bruch is about to be introduced at one of the famous Manchester concerts, conducted by Mr Hallé.

In the list of Mr Gye's engagements for the ensuing season will be found the name of Miss Thalberg, only daughter of the late renowned pianist.

The first concert of the Schubert Society (forty-fifth since its formation) took place on Wednesday evening. Particulars in our next number.

The death is announced, in Paris, of Herr Damke, author of several important works, among them an oratorio, *Deborah*, and *Ketchen von Helbronn*, an opera.

The composition class of the late Sir Sterndale Bennett, at the Royal Academy of Music, is now conducted by Mr Arthur Sullivan—once his pupil. Good!

Mr Arthur Sullivan is writing an *opéra bouffe*, from Mr Gilbert as his literary collaborator. It need hardly be said that from such a co-operation great things will be expected.

A Liverpool paper gives a notice of Liatz's Concerto "in Z flat." It is only a revival of the old Christy joke, of the tenor who went up to "Q" in a threepenny boat.—*Figure*.

Middle Albani is on her way from the United States to the Old Country.

A "medium" in America has been conversing with the ghost of Beethoven. Perhaps he can induce the old Bonn musician to give us (from spirit-land) that tenth Symphony.—*Figure*.

Li-zet has gone to Pesh to take charge of the new Conservatoire there. His servant ran off, the other day, with the master's jewels, &c., but was caught soon after and made to disgorge.

Mr Arthur Pougin is engaged in supplementing a ninth volume of the *Biographie universelle des Musiciens*, thus putting the seal on the laborious and remarkable compilation of the late M. Fétis.

The charming little operetta, *The Visandière*, written by Wellington Guernsey, and composed by Auguste Pilati, was performed for the 48th time at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, on Saturday last.

In an article on the last Crystal Palace Concert, *apropos* of the pianoforte concerto of Brahms, as played by Middle Marie Kreb, the *Standard* of Monday calls the fair young Teuton, "the German Arabella Goddard."

Rubinstein's oratorio, *The Tower of Babel*, with a translation of the words into French by M. Victor Wilder, is shortly to be performed at the Théâtre-Italien under the direction of M. Danbé. After the *Messiah* comes the Deluge!

Mr Arthur Sullivan's oratorio, *The Light of the World*, is to be performed at Balford on the 12th March, under the personal direction of the composer. The principal vocalists will be Mde Louise, Mde Patey, Mr Vernon Kirby, and Mr Savley.

The *Daily Telegraph*, in a letter from its indefatigable Paris correspondent, gives a picturesque and animated description of a *bal masqué* in the Venetian style, recently held at the mansion of M. Arène Lousasse, late director of the Comédie Française.

Stones GILLES PERKINS.—The death of Signor Perkins, the bass singer of Her Majesty's Opera Company, is announced as having taken place on Wednesday night, at the Queen's Hotel, Manchester. Signor Perkins had been ailing only about a week previous to his decease.

Madame Nilsson, whose health is completely re-established, has returned from Cannes to Paris, and will resume her artistic career with a tour in the south of France, followed by the promised representations in Brussels. Those of Paris are expected to come off later in the season.

Signor Schira has gone from Venice, via Milan, to Florence, to assist in the preparations for his long-expected opera, *Silvaggio*, which was received with such favour at the City of the Rialto that the composer was called on no less than twenty times in the course of the performance.

Mr Arthur Chappell continues to let the "Provincials" have a taste occasionally of his admirable "Meadow Pops." There was a concert at Manchester last week, with Kreb, Joachim, Ries, Zerbini, and Piatzi; and another was to take place on Wednesday in this week, with the same strong company.

A Scottish patron of art and music has engaged to bring from Milan, at his own expense, several Scottish and English vocalists, who are studying singing for the Italian Opera. They give a concert in Rome, for the benefit of the British Academy of Arts, the proceeds of the tickets already sold nearly realising one hundred pounds.

At Mr Henry Leeds's next concert, March 12th, at St James's Hall, a new Bass, Mr Ricordi, an English artist, who has studied in Italy, and has made a very favourable impression on the Italian and American stages, will make his debut. According to foreign correspondents, Mr Ricordi bids fair to prove a valuable addition to the ranks of our native artists.

To works of sculpture are being sent from Rome for exhibition in the Royal Academy, which will not fail to attract attention in the forthcoming exhibition. They are both by English artists—one a life-size marble statue of the Falconer, by Mr George Simonds; the other by Mr Charles Summers, a group representing Hyperæstra urging her husband, Lynceus, to flee.

Miss Rose Hemes comes back to London to play in English opera on Saturday next, the 27th, at the Philharmonic. In *Marianna*, a typical work of an English composer, the lady will sustain the title rôle, and London audiences will once more be able to enjoy a performance by one who has, since Tæpæ's death, been recognized as the leading English operatic artist.—*Figure*.

Miss Amy Stewart, a young and promising pupil of Herr Sauerbreij, a cornetist—made her debut at the Crystal Palace last Monday. She played Mendelssohn's Capriccio in B minor, and Chopin's Impromptu in C sharp minor, with great precision, clearness of touch, and artistic expression, receiving much and well-deserved applause, and a recall after the second piece.

THE GAMUT (from "Punch").—Jack Bowbell (beginning his song): "Appy land, 'appy land—" Tom Belgrave: "Oo moment. Excuse me, my dear fellow, but don't you think the song would go better if you were to sound your H's just a little?" Jack Bowbell: "Eh! sound my H's? (Chuckles.)" Shows how much you know about music! No such note—only goes up to G. (Continues.) 'Appy land, 'appy land!

The intellectual department of the *Herald* is covering itself with glory in its reports of the Beecher trial. What could be more characteristic of the peculiar genius of that great newspaper than the following:—

"Mr Beecher had a playful smile on his substratum of sobriety, and Mrs Beecher, for the first time in the trial, laughed all over her face, once, twice and thrice. She has a very handsome, involuntary smile, with a set of regular teeth, perfectly white."

We have no idea as to what part of the human anatomy the "substratum of sobriety" belongs, and we don't know what "substratum of sobriety" means. But the alliteration is striking, and there must be something in it. As to the "very handsome, involuntary smile, with a set of regular teeth," we venture to say that has only been equalled by Mr Boffin's description of Mr Silas Wegg, as "a literary man with a wooden leg."—*Arcturion*.

We have our anniversaries here, but they are treading on our heels in the colonies. At Montreal, Canada, on the 3rd inst., was held a delightful Mendelssohn *soirée*, in memory of his birthday. The originator and carrier-out of the happy idea was Mr Joseph Gould, well known in that city as a first-rate organ player, and a lover and promoter of good music in any deserving shape. The programme was in two parts, six sacred and six secular numbers, all from the compositions of the master. It was a happy idea, and does credit to Mr Goud, Miss Vogt, Mr Turner, and all others who took part in it. Bravo, Montreal!

The newly-published *Life of the Prince Consort* gives in an Appendix a list of the principal compositions of the Prince. These include twenty-nine Songs and Romances collected in five volumes, nearly all being written for the German words. A Te Deum, Jubilate, Sanctus, an Anthem, a Christmas Hymn and a Chorus ("Gotha") are also named. The same Appendix includes a list of the compositions selected by the Prince for performance at the Ancient Concerts during the years 1810 to 1848, and at the Philharmonic Society 1843-1860, which shows that his taste for the art was not only refined, but that his acquaintance with music was wide.

PROPOSED TESTIMONIAL TO DR. SLOMAN.—As Dr. Sloman is about leaving Scarborough, an influential party of his friends, comprising the members of the Scarborough Amateur Vocal and Instrumental Society, have organised a subscription to enable them to present to him a testimonial of the gratitude and esteem they entertain towards him, and of their appreciation of the assiduity, ability, and courtesy with which he has acted as the honorary conductor of the society for upwards of five years.—We understand Dr. Sloman will leave Scarborough in the course of a few weeks, he having accepted the appointment of organist of St. Giles' Church, Reading.

VOLTAIRE AND SHAKESPEARE'S WOMEN.—Voltaire, who at first could not prevent himself from admiring Shakespeare, soon regretted his admiration. Poets like Shakespeare are not lions to be tamed, or acquainted with philosophic maxims, and made to jump through the hoops of *tragedies de circonstance*. The king of the desert roared in such a manner that the lions of the desert were obliged to bow before him. *L'Orphelin de la Chine*, that the tamer found it prudent to shut him up in his cage again, and send him back to the fogs of the three kingdoms with the epithet of barbarian. For a long time it was agreed that Voltaire was right. No one will accuse Voltaire of unfairness, or of not having understood the *Hamlet* so well that not very well understand Juliet, Ophelia, and Desdemona.

We (*Musical Standard*) are informed that a new choral society is in course of formation at Brighton. The new society, which has already been promised the support of several of the nobility and gentry of the town and neighbourhood, will have for its principal object the giving of concerts somewhat similar to those given in London by Mr Henry Leslie's Choir, and the programme will consist of madrigals, and other part songs. At a meeting held on Friday week it was decided that the name of the society should be "Mr Staniforth's Choir," a gentleman well known in the town and district of Trinity, and who has been for years at St Paul's. It was also decided that the society should be named and known as "Mr Staniforth's Choir." As to the desirability of the formation of a society such as this, we feel pretty certain that there will not be two opinions amongst those who are interested in musical matters in the town; and as there are, no doubt, many members of choir, besides the great number of amateur singers not engaged in that capacity, we are confident that any such society, we may confidently look forward to a successful series of choral concerts when the Brighton season comes round again.

Miss Rose Hersee was married on Tuesday last, to Mr Arthur Howell, the well-known violoncellist and conductor.

Signor Agnelli was a Belgian by birth, and the son of an organist, M. Agnès. His magnificent voice was noticed by Mr Gye, the *impresario* of our Royal Italian Opera, some years since, in Paris, and, in consequence, Agnelli was engaged at that establishment. These last few years Agnelli had been the leading bass at Drury Lane, and, at the same time, a favourite singer at oratorio and secular concert. He was master of every style. He rendered Handel's "Honour and Arms," and "Revenge! Timotheus cries," with as much brilliancy as he knew how to impart dignity to arias like Beethoven's "Design, great Apollo." Into music like Mozart's "Non più di una donna" his spirit and his voice were so well adapted, that he made of *Assur* (*Spiramide*), he seemed a flexibility of voice which any basso-rubusto might envy.—*Pictorial Review*.

FLORENCE.—The Musical Institute has conferred its diploma of honorary member on Sig. Delle Sedie for his work entitled *L'Arte lirica*.

PARMA.—*Il Conte Verde*, by Sig. Giuseppe Libani, has been successfully produced at the Teatro Reale. With the exception of the tenor, Sig. Ronconi, the artists were not good.

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7. *Oh, boatman, row Donizetti.
8. *Village bells Costa.
9. *Pillars evening Wagner.
10. *Music of the night Walton.
11. *I love my love Allen.
12. *Hark! over the Wallace.

BOOK III.

13. *Now lightly we Balfe.
14. *Hark! over the Balfe.
15. *A palm of life Passini.
16. *Araby's daughter Oberthur.
17. *Come over the waters Bonaldi.
18. *Where the fancies fly Balfe.

BOOK IV.

19. *The skylark Gilbert.
20. *Hark! the Gondolier Barlett.
21. *Too late Barlett.
22. *When the moon is Bishop.
23. *The sun has been Bishop.
24. *Fidel Chorus Barlett.

BOOK V.

25. *Merry minstrels are Wagner.
26. *Good morning Latta.
27. *Hark! the merry Fletch.
28. *With song of bird Fletch.
29. *Happy as the day Wallace.
30. *The red cross banner Balfe.

BOOK VI.

31. *The distant bell Balfe.
32. *The sunset bell Passini.
33. *Who'll follow Paga.
34. *Sweep on Paga.
35. *O the summer night Prentice.
36. *O hear ye not Smart.

BOOK VII.

37. *Sea flowers Barlett.
38. *Forest home Bonaldi.
39. *Warbler of the forest Bonaldi.
40. *Thoughts of home Bonaldi.
41. *Welcome Spring Paga.
42. *The noisy mill Paga.

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13. *Faith Passini.
14. *Hope Passini.
15. *Sally Bonaldi.
16. *Fairly tale Campagna.
17. *Autumn leaves Balfe.
18. *Let us leave to the Balfe.

BOOK IX.

19. *The Village Church Becker.
20. *Come, sisters, come Gerdoussin.
21. *The Zingari Balfe.
22. *Morning T. Handley.
23. *Evening T. Handley.
24. *Sleep, gentle lady Bishop.

BOOK X.

25. *The Rhine Boat Ardit.
26. *Angels that around Wallace.
27. *Happy Wanderer At.
28. *Through the grassy Balfe.
29. *Our happy valley Bonaldi.
30. *Blessed be the home Bonaldi.

BOOK XI.

31. *Happy, smiling faces Gounod.
32. *Fairer flowers Bonaldi.
33. *Tidelines of the dawn Smart.
34. *At our spinning wheel Wagner.
35. *How can we sing Verdi.
36. *The standard waves Bishop.

BOOK XII.

37. *A spring sun peepeth out Richards.
38. *The storm Richards.
39. *Lightly, lightly Fletch.
40. *Over woodland, over plain Passini.
41. *Flow softly, flow Costa.
42. *Blowing bravely Campagna.

BOOK XIII.

43. *Daring Rattapager.
44. *Noddy now Duggan.
45. *The Slough Bells Arderton.
46. *Laughing Sunbeams Bishop.
47. *Fair and fertile valley Gaglielmo.
48. *Friendship Allen.

BOOK XIV.

49. *Our Vener Sir Ricci.
50. *Our last farewell Curcuman.
51. *Flower (Greeting) Curcuman.
52. *Hark the Pilot Bishop.
53. *While the days are bright Bonaldi.
54. *Sweet Bird of Heaven Wallace.

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MR. W. COENEN'S CHAMBER CONCERTS OF MODERN MUSIC.—THE SECOND CONCERT, on THURSDAY, March 11, at Eight o'clock. Quartet in E flat major, for piano-forte, violin, viola, and violoncello (F. Gernsbach); Sonata in E minor, for piano-forte and violin (J. Brahms); Overture in A major, for four violins, two violas, and two violoncellos (J. Neoseden); by desire, in consequence of its great success last year. Vocalists—Miss Anna Williams and Miss Julia Elton. Instrumentalists—Messrs. Amor, Vogt, Hugh Zerkel, Steinhilber, C. Ould, Daubert, and William Coenen. Stalls, 10s.; balcony, 3s.; Admission, One Shilling; at Novello's, 1, Berners Street; Lucas, Water & Co., New Bond Street; and at St. George's Hall.

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MADAME MARIE KREBS' SECOND and LAST RECITAL OF PIANO-FORTE MUSIC, in ST. JAMES'S HALL, on WEDNESDAY Afternoon next, March 10, to commence at Three o'clock. Solo stalls, 7s. 6d.; balcony, 2s.; Admission, One Shilling. Tickets may be had of Chappell & Co., 80, New Bond Street; and at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

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SECOND ORATORIO and CONCERT TOUR (1875) will commence March 24th. Vocalists—Miss Jos. Sherrington, Madame Poole, Mr. Nelson Varley, and Mr. Wadmore. Instrumentalists: Violin—Madame Varley-Lieba. Piano-forte—Mr. Charles Malcolm. For vacant dates and terms, immediate application requested.—22, Nassau Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.

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ON VIEW.

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SIR WILLIAM STERNDAL BENNETT.

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MR ARTHUR THOMAS will sing **WILFORD MORGAN'S** popular Song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," This Evening, at the Alexandra Hall, Woodwich.

"LITTLE BIRDIE, SING TO ME."

MISS DE SEALE PENSON will sing **WILFORD MORGAN'S** charming new Song, "LITTLE BIRDIE, SING TO ME," at the Alexandra Hall, Woodwich, This Evening; and at her Engagements.

"MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY."

MR WILFORD MORGAN will sing his immensely popular Song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," on Monday evening next.

MR RICCARDI will sing "O QUAM TRISTI CLARI" and "HONOUR AND ARMS" (HAROLD), at Mr Henry Leslie's Concert, at St James's Hall, March 12th.

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MRS JOHN MACFARREN begs to inform her pupils and friends that she is now in Town. All Letters to be addressed, 15, Albert Street, Gloucester Gate, Regent's Park, N.W.

MR ORLANDO CHRISTIAN (Basso) begs to announce his Return to Town; and requests that all letters respecting ENGAGEMENTS may be addressed, 4, Chapel Place, Cavendish Square, W.

PROFESSORSHIP OF MUSIC.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE SENATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

GENTLEMEN,—I beg leave to offer myself as a candidate for the office of Professor of Music in the University of Cambridge, vacant by the death of Sir Bernard Venet.

It is with some degree of diffidence I have entertained the hope of succeeding so distinguished a musician in a position of so much dignity. At the same time, I trust that my earnest and arduous labours during past years have not altogether been unnoticed by those who are interested in the art I have the honour to profess.—Faithfully yours,
J. RAMSEY,
9, St George's Square, S.W., March 3, 1875.

IN THE PRESS.

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Couvrir dits fols de leur feuillage
Les vœux sautés de mon élan,
Que, sans pitié pour mon jeune âge,
Dieu m'a ravi le guide saint
Qui me prodiguait ses tendresses!
Je pleure son regard charmé!
Je ne reçois plus ses caresses!

Ainsi parlait, en gémissant,
Une orpheline désolée;
Mais un bel ange, l'embrassant,
Lui dit, d'une voix inspirée:
"Ne pleure plus et sois ma sœur!
Ma mère sera notre mère,
Et tu verras que du bonheur
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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

On Monday evening Mr Chappell offered his patrons a feast of novelty, and as many accepted the invitation as were necessary for encouragement. English amateurs do not respond under such circumstances with all desirable readiness, for which reason *entrepreneurs* have small inducement to go out of the beaten track leading to profit if not to abundant honour. But an improvement is taking place, and the appearance of St. James's Hall last Monday could hardly have given other than satisfaction. Mr Charles Hallé had the honour of introducing the first novelty—a group of pieces chosen from Bach's compositions for the clavier. Every amateur knows the corner of the great Bach garden where he may find that which in music is analogous to the primrose, violet, and forget-me-not—flowers rich with the grace, sweetness, and modesty of nature. Therefrom Mr Hallé culled his poetry, choosing the *Preambulo* of the fifth Partita, the aria of the sixth, the *Passepied* from No. 5 of the *Suites Anglaises* and the *Gigue* from the corresponding number of the *Suites Françaises*. A better selection of its kind could not have been made, nor could the dainty music have had finer rendering. Mr Hallé's style was suited to perfection, especially by the *Gigue*, which fully displayed the neatness, accuracy, and facility of his mechanism. The audience insisted upon an encore of this movement, and were delighted with the performance as a whole. Schumann furnished the second novelty—his grand sonata in D minor for pianoforte and violin (Op. 121). The year 1851, in which this work was written, must be regarded as one of the busiest of the composer's life. During the twelve months, besides the sonata under notice, and a host of songs, he produced the cantata, *Der Rose Pilgerfahrt*; the pianoforte trio in G minor (dedicated to Gade); part of the *Dall-senen*; three *Fantasietücke*; the *Marchen-Bilder*, for pianoforte and viola; and the overtures to the *Bride of Messina*, *Julius Caesar*, and *Hermann and Dorothea*. Nor are these all, for to the same year we owe another sonata for pianoforte and violin, in A minor (Op. 105), which, though of less importance than its only successor, deserves the attention now, in all probability, awaiting it. The sonata in D minor is a most characteristic example of its composer's genius, whether taken as a whole, or movement by movement. In the opening Allegro, for example, we have a striking instance of the tendency to sobriety which afforded, during the composer's later years, a counterpoise to the freedom of an earlier time. As was pointed out with great acuteness by the programme annotator, the movement referred to is, with slight exception, constructed from the materials of a brief *corps de ballet*. We may doubt—perhaps it should be said we must doubt—whether Schumann appears at his best under conditions of such severe restriction, even when it is evident that he is writing in a happy mood. But, all question of comparison put aside, the opening of the D minor sonata affords a study of what can be done by learning and fancy with scanty means. We say "study" advisedly, because the music does not, upon a first acquaintance excite due admiration; and because it needs that perfect familiarity with the composer's design, for want of which many productions of genius are lastly and unjustly condemned. No fear of a like result clouds the prospects of the Scherzo and slow movement. These, so to speak, "carry their hearts on their sleeves," and reveal their beauty and charm to a glance. The Scherzo, with its two diverse episodes, and quasi-choral ending, is Schumann's masterpiece to the last degree, and equally so is the slow movement which, adopting the theme of the quasi-choral, bases upon it a series of variations. Both are lovely examples of the master; instinct with his originality and tenderness, not less than with that subtle expression of melancholy never far from apart from the works of a true poet. The Finale is another masterpiece, imagination and technical resource being equally displayed from first to last. Briefly, the hearing of this sonata was an event to be remembered, and marked a distinct advance in the movement which is lifting Schumann to a place among those whom English amateurs most reverently worship. The work was played by Herr Joachim and Mr Hallé in a manner open to very slight criticism. Mr Hallé might have thrown greater intensity of feeling into the Allegro and Finale, but his performance in the other movements defied reproach. Herr Joachim was simply perfection. The

third novelty Mr Chappell found—where one would hardly look for such a thing—in the works of Beethoven, and consisted of an "Adagio, Variations, and Rondo," for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, constructed upon a theme from Müller's opera, *Die Schwestern von Prag*. In his biography of the master, Schindler says, referring to the variations on Diabelli's waltz:—"These were completed in June, 1823, and delivered to the publisher without the usual amount of time bestowed on giving them the finishing touches, and now he sets to work at once on the Ninth Symphony, some jottings of which were already written down. Forthwith all the gay humour that had made him more sociable, and in every respect more accessible, disappeared. All visits were declined." The Choral Symphony was first performed May 7, 1824, and on that day the Müller variations were published. In all probability, therefore, the two works progressed together towards completion; the lightness of the one serving to relieve the massiveness of the other, and affording that distraction of mind which Beethoven would not seek among his friends. The theme belongs to a song, "Ich bin der Schneider Nakade," in the opera already named, and appears to have enjoyed considerable favour. We may even doubt whether it did not originally exist as a people's tune, inasmuch as it was introduced into a kind of musical play, *Rochus Pampersnickel*, and known in Vienna several years before Müller's opera obtained a hearing there. However this may be, the melody is one of primitive simplicity, and, judging by Beethoven's choice in other cases, was adapted to please him, as a subject for treatment. The master discomfies largely upon his quaint text, first employing the fantasia form by way of introduction, then proceeding to the tune with nine variations, and finishing with a rondo, which may be said to comprise two variations more and a coda. All this is interesting in a high degree, and much of it characterized by great beauty. The variations, as such, will not compare with Beethoven's finest efforts in that line; but, taking the work as a whole, it is one we are glad to see placed in the Monday Popular repertoire for, let us hope, occasional use.

The concert began with Beethoven's Lobkowitz quartet in B flat, and was made further enjoyable by the singing of Miss Johanna Levier, who, in *lieder* by Mendelssohn, Schubert, and Schumann, displayed the rare artistic power which amateurs recognized as soon as she came amongst us. Miss Levier, being what she is, could not sing in vain to such an audience, and the applause that followed every song—above all, the encore given to Schubert's "Wohn"—bespoke thorough gratification.

JOHN MORRIS HOGAN.

(From a Correspondent.)

It is with deep regret we announce the death of this talented artist, which took place at his residence in Bayswater, a few days ago. Mr John Morris Hogan studied with Kalkbrenner at the Conservatoire. While in Paris he was associated with the first artists of his day. He spent a great deal of his professional life in Ireland, and afterwards at Jersey. His playing was always characterized by great clearness and brilliancy of execution. Of late years he had retired from the musical profession; but there are many old pupils, as well as amateurs, who will deplore the death of one esteemed alike for his artistic gifts and his amiable qualities in private life.

MUSIC AT OXFORD UNIVERSITY.

The second examination for the degree of Mus. Bac. will commence on Tuesday, April 6, at 10 a.m., in the Music School. The examination for the degree of Mus. Doc. will commence at the same time and place as the above. Candidates whose exercises have been approved, and who propose to offer themselves for either of the above examinations, are to give in their names to Mr George Parker, the Clerk of the Schools, on or before April 3, to pay the statutory fee of £1, and to exhibit their "Testament" of having passed the previous examination.

Oxford, February 27.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

(From the "Daily Telegraph," Feb. 27.)

Last night the Sacred Harmonic Society did an act of which we, and all who desire that that great institution should fitly represent and worthily honour English music, are glad. As no chance of misrepresentation now exists, we may here speak of a matter which, ever since the concert immediately following Sterndale Bennett's death, has been common talk. When that opportunity was allowed to pass without the slightest sign of regret for the loss of a distinguished man, while everywhere else demonstrations of sorrow abounded, the natural question arose, "Why?" Then it was recollected how, some quarter of a century ago, feud sprang up between Michael Costa and Sterndale Bennett, and how the remembrance of that feud, which also would have been forgotten, was kept alive by the great conductor refusing to touch the works of his English confrère. Calling this to mind, an answer to the "why" became easy, and, in not a few quarters, was promptly given. Sir Michael Costa was censured for carrying a quarrel beyond the grave, and the society was pointed at as an accessory. We now know that the charge in each case had no foundation. Sir Michael Costa was not unwilling to render homage to the memory of our greatest composer—he did it, last night, by conducting the Dead March in *Soul*; neither was the society unmindful of its duty—for the solemnity just named took place on its initiative, and under its auspices. Pity 'tis that the act was not done earlier, and the possibility of reproach avoided. But better late than never. The society and its conductor have accomplished what was expected of them, and all is well. In the sense, however, that there exists "than lowest depth a deeper still," there is a better than the best. We can show the Sacred Harmonic Society how to improve upon the gracious ceremony of last night, and wipe from every memory all trace of the past. Let the directors give a performance of the one work, *The Woman of Samaria*, with which our dead composer enriched the repertory of oratorio. By doing so they would prove to the world their conviction that the man, whose memory was honoured last night, did something to deserve homage. Meanwhile, it is pleasant to recall the degree in which the performance of Handel's simple but sublime drama accorded with public feeling. The audience rose with one consent and stood to the end.

Very fittingly the oratorio of last evening was the work of a composer who, unchallenged, and as though by right divine, has stepped into Sterndale Bennett's place. We refer, of course, to the *St John the Baptist* of G. A. Macfarren. Once before heard in Exeter Hall, this oratorio now holds, if appearances may be trusted, a firm grasp of popular favour. Its progress ever since October 23, 1873, when it was produced at Bristol, may be rightly described as imperial. Gates and walls have fallen down before it, and everywhere, on its account, the crooked has been made straight and the rough places plain. Such fortune for the work of an Englishman is phenomenal, and may seem too good to last. But Mr Macfarren's oratorio, though it went up like a rocket, is in no danger of coming down like the stick. Familiarity deepens the impression of its greatness. Its force and vigour, its noble elevation, its masterly use of every artistic resource, grow upon one, like the majesty of the Pyramids and the awfulness of Niagara. So have these qualities grown upon the Exeter Hall audience. Well received at its first hearing, the work excited enthusiasm last night. All rules against applause were ignored, and the semi-religious atmosphere of an oratorio performance in the Strand was stirred by noises as loud and emphatic as those which, at the Monday Popular Concerts, acclaim a Beethoven quartet. Three numbers—the chorus, "This is my beloved Son," the duet for Herod and John, and the unaccompanied quartet—were encored, while, at the close, Mr Macfarren was called for and cheered to the echo. We cannot heighten the significance of these facts. They mean that in *St John the Baptist* we have a great and lasting work. Some of us knew this long ago, it is true, but, after all, there is enough divinity in the *vox populi* to make us glad when it speaks on our side. The performance was by no means free from defects, both band and chorus being occasionally

at fault. But the difficult music is yet unfamiliar, and it would be unfair not to make allowances on that account. The solos entrusted to Madame Sherrington, Madame Patey, Mr Lloyd, and Mr Santley suffered least, as will at once be assumed when it is remembered that these artists "created" their respective parts at the Bristol Festival. Madame Sherrington, by the way, introduced the original air of Salome instead of the one written to replace it, but whether it suits her better is an open question. Further details are unnecessary. Enough that the performance was accepted on all hands as a success, towards which, it should be added, Sir Michael Costa contributed his utmost.

THE LATE STERNDALE BENNETT.

Dr Ferdinand Hiller, in the *Cologne Gazette*, writes as follows about Sir William Sterndale Bennett:—

"From London we receive the mournful account of the death of an excellent musician, the glory of his country, recognized and highly esteemed everywhere. Bennett was born April 16th, 1816, and died quite unexpectedly on the 1st ult. He was the son of an organist in Sheffield, where he began his musical career as a little chorister in the church. Early an orphan, he received his education as an artist in the Royal Academy of Music, London, of which he afterwards became Principal. His talent as a pianist and composer showed itself very early. When, in the winter of 1838-1839, he came to Leipzig he earned by his playing the most general admiration, and the works he had composed at that time, a concerto for the piano, the overture, *The Naiades*, and a number of smaller compositions for the piano, have the stamp of finished works of art, and are scarcely surpassed by later productions. His playing, perfect with regard to 'technique,' was of the most finished delicacy, and full of gracefulness and warmth. In his compositions, especially in his characteristic overtures, the great influence of Mendelssohn is not to be denied, but they are so finished in form, so charming in invention, and contain, on the other hand, so much that is individual, that his works are entirely free from the reproach which mostly falls on that mechanical imitation which has produced the great mass of songs, with and without words, waltzes, mazurs, and the like. Mendelssohn esteemed him highly, and Schumann, enthusiastic about him, gave his portrait, accompanied by the most poetical words, to the readers of the *Neue Zeitschrift* for a new year's present. In his country Bennett received the highest honours. He became Professor of Music in the University of Cambridge, Doctor of Music, Master of Arts, D.C.L., and was raised to Knighthood by the Queen, and now he receives a resting-place among the greatest of his people in Westminster Abbey—a distinction, the like of which, perhaps, no other nation has to offer.

"As a man, Bennett was most honourable and amiable, simple, unpretending, frank, faithful, good-natured, cheerful, and hospitable. We German musicians were received by him always in the most cordial manner. For several years he had retired from public life, and having been active before, by giving concerts and directing—especially the Philharmonic Concerts—he only lived now for his pupils and his academy.

"We saw him for the last time at the Beethoven Festival at Bonn, when he appeared to be happy and enraptured. As a musician, he belonged with all his heart to Germany and its masters. England is proud of him, and, by all means, has every reason to be so."

PHRASE.—In consequence of a severe domestic affliction, the third Conservatorium Concert was deprived of Madame Nipper's co-operation.* The altered programme is as follows:—Franz Schubert's Fantasia (C major), arranged for orchestra, by Joseph Joachim (new); Robert Volkmann's Concertstück, Op. 42, played by Herr Capellmeister; Max Bruch's Introduction to *Lorely*, W. Treiber; Ballade, by Reinecke, Andante, by Brahms, and Wagner's Spinnereien, arranged by Liszt—Herr W. Treiber; "Scheherazade," Concert Overture, by Heinrich Urban (new); Herr Charles Oberthür, the celebrated harpist, from London, is engaged for the fourth concert. Herr Oberthür made a most favourable impression here some years ago, both as a composer and executant, when he had the exceptional honour to play before the Emperor Ferdinand, and to receive the diploma of honorary member of the "Society of Music in Bohemia," as well as of the Society "Dauid." Herr Oberthür is announced to play Polish Alcantara Concerto in E flat, for harp and orchestra, and his own Fantasia, "Souvenir de Londres."

* Unfortunately, Madame Norman-Nérda was prevented from appearing at this concert, in consequence of the death of her father. Herr Treiber, pianist, from Gritz, was got as substitute for this concert.

STERNDALÉ BENNETT.

In the course of an admirable article on our late master, contributed to the *Musical Times*, Mr H. C. Lunn writes as follows:—

"In this institution (the Royal Academy of Music) I first met him. He was seated at a table in the professors' room when I entered, and, with that irresistible manner which attracted all towards him, made me sit five minutes as he began at my ease as if we had known each other for years. Then he began to speak to me about music, for I was to be his pupil (he being a master in the institution, although still a student), and the exercise he then set me is now in my possession. But I was too much absorbed in what he was doing when I came in to think intently upon what I was doing myself. Music paper was before him, and he was writing a pianoforte concerto, the whole of which he played to us when the hour of instruction was over. Never shall I forget it; delivery, beauty of tone, eloquence of phrasing, an indelible charm in his mere touch, so fascinated his listeners that it was with difficulty he managed to escape from the room. On me, having just entered the institution, the effect was of course greater than upon those of his fellow-students who were acquainted with his wonderful gifts; and, as he had not then made a name outside the walls of the Academy, I was naturally astonished at the exhibition of such mature talent amongst the pupils of a music school. At this time there were evening orchestral rehearsals at the Academy, which were directed by Sterndale Bennett. Here the Students were trained to the contemplation of good music; and never would the young conductor, I well recollect, allow any pupil to remain in ignorance of the composition being performed. 'Listen,' he said to me, on the first evening of my entrance, 'this is a symphony by Beethoven; try to comprehend the symmetrical construction of the work, and carry away as much as you can with you to think upon afterwards.' If such solicitude for the artistic welfare of those around him existed in the boy, it may readily be believed how it ripened and expanded in the man. During these sunny days, music flowed from his pen as freely as from his fingers."

MUSIC AT BRUSSELS.

The weather here has been quite as destitute as in most other European capitals, and has, in consequence, played sad havoc with the plans and arrangements of M. Camposasso, the manager of the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie. To such a pitch have things come that M. Camposasso has been obliged to change his bill three times in the course of the same day. However, it appears that there are six medical men attached to the theatre, so it is to be hoped that the disabled members of the company, having got rid of their colds, rheumatism, coughs, and bronchitis, will speedily be enabled to resume their professional duties, and go on with the rehearsals, temporarily suspended, of *Le Nozze* and *Le Reine de Chypre*. There is some talk of reviving *Hamlet* for M. Devoyot, and *Rigoletto* for Madlle Hamacker, who was much applauded last year in the character of Gilda. M. Sylva has been recalled to sing in Paris for some of his comrades, who have succumbed to the severity of the season; but he will return shortly, and appear in Halcy's opera of *La Juive*. M. Achard is announced to make his bow early in the present month. A young basso, M. Dauphin, has made his first appearance on any stage as Max, in *Le Châtel*. The result was encouraging; but the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie should not throw its doors open to novices, however promising. A little practice in the provinces should always precede an artist's appearance in the capital, both for his own sake and for that of the public.

Les Près Saint Gervais has not proved a success at the Alcazar. The programme of the fifth Concert Populaire included Schumann's Symphony, only performed once under M. Viennetemps; the "Hungarian Dances" of Johannes Brahms; the second part of Berlioz's dramatic symphony, *Roméo et Juliette*; Beethoven's Overture to *Coriolan*; and Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Concerto, the executant of the last piece being Madlle Annetta Esipoff, who was much applauded. This young lady performed also Chopin's Nocturne in D, the Gavotte, arranged by Johannes Brahms, from Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis*, a Study by the Abbate Franz Liszt, and a short piece by M. Anton Rubinstein.

A very successful concert was recently given by Mrs Stanley, under the patronage of J. S. Lumley, Esq., English Minister, for the benefit of the poor. A number of well-known amateurs, Belgian and English, took part in the performance, which wound up by the presentation of a laurel wreath to Mrs Stanley, as a sign of the high esteem in which her generous efforts were held.

MIDLE KREBS' FIRST RECITAL.

(From the "Globe.")

Madlle Marie Krebs gave the first of two recitals of pianoforte music on Wednesday, at St James's Hall. She played, alone, the Fantasia Chromatica and Fugue in D, of J. S. Bach, and a group of shorter pieces by Sterndale Bennett, Schubert, and Mendelssohn; and, in conjunction with Signor Piatti, Mendelssohn's Sonata in D (Op. 58), and Chopin's Introduction and Polonaise Brillante in C (Op. 3). Of Middle Krebs' intentions and capability of giving expression to them our readers will know we have never had but one opinion. It is pleasant to find that opinion shared by a steadily increasing circle of amateurs. Next to the production of a great singer, that of a great pianist is, having regard to the number of persons trained with a view to becoming the one or the other, one of the rarest of events. Given certain psychological and physiological qualifications—without which the best directed industry can only result in moderate success—admirable teaching at the right time, a power of continuous effort unimpaired by early results, and the sunshine of intelligent praise, not before it had ceased to be dangerous—these are only some of the conditions needed to make a great musical artist. Middle Krebs was, we believe, what is commonly called "a juvenile prodigy." Happily for her, promise was not mistaken for performance, or indication for completeness. On the contrary—we judge only by her power as evidenced in public performance—years of study and practice have been spent in ripening the clever child into the thorough artist. The charm of Middle Krebs' playing can hardly fail to act on those who are brought for ever so short a time under its influence. But it can only tell in its fulness on those who are familiar with it. The varieties of *timbre*, or even of intensity, of which the pianoforte is capable are limited—far more so, for instance, than those available to even an average performer on the violin. Yet under the hands of Middle Krebs the former even are considerable, and the latter infinite. A touch by the agency of which any succession of sounds can be produced with perfect equality of force, refined by a consummate apprehension of the value of emphasis, can give to unarticulated sounds the charm and almost the meaning of articulated. To say that every kind of musical passage is rendered by Middle Krebs with unerring certainty is to say what might be said of many of her contemporaries. To say that she maintains the most perfect proportion in the rendering of every kind of passage—proportion whether of combination or succession—is to say what would be true of but few of her contemporaries. Perhaps the most striking characteristic of her execution is that, whether she gives to each note of a passage the utmost tone of which without harshness it might seem capable, or touches the finger-board with a delicacy which might seem rather that of the breath than of the hand, its rhythm is never for a moment equivocal; or, to speak precisely and technically, there can never be a moment's doubt as to what part of a measure she is dealing with. None know the full value of this power like those who have to play in concert with those who possess it, but, consciously or unconsciously, it must be felt by all who come under its influence. Details as to Middle Krebs' execution of the several pieces we have named are needless. Like all great artists, she has, doubtless, her preferences, and plays one piece with more pleasure than another. But a lively "conscience du métier" obliges her to play everything as well as she can, that is to say, better than almost anybody else could play it.

Middle Krebs' second recital is on Wednesday, the 10th inst.

BERLIN.—The only novelty at the Royal Operahaus has been the frequent and sudden change of performance. Here, as elsewhere, singers are human, and their throats are no more proof than those of their colleagues in other lands against the dangerous rawness and cold of the atmosphere.—M. Anton Rubinstein has given a well-attended concert, at which he introduced some original compositions of his own. They met with general approbation.—At the last Monday Concert of Herren Hellmich and Engelhardt, a prominent feature in the programme was Beethoven's Octet in E flat major, for two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, and two horns, the performers being Herren Wisprecht, Baack, Pohl, Dittmann, Richter, Lehmann, Malchow, and Velshe. The work is very seldom heard in this, its original, form; it is generally known as arranged for a stringed quintet. It was exceedingly well played.

MÉHUL AND THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.*

People are too ignorant of the profound influence exerted by Gluck in developing the author of *Joseph* and of *Uthal*, of *Stratonice*, of *Une Folie*, and of *Irato*. "It was he, it was this great man," exclaims Méhul, "who initiated me into the philosophical and poetic portion of musical art." The good folk who imagine that the whole idea of modern opera dates no further back than from Richard Wagner have only to study the works of the composer of Givet; they will find therein abundance of useful information. The fact is, never did any one deserve less than he did the reproach justly addressed, in our days, to specialists, of sacrificing to musical pomp the highest conditions of the drama—the progress of the action and the truth of the characters. To fall into the trap set by Herr Wagner for the ingenious and unoccupied, one should not be acquainted with a single note by Méhul; for I defy the world to mention, even among the most noisy disciples of the Wagnerian school, any composer more imperturbably attached than Méhul to the practice of the system.

I have you ever heard of a one-act comic opera entitled, *Uthal*? I doubt it very much; and yet, though a person would scarcely believe it, this simple comic opera, in one act only, into the bargain, was big with all the theories which we have since seen breaking over us with such a hubbub. *Uthal*! It strikes you at once as having something of a sham-epicœia about it. You fancy you recognize in the title the heroic precursor of *Tannhäuser* and *Lohegrin*. The action takes place in the good old times of Ossian; and Méhul, considering that it was not sufficient for his music that he should merely apply himself to the study of character, believing, like Cæsar, that nothing is done while anything remains to be done, resolved to give the world something in the way of historical, or, still better, local colouring. To produce a monotonous music, tinged with crepuscular melancholy, a sort of *grisaille*, similar in its effect to the dull ocean vapours which envelop in fog the Caledonian coast, such was his set purpose in this work, imitated from *Ossian*, as we read on the title page of the engraved score, the system being so deliberately carried out that we see him, though it is almost impossible to imagine such a thing now-a-days, rush the scruples of temperance to the length of refraining from the use of violins which he excludes from his orchestra as too Venetian in their colouring for such a subject. "In the execution of this work the violins must be replaced by tenors." He takes care to explain his theory by way of preface. The flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons, and four horns, with the tenors (*quintes*), constitute the orchestra, which is inexorably confined to one grey key. We must not forget, however, a stroke on the gong, struck at the right moment, and even less must we forget the harpe, which cannot fail to be present, seeing that in an opera imitated from *Ossian* there are always bards. I think that no one ever sacrificed with greater conviction and austerity to the vain ideal called dramatic truth. But the work failed; neither connoisseurs nor public would have ought to do with it. Every one acknowledged readily enough that, viewed in the light of fidelity of expression, it was sublime, but no one returned to hear it a second time; so true it is that there are certain things which are not better when sung than when spoken. It was at the first performance of *Uthal* that Grétry made his famous joke about a "louis d'or pour une échelle." But do not let us go too far; let us take care not to confound this error of an obstinate logician with the frequently admirable and healthy sobriety of Méhul's style. If the score of *Uthal* was the extravagance of a system, *Une Folie* and *Joseph* were its honour and its triumph. I purposely mention these two works, because, in the one as in the other, the composer, with the virtue of musical temperance distinguishing his nature, strikes me as having fixed the style, and displayed to his contemporaries under its double form, combining charm and grandeur, the true model of the comic opera of the future. After *Joseph—Zampa*, *L'Etoile du Nord*, and *Le Pardon de Poërcel* may arise without any risk of destroying tradition, just as with *Une Folie* the way is paved for all the gallant repertory of Boieldieu, Auber, and their satellites. On opening Weber's correspondence, I find a passage applying too

directly to the manners of the present day for us not to meditate upon it. "A score like that of *Joseph*," writes the author of *Der Freischütz*, and *Euryanthe*, "is now no longer possible, because there no longer exists a musician capable, without the aid of a pompous and dazzling orchestra, but solely by intensity of sentiment, warmth, and the truth of his ideas, of producing on the public a profound and durable effect. Who could remain insensible to such accents, all impregnated, I will not say by the breath of antiquity, but by the purest spirit of the Bible? There is no tinsel, no parasitism, no phrase to tickle more or less agreeably the ear; we have simply the naked truth, and—distinctive sign of an experienced hand—an instrumentation always sober, always moderate, in which the composer, while limiting his resources, succeeds in attaining the grandest effects." In *Une Folie*, Méhul has to do only with personages of the moment—Parisian types. To find the style and expression of his music, all he needs do, so to speak, is to look around him. With *Joseph* it is another thing, for the characters, manners, and countries to be depicted, his own observation cannot, of course, furnish him a single stroke; his fancy has to evoke the Unknown, to conjure up scenes of an anterior world, and to interpret passions which he has not himself experienced. The portrait painter has to become a Eustache Lesueur, for the score of *Joseph* is a musical fresco, the genuine fresco of a French master, rather grey in tone and deficient in brilliancy, but for sentiment and pathos, for purity of design and composition, able to defy anything.

When I reflect on the conditions of a work like this, and hear the noise made about the theories of Richard Wagner, I fancy I must be dreaming. What is there new, I should like to know, in them? What organic law of modern opera do all these pretended prophecies of the future advance which has not been carried out by this musician of the Past? Listen! that orchestra always purposely moderate, where modulation is introduced only at the call of dramatic truth; listen to that accompaniment always in keeping with the nature of the subject, and then ask yourself whether it is true, as we are informed, that such simultaneity of expression is a discovery of our own time. From the instrumentation let us proceed to the portrayal of the character; another invention for which some individuals are pleased to claim the credit. Do we find that Joseph, Simeon, Benjamin, and Jacob are figures wanting plasticity, impersonal and abstract figures, heroes of classical tragedy such as were imagined at the same epoch by Marie Joseph Chénier? Let these figures sing, and, like the philosopher who, to prove the existence of movement, walked, they will forthwith convince you of their musical individuality. The reminiscences and the melancholy of Joseph, the remorse and repentance of Simeon, the candour of Benjamin, the sorrow of the old man, Jacob, his rage and his joy, are so many admirable motives treated with the inspiration and the talent of a master never found deficient in any of the principles really appertaining to his art. "To specify all the merits of this magnificent musical poem," continues Weber, "it would be necessary to write volumes." True, but what would be the good? Though it gains ground every day, barbarism has not pushed its invasion so far as to have driven from among us every notion of the True and the Beautiful, and though the masterpiece has disappeared from the stage, it is not, thank heaven, reduced only to the life derived exclusively from commentaries. Whatever trouble certain individuals of mediocre mind may give themselves to confuse different questions and to corrupt taste, truth still preserves its influence on a large number of artists, and on a large portion of the public. "However," exclaims Weber, in conclusion, "the beauty of works of this order is not a thing to be proved; all that is requisite is to appeal to the sentiments of those who bear them!" But the difficulty now-a-days is to hear them. Fortunately, if the stage is closed against them, they have still the Conservatory left, and we see them, at long intervals, pass from the library to the concert-room, like those sovereigns who, without quitting their palaces, on certain solemn days, harangue the multitude.

H. BLAZE DE BUI.

ACCORDING to the *Aradonian*, Mr Stephen Fiske has taken the New York Grand Opera House, with the object of presenting English opera to his compatriots.

* From "Le Guide Musical."

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our Correspondent.)

A fine performance of the *Creation* was given at Mr Hallé's concert last Thursday. Miss Leunens-Sherrington, undaunted by a cruel bronchial attack, sang all the music for the powerful soprano, but, though her voice was to some extent affected, her consummate skill as a singer had seldom been more admired. Mr Nelson Varley, the tenor of the evening, was not quite so satisfactory, but Mr Whitney sang with remarkable taste, and his fine voice is heard to great advantage in the picturesque solos of this popular oratorio. The last miscellaneous concert of Mr Hallé's present series will be given to-morrow night. The programme is very attractive:—

Overture, *Eurydice* (Weber); Scenes and Aria, "O, 'tis a glorious sight to see" (*Osoroo*) (Weber)—Mr E. Lloyd; Grand Concerto in G (Bethoven)—pianoforte, Mr Charles Hallé; Air, "Infelix" (*Mardi-Grasse*)—Miss Sophie Lowe; Symphony, No. 7, in C major (Haydn); Overture, "Waldmüthen Beethoven" (first time) (Gerstner); Air, "Love in her eyes sits playing" (*Asiatic Galateia*) (Handel)—Mr F. Lloyd; Solo Piano-forte, "Praeludium, Aria, Passepied, and Gigue" in G (second time) (Bach)—Mr Charles Hallé; Song, "Die Nonne" (Schubert) and "Sonntag" (Brahms)—Miss Sophie Lowe; Overture, *Tannhäuser* (Wagner).

Will you allow me to correct two mistakes reported in the "Wals" of last Saturday? The *Odysseus* of Max Bruch, to be given, as I told you last week, by the Manchester St Cecilia Society, assisted by Mr Bentley, on the 15th inst., will not be conducted by Mr Hallé, but by Mr Ed. Hecht, the zealous conductor of the society. Nor have we been fortunate enough to hear "Krebe, Joachim, Riez, Zerbin, and Piatti," as you were informed. But a concert of classical chamber music will be given at the Concert Hall next week, at which MM. Hallé, Joachim, and Piatti will play, and this concert will, unfortunately, clash with Mr Unger's chamber concert.

March 3rd.

LIVERPOOL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

(To the Editor of the "Liverpool Courier.")

SIR,—The scenes enacted at the adjourned meeting of the proprietors of the above society held yesterday, a report of which appears in your impression of to-day, will certainly not redound to their credit. Once again we find conductor, band, and chorus attacked by those who appear to know little of either, and whose chief idea as to the nature of the society's concerns is purely to make them a "social gathering." Whether the expression quoted was made or received jokingly or not, it should not be forgotten, for the conduct of the stalls and boxes during the subscription concerts would lead the most ordinary observer to the conclusion that music was the last thing considered.

Now, sir, a few words on behalf of the band and its conductor, Sir Julius Benedict. Mr Hallé's band and the Philharmonic band have been weighed in the balance, and the latter has been found wanting. If the Philharmonic Society are honoured by this gentleman's conducting, we are to expect a vast improvement, are we? Unhesitatingly, and with every respect for certain gentlemen who declare the contrary. When Mr Hallé announces an orchestral concert, it is not difficult for him to secure the attendance of his band for rehearsal, the majority of the instrumentalists being on the spot, and consequently having the immeasurable advantage of frequent rehearsals. It is therefore no great accomplishment to have attained such a good name. Now the Philharmonic band is very differently constituted. Its members are scattered. One-half of them are constant members of Mr Hallé's band, while the rest hail from London, Yorkshire, and a few are residents of this town, they being undoubtedly the very pick of the band. The Philharmonic band meet for rehearsal on the Monday evening preceding the concert, and on the afternoon of the day following, but on no occasion have they more than these two rehearsals. How is it, then, to be expected that this band can do itself justice? Is it honest to blame the conductor for this? I should say, on the contrary, more credit to him and his band for doing this work so well. If, however, ever was a case of adding insult to injury it was in suggesting the importation of Mr Charles Hallé to usurp the position of one of our most talented and esteemed contemporary musicians, Sir Julius Benedict.

Another fact in the Philharmonic band, which, though it may be unpleasant to state, is nevertheless a fact, is the want of unanimity among its members. The Manchester gentlemen unfortunately have not that good feeling towards their brethren that they should possess. They are usually inclined to ride the high horse, and in many cases they work in an indifferent manner.

A few words as to the chorus. A quibble was made yesterday as to

the representation of the practical members of the chorus on the committee of the society. The proprietors and the public generally should remember that the gentlemen of the chorus are admitted on the committee—first, by examination in music and singing; secondly, by payment of an entrance fee of half-a-guinea; and thirdly, by an annual subscription for two seats in the gallery of the hall. The ladies of the chorus are not considered members of the society, as they pay no entrance fee or subscription, but receive remuneration and a ticket for each concert. Considering, then, that the gentlemen of the chorus give not only their time but their money to further the interests of the society, it certainly was an ungracious act of the dromes of the Philharmonic to have raised the question as to whether the ladies should have a voice or not in the storing and distribution of the musical boney.—Yours faithfully,

ONE OF THE LADS.

Liverpool, February 25.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

The Welsh concert, which took place on Monday evening last, was to all appearance a success, for the cheaper parts of the hall were not only well-filled, but the amphitheatres and the loggia boxes were also gaily tenanted. In this sort of national programme the unsophisticated public take a very natural delight, and there is a considerable class of the community who feel a special interest in the minstrelsy of Wales, in which they find a varied aggregate of tuneful ballads and warlike poems, which tell their own story, and appeal at once to the commonest understanding. The selection on the present occasion contained, of course, the music that could not well be absent from a representative Welsh programme, such as "The Ash Grove," "Jenny Jones," the "Men of Harlech," "Ar hyd y nos," and "God bless the Prince of Wales," and they met with the usual enthusiastic reception, Miss Patey charming all ears—Welsh and English alike—by her clear and expressive delivery of the first two songs, and winning the usual encore for each. Miss Edith Wynne is also an indispensable artist at a Welsh concert, and to her the listeners were indebted for two pleasant contributions—namely, "Adieu to dear Cambria" and Moria's song from the Prince of Wales's *Cantata*, by John Owen, in both of which repetitions were asked for. The other lady vocalists were Miss Marion Williams, Miss Mary Davies, and Miss Lizzie Evans, and the songs they sang were good examples of the gentle and unambitious ditties of the Principality, and of the effect they are capable of producing when sung with simplicity and taste. Mr Edward Lloyd was likewise a prominent attraction in the business of the evening, and he too had his encore in a sentimental song adapted from "Y ferch o'r Seer," and by-and-by applause, that did not, however, quite reach the encore point, in "Mentru Gwen." With this gentleman was associated Mr Lewis Thomas, whose versions of "The Quarrelsome Couple" and "St David's Day" were demanded a second time, no dimmy being felt at the multitude of verses incident to each. The chorus singers were by no means idle, and the several pieces they sang, and which we need not specify, were in most cases received with tumultuous pleasure; and, as they were backed by a band of harpists, headed by Mr John Thomas and Mr Wright, their efforts were assuredly not the least important events of the evening. The two leading harpists also appeared as soloists. *Fantasia* on the piano were played by Miss Jessie Waugh and Mr Brinley Richards—Benedict's piece, "Cambria," being the lady's choice, and Mr Brinley Richards' his own "Recollection of Wales." Both were features of interest, Mr Brinley Richards' performance especially, partly on the ground of its finished excellence, and partly from the sentiment of respect due to this well-known professor for his zealous persistence in vindicating the national music of his country, and its claims upon the public attention. Mr Randerger accompanied the song sung by Miss Mary Davies, and Mr W. H. Thomas the others, both admirably. Altogether, the concert, we repeat, may be recorded as a success, and another Welsh selection may consequently be expected.

D. H. H.

NOTE.—Mr. Ambrose Thomas has consented to write a Grand *Cantata* for Chorus and Orchestra, to be sung at the foot of Boieldieu's statue during the centenary festival which will be celebrated in honour of that composer on Sunday, the 15th June. The French Government will award 25,000 francs on the same occasion to the best vocal association, the competition to be open to all such associations in France.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

SEVENTEENTH SEASON, 1874-5.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE TWENTY-NINTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON
WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 8, 1875.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in G major, Op. 17, No. 8, for two violins, viola, and
violinello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIEB, ZERNINI, and PIATTI .. *Hopla,*
ROSO. "Die Jäger Noone"—Mlle SOPHIE LOU .. *Schubert,*
TOCATA, in C major, Op. 7, for pianoforte alone (first time at
the Popular Concerts)—Mlle MARIE KEES .. *Schumann,*

PART II.

CHACONNE, in D minor, for violin alone—Herr JOACHIM .. *Bach,*
SONGS: (a) "Es blinkt der Thau"—Mlle SOPHIE LOU .. *Rehnska,*
(b) "Sommerabend"—Mlle SOPHIE LOU .. *Schumann,*
BORATA, in A, Op. 42 (dedicated to Kravtzev), for pianoforte
and violin—Mlle MARIE KEES and Herr JOACHIM .. *Reethoven,*
CONDUCTOR .. *Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.*

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 6, 1875.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUINTET, in G minor, for two violins, two violas, and violinello
—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIEB, STRAUSS, ZERNINI, and PIATTI .. *Mozart,*
ROSO. "Orpheus with his lute"—Mlle EVA LOU .. *Sullivan,*
FANTASIA, in C major, for pianoforte alone—Mlle MARIE
KEES .. *Schubert,*
ROSO. "Zakhe"—Mlle EVA LOU .. *Wendelstein,*
BERENADE THIO, in D major, Op. 8, for violin, viola, and violon-
cello—MM. JOACHIM, STRAUSS, and PIATTI .. *Reethoven,*
Conductor .. *Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. W. G. (Manchester).—Verdi's *Traviata* was produced at the Apollo Theatre, in Rome, on the 17th January, 1853, and at the Italian Opera, Paris, on the 23rd of December, 1854. The *Traviata* was first played at Venice in March, 1853, and in Paris, 6th December, 1856; in the summer of the same year it was produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, with Mlle Piccolomini as the heroine. *Lucresia Borgia* was given, for the first time, at the Scala, Milan, during the carnival of 1854; six years later, on the 27th October, it was produced at the Italian Opera, Paris. *La Coccinelle* was given, for the first time, at the Opera Comique, Paris, on the 2nd February, 1861. *La Prophete* was presented, for the first time, at the Grand Opera, Paris, on the 16th April, 1849; an Italian version was produced, in the summer of the same year, at the Royal Italian Opera, London, with Viardot and Mario in the principal characters.

DEATHS.

On the 27th February, at Cedar Cottage, Worton Road, Isleworth, **ELIZABETH WARD HUTCHINSON**, the affectionate wife of Henry Hutchinson Howe, of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket.

On the 28th February, at Dolgelly, North Wales, aged 90, **Mrs ANN ROBERTS**, mother of the late Mr Ellis Roberts, harpist to the Prince of Wales.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1875.

THE eternal war between critics and their "subjects" has just had a curious exemplification. As a rule it is better not to notice when a galled jade winces. Very often the

cause lies in an extremely sensitive nature, which makes its owner more an object of pity than of wrath. Not seldom, too, the thing complained about is due to inexperience on the part of the writer rather than to malice aforethought. In all such cases the less said by those who stand round and look on the better. To use a homely phrase, "the more the matter is stirred, the more it stinks," whereas, if let alone, the offensive stuff will quietly sink to the bottom, out of sight and mind. But the affair in point is one from which lessons may be learned, quite valuable enough to make it an exception. Hence the notice we give it here.

In its review of music for the year 1874, the *Monthly Musical Record* of January said, "Of the British Orchestral Society it is impossible to speak favourably. Though the programmes were full of interest, and contained many novelties, the conductor, to tell the plain truth, is quite unfitted for his post; and, until some change is made in this direction, it is hopeless to expect good performances," &c. Looking at this paragraph apart from all the circumstances to which it gave rise, we see a very plain and unmistakable declaration of what the writer conceives to be a fact. So far, whatever the conductor of the British Orchestral Society may think, he—the writer aforesaid—did no more than he was paid to do. His engagement with the proprietors of the *Monthly Musical Record* necessarily bound him to pen what, under the guidance of his judgment, he conceived to be facts. He had a perfect right to believe that the conductor was "quite unfitted for his post," and a right not less perfect to convey that belief to the world. But there are two ways of doing a thing. A foolish and ignorant popular sentiment applauds the man who calls a spade a spade, while it looks coldly upon one who describes it euphemistically as an agricultural implement. Our own belief is that the latter shows himself much more a man of the world and of wisdom than the former. Euphemy is an important ingredient in the oil which makes society's machinery work smoothly; and none ought to be better aware of the fact than those who wield the power of the press. Holding such views, we must look upon the paragraph above quoted as unnecessarily coarse. The writer could have conveyed the same sense in much less offensive terms; and, because he did this not, he is open to the blame deserved by a clumsy worker. So much for the offending paragraph; and now let us go with the matter a step further.

In the number of the *Monthly Musical Record* for February, and in the most conspicuous part of it, readers saw a "leaded" paragraph, the gist of which was that the editor withdrew his remarks about the conductor of the British Orchestral Society as a statement of fact, but retained it as an expression of opinion. Evidently, though this was not said in distinct terms, some complaint had been made, and in such fashion did the editor desire to conclude a peace with the offended *chef d'orchestre*. We admit our inability to appreciate the distinction drawn by the *Monthly Musical Record*. Usually, when a man puts forward an opinion he desires to have it accepted as, from his point of view, a fact. If, for instance, we say of our contemporary's reviewer that he is inexperienced, we commit ourselves to a statement of positive belief, otherwise we are false witnesses and without excuse. No doubt a distinction can be raised between matters of absolute fact, and those lying within the domain of opinion. It is certain that the whole is greater than a part, and that things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another. These are absolute facts, but we wholly decline to suppose that our contemporary

wished to withdraw his assertion from the category to which they belong. To do otherwise would be to suppose him capable of a very unworthy quibble. It stands, therefore, that, desiring to make an apology, he did so with the elusiveness characteristic of the offence. Either he should have unreservedly withdrawn the terms to which objection was raised, or manfully held by them. A middle course could only be disastrous, as the result proved.

Having yielded so far, it was to be expected that the *Monthly Musical Record* would find the last shred of the leak presented to its mouth. So, in the number for the current month appears a paragraph so extraordinary that we transcribe it word for word:—

"Since the last number of *The Monthly Musical Record* was issued, the Publishers have made inquiries concerning the professional qualifications of the conductor of the British Orchestral Society, and the result thereof is that they retract the comments on the conductor of the orchestra of which complaint was made. In so doing, the Publishers desire to state that they freely and unreservedly take upon themselves to withdraw the objectionable comments, and that they tender to the conductor in question their apologies for the same."

It is clear from this that the conductor of the British Orchestral Society pressed his advantage, the result being a complete withdrawal of the offending words, whether regarded as embodying a fact or an opinion. From one point of view, perhaps, the conductor is not blameworthy, because the temptation to crush a frightened opponent is hard to resist. But what shall we say of the "Publishers" of the *Monthly Musical Record*? They have tamely deserted their editor, and, hanging out a flag of truce, have bent the knee before an opponent whose position they might safely have defied. For this there is no valid excuse. As regards the editor, however much he may have blundered, for him we must entertain sympathy. His obvious duty is to cease that connexion with our contemporary which henceforth to him can be no source of honour. And now, one word as to the general bearing of the case. Musical criticism had better be given up altogether if it may not be stated, both as a matter of opinion and of fact, that a man is unfitted for his post. It is necessary often to say as much in the interest of art, as of politics, and that will be a sad day when the right is abandoned; because then the path of incompetence will be made straight towards those prizes which should be enjoyed by merit alone.

SIGNOR GIULIO PERKINS.

The funeral of this lamented gentleman took place on Monday last, at Highgate Cemetery. The mourners were—besides Madame Perkins (Marie Rose)—Mr Carl Rosa, Mr Bentham, and Mr Josiah Pittman. Among others who attended to pay a last mark of respect, we observed Signor Urio, Signor Campobello, and Mr Asnesley Cook.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL CHORAL SOCIETY.—The next concert of this society will take place on Tuesday, the 9th inst., when Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, and Rossini's *Stabat Mater* will be performed. The principal vocalists announced are Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Annie Sinclair, Madame Patey, Mr Cummings, and Mr Whitney. Dr Stainer will preside at the organ, and the concert will be conducted, as usual, by Mr Barnby.

Mr WILLIAM COENEN gave his first concert of modern German music at St George's Hall on Thursday night with great and deserved success. The programme was interesting throughout, and included, among other pieces, an admirable pianoforte quartet by a native composer, Mr A. C. Mackenzie. Mr Coenen's associates were MM. Wiener, Amor, Zerbini, and Lassere. The vocal music was entrusted to Miss Sophie Ferrari and Miss Antoinette Sterling. Further particulars in our next.

DEAN STANLEY ON MUSIC AND GEOLOGY.

It is not often that Westminster Abbey is so crowded as it was on Sunday afternoon, in spite of the bleakness of the weather, when Dean Stanley preached a funeral sermon in memory of the late Sir Charles Lyell and Sir Sterndale Bennett. The aisles were completely blocked with people who stood throughout the service, and many distinguished members of the scientific, musical, and religious world were present. The Dean selected for his text the 2nd verse of the 1st chapter of Genesis, "The earth was without form and void." He said it so chanced that within that short month of February, by a most unusual coincidence in mortality, twice the gates of that Abbey had been opened to pay the last honours to two distinguished Englishmen—one, the acknowledged chief of the English musicians of our time; the other, who was yesterday laid in his grave, the acknowledged chief of those who had devoted themselves to the study of our mother earth. Of all the branches of art or letters none revealed more fully the hidden capacities of the human soul, or the wonderful structure of the human frame, than the slow yet certain process by which, from the simplest and most barbarous sound, music—that art which heathens as well as Christians in all ages had not scrupled to call Divine—had brought into being worlds of melody, growing, in thought and volume, generation after generation, as time rolled on. The spirit which brooded over the lyre of Orpheus, or the primitive harp of David, was the same that afterwards gave breath and life to the Cathedral anthems and sacred oratorios of the most inspired masters. As an eminent living writer had said, seven notes in the musical scale—call them thirteen if they would—was indeed a poor outfit for so vast an enterprise as the genius of the masters of that glorious art had succeeded in completing. And to illustrate its marvels was the mission of the gentle musician who, three weeks ago, was laid to his rest within the walls of this venerable abbey; and again and again would his memory be recalled to them as they heard the sacred melody on which he had written, as on waves of light, those divine words which ought to stand as the principal of all Christian worship—"God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." Having dwelt thus feelingly and at some length on the memory of the departed musician, the Dean said he proposed for a brief space to call the attention of his hearers to the religious aspect of the science of geology which a great modern historian had called "the peculiar boast of our age." A more eloquent, logical, truly devotional and persuasive sermon has never in our memory been delivered from the pulpit—even by Dean Stanley.

Lohengrin will almost certainly be produced at Covent Garden this season. Rehearsals of one kind or another are taking place every day.

ROWZ.—The ill-luck which has relentlessly pursued the management of the Teatro Apollo ever since the beginning of the season appears at length to have exhausted itself, at least temporarily, although it was only at the last moment that Signora Stolz was sufficiently recovered from severe indisposition to be able to sing. *Aida* has been produced with complete success. The theatre was crowded, though the prices of admission were anything but insignificant. Thirty lire, more than a pound sterling a goodish deal, were charged for an orchestra stall, and ten lire for a place in the pit. The principal characters of the opera were confided to Signora Stolz, Pozzoni (the latter in the place of Signora Ranz, on the sick list), Signori Niccolini, Aldighieri, and Nannetti. The applause began at the romance of the tenor, and was renewed at the War Song and the air of the soprano. In the second act the duet between *Aida* and Amneris was greatly applauded, the two artists being recalled twice. After the concerted piece, there were three recalls for the singers and the conductor, Sig. Usgilio. In the third act, the audience were even more prodigal of marks of approbation, and, at the fall of the curtain, the artists were called on some seven times. The enthusiasm was quite as great during the fourth act; one recall after the duet between Amneris and Radames; three recalls for Signora Pozzoni after the judgment scene; and three recalls for Signora Stolz and Sig. Niccolini, after the final duet. The band and chorus did their duty admirably; the scenery is very good, and so are the dresses. In a word, *Aida* is a hit.

The Jilmanpuka.

From ("Another World.")

"Improve Nature's gifts, and with her elements form new compounds . . ."

"Were man's faculties given that they should slumber?"

I saw, however, that unless the people were supplied with a substitute for what they had lost, they would soon return to the deleterious condiments in spite of my decree.

Having made known to all about me that I wished some hours for serious thought, I shut myself up in a little cabinet at the summit of my palace, where I could see only the heavens. All around me was silent and calm as night.

Having prayed the aid of the Great Power, I endeavored, by intense meditation, to discover what healthy condiment could be substituted for the deleterious spices of which the people were deprived.

After many hours of deep meditation, a ray of light burst on me and I was inspired with a happy thought. I could not as yet see the result clearly, but nevertheless I felt that in the end my efforts would be blessed with success. I did not hesitate to publish the fact that I had made a discovery which when perfected, would repay the people twenty-fold for the loss of the condiments they had given up in obedience to my decree.

In the mean time, until I could fully carry out my intention, I allowed the people a particular kind of condiment; for I found that, after the extraordinary heat of the day, many persons required stimulants, especially mothers, who had been educated before my laws had come into operation, and whose health and constitution had not consequently been properly fortified.

I proceeded with my work. We have a small vegetable, called Jappheanka, that hangs from its stem like a fruit and has a rich creamy taste, without any other flavor. I grafted this vegetable on a tree called Klook, the fruit of which, used generally by persons of delicate digestion, had a sour aromatic flavor.

After many disappointments and unsuccessful attempts to obtain the vegetable I wished, I succeeded, by artificial means frequently employed, in growing a small vegetable, combining the flavor of a delicate cream with the piquancy of lemon.

The most difficult part of my task had however not been accomplished, namely, to give to the vegetable all the aromatic and stimulating flavors of the prohibited spices.

A fine specimen of the seed of each of the spice plants having been procured, I took from the heart of each seed the smallest possible particle, and, having with the greatest care made an incision in one of the finest seeds of my new vegetable, I inserted therein one specimen of each of these minute particles.

The incision was made in the centre of the seed, but not deep enough to enter or injure its heart.

The seed of my cream-lemon vegetable, containing the spice seed particles, I confided to the care of my principal gardener, a man of great scientific skill and intelligence.

I must not omit to say that we extracted the oil out of the roots of each of the spices formerly in general use and mixed the oils with the earth in which we planted the newly-compounded vegetable seed.

We watched the precious seed night and day with anxious solicitude. I had other seeds ready prepared and planted, in case this should fail.

Vermes (Communicator.)

(To be continued.)

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

ACCORDING to the *Entr'acte*, on the proposal of General de Clusay, Minister of War, the President of the French Republic has taken steps to induce artists of talent to enroll themselves in the military bands, and to cause those already members of such bodies to remain so. Not only will the administrative councils of military corps be able to award monthly prizes or premiums to the musicians, according to their merit and the services they render, but a sum of 7000 francs will be allowed each regiment for the encouragement of musical studies.

THE following anecdote is told respecting the first performance of *Robert le Diable*, which took place in Paris, the 21st November, 1831. It appears that the illustrious master, with the modesty never possessed by men without talent felt little confidence in the success of his opera. He called and consulted M^{rs}. Léonmant, celebrated for predicting the future by means of cards. She foretold three *chutes* (falls or failures). Exceedingly anxious, the great man took every possible means to avert the danger, and distributed tickets among all the friends he had in Paris. The success of *Robert* was immense, and yet M^{rs}. Léonmant's prophecy was verified. M^{rs}. Dorus had a fall in the third act, and M^{rs}. Taghioni had one in the ballet of the Nema, while Nourrit, in the last act, fell down the trap by which Bertram had disappeared.

THE *St Louis Journal* furnishes a pen and ink sketch of M^{lle} Albani which the many friends of that lady will read with interest:—

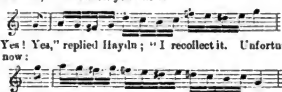
"Socially M^{lle} Albani is as attractive as the most rigid observer of propriety could desire. She is modest and unassuming in her manner, totally free from any little stage licenses, so common with even great *prima donnas*, and in her conversation with friends and acquaintances, maintains the dignified bearing with the courteousness that speaks the perfect lady. Her accent is of just that slightly foreign tinge that makes her conversation attractive. She talks freely and well, is evidently devoted to her profession and expresses a strong desire to attain even greater excellence. She is apparently perfectly free from all petty jealousies, praises her rivals for the merits which strike her as most conspicuous, and is landably reticent on the subject of her own triumphs. At first meeting the casual observer would not be very much impressed with her appearance. She is certainly not beautiful, although her features are not unattractive. Her great charm lies in her smile, and little French ways that would soon break down any barrier of prejudice. She dresses plainly but elegantly, commonly avoiding all vulgar display of jewelry. She shakes hands in true American style, and the visitor goes away impressed with the feeling that her English good-bye is an *au revoir*. Those that have met Albani since her visit to our city will wish much happiness to the little lady in her travels, and will be among the first to welcome her back again."

A PHYSICIAN has published at St Petersburg some curious observations regarding the atmosphere of the grand Maria Theatre in that capital, during a performance. The observations were made in a front box of the second tier. The temperature rose with every quarter of an hour, though the public, by leaving their seats and opening the doors between the acts, allowed the external air to penetrate inside the building. At the rising of the curtain the temperature was 18 degrees, centigrade. It was 24 at the end of the first, and 25 at the commencement of the second act. The quantity of humidity or of aqueous vapour does not increase in the same ratio. It was, however, at the expiration of two hours, augmented 30 per cent., and at the end of four hours still more heavily charged in excess of the external air. At the beginning of the performance, there was from 40 to 60 per cent. of it, which is the usual amount in pure air; at the conclusion of the performance, there was 85 per cent., the amount present when the air is most thoroughly vitiated. Carbonic acid, also, was present to six times its normal amount. The above observations were made in consequence of the frequent cases of indisposition occurring at the Maria Theatre. They might with advantage be extended to other theatres as well.

DR KENEALY, so we learn from the *Englishman*, expects when he first addresses the House of Commons to be asked to sing. What his choice of a ditty may be we know not, but this is immaterial, since English amateur singing is generally conducted on the principle that the words of a song do not signify. They are, at all events, seldom heard, a circumstance which occasionally saves both singers and hearers some embarrassment. This safe

system is not, however, universally carried out, and accordingly we find that, at the last meeting of the Marylebone guardians, a member of the board enquired into the character of the songs sung at one of the schools of the Union, stating as his reason for so doing that, on visiting a large charity school in London the other day, he had "found the children singing in an impassioned tone, 'Drink to me only with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine.'" Perhaps the authorities of the school were not acquainted with the version of this song arranged for the use of children and schools by an esteemed music-master who flourished at the period of its first appearance. In this the process of expurgation was very complete, reaching its climax in the lines, "Then throw a kick within the cup and I'll not ask for wine." By means of the application of the same simple method to all, a competent knowledge of the fashionable anacronisms was combined with the preservation of the most rigid propriety. This edition was not, however, dedicated to the poet.

HERE is another anecdote, previously unknown, until published lately in the *Gazette Musicale*. The first time Haydn visited France and Paris, he achieved great success as a composer and as a man. He was young, amiable, and celebrated, *La cour et la ville* disputed who should have him, and more than one tender heart put on mourning at his departure. Thirty years afterwards, he returned to the French Capital. His reception in high society was enthusiastic, and, at the parties to which he went, excursions into the Past were of frequent occurrence. One evening at an aristocratic gathering, a Marchioness, very much *sur le retour*, kept reminding Haydn of times, which, alas! could never be brought back. It appears that she had been very fond of him, and possessed a good memory. "Oh," she said, "do you remember such a passage and such an evening? Do you remember this, and do you remember that? . . . and your divine music! That sonata, for instance, you know."



"Yes! Yes," replied Haydn; "I recollect it. Unfortunately it is now:



STERNDALÉ BENNETT—(Extract from a letter).—All sympathetic natures were greatly affected at the loss of one who, by his works—the outpourings of his genial heart—had endeared himself to them. It is the lot of but very few to be so well known and loved, and yet, as regards his personality, to be so little known. Sterndalé Bennett was an ideal being. His mind and heart were allied to things pure, lovely, and innocent. Hence his musical expressions were reflections, more or less, of the peaceful season of the year—of the summer evening, with its chaste charms, of the rivulet, the grove, the birds, the fields, and kindred things. And those persons who find their greatest delight in the bright yet sober associations of country life see one of the most æsthetic exponents of scenes invoking these associations in Sterndalé Bennett; and, consequently, his death to them is as the death of an old and loved personal friend, in whose society some of their purest moments have been passed. This, too, with no knowledge whatever of the actual man, whose retiring nature sought almost seclusion, and occasioned him to shrink from the sound of popularity. To the man whose thoughts rise beyond the "commonplaces" of life, and who can, Shakespeare-like, find "sermons in stones and books in the running brooks," the death we lament will be a long-felt loss, and by such will Bennett's memory be most lovingly cherished.—F. E. P.

MILAN.—The *Melodrammatic Theatrical Review* of February 10th, in a letter from Nice, gives the following account of Mdlle Anna Renzi, who again sustained the part of Aminta in *La Sonnambula*, on the occasion of the benefit of Sig. Usone. The writer remarks that Mdlle Renzi showed herself a perfect interpreter of Bellini's music, and knew how to draw forth the most enthusiastic applause of the public, particularly in the *Adagio* of the *rombo*. It was a great success, and we congratulate her heartily. Mdlle Renzi will, we hear, shortly appear in *Dinorah*.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MISS PURDY'S *soirée d'imitation*, last Saturday evening, at the Brompton Rooms, Harley Street, was attended by an audience consisting of the principal members of the fashionable world. The *soirée*, indeed, was a success in every way. Miss Purdy, who is as deserved a favourite with the "upper ten thousand" as she is with musical amateurs in general, was in excellent voice, and gave her solos in her very best manner, and her share of the concerted music like a true artist. The audience were evidently highly delighted with her performance, and expressed themselves so in an unmistakable manner. Miss Purdy had the "assistance" of several artists of note, including Miss J. Sherrington, Miss Drummond, Messrs Trilawny Cobham, Tesseman, and Maybrick as vocalists; and Signor Tito Mattei, Herr W. Ganz, and Mons. Pague as instrumentalists, names that are a guarantee of a pleasant musical evening. Herr Ganz accompanied the vocal music on the piano-forte.

MISS KATE WINDINGHOE gave an evening concert, on Saturday last, at the concert rooms in Store Street. Miss Windinghoe created a great impression by her expressive singing in John Barnett's charming song, "The Parted." She was loudly and deservedly encored. Miss Edith Shird was encored after Balf's "I dreamt that I dwell in marble halls," in Wallace's "Song of May" received warm and deserved applause, and, with Signor Rimacchi, gave with effect a duet from *Il Trovatore*. Mr H. Kemble sang Mendelssohn's "Lullaby for children," and was greatly applauded, as was also Mr F. Heldon in several bass songs. Miss C. Alguero, who possesses a contralto voice of power and sweetness, pleased by her interpretation of songs by Bellini and Donizetti. Mr F. Forest received an encore for his "Wimone Rose." Several piano-forte solos and duets were played by the Misses Lacy, Warren, Rice, and Wade, &c., whilst Mr Arthur Clegg, of the Royal Academy, and Mr Cooper gave an effective rendering of Beethoven's *Andante* for violin and piano-forte, from the *Sonata in D minor*. Miss Blanche Roope and Mr Lansdowne Cottell presided at the piano-forte.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY.—The first concert (the forty-fifth since the formation of the society) of the sixth season, took place on Wednesday, February 21st. The first part of the programme was formed of vocal and instrumental compositions by Schubert, including *Sonata for piano-forte and violoncello* (first time of performance), played by Miss Florence Saunders, a talented pupil of W. H. Holmes and Herr Scherzer; a solo for violoncello, several songs—"Adina" (Miss Mabel Mostyn), "Addio" (Miss Violet Granville), "Wohn" (Miss Thelma Flecher), "The Maiden at the spinning wheel" (Miss Florence Ashton), and two songs from the "Müllerlieder" (Herr Werrenrath). The second part was miscellaneous, according to the rule of the society, opening with a Grand Trio by W. Bargel, in which Miss Florence Saunders and Herr Scherzer were joined by Herr Van Praagh (a young Dutch violinist). The other instrumental pieces were solos for the zither by Herr Wasmuth-Koch, a harmonium solo by Madame Sievers, a harp solo by Mdlme Dryden, and the first movement of Mendelssohn's Concerto for the violin. Amongst the vocal novelties we may mention a new song by Mdlme Sievers, sung with much expression by Miss Violet Granville, accompanied by the composer (encored); also a "ballad" by M. Odoardo Barti. Miss Bella Root made her first appearance, and sang "Waiting" (by Mr Ballard); Miss Mabel Mostyn sang "The Last" (Liszt); Miss Thelma Flecher, "Marinella" (Handegger); Miss Florence Ashton, a new song by Adelmann; Mdlle Ellen and Herr Werrenrath, two duets, and the latter two Danish songs. The rooms were very full, and the concert in every respect a success. The second concert will take place on the 31st, when R. Schumann's compositions will form the first part of the programme.

PROVINCIAL.

BEDFORD.—A concert was given in the Corn Exchange, on Thursday, the 25th ult., under the direction of Mr Lansdowne Cottell. Besides bringing down from London several artists, Mr Cottell had the benefit of local talent. An efficient chorus sang some part-songs and glee, &c. The graceful singing of Miss E. Shird pleased greatly. Mr F. Dunn, in Ascher's popular romance, "Alice, where art thou?" received a "double encore"; Miss Ellen Rice, in "Non più mesta," was deservedly applauded; and the singing of Mr Snazelle, who has a fine baritone voice, pleased much. Miss F. Dunn opened the second part with a brilliant solo on the piano-forte, which was followed by a solo from Mr Cottell's opera, *The Archers*, and several miscellaneous pieces. Miss Dunn, Messrs W. D. Sumner (organist and choirmaster) and L. Cottell presided alternately as accompanists.

BIRMINGHAM.—The "Festival Choral Society" gave a performance of Haydn's *Creation* and his first Mass, on Thursday, February 25th. The chorus and orchestra, under the baton of Mr Stockley, left nothing to be desired; and the solo vocalists, Madame Otto-Alvabien, Mr Vernon Rigby, and Mr Lewis Thomas, were highly successful. The *Daily Post* says: "Madame Otto-Alvabien, on whom the principal soprano

part devolved, sang not only with spirit and fervour, but with a brilliancy and purity of intonation which left little or nothing to be desired. Her most marked effects were produced in "The marvellous work," and "With verdure clad," which latter especially impressed the audience." The Birmingham Daily Gazette expresses the same flattering opinion of Madame Alvaldeben's performance. Mr Vernon Rigby was in capital voice, and sang in his best style and to the satisfaction of the audience. In the music allotted to the lute, Mr Lewis Thomas, produced great effect, and earned well-deserved applause. The audience would willingly have heard again "The heavens are telling," and Madame Otto-Prevalben's "On mighty pine," but Mr Stockley would not accede to their wishes. Mr Stimpson presided at the organ. S. M.

CHLIEHENHAM.—The last of the musical entertainments of our season—writes an esteemed correspondent—took place on Saturday afternoon, at the Assembly Rooms. It was a grand Pianoforte Recital by Dr Hans von Bülow. Thanks to Messrs Dale and Forty, Cheltenham has been favoured with four recitals by this eminent pianist in comparatively a short space of time. We have had a rare treat in the varied programmes he has given us. His playing has made a great impression on us; and I feel sure that we have to come ten more times, he would always receive a hearty welcome from a crowded, enthusiastic, and appreciative audience. Such magnificent playing as we listened to on Saturday will be retained in the memories of those who heard it for some time to come. Our musical friends must, I am sure, feel under a great obligation to Messrs Dale and Forty, for the many excellent concerts they have given this season, and for the admirable way in which they have been conducted. I hope sincerely that in their future concert speculations the public will support them to the utmost. R. S.

MISS ROSE HERSEE AT THE PHILHARMONIC THEATRE.

The encouragement bestowed upon the recent endeavour to establish English opera as a permanent attraction at the Philharmonic Theatre, Islington, has led the management to further efforts, and on Saturday night Vincent Wallace's most popular opera, *Marianna*, was produced with success before a crowded audience. The chief attraction was the *reprise* of Miss Rose Hersee, who, since the death of the lamented Madame Parepa-Rosa, has been the leading representative of English operatic art, but whose successes during the last three years have chiefly been made in America and in our provinces. Her reception was enthusiastic, and throughout the opera she received the hearty applause of an audience which included a number of literary and musical celebrities. Her voice, fresh and sympathetic as ever, has gained considerably in volume; her execution is of the most finished kind, and there is a natural grace in her acting which exercises an irresistible fascination. It will be needless to go through the list of pieces in this well-known opera. Miss Hersee in the first act established her success; and "The Harp in the Air," the duet "Of Fairy Wand," and the "Fortune-telling scene" elicited prolonged applause. In the second act the soprano sang a little to do; but the third act opens with one of the best airs in the opera—"Scenes that are brightest." This was beautifully sung; and Miss Hersee, who had firmly declined previously offered encores, was compelled to repeat the last verse. In the duet, "O Marianna," and in the short *finale*, she was equally successful, and in the latter she introduced a staccato passage extending to F in alt, executed with the apparent ease which enhances the enjoyment of her finished vocalization. There are few artists on the Italian stage who can surpass the highly-cultivated vocalization of this young lady, while her acting is full of dramatic power, combined with natural grace. It is, therefore, not surprising that the welcome given to her was of the heartiest kind; and it is to be hoped that her return to the metropolitan stage may help to brighten the prospects of English operatic art.

Mr Nordblom, as Don Cesar de Bazan, proved himself to be the best acting tenor on the modern stage, and sang with wonderful dramatic energy. Mr Frank Celli made a successful *debut* as Don Jose, and the rôles of Lazzarillo and the King were filled by Miss Manetti and Mr Marler. Great praise is due to the conductor, Mr Eayres, who has done wonders with the chorus and band, under his charge. The performance was needlessly lengthened by the tedious intervals between the acts, which should be curtailed in future. *Marianna* will be repeated—with Miss Rose Hersee as Marianna—on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday next.

MUSICAL CRITICISM.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—On the subject of Musical Criticism, to which the "leader" in your present week's impression refers, I should like, with your courteous permission, to make an observation or two. Mr B. D. Allen's letter to *Dwight's Journal of Music*, which occasioned your judicious comments, in suggesting perfection as the standard to which all artistic effort should be referred—quite regardless of the consequences that might result from the *unifying* of those performers who, in handing after criticisms upon their doings, expected to be *praised* and *flattered*—pointed to a standard which fails to get what it certainly needs—an adequate definition. If a critic is to censure without qualification everything falling short of this ideal, one condition at least is essential—that the critic, at the outset, favour his readers with his notion of perfection; else art, artists, and critics in general will be, as it were, in the clouds. This condition satisfied, it will be in the power of professors of art to judge of the worth or the accuracy of the standard held up. Assuming the test to be good, the criticism, indeed, will be most valuable. The critic, being an artist—though, perhaps, not a practical one—and loving the art, will point out the defects of the performance which is the subject of his remarks. The rules will be given, and the instances of violation; and in this way the artist—for I am supposing him to be one, and that his doings are not beneath criticism—will know how and in what respects he has failed. He and all the other readers of the criticism will be aware of at least some of the rules of the art, the whole of which in combination constitute what we understand to be perfection. The critic will then be a true teacher, claiming and securing the high regard, not only of his contemporaries, but of those who come after him; performers will derive great benefit through his valuable instrumentality, and the general public will find instruction of infinitely more value to them than any they could obtain from the presentation to them of the best composition in the best possible manner. In short, as in morals—so in music—examined and based thereon. Without a knowledge of the rules of art, the public may approve without knowing why—and disapprove; while it might happen that, possessed of an acquaintance with some of the rules, the agreeable and the disagreeable sentiment might change places; and, in addition to a greater discrimination being shown by the public, art and artists would be gainers. If, too, by any chance, the canons set forth at the outset of a review for the purpose of showing their violation be not altogether recognized by the artist or artists would be competent to call the judgment in question, and all this could not but tend to the advancement and the interest of art. I am, Sir, very obediently Yours,

27th Feb., 1875.

F. E. PENNA.

WAIFS.

It is announced that Mme Carvalho has left the Opéra Comique for the Grand Opéra.

Mlle Emma Albani sailed from New York for England, on Saturday, Feb. 13th, in the *Abyssinia*.

M. Lamoureux is about to bring out a new sacred work, entitled *Éve*, the composition of M. Massenet.

M. Rubinstein is expected in Paris about April 20th, for the last rehearsal of his oratorio, *Le Tour de Babel*.

M. Oberthur has gone to Prague, to play at the fourth concert of the *Concertatoire*, and returns to London next week.

It is rumored that Mr Max Strakosky purports giving Italian opera performances, at cheap prices, in the New York Academy.

M. Piron has taken the Opéra Comique Theatre, and a French company, under his direction, will commence a series of performances at Easter.—*ATLAS*.

Mr Celli is especially engaged to play Don José, in *Marianna*, and Count Archim in *The Bohemian Girl*, at the Royal Philharmonic Theatre, after which he will make a tour, as principal baritone, with the Carl Rosa Grand Opera Company.

Le Minstrel bids us look for a new setting of *Romeo and Juliet* (*Les Amants de Vérone*) at the opening of Mr Mapleson's grand opera-house. It is the work of the Marquis d'Ivry, who "read" it to Mme Nilsson during her late visit to Paris.

St. Patrick at Tara.—A grand performance of the above work is announced for the 15th inst. in the Exhibition Palace, Dublin, under the patronage of His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant. The orchestra and chorus consisting of five hundred performers will be conducted by the composer, Professor Glover.

Special services are being held at St. Anne's Church, Boho, during the present Lenten season, which offer some features of interest. Each Sunday evening an efficient orchestra is used, in conjunction with the organ, to accompany the Services and Anthems—the latter being the famous Cantata known as *Gottes Zeit ist die allerbeste Zeit* ("God's time is the best"). These services are very largely attended.

COPENHAGEN.—*La Dame Blanche* has been produced at the new Theatre Royal. Madlle Hausen made an interesting Anna, and M. Christoffersen was an efficient George Brown. But the operatic repertory is still greatly limited by want of scenery. Did this want not exist, five or six other stock operas would ere now have been given. However, Herr Gullichsen, a German, and M. Algrenson, a Swedish artist, are working as hard as they can to provide a remedy for so unsatisfactory a state of things.—An Italian operatic company have been singing at the old Theatre Royal, but without creating any great impression.

ONTARIO (Canada).—Tuesday, Jan. 12, had been a day long looked forward to at Hellmuth Ladies' College, as the occasion on which the medals awarded in June last by His Excellency Lord Dufferin, Governor-General of Canada, were to be presented to the successful competitors in the last general examination in this Institution. The Bishop and Mrs Hellmuth had kindly deferred their departure for the South for a few days, that they might be present at and take part in the proceedings, which commenced with a concert in two parts. The following is the programme:—PART FIRST: Overture, "Heldriden" (Misses Clinton, Chittenden, Whitney and Burnett)—Mendelssohn; Song, "The Shadow Land" (Miss Brooke)—Pissini; Piano Solo, "Federal March" (Miss Murphy)—Chopin; Part Song, "Chorus of Houris" (the Choir)—Schumann; Piano Solo, "La Fontaine" (Miss Burnett)—Mayer; Anthem, "Let us return" (the Choir)—Macfarren. PART SECOND: Duet (two pianos), Andante and Variations (Misses Chittenden and Clinton)—Schumann; Song, "Fly forth, gentle dove" (Miss Ivins)—Pissini; Piano Solo, "La Fille du Regiment" (Miss Chittenden)—Jullien; Song, "S-s-s-s" (Miss Murphy)—Schubert; Quartet, Andante and Mazurka (Misses Clinton, Chittenden, Burnett and Whitney)—Chopin; Part Song, "The Spinning Maidens" (the Choir)—Wagner; Finale, "God save the Queen." The College having been only re-opened barely a week, it was a matter of very general surprise that the programme should have been so perfectly rendered. Both the instrumental and vocal pieces were quite up to the usual standard; the playing was most creditable; that of Miss Kate Chittenden, the bronze medalist, fully sustaining her previous reputation as a finished performer. It rarely falls to our lot to hear such a rendering of Schumann's duet as that by the Misses Clinton and Chittenden. The songs by Miss Murphy, Miss Ivins, and Miss L. Brooke, were given with taste and sweetness, and received due applause; whilst the choir gave general satisfaction. Between the parts of the concert the following recitations were given with much effect.—Lady Clara (Miss Ella Peters)—Tennyson; Selection (Miss Gertrude Molson)—German. The concert having been concluded, the Principal presented to the Bishop the medals awarded by the Governor, on a silver salver, together with the letters from His Excellency's secretary. As the recipients came forward, the Bishop addressed them in his usual kind and happy manner. He bore testimony, in the case of Miss Lewis, on whom the silver medal was bestowed, to the position she had won both in the College and in the esteem of all who knew her, by her high ability and blameless conduct; whilst, as regards Miss Chittenden, who had carried off the bronze medal, he expressed his sincere appreciation of her musical talent, and his confidence in her future success as a first-class performer. To both, as well as to the pupils at large, he spoke encouragingly and sympathetically as to their future career. The proceedings would have closed, had not His Lordship been soon to leave the city for the space of some months, for the benefit of his health, both the pupils and the College staff had determined to present addresses. That by the pupils was read by Miss Louisa Parsons, and that from the staff of professors and teachers by Miss Clinton, who has been in the College from its opening. The Bishop having replied to the addresses in appropriate terms, bade all the members of the College an affectionate farewell.—*Iluron Recorder.*

George.

I never saw him; but I know
He had the luck some time ago
A chain to forge, [rim]
Which binds a grotto maid's affec-
About each tender recollection
Of Mr George.

For if you mention him she sighs,
And drops her meditative eyes,
And thinks of George,
Whom many more would like to see
With blade or ball, and in his glee
Have quite an orgie.

And 'tis enough to make them wish
To have his heart upon a dish,
And on it gorge,
To hear the tender kind of way
In which the damsel out will say
The name of George.

And yet it can't compare with names
Like Wilkin, Benjamin, or James,
Or Hecskiah; [be]
Then think you would like my name would
If only once thus whizzed she—
"My Jedediah!"

Fun.

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27. "Hark! the merry" Macfarren.
28. "With song of bird" Macfarren.
29. "Happy as the day" Macfarren.
30. "The red cross banner" Macfarren.

BOOK VI.

31. "The distant bell" Macfarren.
32. "The sunset bell" Macfarren.
33. "Who'll follow" Macfarren.
34. "Sleep on" Macfarren.
35. "The summer night" Macfarren.
36. "O hear ye not" Macfarren.

BOOK VII.

37. "Sea flowers" Macfarren.
38. "Forest home" Macfarren.
39. "Warbler of the forest" Macfarren.
40. "Thoughts of home" Macfarren.
41. "Welcome Spring" Macfarren.
42. "The noisy mill" Macfarren.

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44. "Hope" Macfarren.
45. "Faithful love" Macfarren.
46. "Autumn leaves" Macfarren.
47. "Let us haste to the" Macfarren.

BOOK IX.

48. "The Village Church" Macfarren.
49. "Come, sisters, come" Macfarren.
50. "The Zingari" Macfarren.
51. "Morning" Macfarren.
52. "Evening" Macfarren.
53. "Sleep, gentle lady" Macfarren.

BOOK X.

54. "The Rhine Boat" Macfarren.
55. "Angels that around" Macfarren.
56. "Happy Wanderer" Macfarren.
57. "Through the grassy" Macfarren.
58. "Our happy valley" Macfarren.
59. "Blessed be the Home" Macfarren.

BOOK XI.

60. "Happy, smiling faces" Macfarren.
61. "Faint flowers" Macfarren.
62. "Woodland of the dawn" Macfarren.
63. "At our spinning wheel" Macfarren.
64. "How can we sing" Macfarren.
65. "The standard waves" Macfarren.

BOOK XII.

66. "A spring sun peepeth out" Macfarren.
67. "The storm" Macfarren.
68. "Lightly, softly" Macfarren.
69. "Over woodland over plain" Macfarren.
70. "Flow softly, flow" Macfarren.
71. "Bowling bravely" Macfarren.

BOOK XIII.

72. "Bursting forth" Macfarren.
73. "Softly low" Macfarren.
74. "The Welsh Hills" Macfarren.
75. "Fleeting" Macfarren.
76. "Faint and fertile valley" Macfarren.
77. "Friendship" Macfarren.

BOOK XIV.

78. "Our Vesper Hymn" Macfarren.
79. "Our last farewell" Macfarren.
80. "Flower greeting" Macfarren.
81. "Hark the Flot" Macfarren.
82. "Quenching the flame" Macfarren.
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"Miss Sterling was the vocalist, and sang, in addition to selections from Schumann, a new song by Arthur Sullivan, entitled, 'Thou art weary,' which is one of the most beautiful and thoughtful effusions of the composer's graceful music."—*Daily Telegraph*, Nov. 13.

"Miss Antoinette Sterling was the vocalist. In the second part she introduced a new song by Mr Sullivan, an admirable setting for a contralto voice of some very touching lines by the late Miss Adelaide Proctor, addressed by a poor mother to her starting child, the burden being—

"Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God be good, but life is dreary;

The song exactly suited Miss Sterling's voice and style, and it will assuredly become as great a favourite as 'Will be come,' to which it is a worthy pendant, and the words of which are also by Miss Proctor."—*Standard*, Nov. 13.

"Miss Antoinette Sterling repeated Mr Sullivan's new song, 'Thou art weary,' a second hearing of which has confirmed our good opinion of it."—*Standard*, Nov. 14.

"At the concert on Monday, Miss Sterling had introduced a series of charming songs by Schumann, and a new song by Mr Arthur Sullivan, 'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary,' an admirable setting of Miss Proctor's poem. 'Hush, I cannot bear to see thee,' which, like everything Miss Proctor wrote, was well adapted for, and in fact, seemed to invite musical treatment. Her verse has inspired Mr Sullivan with a genuine melody, of which the refrain is particularly remarkable; and the song, both at Monday's and Saturday's concert, pleased so much that Miss Sterling was called upon to repeat it."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, Nov. 17.

"Miss Sterling sang discreetly and sympathetically four of Schumann's 'Dichterliebe' (Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5); but can it well be better in a new song by Mr A. Sullivan, who has set words by Adelaide Proctor, 'Thou art weary,' the dying consolation of a starved mother to her child, the refrain of which is—

"Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God be good, but life is dreary."

It is a painful theme; but the composer has treated it with such pathos that the air floats powerfully."—*Athenaeum*, Nov. 14.

"The vocalist was Miss Sterling, who sang four songs by Schumann (Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5) of the 'Dichterliebe,' and a new song, entitled 'Thou art weary,' written by Miss Adelaide Proctor. The words are good, and have been fitted to charming and expressive music by Mr Arthur Sullivan, who has added a pianoforte accompaniment worthy his high reputation, and worth listening to for its own sake."—*Gleaner*, Nov. 15.

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"A very expressive new song, by Mr A. Sullivan, 'Tender and True,' was sung with such effect by Miss Edith Wynne that it had to be repeated."—*Illustrated London News*, January 16.

"Miss Edith Wynne, who gave, in her own genuine and expressive manner, a graceful new song, 'Tender and True,' by Mr Arthur Sullivan, which was accorded, and repeated."—*Gleaner*, January 16.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT.—THIS DAY. The Programme will include: Overture, "Genetrix" (Schumann); Symphony, "Reformation" (Mendelssohn); Concerto, for violin and orchestra, in G (Johann), first time at these Concerts; Overture, "Les Travioliers de la Mer" (W. O. Cadan), first time at these Concerts. Vocalists—Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Helena Arlwin (her first appearance). Violin—Herr Joachim. Conductor—MR. MAYRA. Numbered stalls, Half-a-Crown.

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PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. Conductor—Mr W. G. G. CHERRY. FIRST CONCERT, THURSDAY, MARCH 18, at ST JAMES'S HALL, STURGEON. Programme: First Part, "The Sacred Chorus," and the Orchestral Prelude to his "Aïx" Music. The Sacred Chorus, "THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA." Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Pater, Mr W. H. Cummings, and Mr Bentley. Herr Joachim will play Mendelssohn's Concerto; Overture, "Isle of the Spirits." Stalls, 1s. balcony, 3s.; Area or balcony tickets, 1s. 6s., and 2s. 6s.—Stanley Lane, Weber & Co., 24, New Bond Street; usual Agents; and Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall.

FRIDAY NEXT.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.—CONDUCTOR—MR MICHAEL COSTA. FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 19, at 7.30. Programme: First Part, "The Sacred Chorus," and the Orchestral Prelude to his "Aïx" Music. The Sacred Chorus, "THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA." Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Pater, Mr W. H. Cummings, and Mr Bentley. Herr Joachim will play Mendelssohn's Concerto; Overture, "Isle of the Spirits." Stalls, 1s. balcony, 3s.; Area or balcony tickets, 1s. 6s., and 2s. 6s.—Stanley Lane, Weber & Co., 24, New Bond Street; usual Agents; and Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY, BETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Harley Street, W. President—MR JULIUS BENEDICT. Founder and Director—Herr SCHUBERT. NINTH SEASON, 1875.—THE SECOND CONCERT will take place on the 13th March. The Committee of the Society afford an excellent opportunity for rising Artists to make their first appearance in public. Full particulars and prospectus may be had on application to H. O. HOFFER, Hon. Sec.

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SECOND ORATORIO AND CONCERT TOUR (1875) will commence March 24th. Vocalists—Miss Josie Sherrington, Madame Fole, Mr Nelson Varley, and Mr Waldmore. Instrumentalists: Violin—Madame Varley-Lieb. Pianoforte—Mrs Charles Malcom. For vacant dates and terms, immediate application requested.—25, Nassau Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.

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MR ORLANDO CHRISTIAN (Basso) begs to announce his Return to Town; and requests that all letters respecting ENGAGEMENTS may be addressed, 4, Chapel Place, Cavendish Square, W.

MENDELSSOHN SCHOLARSHIP.—Founded in honour of the memory of FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, for the education of Musical Students of both sexes. A Scholarship of the value of £70 per annum, subject to renewal, is now vacant. Candidates between the ages of 14 and 24, being single, and natives of, or domiciled in, Great Britain or Ireland, should apply, in writing (enclosing testimonials and certificate of birth), to the Secretary. Address, as before, on or before the 20th April next. In awarding the Scholarship, preference will be given to talent in Composition, specimens of which should be sent with the applications. Copies of the Rules may be had from the Secretary. JULIA MENDELSSOHN, Hon. Sec. By Order, 13, Rutland Avenue, London, N.W. March 6, 1875.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE SENATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

GENTLEMEN.—The long list of influential names forming Mr MACPHERSON'S Committee appears to me to indicate a desire on the part of the Senate for that gentleman's success little short of unanimous. In deference to that implied desire, I beg leave to withdraw my name from the list of Candidates.

Whilst thanking those gentlemen who have interested themselves on my behalf, permit me to add that should the promise of Mr MACPHERSON'S election be realized, the result will be scarcely less gratifying to me than would have been my own success. —Yours faithfully yours, J. HENRY.

PASS SONG.—"A WILD MARSH DAY."—Sung by Mr WARDMORE, and enthusiastically encored. Poetry by COMBES DAVIES. Music by ALFRED J. SUTTON. Price 6s. WEEKS & CO., Hanover Street, W.

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Couvert de fous de leur feuillage
Les vieux saules de nos étangs,
Que, sous pitié pour mon jeune âge,
Dieu m'a ravi le guide aimé
Qui me prodiguait ses tendresses!
Je pleure son regard charmé
Je ne reçois plus ses caresses!

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Une orpheline déseignée
Mais un bel ange, l'embrassant,
Lui dit, d'une voix inspirée:
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Ma mère sera notre mère,
Et tu verras que du bonheur
Il en est encore sur la terre!"

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ALFRED HOLMES'S JEANNE D'ARC.

There is very much to be praised in the "dramatic symphony," entitled *Jeanne d'Arc*, which formed the novelty at Saturday week's concert in the Crystal Palace. Mr Alfred Holmes, its composer, like his brother, Mr Henry Holmes, studied composition, as well as the violin, under Spohr. The highly finished duet-playing of the brothers Holmes, especially in the works of their honoured master, years ago, created a marked sensation, and is still remembered. For some time past Mr Alfred Holmes, directing himself mainly to composition, has lived a great deal abroad, so that the artistic union of the two brothers has in a measure been dissolved. On the Continent, especially in Russia and France, Mr Alfred Holmes fairly stands his ground, some of his important works having been well received and favourably noticed both in St Petersburg and in Paris. *Jeanne d'Arc* is a subject by this time pretty well worn; but, if composers believe they can find some new way of treating it, the right to essay their powers is incontestable. The poem supplied to Mr Holmes, in the original French, is from the pen of Madame Alfred Holmes, his wife; and an excellent English version, made for home performance by Mr Joseph Bennett, was the one used on Saturday. The poem is divided into five parts. The first part opens with a pastoral symphony for orchestra which (like the introduction to M. Gounod's *Jeanne d'Arc* and Sterndale Bennett's preface to his sonata, *The Maid of Orleans*) may be supposed to illustrate the peaceful life of the afterwards-inspired shepherdess. A chorus follows, descriptive of the horror of the English invasion and the despair of the people. The second part is introduced by an orchestral prelude, which the composer entitles "Misery and oppression of France." At the end of this *Jeanne d'Arc* comes forward, and, in a recitative and air ("I trust in you, O holy voices!"), expresses her resolution to undertake the task supernaturally imposed upon her—to leave her village home for ever, and devote her energies to the rescue of her country from the yoke of its oppressors. In Part 3 we are transported to the French court, where, in a jovial chorus, "See our master the King," the courtiers welcome their master back from the chase to the feast. The revelries, however, are stopped by the apparition of *Jeanne*, who implores the King to draw the sword on behalf of France in her impending emergency. *Jeanne* at the same time reveals the sanctity of her mission. The King and his courtiers, sceptical at first, ultimately persuaded by the untutored eloquence of the Maid, proclaim in chorus their faith in her mission and their resolve to follow her into the battle-field. She forthwith leads them on; and this affords occasion for an orchestral movement, "tempo di Marcia," culminating in a highly-wrought illustration of the deliverance of Orleans from the English. Then ensues a chorus of victory—

"Noel! Noel!

Our country's cause shall triumph."

—succeeded by an orchestral piece, "Faith and Earnestness," descriptive of the entry of *Jeanne d'Arc* into Rheims. A "Te Deum" brings the fourth part appropriately to a close. Here, while the Maiden Champion of France gives expression to her own feelings in a solo—"O God, who now guardeth our country" (apart from the rest), the chorus sing the "Te Deum Laudamus"—the solo being in English and the chorus in Latin by no means weakening the general effect. The idea, in fact, if not without precedent, is developed in a thoroughly ingenious manner. Part 4 is ushered in by an orchestral prelude—"Treason"—the significance of which is speedily explained by a chorus—

"Ha, ha! to thee we drink,

Jean of Arc is in our power!"—

of the soldiers of Burgundy, exulting in the capture of the heroic maiden, now within their grasp. *Jeanne*, in a solo, "The end has come," dwells on the treason which has betrayed her into the hands of the enemy, and the terrible death that awaits her—fading consolation, nevertheless, in the fact that she has been the chosen means of her country's salvation, and resigning herself meekly to her fate. At the commencement of Part 5, *Jeanne* is prisoner in the Tour de Rouen, the orchestra playing a solemn slow movement—"Largo lamentabile (?). Our heroine prays fervently in her distress—"Stretch forth, O God, thine arm of night, and save me;" but her supplications are arrested by a vision of

angels, similar to that which at the beginning had caused her to believe she was elected by miraculous interposition to be the saviour of France. She listens with constancy; her courage revives she believes she will once again see her village home, and puts all her trust in Heaven. At this juncture the Chief Inquisitor comes to the front, and, warning *Jeanne* of her impending fate, bids her abjure her errors and repent. *Jeanne*, however, defies the threats of the Inquisitor, and persists in asserting that she is the chosen envoy from above; whereupon the Inquisitor anathematizes her, and proclaims her doomed to the stake—dead to her heart-rending appeal, "Death! and so young! have pity upon me." A funeral march is then played by the orchestra, as *Jeanne d'Arc* is conducted to the scaffold. The concluding scene is "The Martyrdom." In a triple chorus (admirably designed), the Women of the People, the Soldiers, and the Men of the People, simultaneously deplore the act about to be accomplished; and lastly, in her torment, the Maid of Orleans bids "farewell" to France, and commits her soul to God.

It must be admitted that Mr Alfred Holmes has in this instance enjoyed every advantage that a well-planned and skilfully laid out poem could afford him. The action goes on, step by step, from beginning to end, with logical consistency and ever-increasing interest. Of the music we shall not attempt a detailed account, until we have an opportunity of becoming more closely acquainted with it. It leaves, however—and this may be stated without reserve—a general impression that Mr Holmes is possessed of unquestionable dramatic power; that, in a technical sense, he is a thorough master of his materials; that he writes well for voices, both in solo and chorus; and that his knowledge of orchestral resources is very considerable—so much so, indeed, that he is apt to display it so profusely as to make the orchestra often play an unduly important part, and thus expose himself to the charge of over-colouring. This excess must be toned down, because its free indulgence leads to monotony. That Mr Holmes knows well the significance of varied treatment is evident. Each incident in *Jeanne d'Arc* is illustrated in a manner distinguishing it from all the rest; and nowhere is this more forcibly demonstrated than in the scene of the interview between *Jeanne* and the Inquisitor, which might have been imagined and planned much after the same style by Meyerbeer himself—the great master of striking contrasts and music-scenic effect. But there are other instances in this "dramatic symphony" (why "symphony" we are at a loss to guess) in which the same power is exhibited in different degrees, but with hardly less felicity. For the present, however, we must conclude with saying that *Jeanne d'Arc*, on the whole, leaves such an impression as to induce those who have heard it once to hear it again. All was done that could possibly be done by the authorities at the Crystal Palace to give the composer every chance of success; an increased orchestra, the Crystal Palace chorus (the continued progress of which is worth noting), the solo singers, Madame Alveleben and Mr Whitney, and, last, not least, Mr Manna, the conductor, exerting themselves to the utmost, with results in proportion. The new work was listened to throughout with marked attention; but there was very little applause during the performance, the audience reserving the emphatic expression of their approval for the end, when there was a general call for the composer, who rose and acknowledged the compliment from his place in the balcony. We shall doubtless hear more of *Jeanne d'Arc*.

The other pieces in the programme were the *Prometheus* overture of Beethoven, a rich and varied selection from Schubert's incidental music to *Rosamunde*, which delights more and more at each new hearing (the quaint and simple shepherd's melody being encored); "Qui slegno" (*Il Flauto Magico*) sung extremely well by Mr Whitney; and Rossini's brilliant overture to *La Gazza Ladra*, played to perfection by the orchestra.

COLOGNE.—Mad. Luca has appeared at the Stadttheater as Mrs Ford, in *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*; Margarethe, in *Faust*; and Zerline, in *Fra Diavolo*. Though the prices of admission were nearly doubled, the house was crammed every evening.

CAIRO.—It appears that, despite all the reports circulated to the contrary, the Khedive will not discontinue the grant to the Italian Opera-house, but will contribute two millions of francs towards the expenses next year. Signor Nicolini is engaged. Among the artists re-engaged are Signore Waldmann, Smerech, Signori Fancelli and Medini.

MUSICIANS WHO HAVE DIED AWAY.*

BY JOSEPH SEILER.

II.

ANTONIO SALIERI.

The once so highly celebrated Salieri, whose *Azur* his contemporaries placed far above *Don Juan*, and whose *Grotta di Trofonio* they considered superior to *Figaro*, is now scarcely known to most musicians even by name. The legend only is heard now and then that the envious Salieri poisoned young Mozart, and, at an advanced age, himself believed in this misdeed. This is all that people can now tell you about Antonio Salieri.

And yet Salieri's importance was at one time great, and his relative position to Gluck and Mozart a peculiar one. It is well worth while examining more nearly the history of his life and of his works.

Herr von Mosel calls Salieri a philosophic composer. In so far as Salieri always honestly strove to portray characters and situations in conformity with nature, to declaim rightly and expressively, and never to sacrifice truth to bravura or to the desire of merely tickling the ear—in so far, the denomination of a "philosophic composer" may be well founded. Whether our composer achieved, either wholly or partially, what he so conscientiously endeavoured to do—that is another question.

Salieri was the friend and imitator of Gluck. Hence his recitations are vigorous and full of expression, while the wretched Secco, especially in his later works, is generally avoided. In the airs, also, he follows it, is true, Gluck's declamatory tendency—but as an Italian. He cannot suppress his delight in the *bel canto*. But as Mozart's and even Cimarosa's originality fails him, his airs, especially when there are many in succession, soon become wearisome. The solo songs alone, and, above all, the grand bass airs in *Azur*, constitute a pleasing exception. The homophonous choruses, moreover, and the concerted pieces in this opera, being more carefully worked out than those in his other productions, are often grandly effective. This is the reason why the above opera is the only one in which he stands perhaps on an equality with Méhul, that other imitator of Gluck. But we must not forget that Méhul, a Frenchman, sang in Paris fiery revolutionary hymns, while Salieri lived comfortably at the Court of Vienna, and composed mostly comic pieces, for which he himself wrote the text.

Salieri's accompaniment, invariably subordinated to the melody, is always thin and sparse. In addition to the quartet, he employs scarcely anything save flutes, oboes and bassoons—French horns seldom; still seldom trumpets or kettle-drums; and never trombones. Clarinets appear only in his later scores. On the other hand, he avails himself, frequently with fine effect, of an instrument neglected by Mozart and, therefore, undeservedly fallen into oblivion, the corno inglese. To quote once more Herr von Mosel: "Thus he regarded the instrumental accompaniment only as the means to an end; that, namely, of strengthening the effect of what was declaimed. Generally in good taste, often admirably characteristic, and always simple, it served him merely to support, and, strictly speaking, to accompany the melody, and supply that expression which cannot be infused in the vocal part. If, perhaps, after the manner of the older Italian masters, it appears here and there too simple, this defect is more than compensated by its never covering the melody, and by the vocal part not being drowned in the flood of the raging orchestra."

All this sounds very fine and edifying, but Herr von Mosel has here, perchance, unconsciously and against his will, given us the reason why *maestro* Salieri must necessarily find a place sooner or later, "amongst those who have died away," while the more vigorous Méhul, at least with his principal work, is still to be found on the stage, and Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto* proved even most recently that it possesses a vitality not to be impaired.

So much by way of preface to explain how matters stand. Let us now examine somewhat more nearly Salieri's life and labours. Antonio Salieri was born on the 19th August, 1750, in Legnano, a Venetian fortress. His father, a well-to-do tradesman, gave him the advantage of a very good education, which included among

other things music, namely singing and the violin. The elder of the Brothers Fernando, a pupil of the famous Tartini, and Giuseppe Simoni, organist at the Cathedral of Legnano, were his earliest masters. At this period, he displayed as great a partiality for art—as for all kinds of sugarwork. He remained, until his end, faithful to both these likings; and, if we find many of his melodies far too sweet, we must, perhaps, seek the reason in his youthful taste, of which he himself in his later years could tell amusing anecdotes.

After the death of his parents, he went, thanks to the kindness of the Cavaliere Moncenisio, in 1766, to Venice, where he zealously studied composition under Pescetti and singing under the tenor Pacini. He was fortunate enough, also, to enjoy the instruction of Guglielmi, then stopping in Venice.

A few months later there arrived in Venice Florian Gassmann, Imperial Chamber Composer, to finish and produce his opera of *Achille in Sciro*. At the rehearsals he became acquainted, through the instrumentality of the above-named Pacini, with Salieri, then sixteen. Being pleased with the boy's singing and pianoforte-playing, he asked the Cavaliere Moncenisio, in whose house Antonio had hitherto resided, to allow him to take the boy to Vienna, where he promised to perfect him in composition. Moncenisio consented, and thus young Salieri accompanied Gassmann, in 1766, to Vienna, which city, except a few times when he was travelling, he never again left.

Gassmann now judiciously parcelled out his pupil's time. Besides a master of German and a master of French, the Abbate Pietro Tommasi came every day to teach young Salieri Latin, Italian poetry, and mathematics. A Bohemian, whose name Salieri afterwards forgot, gave him lessons in general bass, score reading, and violin playing. Gassmann himself began with his *protégé*, to whom, in truth, he was a second father, the study of counterpoint and fugue, according to the *Gradus ad Parnassum* of old Fux, of which Salieri had to make a written translation, word for word, into German. At the same time, Gassmann most strictly forbade his essaying original composition before he had completely mastered all the rules and precepts, of which there was then an unlimited number. As Antonio disregarded the prohibition, Gassmann carefully locked up all music paper out of his reach.

After a time, Gassmann took his pupil to the Court Concerts, where Salieri sang in the chorus or played the violin or piano. Gassmann then took him to the theatre, so that the boy might practically realise what he had learnt at home from books and scores. When, subsequently, the noble Gassmann was dead, leaving his family in straitened circumstances, Salieri strove richly to return all the benefits he had received.

(To be continued.)

FLOOD TIDE.

The fisher's wife looked from her door
Across the shining sand,
Her eyes against the level light
Were shaded by her hand.
She heard, like winds 'mid autumn leaves,
The bright waves lap the strand.

Undriven came the lowing cows
Along the winding way;
Her good man's boat against the wind
Was tacking up the bay.
She saw him stand, with rope in hand,
And cast the sheet away.

What was it on the lengthening shore
Her strained eyes sought in vain?
She stooped to turn the drying nets,
Then rose and gazed again.
"He waits behind the rock," she smiled,
"To greet his fatherlain."

Yet while she spoke, his boat to land
Arose the fisher drew;
The breaking tide-wave's flashing crest
Cut white across the blue,
And a brimful hat beside his feet
The mocking waters threw.

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

A SCHUBERT CATALOGUE.*

(From the "Musical Times.")

"Not unfrequently," says Carlyle, in the "Preliminary" of his *Sartor Resartus*, "the Germans have been blamed for an unprofitable diligence; as if they struck into devious courses where nothing was to be had but the toil of a rough journey: as if, forsaking the gold mines of finance, and that political slaughter of fat oxen whereby a man himself grows fat, they were apt to run goose-hunting into regions of bilberries and crowberries, and be swallowed up at last into remote peat bogs. . . . Surely the plain rule is, let each considerate person have his way and see what it will lead to. For not this man and that man, but all men make up mankind, and their united tasks the task of mankind. How often have we seen some such adventurous, and perhaps much censured wanderer light on some outlying, neglected, yet vitally momentous province, the hidden treasures of which he first discovered, and kept proclaiming till the general eye and effort were directed thither, and the conquest was completed; thereby, in these their seemingly so aimless rambles, planting new standards, founding new habitable colonies, in the immeasurable circumambient realms of Nothingness and Night." Thus (with a very moderate expenditure of capital letters) does the Sage of Chelsea vindicate Diogenes Toulousdrück, J.U.D., &c., his researches into the philosophy of clothes, and his six bags of "miscellaneous paper-masses." Some such championship might have appeared necessary when another German began to burrow for the details required to make up the first Thematic Catalogue of a great composer's works, and patiently to hunt down all the Protean forms which the ingenuity of arrangers and transcribers had caused those works to assume. Was the game worth the candle? Who would buy the book? To what use could it be put commensurate with the trouble involved? So might lookers-on have queried, not without a touch of scorn; but the patient German worked on, and the result was that he founded a distinct and increasing class of musical literature, the value of which nobody questions. Every composer of eminence will soon have his Thematic Catalogue. Dr Ludwig von Köchel has achieved the good work for Mozart—how completely some of us are thankful to know; an anonymous writer has attended to Schumann; Weber has been thoroughly "done" by F. W. Jahns; and painstaking Herr Nottebohm has looked after Beethoven. Nor is this all that Herr Nottebohm has accomplished in the same line; the firm of Friedrich Schreiber, in Vienna, is now offering, as the latest result of his patience, a thoroughly good catalogue of Schubert. Together with every amateur who is interested in Schubert, we hail the new work with pleasure, and congratulate Herr Nottebohm upon the manner in which he has discharged a very difficult task. The great essentials of such a book are accuracy and completeness; and when it is remembered that these qualities have to appear in connection with hundreds of compositions (many scattered about in MS.), and thousands of editions, the high merit of success need not be demonstrated. With regard to the accuracy of the Catalogue, it is, of course, impossible to judge confidently as respects every detail, but we have tested the book in many ways, and it has passed the ordeal triumphantly. That there are no flaws in its completeness would be too much to assert. Herr Nottebohm, for example, leaves unnoticed the few bars of melody which are all that Schubert wrote of the *Scherzo* in the eighth (B minor) symphony. But, generally speaking, the book may be styled an exhaustive one; in proof whereof take the particulars furnished about *Die Schöne Müllerin*. Besides the details usual to thematic catalogues, Herr Nottebohm gives as the result of his labours in tracing those famous songs through all their (German) editions and forms, nearly three closely-printed pages being devoted to the editions alone. The arrangements fill five and a-half pages more, the character of the transcription being specified, and also the author, publisher, place of publication, and price. When a compiler shows industry such as this, we are disposed to trust him, and accept his work.

In arranging his materials, Herr Nottebohm did not attempt

* "Thematisches Verzeichniss der im druck erschienenen oder Werke von Franz Schubert." Herausgegeben von G. Nottebohm. Wien: Friedrich Schreiber (Verlags C. A. Spina).

the impossible task of settling the order in which Schubert's works were written. Wherever the date of composition can be ascertained it is given, but the *Opus* number guides in making up the first section of the book. The compositions included in this section, which is devoted to those with an *Opus* number only, are 173, beginning with the "Erl King," and ending with six songs for voice and piano. This opening and closing must strike everybody who examines the list as significant. Turning over page after page, we find little save song after song; and even when a break first occurs, it is made by a set of waltzes (Op. 9). At Op. 15 we come upon the fantasia for pianoforte in C major, after which songs and waltzes begin again, till Op. 36 introduces the music to *Rosamunde*. Presently chamber music makes its appearance, but the ratio of important works to comparative trifles is not greatly increased. How eloquent is this fact, especially when looked at in connection with Herr Nottebohm's third section, which catalogues the compositions without *Opus* number, published after the composer's death. Here we start with the ninth and eighth symphonies, going on with the quartets in D minor and major, the pianoforte sonata in A minor, and those in C minor, A and B flat. After these come four masses, the cantata, *Lasarus*, and a host of works nearly equal in importance. Truly, Schubert's is a posthumous fame. A writer of songs and waltzes in life: in death he appears among the grandest of tone-poets. Pity him we must, for such a spirit as his, though he laboured on regardless of present renown, could have done no other than long after that recognition which is, next to its own self-consciousness, the sweetest reward of genius. But the moral to be drawn from Herr Nottebohm's Catalogue brings comfort after all. The good cannot be repressed. That which has in it a spark of the divine fire will some day kindle the admiration of the world.

The second section embraces the multitude of *Lieder* published by Diabelli under the title: *Franz Schubert's nachgelassene musikalische Dichtungen für Gesang und Piano*—in all fifty sets. But to many who avail themselves of this welcome volume, one of its most interesting divisions will be that which brings the whole of the master's compositions under the eye in orderly battalions. After reviewing page after page of orchestral, chamber, and concerted music of various kinds, we come finally upon the army of songs and vocal pieces, only to look down their ranks with a sense of utter bewilderment as we remember that the author of all these things died at thirty-one. The fecundity of Schubert was monstrous, and, in view of it, his early death seems the most natural of events. He, if ever man did, accomplished the work that was appointed him. For this let us be thankful, and not for this alone. The gratitude of amateurs who love Schubert is due to the plodding, unwearied industry of the German *ascetic* from whom the book before us has come. Herr Nottebohm could never be charged with "goose hunting," or with exploring "regions of bilberries and crowberries," but to continue the words of Carlyle, he has lighted on an outlying and neglected province, the treasures of which are now common property. Schubert owes him much on that account. We owe him more. J. B.

VIENNA.—*Gräfin Stella* is the title of a new comic opera by Herr Anton Vogl, musical director of the Schottentstift, in this capital.

ST PETERSBURG.—According to the accounts of the local press the success of *Mrs. Putil* in *Les Huguenots* has been something unprecedented.

DRESDEN.—A public exhibition has been opened of sixty-five designs sent in by as many different competitors, for the drop-curtain at the new Theatre Royal.

MILAN.—*Gustavo Wase* still figures now and then in the bills of the Scala, but will shortly disappear to make way for the amended edition of Sig. Ponchielli's opera, *I Lituani*. This will be followed at a short interval by the new ballet, *Semiramide*.—The Teatro Soto Radegonda is announced to open shortly for French comic opera. Among the works to be produced are A. Maillart's *Drogon de Villars*; A. Adam's *Pontillon de Longueau*; Aubert's *Cheval de Bronze*; Lecocq's *Prés Saint-Gervais*; the name composer's *Bei Danio*, and Bottesini's *Vinci-guerra*.—*Il Guarany*, by Sig. Gomez, is now playing at the Teatro Carcano, and attracts good houses, owing to the way in which Signora Berini-Malot sustains the part of Cecilia. The other artists are not all that could be desired; nor did the band and chorus sing to particular advantage.

MAD. CHRISTINE NILSSON AT ROUEN.

This gifted lady has been singing lately in the above old Norman city with the success which everywhere attends her. The following extracts from local papers will convey an idea of the enthusiasm she excited. *The Nouvelle de Rouen* says:—

"More fortunate than Paris, Rouen can boast of having heard, after an absence which appears very long to all, the marvellous Swedish vocalist. This privilege, of which Paris is with reason jealous, was something of which our *dilettanti* did not fail to take advantage, and yesterday's performance will figure conspicuously in the annals of our principal theatre. An hour before the raising of the curtain, the approaches were an animated air. The crowd carried them by assault, while a string of carriages extended into the neighbouring streets. The house assumed a festive look, for an artist, the prelude to success. The boxes were resplendent with the freshest toilettes, and from the pit to the gallery rose tier above tier of eager spectators. Some had to invade the orchestra and stage. This anxiety and this display of luxury, forming so happy a contrast to our usual indifference, was nothing more than an act of just homage due to its recipient."

"When Mad. Nilsson appeared, a flattering murmur ran through the house. The strange charm of her physiognomy and person—that indefinable something which distinguishes her, began, even before she opened her lips, to please her cause with those who had not already been privileged to hear Patti's fair rival, and who, by the beauty of her voice and splendour of her talent, were soon convinced. She sang; and long before she had concluded, the audience gave full vent to their enthusiasm."

[Here follows a sketch of Mad. Nilsson's career down to her recent successes in England, America, and Russia—the substance of which need not be repeated in the *Musical World*.—Ed.]

"It has been said that, while drawing largely on its resources, her voice, overtaxed by so many fatiguing efforts, sometimes borrowed from its capital; luckily, nothing is less true. Christine Nilsson brings back to us intact the jewel she took with her; not a diamond is wanting in the cabinet she returned the theatre. Her vocal power, with whom all Paris is acquainted, and never, in our opinion, did she exhibit more perfect talent; a style more pure, or ampler resources. The audience were speedily made aware of this by the air from *La Traviata*, 'recalls,' 'encores,' and 'bouquets' beginning at once to end only with the last of her pieces. We shall not attempt to describe the *andante* from *Lucia*, or the 'Swedish melodies' with which her performances terminated. Analysis must stop here, and applause must speak for itself. It is stated that, during a performance of *Tartuffe* or *Le Misantrope*, one of the spectators did nothing but repeat in every possible tone: 'What a piece of good fortune!' A neighbour, whose patience was worn out by these frequent explosions, at last enquired the cause. 'Why,' replied the enthusiast, 'I am delighted that Molière wrote this, because, had he not done it, no one else could.' An analogous reflection suggested itself every time the Swedish songstress made her appearance."

Discouraging on the same theme, the *Journal de Rouen* observes:—

"Like the Opera, the Théâtre-des-Arts has had its gala performance. At eight o'clock, the house was full, chairs having even been placed in the orchestra and on the stage. Mad. Nilsson was the attraction, and her success was brilliant. She was enabled to see during yesterday's performance—her first on the French stage since the burning of the old Operahouse—that a provincial public were ready to endorse a Parisian renown. Mad. Nilsson displayed great amiability in yielding to the wishes of the audience, who encored two of her pieces: 'Gonnod's' 'Ave, Maria,' and 'Le Bal,' a Swedish melody. She sang, also, the air from *La Traviata*, and another Swedish melody, 'La Jeunesse.' After every piece, the entire house greeted her with repeated applause, and she was presented with two bouquets which seemed to afford her much pleasure. Mad. Nilsson did not—and we congratulate her on the fact—content herself with merely reciting the air from *Lucia*. She acted it, and showed that behind the singer is a genuine dramatic artist. With regard to the national melodies, Mad. Nilsson's singing was perfection itself, while her touching and plaintive effects of intonation in 'La Jeunesse,' and her joyous laugh in 'Le Bal,' won every heart, making the audience believe they understood the words. The public separated, happy in the enjoyment of an evening so well, though so quickly, spent. We conclude with a wish, the realization of which would be highly welcome here—viz., that Mad. Nilsson may consent to play Marguerite in *Faust*. We predict for her a phenomenal success."

LOUVAÏN.—A series of Popular Concerts have been organized in this town.

"ASTOUNDING IMPUDENCE."

The following incisive remarks, *apropos* of a matter connected with Mr. Bach's recent concert, are taken from the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* of March 6th:—

"At this concert a striking illustration was given of the evil results which flow from these wild theories when carried into actual practice. Weber's *Polonoise* *Brillante*, Op. 72, is not only one of the most charming among pianoforte solos, but is one of the best-known works of the composer; and there are many persons now living who have heard him play it. Instead of playing it as written by Weber, Mr. Bach chose to parade the arrogance and self-sufficiency of Liszt by playing the charming pianoforte solo, as 'arranged for pianoforte and orchestra (!) by Franz Liszt.' The 'arranger' could not entirely hide the original beauty of the work; but, in the true spirit of self-assertion which characterizes the modern German school, he has directed the attention of the listeners from Weber to himself, by accompanying the solo with orchestration of an eccentric and often vulgar kind, which effectually prevents the bestowal of due attention on the charming work of Weber. Not satisfied with this, he has taken the slow movement from Weber's E flat *Polonoise*, and joined it bodily to the No. 72—as an opening movement! Had a composer of the highest genius ventured to take such a liberty with Weber, we should have protested against it; but when it is the pianoforte player Liszt who rushes in where angels would fear to tread, we feel that the able writer of an article in the *Daily Telegraph* was quite justified in characterizing such attempts as exhibitions of 'astounding impudence.' This expression appears to have disturbed Mr. Bach's digestion ever since it appeared, in November last, *apropos* of his first performance of the *Polonoise*—as deranged by Liszt; and he has been so ill-advised as to print—in the programme book of his concert—what he probably considers a crushing rejoinder. He says that Mozart wrote accompaniments of an utterly un-Handelian character to 'The people that walked in darkness'; and that Mendelssohn and Schumann 'provide with a pianoforte accompaniment pieces which Bach had expressly intended for the violin solo.' Now Mr. Bach must know that Handel's orchestral scores do not represent all the notes that were played when Handel's oratorios were performed under the composer's own direction. The orchestral players executed the notes which are still preserved, but a large amount of filling-in was done by the organ; and Mozart has but written down the skeleton of what we assume him likely to be the notes which Handel would have supplied by means of the organ. He may have failed to catch the style of Handel, but he did his work in an earnest and reverent spirit. Had he 'arranged' Handel's *La Liszt*—had he taken the tenor air, 'Total Eclipse,' from *Samson*, and made of it a slow opening movement to the soprano air, 'Rejoice greatly,' in the *Messiah*, encumbering the monstrous hybrid with vocal accompaniments for a double choir—there might have been some analogy between his working and that of Liszt. Mozart, however, contented himself with trying to restore the original decorations of a structure whose form he would not have ventured to alter; and, fortunately, was spared the pain of forcing that his endeavours would be denounced as 'un-Handelian' by Mr. Walter Bach. Mendelssohn and Schumann did well to write pianoforte accompaniments to Bach's violin solos. They knew that the grand old Leipzig cathedral improvised chamber accompaniments when these solos were played, and that neither he nor any of his sons would have thought of writing down those accompaniments for the benefit of the feeble musicians whose case was met by Mendelssohn and Schumann. Had they taken Bach's 'Bourrée in a minor,' joined it on to a fugue in his 'Well-tempered Clavier,' and accompanied the pianoforte with orchestration of their own devising, there would have been some analogy between their working and that of Liszt. There it is, too, ridiculous to speak of Mozart and Mendelssohn in the same breath with Liszt. * * * When Mozart and Mendelssohn are brought up as witnesses, we are bound to cite the evidence; but the doings of respectable mediocrities are of little importance. It is weak to quote the petty naughtiness of such folk in justification of a wholesale mangling of Weber, which—despite Mr. Bach's special pleading—appears to us to be justly stigmatised as 'astounding impudence.'"

DARM-STADT.—The receipts of Mad. Lucca's engagement at the Grand Ducal Theatre amounted to 2,875 florins, of which sum 55 per cent. was the lady's share. According to report, Sig. Mercelli has engaged Mad. Lucca to perform thirty times in three months, giving her 30,000 thalers, which he has deposited before-hand with a banker. As, however, his charge for her services will be 1000 thalers a night, he will, probably, not make a bad thing of the bargain.

MUSIC AT BRUSSELS.

(From a Correspondent.)

An attempt has been made to galvanize *La Perle du Brésil* at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie, by substituting M. Dauphin for M. Jules Petit in the character of the Admiral. The success achieved has not, however, been great. M. Dauphin sings very well, but he does not appear to advantage as an actor, and his figure is decidedly against him. He is better suited for the concert-room than the stage. Another new-comer has been Mdlle Marion, from Gand, who has sustained the part of Valentine in *Les Huguenots*. As a vocalist she was triumphant, but, as regards histrionic talent, she is not much superior to M. Dauphin. *Hamel* will be produced almost immediately with Mdlle Priola in the character of Ophelia, which she will cede to Mad. Christine Nilsson, when that lady arrives, somewhere about the end of the month. Then M. Campocasso promises his patrons *Haydn*, *Fra Diavolo*, *La Dame Blanche*, and *L'Éclair*—with M. Achard; *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and *La Reine de Chypre*. The last named opera will be nearly equivalent to a novelty, not having been performed in this capital for upwards of ten years. The Municipality have ordered no less than five new scenes, three of them painted by leading artists in Paris.

The attractions at the other principal theatres consist, for the moment, of *Les Prêles Saint-Gervais*, *Le Tour du Monde*, and *La Maitresse légitime*.

M. Davidoff, the Russian violoncellist, took part in a recent concert at the Cercle Artistique et Littéraire, the pieces he selected for performance being Beethoven's Sonata in A, Mendelssohn's Sonata in D, Linder's "Tarentelle," and two baguettes of his own composition—"Adieu," and "La Source." Mad. Devaux was the pianist in the Sonatas. The vocalist was Miss May Moss, a young lady of New Orleans, who has studied at Dusseldorf and Cologne, her master being Ferdinand Hiller. She sang "Schön Blumlein," by Reinecke; a Romance by Mendelssohn; "Le Jardin," by Heber, and "Ogni Sabato," by Gordiniani. Her voice cannot boast of extraordinary volume, but it is of agreeable quality.

The members of the Flemish Club, *Kunstgenootschap*, lately got up an entertainment at the Lucas-Hays, in the Rue Ducale, "ter verherlijking van wijlen Willem de Mol," in honour of the late Willem de Mol, a Flemish composer, prematurely lost to art. M. J. Hoste, editor of the *Zweep*, referred to the early termination of the young artist's career; M. Anthems recited a Flemish poem in his praise; the Artisans-Régions sang a chorus, and M. Blauwaert three melodies, both from his pen. Mdlle Staps and M. Alex. Cornelis were applauded in Raff's first sonata for Piano and Violin, and *Vieux-temps* Polish Variations.—Z.

MUSIC AT BERLIN.

(From our Correspondent.)

The Italian Opera Company, formerly under the management of Sig. Smecchia, but now acknowledging that of Mad. Artôt, have introduced to this capital Flotow's comic opera, *L'Osborne*. The experiment was not unobscurely successful; and the composer would be justified in exclaiming against the manner in which his work was represented. Mad. Artôt sustained the part of Gina; but the other performers, Sig. de Padilla (Dr Miroquet) excepted, were by no means satisfactory.

Mad. Mallinger has been re-engaged at the Royal Opera for three years. In order to enable her to fulfil some of the engagements contracted with other theatres when negotiations with Herr von Hülsen had been temporarily broken off, she will be granted extra leave of absence for six weeks in the winter. Herr von Strautz, of the Leipzig Stadttheater, succeeds Herr Ernst as stage-manager on the 1st April, when Herr Ernst retires to assume the management of the Stadttheater, Cologne.

Among recent concerts may be mentioned the second and third of M. Anton Rubinstein, who, disdaining "extraneous helps," played solos by Bach, Haydn, Haendel, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Weber, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, and others. A young lady, Mdlle Ida Bloch, has produced a favourable impression as a pianist.

Prof. Stern, having recovered from his illness, resumes his post as conductor of the Symphonic Concerts in the Reichshalle.—Q.

THE CAMBRIDGE MUSICAL CHAIR.

The following circular has been sent to the electors by the secretaries of Mr Macfarren's committee:—

Cambridge, March 2, 1875.

MY DEAR SIR,—Permit us to call your attention to the accompanying address and the list of the Committee formed for the purpose of securing the election of Mr Macfarren to the vacant Musical Professorship. Mr Macfarren's eminence as a composer is generally known to you. He is mainly on account of his qualifications as an instructor and lecturer that we venture to urge his claims upon your notice. Mr Macfarren has been for a long time connected with the Royal Academy of Music as Professor of Harmony and Composition, and has recently been elected its Principal. He has also been a Lecturer at the Royal Institution. No other English musician has such a reputation for sound scientific knowledge of the art, and for power of imparting it to others; and it is the desire to find in our Chair of Music an extended field for the exercise of his powers in this respect that has led Mr Macfarren to seek the honour of the appointment. Mr Macfarren's position in the musical world, both as regards seniority and attainments, is such as to render it unnecessary, we would hope, as well as difficult for him to produce testimonials on this occasion; and on this account we have taken the liberty of bringing the above facts under your notice.

THOMAS PERCY HUDSON, R. PENDELBURY,
GERARD F. COOK, AUSTIN LEVIAN,
LOUIS BORNISOW, A. W. BRATT.

To the Members of the Senate of the University of Cambridge.

GENTLEMEN.—The Professorship of Music in your University having become vacant by the lamented death of Sir Sterndale Bennett, I beg to offer myself as a candidate for the office.

In the event of your conferring upon me the great honour of appointing me your Professor, I should regard the office not only as an honour but also as a trust, and would endeavour to the best of my power to advance the study of music in the University. I should hope to do this not only by fulfilling the office of examiner for musical degrees, but by delivering lectures such as I hope might prove useful to resident musical students. I have the honour to remain, Gentlemen, very respectfully,

GEOFFREY ALEXANDER MACFARREN.

Principal of the Royal Academy of Music.

The following Members of the Senate form Mr Macfarren's Committee:—

The Provost of King's, the Master of Trinity, the Master of St John's, the Master of St Peter's, the Master of Clare, the Master of Pembroke, the President of Queen's, the Master of St Catherine's, the Master of Christ's, the Master of Magdalene, the Master of Sidney Sussex, the Public Orator, the Registrars, Professors Clark, Hughes, Adams, Fawcett, Cayley, Mayor, Colvin, the Senior Professor, the Junior Professor, O. Browning, Esq. Rev. F. W. Cornish, Rev. A. Leigh, J. E. Nixon, Esq., W. A. Leigh, Esq., F. T. Cobbild, Esq., Arthur D. Coleridge, Esq., B. A. Beard, Rev. H. J. Rotham, Rev. H. A. J. Munro, Rev. E. W. Brier, J. Prior, Esq., Rev. Costa Trotter, G. F. Cobb, Esq., Rev. C. Gray, Rev. M. M. U. Wilkinson, Rev. T. P. Hudson, Rev. R. R. Somerset, W. A. Wright, Esq., J. W. Clarke, Esq., H. Jackson, Esq., Rev. H. C. G. Monte, Rev. V. H. Stanton, H. M. Taylor, Esq., J. M. Image, Esq., W. D. Rawlins, Esq., F. H. B. Daniell, Esq., A. Stewart, Esq., J. W. L. Glaisier, Esq., E. Gurney, Esq., H. Sidgwick, Esq., Sedley Taylor, Esq., Rev. Louis Bornisow, Rev. Frank Hudson, Rev. F. A. J. Hervey, Rev. H. Parkinson, Rev. P. H. Mason, Rev. T. G. Bennett, W. H. Besant, Esq., G. W. Ware, Esq., W. H. H. Hudson, Esq., Rev. C. E. Graves, Rev. A. Freeman, P. T. Main, Esq., Rev. G. F. Taylor, J. E. Sandys, Esq., Rev. J. R. Lunn, Rev. A. R. Ward, J. Dunn, Esq., R. Pendlebury, Esq., W. E. Heitland, Esq., C. E. Haskins Esq., Rev. C. J. E. Smith, A. Marshall, Esq., Rev. C. W. Underwood, Rev. H. L'Estrange Ewen, Rev. E. Hill, Rev. A. D. Capel, Rev. James Porter, W. D. Gardiner, Esq., Rev. W. Raynes, Rev. A. Holmes, Rev. J. P. Taylor, Rev. G. E. Searle, Rev. J. Lamb, Rev. C. H. Cresser, G. R. M. Esq., Rev. Dr. Graham, Esq., Rev. E. S. Chubb, W. Spratt, Esq., A. Pryor, Esq., Rev. C. F. Browne, Rev. H. M. Luckock, Rev. W. M. Gunson, Rev. J. W. Cartmell, R. T. Wright, Esq., A. G. Greenhill, Esq., Rev. W. T. Kingley, R.D., the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol (late Fellow of St John's College), Lord Rayleigh, Sir Thomas Watson, Bart., Professor Challis, Professor Paget, Professor Westcott, Professor Lightfoot, Rev. Edwin A. Abbott, P. G. Tait, Esq., Christopher Knight Watson, Esq., Tom Taylor, Esq., J. T. Brady, Esq., the Reverend Ambrosius Voss, William Greis Adams, Esq., F. R. S., J. J. Sylvester, Esq., F. R. S., A. H. D. Frodsham, Esq., Vincent C. Reynell Reynell, Esq., W. H. Stone, Esq., M.D., Rev. Robert Whitton, Rev. J. J. S. Penrose, D.D., Rev. T. Brockbank, C. J. Lambert, Esq., W. E. Curry, Esq., Rev. A. G. Day, E. Hicks, Esq., Rev. J. F. Hardy, C. Smith, Esq., Rev. J. Rawson Lumby, Rev. G. Pirie, Rev. G. Richardson, Rev. A. Rose, Rev. J. B. Kvarner, L. C. S. Norris, Esq., Rev. H. N. D'Almeida, Sir William Thomson, L.L.D., F.R.S. Secretaries.—Rev. T. P. Hudson, G. F. Cobbild, Esq., Rev. L. Beresford, R. Pendlebury, Esq., Rev. A. Beard, A. W. Spratt, Esq.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

SEVENTEENTH SEASON, 1874-5.
DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE LAST SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT OF THE SEASON
WILL TAKE PLACE ON
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 15, 1875.
To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

TRIO, in G major, Op. 9, No. 1, for violin, viola, and violoncello—
MM. JOACHIM, STRAUSS and PIATTI *Berthoven.*
LIEDER { "Sonntagelied" } Middle Soprano LOWE *Mendelssohn.*
{ "Frühlingssied" } *Chopin.*
BALLADE, in G minor, for Pianoforte alone—Mlle MARIE KREBS

PART II.

QUARTET, in C sharp minor, Op. 132, for two violins, viola, and
violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUSS, and PIATTI *Berthoven.*
LIEDER { "Litanische Lied" } *Chopin.*
{ "Lachen und Weinen" } *Schubert.*
SONATA, in E flat (No. 13 of Halle's Edition), for pianoforte and
violin (first time at the Popular Concerts)—Mlle MARIE
KREBS and Herr JOACHIM *Mozart.*
CONDUCTOR MR JULIUS BENEDICT.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.
SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 13, 1875.
To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

THE INSTRUMENTAL PORTION OF THE PROGRAMME WILL BE SELECTED FROM THE
WORKS OF BEETHOVEN.

SEPTET, in E flat, Op. 20, for violin, viola, clarinet, horn,
bassoon, violoncello, and double bass—MM. STRAUSS, ZER-
RINI, LAZARUS, G. HANSEN, WINTERBOTTOM, BEYRON, and
PIATTI *Berthoven.*
SONATA, in E flat, Op. 37, No. 2, for pianoforte alone—Dr HANS
VON BLOW *Saltzman.*
ROMANCE, in F, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment—
Herr STRAUSS *Berthoven.*
TRIO, in D major, Op. 70, No. 1, for pianoforte, violin, and violon-
cello—Dr HANS VON BLOW, Herr STRAUSS, and Signor
PIATTI *Berthoven.*
Conductor MR JULIUS BENEDICT.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. W. R.—Yes; Handel died on the 13th of April, and Sterndale
Bennett was born on the 13th of April, fifty-seven years after Handel's
death.

CONRAD.—Auber was born in 1784, Rossini in 1792, and Meyer-
beer in 1794.

E. W. (Liverpool).—Refer to our Notices to Correspondents in last
week's number of the *Musical World* in answer to "L. W. G."

DEATH.

On the 23rd February, at 122, Belzard Road, N.W., Mr WILLIAM
JERRY (late of the Burlington Arcade, Piccadilly), in the 65th year of
his age, leaving a wife and six daughters to mourn his loss.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs
DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little
Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements
may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1875.

MR GYE has issued his prospectus of the coming season,
which will begin on Easter Tuesday, with a performance
of *Guillaume Tell*—a good beginning, as far as choice of

opera goes, and a vast improvement upon the *Trovatore* and
Traviata of a few years back. The document will strike every
one as almost stern in its business simplicity. No com-
mercial "report" could be less marked by gush. Nothing,
save the orchestra, has a word of praise; and even the *prima*
donna are passed with a simple mention of their names.
This is as it should be, for two reasons: first, because only
thus can the operative prospectus redeem its character; and
next, because the public do not want to be told through its
means who and what they are to admire. Familiar operas
and well-known artists have had their merits appraised
already; while with regard to new works and *débütants*, the
proof of the pudding is in the eating, and not in the words
of those who have interests at stake. We commend the
reticence of Mr Gye's announcement, therefore, and hope it
may be accepted as a model for all future time.

The manager, it will be observed, has not added any
fresh names to his list of artists. Nor, on the other hand,
has he taken any away from last season's roll. In point of
fact it may be said that, substantially, the *troupe* of 1875 is
that of 1874. How much this statement involves need
scarcely be pointed out. It means Patti, Albani, Vilda,
Marimon, D'Angeri, Sinico, Scalchi, Nicolini, Bolis, Bettini,
Graziani, Maurel, Cotogni, Faure, Bagaglio, Capponi,
Ciampi—not a bad company, we believe, and one that may
a subventioned manager would give his eyes to possess.
The season might run its course very well with such a band
of artists, but, as the public look for some new faces, Mr
Gye promises five *débütants*, respecting whom nothing is said
and nothing known. The chief of them, indeed, Mlle Thal-
berg, has never yet appeared on any stage, but comes to us, so
to speak out of the dark. It is not, the fault of this young
lady that much is expected of her. She cannot help being
the child of her parents, but, nevertheless, their reputation
will be present to the minds of the audience when she
appears; and in proportion will they raise their hopes.
Report goes that Mlle Thalberg possesses the requisites of
eminence in her profession. This, we trust, will prove to
be the case, for the sakes of the name she bears, as much as
for that of the theatre which will run the risk of her *début*.
The remaining new comers—Mlle Proch, Signor De Sanctis,
Herr Seideman, and Signor Tamagno—arouse no feeling of
any sort. They will be patiently waited for, and, no doubt,
received with the coldness shown by a Covent Garden audi-
ence towards all absolutely unknown people.

In other respects, the *personnel* of the establishment remains
unchanged. Signor Vianesi and Signor Bevilacqua continue
at their post as joint-conductors; Mlle Girod will be again
the principal dancer, in association with two strangers,
Mlle Ricci and Travelli; Mr Carrozzis "leads" the orchestra,
Mr Betjemann the ballet; Mr Pittman is again organist;
Signor Corsi superintends the chorus, and M. Desplaces acts
as stage-manager. With regard to the chorus and orchestra,
Mr Gye bids us look for considerable augmentation on par-
ticular occasions, which means, it is to be presumed, when
Herr Richard Wagner dominates the scene. Otherwise,
these important bodies will be in numbers as in excellence,
what they have been in seasons past. It must be granted
that Mr Gye has done well to keep his "old guard" about
him. They have done their devoir in by-gone campaigns,
and nobody who owns a sword of proof lightly throws it
away for a new weapon, however the virgin steel may
glitter.

Turning to the repertoire of the season we find a list of
four operas, concerning which it is said that at least three
will be produced. Two of the four are revivals: Gounod's

Romeo et Juliette being promised after a retirement of seven years; and *Semiramide* after a much longer withdrawal. Rossini's opera is often played at the other house, and, therefore, will hardly excite curiosity, even with Mme Vilda as the Queen, and M. Faure as Assur. The case is different with regard to *Romeo et Juliette*. We have, it is true, no longer a Mario to look and act the lover in perfection; but Nicolini is a good substitute as times go, and Patti remains, a better Juliette, if possible, than ever. For other reasons it is well that Mr Gye has succeeded in removing the obstacles to our further acquaintance with an important, and, in some respects, very interesting work. Herold's *Le Prêtre aux Clercs* is the third opera promised, but we fear that our chances of hearing it are not great. Mr Gye announces no cast, neither does he say to whom the labour of adapting the opera for an Italian stage has been entrusted. This disappointment, however, can be borne, provided the promise of Wagner's *Lohengrin* be faithfully carried out. Hardly, we imagine, would any manager venture now to trifle with the public curiosity about Wagner's operas. Time was when only a few cared for them, the rest being content to remain in ignorance. But now amateurs are in earnest, and indisposed to put up with further disappointment.

Mr Gye, we feel sure, will do what he has said he will; and the event of the season, the talk of the season, we may, perhaps, add the success of the season, cannot fail to be *Lohengrin*. In the cast we find the names of Albani, D'Angeri, Proch, Maurel, Baggiolo, and Nicolini; and as scenery and decorations will, doubtless, prove worthy of the Royal Italian Opera, we may expect a performance of merit such as the composer himself would applaud.

RICHARD WAGNER issues a ukase, addressed to all the artists who have volunteered, or been requested, to take part in the grand-national-stage-play performances at Bayreuth. From this document we learn that:—The first week of July, 1875, will be devoted to pianoforte rehearsals of *Iheingold*; the second, to *ditto* of *Die Walküre*; the third, to *ditto* of *Siegfried*; the fourth, to *ditto* of the *Götterdämmerung*. From the 1st to the 15th of August, rehearsals will be given with full orchestra, the third week being devoted to the more difficult stage business. June and July, 1876, are selected for general rehearsals. The first public performance will come off early in August, 1876, in the following order:—Sunday, the 4th, at 7 o'clock, p.m., the beginning of *Iheingold*; Monday, 4 p.m., first act of *Die Walküre*; 6 p.m., second act; and 8 p.m., third act. The intervals will be passed by the audience in grounds contiguous to the theatre, and by the performers in a garden specially set apart. *Siegfried* will commence at 4 p.m., Tuesday, and *Die Götterdämmerung*, at 4 p.m., Wednesday. The performances will be repeated, in the same order, for the first time in the second week of August, and for the second in the third week. After thus unfolding his plans, Wagner states that nothing but "unconditional willingness" on the part of artists can enable him to accomplish his task successfully. He demands binding promises of co-operation, and lays stress upon the fact that "circumstances" (pecuniary circumstances?) are sufficiently flourishing to obviate the necessity of any artist stopping away on account of "material difficulties."

BY retiring from his candidature for the Cambridge Professorship in favour of Mr Macfarren, a graceful act, which those most interested will assuredly remember to his

credit at a future time, has been done by Mr Barnby. Here are the terms in which the withdrawal was made:—

"To the Members of the Senate of the University of Cambridge.

"GENTLEMEN,—The long list of influential names forming Mr Macfarren's Committee appears to me to indicate a desire on the part of the Senate for that gentleman's success little short of unanimous.

"In deference to that implied desire, I beg leave to withdraw my name from the list of candidates.

"Whilst thanking those gentlemen who have interested themselves on my behalf, permit me to add that should the promise of Mr Macfarren's election be realized, the result will be scarcely less gratifying to me than would have been my own success.—Faithfully yours, "J. BARNBY."

This address speaks for itself, and hardly can a word of comment be necessary. Mr Barnby had a perfect right to come forward, but his frank acknowledgment of Mr Macfarren's claims, and his hearty good wishes for their recognition will raise him higher in general esteem than even his election could have done.

MR EBENEZER PROUT has resigned the editorship of the *Monthly Musical Record*, as, after what had occurred, he could no longer retain the position—a position both of trust and responsibility—with credit to himself. We cannot but applaud his decision, however we may regret the circumstances that led to it.

IN MEMORIAM.

Stenbale Bennett.

Charles Egell.

(DIED FEB. 1, 1875, AGED 58.) (DIED FEB. 22, 1875, AGED 71.)
Buried in Westminster Abbey, Saturday, Feb. 6, and
Saturday, Feb. 27.

Two sisters atreke with flowers two neighbouring graves,
And each between those graves her blossoms shares;
Art from her Bennett's wreaths for Lyell sars,
Science from Lyell's crowns for Bennett sars.

Art that serves Beauty, Science that serves Truth,
Are kindred maids of mistress akin.
This frail musician, whose creative youth
Pointed to brights he did not live to win,

And this unshaking and unswerving sage,
Whose eye in lovely reverence read the ground,
Alike in Music's chorals, and Earth's sacred page,
Record of the Creator sought and found.

Tis well that they should sleep here, side by side,
Among their fellows of the glorious choir—
By Purcell, he, and Handel, who with pride
May welcome this last master of the lyre:

By Woodward, he, and Hunter, and by him
The highest, humblest seeker of them all,
Newton—for to such race of Anakin
He brings not strength unmet or stature small.

Sleep sweetly, modest master of sweet sounds,
Grey reader of the rocks and seas and sands—
While the great spheres make music in their rounds,
And earth's change broadens on through times and lands.

P. B. C.

MR AND MRS GERMAN REED continue to enjoy an uninterrupted success, fairly earned by the admirable manner in which their entertainment has been placed before the public, and the very great merit displayed in its representation by the compact little company at St George's Hall. We hear that the management intends to produce several novelties, the earliest of which will be a piece from the pen of Mr F. C. Burnand, entitled "Old China." The music is by J. L. Molloy. Mr W. S. Gilbert is also preparing a new entertainment, which will be produced this season. As "The Ancient Britons" has but a short time to run, two performances will be given on Easter Monday next, to meet the wishes of the patrons of the entertainment.

STERNDALÉ BENNETT COMMEMORATION AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The promised tribute to the late Sir Sterndalé Bennett was paid in due form on Saturday afternoon, when the selection consisted of twelve numbers exclusively chosen from his works. The programme, which could hardly have been made out with better judgment, exhibited the genius of the English musician under varied and always attractive phases. The concert began with the overture entitled *Die Waldnymph*, first given at the Leipzig Gewandhaus in January, 1839, and ended with the "Fantaisie-Overture," *Paradise and the Peri*, composed in 1862 for the Jubilee of the Philharmonic Society. In each of these, though an interval of nearly a quarter of a century divides one from the other, the bright fancy, melodious flow, and highly-finished workmanship, rarely absent from Bennett's music, show that they belong to one and the same family. This, however, has long been recognized by the music-loving public, and it is sufficient to add that we have never heard either overture more admirably executed than on the present occasion, under the direction of Mr Manns. In the overture, *Paradise*, upon which, for manifest reasons, was conferred the place of honour, the conductor of the Crystal Palace orchestra had a more difficult task before him—a task, however, which he accomplished with equal success. The *Waldnymph* and *Paradise and the Peri* had already on several occasions been introduced at the Sydenham concerts, but *Paradise* must have been strange, not only to Mr Manns, but to the large majority of his orchestra. Its last two public performances were at a concert of the Philharmonic Society, in May, 1848, and at one organized by the composer himself, in the Hanover Square Rooms, about a month later. Since then, notwithstanding the high opinion entertained of it by connoisseurs, *Paradise* has been allowed to lie quietly on the shelf. Its production just now was welcome, both to those who had formerly made acquaintance with it and those who came to judge it for the first time. In both instances the result was satisfactory; for some there was the revival of an old pleasure, for others—by far the greater number—the creation of a new one. Every pains had been taken to afford the long-neglected overture a fair chance of appreciation; and the effect was commensurate with the means employed to obtain it. A performance, more remarkable for spirit, clearness of detail, and the nicest observance of light and shade could not have been desired. That *Paradise* will henceforth resume a conspicuous place among the most admired of Bennett's compositions, may be taken for granted. Nothing could be more genuine than the reception awarded to it by the audience of Saturday. Another important instrumental work was the Concerto in C minor (No. 3), for pianoforte, with orchestral accompaniments, the solo part in which (among the most difficult of its class) was entrusted to Miss Agnes Zimmermann, a distinguished student in the institution of which the author was Principal, and a pianist fully equal to the undertaking. About so comparatively familiar a work, the high merit of which is unanimously admitted, it would be superfluous to say anything. Enough that the performance, whether of soloist or orchestra, gave little, if any, room for criticism. Miss Zimmermann was called for and applauded, as she amply deserved, and, later in the concert, played with elastic touch and delicate refinement the *Rondo Pincivole* (1842), one of the most individual and characteristic of its author's "fugitive" efforts, which Dr Hans von Bülow not long ago included in the programme of a "Recital."

The vocal music that enriched the selection comprised an interesting and happily contrasted series of pieces. "God is a spirit," the unaccompanied quartet from the *Woman of Samaria*, was allotted to four Academy students, Misses Jessie Jones and Thelma Fischer, Messrs H. Gny and Wadmore, who also contributed two part-songs, "Sweet Stream" and "Come, live with me," in each instance acquitting themselves well—so well, indeed, that with a persistence too emphatic to be ignored, the audience insisted upon hearing the quartet once again. A trio, "The hawthorn in the glade," and the tenor recitative and air, "O meadow clad in early green," comprised

all that from the *May Queen* could be accommodated with a place in the programme. The former was assigned to Miss Jessie Jones, Messrs Gny and Wadmore, the latter to Mr Vernon Rigby, to whose share also fell the plaintive ditty, "Chloe in sickness" (Burns). No less than three songs—"The Better Land" (Mrs Hemans), "Castle Gordon," which might reasonably pass muster as a genuine Scotch melody, and "Gentle Zephyr" (Burns)—had for interpreter Miss Antoinette Sterling, who in the first of the three produced a marked impression. All the vocalists, however, did their best. It should be added that the concert was unexpectedly preceded by a short orchestral *Elegy on the death of Sir Sterndalé Bennett*—a spontaneous contribution on the part of Mr T. Wingham, one of the most favoured pupils of the late master. The *Elegy*, near the conclusion of which an allusion to the *barcarolle* in the fourth concerto is gracefully brought in, has all the sentiment appropriate to such an offering, and was listened to with an interest not to be misconstrued.

For the next concert,* Mendelssohn's *Reformation* symphony is announced, as well as Schumann's overture to *Genoève*; that of Mr W. G. Cousins to the *Travailleurs de la Mer*, and last, not least, a new concerto (in G) from the pen of Herr Joseph Joachim, the principal part in which will be played by the famous violinist himself.—Times.

MOLLE MARIE KREBS' second recital at St James's Hall, on Wednesday afternoon, was as brilliant and successful as her first—a week previous. We reserve remarks on both.

BRITISH ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.—The first concert of the third season of this newly-formed society, was held at St James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, under the direction of Mr Mount. The entire programme, vocal and instrumental, was selected from the works of the late Sir Sterndalé Bennett. The concert was a decided success. More in our next.

ST PATRICK'S EVE will be celebrated at the Royal Albert Hall by an Irish Festival concert, in which Madame Lemmens-Sherington, Madame Patey, Mr Vernon Rigby, and Signor Foli (who will sing in London for the first time this season), are to take part. Mr Levy, the celebrated cornet player, also appears, and Part Songs will be contributed by the Part-Song Choir of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Mendelssohn's *St Paul* will be performed by the Sacred Harmonic Society, at Exeter Hall, on Friday next, the 19th inst. Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Mr Santley, are to be the principal vocalists. Sir Michael Costa will conduct the performance. The usual Passion week (43rd) performance of the *Messiah* takes place on Wednesday, the 24th inst.

MR WILLEM COENEN gave his second performance of Modern German Chamber Music on Thursday night, at St George's Hall. The selection of pieces was quite as varied and interesting as at the first, a week since, and Mr Coenen's coadjutors were the same eminent artists mentioned last week, viz., Messrs Wiener, Amor, Zerbin, and Daubert, with the addition, in a very interesting ottet by Svedenby, of MM. Vogel, Jung, Stehling, and Ould. The vocalists on this occasion were Misses Anna Williams and Julia Elton. We shall return to these concerts—the third of which is announced for next Thursday—very shortly.

3f.

Had I been king of Cariboo—
I might have been, and so might
you—
I w'e'r had lost
My full consent
To calling chalk a condiment.
To wear the nation from such
themes [gleams
I might have shown them passing
Of anachronisms,
And tribulations,
And other entertaining sights.

But since this simple sort of thing
Occurs not to the reigning king:
The Cariboo
Do what they choose,
And hold on chalk eccentric views.
But they can't prove, howe'er they
talk,
That pepper is the same as chalk.
Such heresy
Would not suit me
And hang'd each mother's son should
be.

Fan.

* To-day.

The Glimpse.

From ("Another World.")

"Improve Nature's gifts, and with her elements form new compounds."

"Were man's faculties given that they should slumber?"

One night in my slumber I was disturbed by my attendant telling me that the gardener had an important communication to make. I bade him enter. He came to make known to me that my labours had been so far successful that, in the case of earth in which the seed had been planted, a little white bud was bursting from the ground. He brought the vase in his arms, and I will not deny that I shed tears of joy.

About three years from that time, to my delight, fruit made its appearance. I watched with greedy eagerness the day when it would ripen.

I cannot tell you with what anxiety I tended its growth. I fancy at this moment I feel the heart-beatings that always accompanied me as I approached the spot where the plant was placed.

The gardener, desiring to save me some of the pain of deferred hope, told me that the time of ripening would be later than I had anticipated.

A little in advance, however, of the time I had foretold, the gardener entered my study with a face radiant with joy, and placed before me one of the prettiest little baskets I had ever seen, though the beauty of our basket-work is, as I have said, remarkable. I thought it must be a present from his wife, for she was very skilful and often presented me with baskets of her own work. Loving my people as I did and looking on them all as my children, I saw the nervous state of the man, and to reassure him, I said, "This is kind of your fair Linnea." At the same time I admiringly examined the basket, but its weight indicating that there was something inside, I raised the lid, and behold! its contents I uttered a cry, such a cry of joy as might escape a parent on finding a long-lost child.

The basket contained a specimen of the precious fruit, quite ripe. I turned it on every side with anxious interest, and, having congratulated my faithful gardener, who had so zealously carried out my wishes, I descended to the culinary department, for I would not trust the precious treasure to others, and I immediately proceeded to cook the vegetable of my creation.

I directed a small bird to be prepared with which to eat the new condiment, that I might thus test its properties; when it had been served, I directed the gardener to sit at my table. The success was beyond my best hopes. By the process of cooking, the fruit-vegetable had been dissolved to the consistency of a jelly, and formed the most relishing sauce ever tasted,—aromatic, stimulating, and appetizing.

To a richness like cream was added the pungency and aromatic flavour of spices, with the relish of salt and the pungency of fresh lemon-juice—in a word, the combination presented the finest flavour for a condiment that could possibly be desired, surpassing all the spices and sauces hitherto known in my world. Indeed, it was so exquisitely appetizing that an epicure might easily be tempted to eat the vegetable without the addition of meat.

During the growth of the tree, many slips had been planted, which were then in a flourishing state, so that in a very short time the vegetable-fruit was cultivated extensively, and became a household necessity.

VERMES (Communicator.)

(To be continued.)

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE LATE SIR STERNDAL BENNETT.—An influential meeting was held, on Monday, at Sheffield, the native town of Sir Sterndale Bennett, to consider the question of erecting a monument to him. The meeting was held in the rooms of the School of Art, and was called by Mr W. Smith, President of the Local Chamber of Commerce. It was decided that the monument should take the form of a bust, to be placed, with a suitable inscription, in the Cutlers' Hall. The cost will be about 200 guineas, much of which has already been subscribed.

A MONUMENT TO AÏMÉE DESCLÈS, the celebrated actress, will be inaugurated on Tuesday at Père-la-Chaise. The monument is a small pyramid of Burgundy-stone, bearing on one side the words, *Fron-Fron, Marceline, La Vierge des Noces, La Princesse Georges, La Gueule de Loup, La Femme de Claude*, and on the other the inscription, "AÏMÉE DESCLÈS, 18 November, 1836, 9 Mars, 1874"—being the dates of her birth and death.

THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PROFESSORSHIP.—We are authorized to state that Dr Chipp has renewed his candidature for the Musical Professorship in Cambridge University, he having retired only on the assurance that Mr Macfarren would be unopposed.

SIR HOPE GRANT.—In a very interesting review of the military career and exploits of this great general, which appeared in Monday's *Times*, there is a passing remark that cannot fail to interest musicians and amateurs of music:—

"In the midst of the hardest marching, alternately with constant fighting and alarms of war, his violoncello was sure to figure in his scanty baggage."

HERE CARL BEHRENS has been taking very successfully to the singing of oratorio music in the provinces. Recently at the Liverpool Philharmonic he sang the principal bass music in the *Messiah*, and shortly afterwards that of *Judas Maccabæus* at a sacred concert in Edinburgh. In both instances he seems to have given very general satisfaction, and his performances were spoken of in high terms by the local connoisseurs.

The Intendant-General, Herr von Hülse, has posted up bills in the Theatres Royal, Berlin, begging ladies to attend the performances without bonnets, and to modify the capillary structures with which they are accustomed to adorn, or disfigure, themselves. Such head-dresses prevent people occupying back seats from obtaining even a tolerable view of the stage. Unless Herr von Hülse is prepared to follow up his appeal by the practical use of cold steel (like Peter the Great on the boards of his Boyards), he is hardly destined to witness any abatement of the nuisance to which he calls attention.

CONCERT.

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET gave his third and last recital on Wednesday morning at St George's Hall. The accomplished Franco-Russian pianist was in "full force." Opening his recital with Weber's Trio in G minor (Op. 63) for pianoforte, flute, and violoncello, in which he was ably assisted by Messrs J. Badelief and Pague, he next favoured his audience with Beethoven's Sonata in A flat (by desire), which, notwithstanding the *contempt* of the pianoforte getting out of order, and thus interrupting the performance for a time, went well, and was loudly applauded. M. Billet also gave a selection of pieces by Chopin, Moscheles, Brahms, and Rubinstein, in all of which he maintained his position as a pianist of the first rank. With his talented pupil, Miss Constance Levy, M. Billet played Moscheles' Sonata in E flat (Op. 47), a work we should like to hear often. Miss Levy proved herself a worthy associate of her master, playing in a clear and earnest manner and showing unmistakably the excellent instruction she has received, and the profitable use she had made of it. The duet was loudly and deservedly applauded. Mlle Ernest sang Meyerbeer's aria, "Va dit elle," and a song by Pinotti; M. Pague, the excellent violoncelloist, played, in his very best style, a "Larghetto and Rondo," by Bocherini. Messrs Ganz and Lohmeyer were the accompanists of the vocal music.

ATHENS.—The Politeama, now in course of erection here, will be opened in May with Italian opera.

FLORENCE.—Sig. Auteri-Manzocchi's opera, *Dolores*, has achieved, as it were, *success d'estime* at the Pergola.

ROME.—After singing once in *Aida*, Signora Stolz was compelled through illness, to cancel her engagement. She was replaced, at short notice, by Signora Wisjak.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

A "Students' Evening Concert," the first at St James's Hall, was given on Thursday evening, in honour of the late Principal, Sir W. Sterndale Bennett, from whose works the entire programme was selected, as will be seen below:—

Anthem (Op. 30, No. 1), "Remember now thy Creator (Solo parts, Miss Mary Davies, Welsh Choral Union scholar, and Miss Barkley)—W. Sterndale Bennett; Rondeau à la Polonoise, in C minor (Op. 37), pianoforte (Miss Borton)—W. Sterndale Bennett; Song (Op. 23, No. 4), "To Chloe in Sickness" (Miss Nannie Goode)—W. Sterndale Bennett; Chamber Trio, in A (Op. 26), for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Mr Walter Fitton, Middle Gabrielle Vaillant, and Mr Buel)—W. Sterndale Bennett; Recit., "Let thy mind," and Duet, "Do no evil" (Op. 30, No. 2), (Miss Agnes Larkcom, Westmorland Scholar, and Miss Grace Bolton)—W. Sterndale Bennett; Three Diversions, for two performers on the pianoforte, Op. 17 (Miss Martin and Miss Hancock)—W. Sterndale Bennett; Song (Op. 35, No. 3), "Dawn, gentle flower" (Miss Mary Davies, accompanied by Miss Mary Butterworth)—W. Sterndale Bennett; Anthem, "Now, my God, let I beseech Thee" (collected for the occasion of the consecration of the Chapel of St John's College, Cambridge, May 12th, 1869, first time of performance in London) (solo parts, Miss Marie Duval, Miss Mary Davies, Miss Grace Bolton, Mr Fred. Nichols, and Mr George)—W. Sterndale Bennett; Three Musical Sketches, "The Lake," "The Millstream," and "The Fountain" (Op. 10) (pianoforte, Miss Alice Curtis, Potter Exhibitioner)—W. Sterndale Bennett; Duet (Op. 30, No. 3), "And who is he that will harm you" (Miss Jessie Jones and Miss Thekla Fischer)—W. Sterndale Bennett; Sonata in A flat (Op. 46), "The Maid of Orleans" (pianoforte), Andante Pastorale (In the Fields), Allegro Marziale (In the Field) (Miss Evans), and Adagio Patetico (In Prison), Sempre, Moto di Passione (The End) (Miss Boxell)—W. Sterndale Bennett; Song (Op. 35, No. 6), "Sing, Maiden, Sing" (Mr Henry Goy)—W. Sterndale Bennett; Impromptu in E and F sharp minor (Op. 12, Nos. 2 and 3) (pianoforte, Miss Combel)—W. Sterndale Bennett; Part-Song, "Sweet stream, that winds through yonder glade," and "Come live with me"—W. Sterndale Bennett. Conductor, Mr Walter Macfarren; organist, Mr Walter Fitton; accompanist, Miss Alice Curtis.

The whole performance was satisfactory to the well-wishers of the Institution and to the students, who do it honour.

The next public rehearsal is announced to take place on Thursday morning, April 8th, under the direction of Mr Walter Macfarren, when the programme will be selected entirely from the works of the late Principal, and include the sacred cantata, *The Woman of Samaria*.

THERE IS NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

The latest example of the truth contained in this time-honoured saying is, if we are to believe a contributor to the *Guide Musical* of Brussels, afforded by the new National-Festival-Stage-Play-Theatre at Baireuth. The contributor in question boldly asserts that Grétry thought of something similar years ago, and that, therefore, the claims of Herr Wagner to originality of design,

"Are melted into air, into this air."

Hear what he says:

"The papers are filled with details descriptive of the New Paris Opera-house. It is curious to contrast with this gigantic building, lately inaugurated, the modest edifice which Grétry desired to see raised to musical and dramatic art. 'Were I a manager, I should say to my architect: Recollect that what we here want is not a monument constructed solely to be looked at and to produce a grand effect on the eye; the essential point is that we may be able to hear perfectly all that is said upon the stage.'

"After developing this thesis, and banishing, by way of termination, 'the music of big notes,' whence orchestral 'finish' is excluded, 'to the large houses of musical tragedies,' the author of the *Traité sur l'art de composer* continues:

"No boxes, small or big. I would have a circular house, all rising in steps; each place convenient and separated by slight lines of demarcation on each high. After the orchestra for the musicians, a series of steps should form a single circular amphitheatre, gradually rising, with nothing above it save a few trophies placed in fresco." With regard to the orchestra he wished that "it should be veiled from view and that neither the musicians nor the lights of their music-stands should be seen from the side of the audience. The effect would be magical, and we know that, in all cases, the orchestra is never supposed to be where it is. I think that a hard stone wall is needed to separate the orchestra

from the stage, so that the sound may reverberate in the front of the house."

"Who does not recognise in this theatre dreamed of by Grétry, the edifice now approaching completion at Baireuth? Leaving out of consideration the dimensions, we might fancy that Wagner has modelled his plan on that traced by our countryman. Not a single box. The rows of seats rise from the stage like the steps of an amphitheatre. No ornaments to divert the attention; a few columns at the sides of the house. No foot lights. The orchestra is rendered invisible, the musicians being placed five metres lower than the level of the stage. There is a space left completely empty; this is, as Wagner calls it, the mystic space, a sort of 'sonorous wall,' separating the Real (the public) from the Ideal (the stage).

"We spoke of a difference in the dimensions. Yet Wagner and Grétry are near agreeing on this point. The latter wanted only a thousand spectators. Wagner quite fifteen hundred persons in the pit and five hundred in the gallery above, which is exclusively reserved for the inhabitants of Baireuth. These two geniuses, as we perceive, have in view solely the ideal perfection of art. For them the essential objects are the stage and the orchestra. To be freed from everything calculated to divert the attention, to attain, so to speak, to the state of a 'dream,' to hear 'directly,' and not 'by re-percussion or in echoes,' such is what they desire above all else. Asking himself what there could be in common between 'dreams and the productions of genius,' and answering the question by the profound phrase that: 'It is the naos of night who does everything, the man of the morning is often but a mere scribe.' Grétry felt that, in order perfectly to enjoy productions thus brought to light, it was necessary that the imagination should, so to speak, be transported into the state of ecstasy, which gave birth to them. He thus relates one of his dreams.

"The most delicious opera I ever heard in my life, and which was a thing not of my organ but of my mind, is one at which I was present in a dream. Never was I myself and never did I behold the spectators so sweetly entranced. It was not a tumultuous and fatiguing delirium, but a continuation of gentle sensations, without any monotony; there were none of the gigantic effects opposed to absolute repose; no striking contrasts between the colours; the contrasts were those of the rainbow, and they depicted deliciously every situation of the drama. Everything we are told concerning the pleasure experienced by the souls of the Blessed in Elysium was reproduced by this music. On awaking, I endeavoured to remember some touches of the melody, some of the harmony in this celestial production, but in vain. The moral man was already mixed up with the physical man. The soul was covered with an imperishable cloud; all that was left me were regrets and the certainty of having enjoyed."

DONIZETTI AND SIMON MAYR.

Writing in *La Perseveranza*, Sig. Filippi says:—

"The people of Bergamo, with that patriotism which distinguishes them, intend honouring, next September, with an extraordinary solemnity the memory of two great masters, Gaetano Donizetti and Simon Mayr. Bergamo, justly proud of having been the birth-place of Donizetti, professes special veneration for Simon Mayr also. The latter, although German by birth, went, when still a boy, to Bergamo, which he made his adoptive country. He lived there all his life, and died there at the advanced age of eighty. A fertile and most excellent composer, especially of sacred works, he was the founder and the master of the Musical Institute of Bergamo. He educated and supplied with names many composers and celebrated artists who issued from that establishment. He was the master, the friend, and second father of Gaetano Donizetti, whose genius and whose glory soon eclipsed his preceptor's. The remains of Donizetti and those of Mayr have been lying for many years in private vaults in one of the city cemeteries. To preserve these venerated relics from the ravages of time, and keep them in a more fitting place, the Municipality caused them to be identified and put into appropriate copper coffins, which will be interred in the Monumental Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, and under the base of the monuments erected inside the sacred edifice to the two great masters.

"Inspired by a noble thought, the citizens of Bergamo have resolved on transporting with extraordinary pomp the coffins to the cemetery of the Basilica, accompanying the act with a religious and with a civil festival, to which will be invited not only all the local composers and musicians, of whom there are a great number, including some highly distinguished ones, but also all foreign composers and musicians, who may be desirous of paying homage by their presence to the memory of Donizetti and of Mayr. Bergamo, we have no doubt, will do herself honour on this occasion, as she has done on others. She has already given us a pledge that she will do so by electing for the purpose from among her citizens a committee of distinguished persons, presided over by Commander G. B. Canozzi, Senator."

WAIFS.

We are informed, on credible authority, that one of the chief attractions of the forthcoming season at Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane, will be the Bolognese version of Wagner's *Lohengrin*. The leading parts are assigned to Mlle Tietjens (Ortrud), Madame Christine Nilsson (Elsa), and Signor Campanini (the original Italian "Knight of the Swan"). A more promising cast could hardly be desired.

Nicolini is said to be engaged for the Cairo opera, on splendid terms.

We are glad to learn that Mr Crowdie has resumed his position as Editor of the *Musical Standard*.

Pending the first performance of his comic opera, *Carmen*, M. Georges Bizet received the cross of the Legion of Honour.

Mr W. B. Healey is to be the acting manager for Mons. Rivière's series of promenade concerts, announced to commence at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, on March 24th.

Mr F. Howell's oratorio, *The Land of Promise*, is to be performed at the Unitarian Church, Yarmouth, on Easter Sunday afternoon, as a "Service of Song," with orchestral accompaniments.

Mr Mapleson has engaged the celebrated Italian tragedian, Salvini, for a series of performances at Drury Lane Theatre, to commence on the first of April, with, as we are informed, Shakespeare's *Othello*.

Verdi has declined an invitation to assist at the performance of *Aida*, in Rome, on the ground that it would be necessary for him to take his seat in the Senate, and he does not wish the two events to be simultaneous.

The *Salvator Rosa* of Sig. Gomez has been produced at the Teatro Regio, Turin. The composer was called on 22 times. 220,000 times.—*UN BLINDO.* (After *Il Guarany*, it behoves Mr Gye to look sharply after *Salvator Rosa*.—D. P.)

Claude Jaquot, a young violinist, fifteen years of age, though he bears a French name, was born and educated in England. Master Jaquot lately gave a concert in Paris, assisted by M.M. Roger, Samarsky, Salomonow, with complete success, according to the 19th *Sicile* and other journals of repute.

The elaborate and thoughtful assessment of the position of Sir Sterndale Bennett in the ranks of musical composers, in the current number of *Fraser's Magazine*, I hear, from the pen of Mr H. H. Statham, a gentleman who, while practising professionally as an architect, is intimately acquainted with music. Some of Mr Statham's remarks will probably excite animadversion, but by the friends of Bennett his article is voted discriminatorily and yet thoroughly just.—*Liverpool Post*.

Signor Arditl has left Berlin for Vienna, where he is engaged to conduct the Italian opera, with Madame Adeline Fatti as the "star." At Berlin, Signor Arditl brought out M. de Flotow's *L'Oséide*, with Madame Arditl-Padilla and her husband in the principal characters. The opera was successful, and the Emperor and Empress were present. At a court concert, two of Signor Arditl's compositions were presented "by command," and the Emperor and Empress personally expressed to Sign. Arditl the pleasure they had derived from hearing them.

MR RANFORD'S GOLDEN WEDDING.—This day, the 13th of March, Mr Ranford, the popular vocalist and composer, will complete his seventieth year, while this 23rd is the fifteenth anniversary of his marriage—his Golden Wedding Day. The Lord Mayor, by whom the "veteran" is highly esteemed, has signified his intention of marking the occasion by giving a dinner at the Mansion House to Mr and Mrs Ranford, and thirty of their personal friends. This is not only a high compliment to Mr Ranford and his family, but indirectly to the musical profession.

ROSE HERZEE.—Of Miss Rose Herzee it would be little to say that she is the best of our English dramatic singers. She has no superior in the concert-room. On the stage, however, she stands quite alone; and judged, not by comparison with other English vocalists of whom the best are to be heard only at concerts, but by the standard of such perfect singing as is sometimes to be heard on the Italian stage, Miss Herzee may claim to rank among the best of the so-called "light sopranos." Miss Rose Herzee is now to be heard at the Philharmonic Theatre, Pall Mall, where, to the surprise of every one, the ever-changing but apparently indestructible title called "English opera" has just started into new existence. It may be doubted nevertheless, whether English opera can be kept up by one singer alone, even though that singer possesses the lightness and buoyancy which, with many other attractive qualities, belong to Miss Rose Herzee. Miss Herzee sings brilliantly and with good expression; she bears herself gracefully on the stage; and she is a lively and intelligent actress. Indeed, aided by a contralto, tenor, baritone, and bass of something like her own merit, and supported by a well-trained orchestra, she would be invaluable to any theatre whose manager was determined to give once more a fair trial to English opera.—*Fall Mail Gazette*.

The following extraordinary announcement appeared outside the Grand Opéra last week:—"Ce soir mercredi *relâche*, par indisposition de M.M. Villaret, Salomon, Sylva, Edouard, Biquin et Vergnat." Six tenors ill, all at once, and in one Theatre!

In reference to the proposed Musicians' Window at Westminster Abbey, a correspondent has kindly furnished the *Choir* with a copy of a window of somewhat similar design which has been placed in Louth Church, by Messrs Clayton & Bell, as a memorial to the late Mrs Barnard, better known to the musical world as "Clairiel." The window, which has five lights, represents the musical characters of the Bible, the subject of the first light being Miriam, with her timbrel; of the second, David, with a harp; of the third, the Virgin Mary, with a lily; of the fourth, Asaph (the leader of David's choir), with a stringed instrument; of the fifth, Deborah under a palm tree. The glass at the base is filled with designs corresponding to those above, and the window, as a whole, is said to be completely successful.

BREMEX.—A new opera—*Edna*, by C. Rheinthalier—has been produced at the Stadttheater.

FALMEREY.—Sig. Ponchielli's *Promessi Sposi* has been given at the Teatro Bellini—with what success is left to conjecture. Only Mr Gye can fix the status of this opera.

CHEMENTY.—Verdi's *Aida* has been brought out at the Stadttheater with complete success. The manager, Herr Sasse, has spared neither time nor money in putting it on the stage.

FRAGUE (St. March).—Mr Charles Oberthur, the accomplished harpist, met with great success and had a flattering reception at the "Cetrifro Concerto" yesterday. His performance of Beethoven's *Concerto* was greatly applauded, and he was unanimously recalled at its conclusion. After playing his own "Souvenir de Londres" he recalled three times, and then played his "La Cascade," with the greatest success. The concert was one of the best attended for some time, and there were present the President of the Conservatoire (Count Waldstein) and his family; also, Prince Emil, of Fürstenberg, and the *dûtes* of the nobility of Prague. M. Jindricha Hofmann's "Frithjof" symphony, his "Overture to K. Schumann's 'Die Lorelei,'" "Meditation" by Wekova (K. M. Z.), "Kousheho streele" of Bedr. Luxa, made up the programme of the evening.

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Mdlle MARION.	Mdlle D'ANGELI.
Mdlle SMEROSCHI.	Mdlle BIANCHI.
Madame SAAR.	Madame SINICO.
Madame DELL' ANESE.	Mdlle COTTINO.
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Principal Violin Solo	Signor LAGO.
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In addition to a selection from the most extensive répertoire, it is intended that three, at least, of the following works shall be given :—

GOUNOD'S Opera of "ROMEO E GIULIETTA," for the first time these seven years. The principal characters by Madame Adolina Patti, Mdlle Bianchi, Mons. Faure, Signor Bagaglio, Signor Bolis, and Signor Nicolini.
ROSSINI'S Grand Opera, "SEMIRAMIDE," to be revived with new Decorations and Costumes, supported by the following Artists :—Madame Vilda, Mdlle Scallchi, Mdlle Calaschi, and Mons. Faure, &c.

HEROLD'S Opera, "LE FIEVRE AUX CLERGES," one of the most popular Operas of the French répertoire, will be given for the first time in England as an Italian form. The cast of characters is not yet determined on.

WAGNER'S celebrated Romantic Opera, "LOHENGRIN," which has been a considerable time in preparation, will be produced with new Scenery, Costumes, and Decorations, early in the season. The chief characters will be represented by Mdlle Albani, Mdlle D'Angeli, Mdlle Proch, Mons. Maurel, Signor Bagaglio, and Signor Nicolini.

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VOL. 53—No. 12.

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MISS JOSEPHINE SHERRINGTON begs to say that she will return to town for the season on April 14th, after her provincial tour with Mr Webb. All communications to be addressed to her new residence, 46, York Street, Portman Square.

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Dieu m'a ravi le guide aimé

Qui me prodiguait ses tendresses!

Je pleure son regard charmé!

Je ne reçois plus ses caresses!

Ainsi parlait, en gémissant,

Une orpheline désolée;

Mais un bel ange, l'embrassant,

Lui dit, d'une voix inspirée:

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Ma mère sera notre mère,

Et tu verras que du bonheur

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MUSICIANS WHO HAVE DIED AWAY.*

BY JOSEPH SEILER.

II.

ANTONIO SALIERI.

(Continued from page 180.)

This is, perhaps, the place for an anecdote of Antonio's student-years, because it is characteristic of the period and of the persons concerned.

After Salieri was sufficiently conversant with score reading and the direction of large masses, Gassmann never conducted more than the first three performances of a new opera, ceding his place at the piano, for all subsequent ones, to his talented pupil. One evening (it was one of the first three performances), Salieri, instead of remaining according to Gassmann's order, in the pit, slipped away on to the stage, as he was bored by the exceedingly mediocre music. The carpenters were just engaged behind the scene-cloth in arranging a table for a banquet which was to take place in the following scene. They finished their task, but Antonio still lingered for the purpose of examining more closely the poetries and roast meats made of cleverly painted pasteboard. Suddenly the signal was given for a change: the scene-cloth was rolled upwards; and the curious youth had scarcely time to creep under the table, which was covered with a cloth reaching to the ground. He executed, however, this manoeuvre with such rapidity that no one observed him. Immediately afterwards, the performers entered and seated themselves singing at the table. This was sufficiently long and broad for Salieri to remain concealed beneath it without touching those who were sitting down. As the act concluded with this scene, he hoped he should be able to glide unperceived from his hiding-place. But matters turned out quite otherwise. During the banquet, one of the singers dropped his napkin. As he stooped to pick it up, he became aware of something black, which he took for a large dog, behind the yielding cloth. During the next pause in the singing he communicated his discovery to his neighbour at table; the latter confided it to a third—and thus, in a couple of minutes, the entire company was informed of the presence of the unbidden guest. One of the ladies, with a great aversion to dogs and cats, jumped up screaming from her chair, and excited the laughter of the audience, which was fortunately not numerous. The music went on. The timorous lady was pacified on learning from the lady next her that, on closer investigation, they had found it was no dog, but a young man who was lying under the table. She sat down again laughing, went on with her part—and at length there were heard the last chords of the finale, which struck the poor trembling youth as lasting an eternity.—Scarcely was the curtain dropped, ere Antonio left his retreat in the greatest haste, related rapidly and wildly to the actors, who burst out into laughter, the cause of his concealment, and earnestly begged them not to say anything about the occurrence to his master. He then hurried back into the pit. Going soon afterwards upon the stage, Gassmann, despite all the promises made to poor Antonio, immediately heard of what had happened. On the way home, however, he did not make the least reference to it. He was equally reticent at supper, so that Salieri, who had previously been in a continuous state of anxiety, became gradually confirmed in the belief that his master had really heard nothing. Completely tranquillized, he went to bed. The next morning, at breakfast, there was the same silence. Gassmann went out, and did not return till noon, when he brought with him two friends whom he had invited to dinner. During the repast, the conversation turned on a thousand various topics, but not a word was uttered about the black dog, so that even Salieri himself almost forgot it. At last, when the dessert was served, an Italian coachman entered the room, and enquired what the Court Chaplain wished, as he had been sent for in that official's name. "I wished to see you," said Gassmann, "to ask whether you will not soon be returning to Italy, as I want to send home that youth there." Rising quickly from his seat, Antonio excused himself as best he could. Now laughing, now weeping, he related circumstantially the tragico-comic adventure. Gassmann and his guests

could not themselves refrain from laughter. At length, Gassmann pronounced abolution—but on the express condition that, in future, Antonio should observe more carefully the orders then given once for all.

As long as Gassmann lived, Salieri drew no salary, properly speaking, for his services at the Court Concerts and in the theatre. But every year he received from the Emperor a Christmas present, at first fifty and then eighty ducats.

At this time (1768) Salieri was introduced by his master to the then very celebrated Metastasio, from whose conversation and remarks he derived much valuable information, especially with regard to rhythmic and declamation.

Gassmann now, also, let him set little things, pieces interpolated in operas and so on, and they were generally executed in public. The alterations and curtailments, likewise, which proved necessary in the scores, were confided by the master to his zealous pupil—so that the term of his apprenticeship, properly speaking, might be considered finished.

Up to the date of Gassmann's death, which occurred in January, 1774, Salieri set to music a series of serious and comic operas, which passed over the stage without any particular success, and were soon forgotten. *Armida* alone (text by Coltellini), which he composed in 1771, made a more permanent impression. According to Herr von Mosel, the score is one of Salieri's best. But, when Herr von Mosel goes on in terms of praise to say: "So much is certain; the treatment of the text, especially the treatment of the instrumented recitative, the style of the accompaniment, and the structure—so completely scenic" (?)—"of the work, are fully in the spirit of Gluck, and even the warmest admirer of that extraordinary genius would have been compelled, for the beauty and easy flow of the melodies, to have awarded the palm to the *Armida* of Salieri, if he had not, under the pressure of circumstances, introduced bravura passages," what he says is, to put it mildly, ridiculous. It cannot be absolutely proved that Gluck's advice and aid contributed to the brilliant success of Salieri's opera, but there is every probability that they did. Salieri had made Gluck's acquaintance as far back as 1769, and Gluck, influenced by the young man's attractive and jovial manners, soon became on friendly terms with him. Salieri himself, when speaking of Gluck, gives us to understand that the great master "always liked and encouraged him."

On Gassmann's death, Salieri succeeded to his place as Court Chaplainmaster. He was at the same time appointed Chaplainmaster to the Italian Opera, while the post of First Chaplainmaster, which also Gassmann had filled, was bestowed on Joseph Bono.

From this time dates Salieri's antipathy to Mozart, then vigorously forcing his way up, and the Italian composer was always the chief and ringleader of the anti-Mozart faction, at that epoch, and long afterwards, very numerous in Vienna. The reason of this adverse feeling was not simply the peculiar path struck out by Mozart—a path which caused even Gluck to be unfavourably inclined towards him. Salieri already suspected, perhaps, what a powerful rival he had in the young musician, and thus, as Herr von Mosel himself admits, envy and jealousy were the principal motives of Salieri's invariably hostile bearing towards him. This is a black spot in Salieri's character, though there is no doubt that the Abbate da Ponte, who wrote for Salieri the libretto of *Arco*, and many others, exaggerates when he portrays him thus: "Let us speak no more of Salieri; I know what I have to think about him. I know his intrigues, and those of the Cavalieri. He is an egotist, who will give only his own operas and his own mistress a chance on the stage." Da Ponte put these words in the month of the Emperor Leopold, the successor of Joseph II.; but it is scarcely credible that Leopold can have expressed himself so strongly, though such may have been his meaning. The suspicious Leopold was less favourable to art generally, and to music in particular, than his noble-hearted predecessor. Thus it was not only Da Ponte and his friend Mozart who had reason to complain of being slighted. Who knows what might have happened had Leopold's reign been longer?

(To be continued.)

EISENACH.—An enthusiastic amateur has just presented this little town with all the money necessary to build a new theatre.

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

MR HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.

Mr Henry Leslie has resumed his always welcome performance in St James's Hall. This, his 20th series, encourages hopes of a renewal of that excellence in detail which has made its precursors famous. That the "Choir" is in first-rate order was convincingly shown at the second concert, on Friday evening, the 12th inst, when, in keeping with the season, the entire programme consisted of sacred music. The selection was admirable. The pieces which, on account of their importance, displayed the acquirements of Mr Leslie's fine body of singers, together with his own merits as trainer and conductor, to the highest advantage, were Luca Marenzio's "Magnificat" for double choir, which it is difficult to believe was written not far from three centuries ago; a "Kyrie Eleison" and "Christe Eleison" (the last a fugue in the orthodox old Italian style), by Leonardo Leo, who comes nearer to us by a century; an "Ave verum corpus natum," by Mozart; Mendelssohn's setting for eight-part choir of the 43rd Psalm ("Judge me, O God"); the elder Samuel Wesley's noble motet for double choir, "In exitu Israel;" another motet, "Hosanna to the Son of David," by Orlando Gibbons, who again takes us back a century earlier, and yet another, "The lamentation of Jacob," by Christopher Morales, of Seville, who flourished somewhere about the middle of the sixteenth century. Thus we had examples from the Italian, German, English, and Spanish schools—striking examples, moreover—and nothing was wanted but an excerpt from Lesueur, or some other old, or comparatively old, French musician to make the catalogue, *sui generis*, unique. The execution of these various pieces was uniformly good, and "Judge me, O God" obtained the customary "encore." For "part-songs," Mr Leslie gave his own appropriate setting of Adelaide Proctor's "Pilgrim," and Mr Henry Smart's beautiful "Ave Maria"—another fair specimen of what English musicians can produce in a particular sphere of art. This, too, was enclosed.

Among the solo singers must in precedence be mentioned a new comer, Miss Ada Leslie, whose early appearance before the public may be hailed as a full promise. Miss Leslie is very young—so young as reasonably to require for and excuse a timidity which at first militates against the free exhibition of her natural powers. In "Angels ever bright and fair," from Handel's *Theodora*, this was most apparent, though it failed to deprive the performance of a certain indefinable charm, to be inessential to which was difficult. Further on, in Mr Leslie's own melodious trio, "Love, gentle, holy, pure," her associates being Miss Bolingbroke and Mr Edward Lloyd, the young lady, now completely mistress of her means, had full scope for their display, and made an impression which led to a generally expressed desire on the part of the audience for a re-hearing of the trio—a desire reciprocated without hesitation by the conductor. Not less worthy praise was Miss Leslie's singing in the expressive air, "Blessed are the poor in spirit," from her uncle's oratorio, *Immanuel*. Miss Leslie's voice, at present a light soprano, is of agreeable quality, especially in the upper tones. She has, we are informed, been studying with Madame Sainton-Dolby, and certainly holds out promise of being a credit to her accomplished mistress. There were also solos by Mr Edward Lloyd, Miss Bolingbroke, and Mr Riccardi. Mr Lloyd distinguished himself in the tenor air, "His salvation is nigh them," from Sir W. S. Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*; Miss Bolingbroke (*Peregrina*)—Scholar at the Academy sang, with irreproachable taste, the "Evening Prayer," from Sir M. Costa's *Edi*; and Mr Riccardi, who has, we understand, been singing on the stage in Italy, showed (nervousness allowed for), in an air of the last century by Clari, and Handel's "Honour and Arms," a fine bass-baritone voice, from which, with the aid of assiduous study and practice, a great deal ought to come.

Mr Leslie conducted throughout with his well-known ability. Mr J. C. Ward presided at the organ (for which the judicious concert-giver thinks it necessary to make an apology in the programme, as being "a very incomplete instrument, having no swell and but one manual"); and Mr J. G. Calcott played the pianoforte accompaniments. The third concert is to be exclusively devoted to English music, the services of Mr Sims Reeves, whom we hear too seldom now, being specially secured for the occasion. Here an opportunity is afforded, of which Mr Leslie,

with the exhaustless repertory of English madrigals, part-songs, glees, &c., ancient and modern, at his command, may (not for the first time) legitimately take advantage.

THE BRITISH ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

On Wednesday, in St James's Hall, and in the presence of its patron, the Duke of Edinburgh, this Society entered upon a third season. Circumstances were apparently favourable. The institution is now well known; it enjoys the countenance of the most illustrious amateur in the land; it has to do with British artists only, and exists for nothing save the good of British art. Therefore, arguing from the optimist's point of view, should St James's Hall have been crowded with a brilliant and appreciative audience. We are unfeignedly sorry to say that the result was nothing of the kind. It is notorious that the Society's first two seasons did not prosper, and now the outlook of the third has been clouded by a scanty gathering and faint encouragement. Why this? The question cannot be answered in few words, but it is easy to indicate some of the reasons demanded. First of all, English amateurs have no special sympathy with native art. Whether they are therefore blameworthy is a distinct consideration; enough that the fact cannot be disputed, since not a few of them are ready to assert that any form of preference for native interests injures to higher things. Then, we fear, it must be granted even by lenient judges that the Society's concerts are not of that perfect character which commands success apart from, it may be in spite of, all other considerations. Our musical public are not yet immaculate, but, on the whole, they mete out justice, because they so soon learn to appreciate a really good thing, and are prompt to neglect that which is bad. Hence, if the British Orchestral Society does not secure all the favour it wants, the cause lies more within than without. To speak plainly, the Society's performances are not up to a successful mark. It is more the business of the directors than of ourselves to search out the cause of this—to discover, for example, why an orchestra made up of such competent players cannot act together with unanimity of feeling and expression—why, with the possibility of refinement and delicacy, it is often lacking in those essential qualities—and why, to say much in little, its rendering of great works lacks greatness? These are questions for consideration, and, if the Society is to prosper, they must be considered. Directors, conductor, and orchestra should face the difficulty at once, because it involves life or death. We are sorry to speak thus of a young institution, but it is better to encounter an army of hard facts than to live in a fool's paradise.

The concert of Wednesday night was appropriately devoted to works by the late Sir Sterndale Bennett, whose genius is now better known in consequence of his death than it would have been after many more years of life. One might find easy excuse for believing ourselves to have just determined that Sterndale Bennett was a composer worth notice. While he lived, it seemed a matter of indifference whether he wrote or not; being dead, we hunt up every scrap of paper bearing his autograph, and hold it up to worship. But this was the way of the world when the world was young; and, whatever may be the case with individuals, the aggregate of humanity does not gain wisdom from the lapse of time. The programme chosen on the occasion under notice included the best known of Bennett's works; as, for example, the Symphony in G minor, the *Naiades* and *Paradise* and the *Peri* overtures, and the Concerto (No. 4) in F minor. Upon these we need not dwell, nor is it necessary, after what has been said, to discuss the performance minutely. The solo pianist was Miss Florence May, whose ability appeared far more evident than at Mr Leslie's recent concert. Nervousness damaged the first movement of Bennett's charming concerto; and the young lady is not yet finished artist enough to do entire justice to the *barcarole*, but she played the brilliant and difficult *finale* in a manner that held out great promise. Let Miss May persevere. The vocalists were Miss Wynne, Miss Roche, Mr Guy, and Mr Wadmore; by whom a choice selection of Bennett's songs and concerted pieces were efficiently sung. Mr Mount conducted as usual.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

If the Welsh concert at the Albert Hall was a success, the evening this week devoted to the music of Ireland, and that which passes for it, was a still greater one. It is seldom so liberal an attendance has been witnessed in this gigantic building—again betokening the popular ascendancy of the "hallel" over matter of more value. The names of the singers, however, were as attractive as the songs they sang. Madame Lemmens-Sherington, Madame Patey, and Miss Julia Elton, Mr Vernon Rigby, and Signor Foli, if not too well, were at least prettily employed in warbling the Irish tunes set down for them, and the vigorous applause they met with, and the frequency of the encores, may be easily imagined. To Madame Lemmens-Sherington fell "Rich and rare were the gems she wore," and "Come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen;" to Madame Patey, "The meeting of the waters," "The minstrel boy," and "What will you do, love?"; and to Miss Julia Elton, "The harp that once thro' Tara's halls," and "Terence's farewell"—an assemblage of ditties well calculated to tempt the common ear and excite it with the keenest pleasure. On the other hand, Mr Vernon Rigby dealt with "The Irish emigrant," and "Eily, Mavourneen;" and Signor Foli, "The Exile of Erin," "Ould Ireland, you're my darlin'," and "Kitty Tyrrell"—another group of songs belonging to a class in which mixed audiences are wont to take unbounded delight. How well these songs—all of them, it need hardly be said, more or less sentimental—were sung, it is superfluous to say. It is sufficient to mention the fact that they were received with the usual boisterous approval; and that Mr Randegger, who accompanied them throughout with his customary dainty neatness, had a busy time of it in attending to the calls and recalls, and in fighting helplessly against the encores. Things not exactly unsophisticated Irish were from time to time administered—as, for instance, Piusini's "Ireland," a setting of "The Last Rose of Summer," with a choral prologue and background, in which Mme Lemmens-Sherington and Mr Vernon Rigby each took effective part, and another choral setting, called "Erin, the tear and the smile in time eyes," for which the tune of "Robin Adair" supplied the outline. The part music, besides the above, included Dr Stewart's arrangement of "The wise cup is circling," "Silent, O Moyle," "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms," and "The Cruisken Lawn," all of which, under the skilful direction of Mr Barnby, were sung with delicacy and expression. Mr Levy, without whose cornet a popular concert would be considered incomplete, gave his well-known embellishments of "The Exile's Lament," "The Low-Backed Car," and other airs, and worked up the enthusiasm of the higher occupants of the hall to the usual boiling point. D. H. H.

THE COST OF OPERA HOUSES.

I have lately been staying for a few weeks in Paris, and have naturally visited the new Operahouse. I have read various accounts in *The Times* and other London newspapers, describing the wonders of that building, but I have not seen any account of its cost. The following particulars are taken from a publication which has all the appearance of emanating from official sources, and may be interesting to your readers. It appears that the cost of the ground averaged 2,000 francs per superficial metre (about one-seventh in area more than a superficial yard), and this, together with sums paid as compensations for the expropriation of proprietors and tenants, amounted to the aggregate sum of 50,000,000 francs, or £2,000,000. The first sum voted towards the construction of the building was 600,000 francs, in 1861, and then various sums annually up to and inclusive of 1874, amounting in all to 35,400,000 francs. In addition to this there was then still required for finishing and furnishing the edifice the sum of 15,000,000 francs, additional, so that the total cost of realizing this grand Imperial project amounted in round numbers to 64,000,000 francs—that is, £2,560,000 for the ground, and £2,000,000 for the building. After all, the general opinion appears to be that, setting aside the magnificent entrances, corridors, and salons, the theatre—that is, the audience portion as well as the stage—is considerably too small, and contrasts disadvantageously both with the new Operahouse at Moscow and with the Royal Italian Operahouse in London, the two most recent similar constructions, the former of which only cost about two millions of roubles, or £300,000, and Covent Garden a sum not greatly exceeding £270,000; in the latter case all the furnishing and fittings, as well as the machinery, scenery, and costumes for a considerable number of operas, being included.

To pay 5 per cent. on the outlay of the Paris Opera, a rental of £100,000 per annum would therefore be required; but the director, who is also the speculator, has not only no rental at all to pay, but receives from the Government 800,000 francs, or upwards of £32,000 per annum, "just to help him on." Your obedient servant.

AMATEUR.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

At the Crystal Palace concert on Saturday the chief attraction was Herr Joachim's MS. concerto in G, for violin, with orchestral accompaniments. This work is as different in style from his great "Hungarian Concerto" in D minor—which has been played on several occasions in London, and, moreover, is published—as one piece of music can well be different from another. It is, nevertheless, though far less pretentious, equally attractive. The themes are all melodious, happily contrasted, and thoroughly well fitted for that ample development in the employment of which Herr Joachim so eminently excels. The orchestration from beginning to end exhibits consummate skill; and the solo passages, as often brilliant as they are ever graceful and effective, seem not so much independent media for the advantageous exhibition of the performer's mechanical dexterity as integral parts, inseparable from the rest, so ingeniously are they contrived and intermingled. The whole is conducted with mastery ease, and from first to last the melody goes on with natural and unimpeded flow. Each movement has its marked characteristic; and not the least charming of the three is that which is at the same time the briefest and most unpretending—the *andante*. The *finale*, a *rondo* full of vigorous life, and carried on with ever-increasing spirit, is a worthy climax to a work in all respects remarkable—so remarkable, indeed, as to cause general surprise that its author should have allowed it to lie fallow since 1864, when it was introduced at the London Philharmonic Concerts. That the performance—all that could possibly be wished—was received with genuine enthusiasm may be taken for granted. It is difficult, in fact, to imagine anything nearer perfection than Herr Joachim's playing throughout; and it must be added that in the accompaniments the great artist received invaluable support from Mr Manns and his orchestra. It is to be hoped that we may hear a little more of the concerto in G, which (like one of its predecessors in G minor, by the way) has too long been allowed to pass unheeded. Later in the concert Herr Joachim gave three movements (Prelude, Minuet, and Gavotte) from J. S. Bach's Sonata in E, for violin, unaccompanied, in his accustomed manner, and with the accustomed results—neither standing in need of description.

The concert began with Mr W. G. Cousins' clever and dramatically conceived overture, suggested by Victor Hugo's *Travailleurs de la Mer* (first time); and ended with the impassioned and beautiful orchestral prelude to *Genoveva*, Schumann's one opera. The *pièce de resistance* was the now everywhere popular *Reformation Symphony* of Mendelssohn, which has seldom, if ever, been more magnificently played, even at the Crystal Palace. The, in its way inimitable, *allegro vivace* (*scherzo*) was, as always, unanimously called for again, and, as a matter of course, repeated. It is sad to think that the gifted author himself should never have enjoyed the opportunity of hearing a work to which he had looked forward with such earnest interest (as his letters from Paris declare), performed in public by a competent orchestra.

The solo singers on Saturday were Miss Helenes Armin, who gave an air from Handel's *Semele* and *Lieder* by Brahms and Schumann, with so much musical feeling that her first appearance at the Crystal Palace is not likely to be her last; and Miss Eibel Morland, who, at a moment's notice, filled the place left vacant through the indisposition of Miss Edith Wynne, in Mr Frederick Clay's graceful song, "She wandered down the mountain side," and Herr Ganz's popular "Nightingale's trill," acquitting herself more than creditably.

For the concert of to-day we are promised Schumann's symphony in D minor; Weber's *Euryanthe* overture; Ferdinand Hiller's "Dramatic Fantasia," for orchestra; and a concerto of Viotti's, by the queen of lady violinists, Madame Norman-Neruda.

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our Correspondent.)

Our musical season was formerly supposed to end about the time of the commencement of the operatic season in London, but now it sometimes extends into the early summer months, and we are certainly not near the close yet. Since my last letter, the lovers of music have had no cause to complain of anything like want of opportunity for gratifying their inclinations, as there has been a concert of some importance nearly every night. The most interesting feature of Mr Hallé's last miscellaneous concert was the director's own performance of Beethoven's beautiful C major Concerto, which was received with enthusiastic applause. A new overture by Gernheim, a work of considerable merit—scholarly, but not too severe, was also played with success at this concert. Miss Sophie Löwe and Mr Lloyd were the singers, and both were heard with great pleasure. Mr Hallé's last concert was given on Thursday last, when one of the finest performances of the *Elijah* ever given in Manchester delighted a crowded audience. The solo singers were M^{me} Leumanns, M^{me} Patey, Mr Vernon Rigby, and Mr Santley.

At the Concert Hall, last week, the directors gave a charming concert of classical chamber music, supported by Messrs Hallé, Joachim, and Piatti. You have already inserted the programme of this concert, and I need not tell you what our local amateurs thought of Beethoven's beautiful Trio founded on the air, "Ich bin der Schneider Kakadu." What the distinguished exponents thought of the behaviour of the uncourtly people who advertised their own indifference at the expense of their neighbours' comfort and convenience, I should be sorry to have to say. On Monday last there was another pleasant concert at the Concert Hall. Here is the programme of the evening:—

Grand Symphony in C major—Mozart; Air, "Das Gold" (*Fidelio*) (Herr Behrens)—Beethoven; Cavatina, "Or la sull'onda" (Giuramento) (M^{me} Trebelli-Bettini)—Mercadante; Andante in B flat, from Symphony in D minor—Spohr; Duet (M^{me} Trebelli-Bettini and Herr Behrens)—Flotow; Overture, *Meisubina*—Mendelssohn; Air, "Der Wanderer" (Herr Behrens)—Schubert; Air, "O Salutaris" (*Messe Solenne*) (M^{me} Trebelli-Bettini)—Rossini; Extracte (*Manfred*)—Reinecke; Liebeslied—Taubert; Cavatina, "Quando a tie tete" (M^{me} Trebelli-Bettini)—Gounod; Swedish Songs, "Trollhatten" and "Swinaherden" (Herr Behrens); March, "Tarpeja" (Beethoven).

The orchestral selections were all interesting, and all well played. M^{me} Trebelli was in splendid voice, and sang with irreproachable finish—did she ever sing with anything else? was her voice ever in anything but excellent condition? Not in Manchester, so far as I can remember. M^{me} Trebelli's voice, indeed, would be a fortune if she could not sing; and certainly, if she had the faintest possible "pipe," her singing would always gratify the genuine lovers of musical art. Herr Behrens created a very favourable impression. He had previously appeared here in opera, with decided success, and he promises to be a valuable addition to the limited number of first-class bass singers.

At the last concert of the Vocal Society, a programme of new and old glees, part-songs, &c., was varied by the solo singing of M^{me} Patey and Mr George Fox.

But no recent musical event has been more interesting to local amateurs than the performance, for the first time in England, of Max Bruch's *Olympus*, by the St Cecilia Amateur Choral Society, under the direction of Mr Ed. Hecht. The event took place on Saturday evening at the Free Trade Hall. There was a large attendance; and the Funds of the Children's Hospital will be considerably increased by the result. One of the local newspapers thus speaks of the work itself:—

"Herr Bruch has treated the story of Ulysses with the freedom of an artist and with the refinement of a poet. He is scholarly without being pedantic; and, while avoiding the traditional method of treating stories from the Greek poets originated by Gluck, he has kept clear of the mistakes of Schumann in *Paradise and the Peri*, and of the rhapsodical style of Herr Wagner and his disciples. *Olympus* is, indeed, a melodious and picturesque cantata, charmingly varied, and some of its numbers contain dramatic music of a very high character. The composer possesses not merely the requisite knowledge of orchestral effect, but the rare faculty of weaving together the instrumental with the vocal score in perfect and duly balanced combination, and the display of appropriate orchestral

colour is one of the distinguishing characteristics of the new cantata. The popular success on Saturday was unmistakable; it is always easy to perceive when an audience is really pleased; and, though much of the gratification on Saturday was due to the fine performance, it may be said without hesitation that the music itself gave general satisfaction and delight. The cantata is divided into ten sections; several of the most exciting of the hero's adventures are omitted, and the libretto by its character is of necessity somewhat fragmentary, yet, in listening to the work, we were surprised by its compactness and completeness. The first part includes 'Ulysses on Calypso's Island,' 'Ulysses in Hades,' 'Ulysses and the Sirens,' 'The Tempest at Sea,' and the second Penelope mourning; Nausikaa; the Banquet with the Phaiakia; Penelope Wearing a Garment, the Return, and the Festival in Ithaca. In illustration of every one of these scenes the composer has written very effective music. Some of it is pretty, and almost pastoral in character. The storm is exceedingly clever, and several of the choruses are both powerful and dignified."

The singing of the amateur choir was admirable throughout, and those members who had solos were remarkably effective. Mr Santley, who had generously volunteered his invaluable services, did ample justice to the music of *Olympus*. I shall be very much surprised if this beautiful work is not heard before long in London; and I believe it would have repaid the composer for the trouble of coming to England had he been present at the performance of Saturday. Certainly he never heard his music more magnificently sung than by Mr Santley.

Next week Mr Mapleson will give three operas: *Semiramide*, *Rigoletto*, and *Der Freischütz*, at the Queen's Theatre; and M. Rivière will commence a series of promenade concerts at the Prince's Theatre, where Mr Cellier's opera, *The Sultan of Mecca*, is still being nightly played to crowded houses.

Manchester, March 17, 1875.

BAYREUTH.

(From a Correspondent.)

During the winter, the artists who are to take part in the preliminary rehearsals here next July have been preparing for their task, more than one having received instruction from Wagner himself, during his recent stay at Leipzig. Next winter, three conductors, specially appointed, will visit the towns of Germany, and rehearse with artists who may be unable to leave the theatres at which they are engaged. These are Herren Lampe, Seidel, and Richter, who have got up the *Trilogy* with the composer, and are conversant with his slightest intentions. The following is the cast, as far as at present determined:—Brunhilde, Mad. Fr. Materna, of Vienna; Erda, M^{lle} Oppenheim, of Frankfurt; Siegfried, Herr Glätz, of Pesh; Siegmund, Herr Betz, of Berlin; Wotan, Herr Niemann, of Berlin; Hagen, Herr Scaria, of Dresden; Alberic, Herr Hill, of Schwerin; and the two Giants, Herr Eilers, of Cobourg, and Herr Weiss, of Breslau. Mad. Lehmann, of Cologne; Mad. Grün, of Gotha; and Herr Gurs, will also figure in the cast, but it is not decided what characters they will assume.

The frequent change of scene will be effected by the aid of machinery. Each scene will be removed in its entirety, without any necessity of rolling up the back scene, or "cloth," or running off the wings; it will either be raised or lowered out of sight. For this purpose there is ample space both above and below the stage. By the reverse process, the scene following will be lowered or raised into its place. The stage-carpenters will be banished to the flies or the depths below the stage. Behind the scenes there will be only six officials—good musicians, conversant with the piece—to regulate the entrances of the artists and the proper working of the scenery.

Though the Grand-National-Festival-Stage-Play-Theatre is only a temporary structure, Herr Wagner has announced that, after the representation of his own *Trilogy*, he intends giving from time to time model performances of the masterpieces of the German lyric drama. The first opera on his list is said to be *Fidelio*.

STUTTGART.—A medal in honour of Herr R. Wagner has been struck here. On one side is the bust of the composer; on the other a representation of the Grand-National-Festival-Stage-Play-Theatre at Bai-reuth.

MUSIC IN BERLIN.

(From a Correspondent.)

After repeating Flotow's *Ombrà*, the Italian operatic company under the management of Mad. Artôt gave, in the Theatre Royal, Cimarosa's *Matrimonio segreto*. Sig. Arditì conducted, while Signore Artôt, Cristiano, Savelli, Signori Paulino, Graziosi, and Caracciolo sustained the chief characters.

The event at the Royal Operahouse lately has been the performance of Raimund's old fairy piece, *Der Vrachewier*, with Kreutzer's music. Referring to this work and certain modern productions produced here, Herr Ferdinand Gumbert observes, in the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*:

"A house filled in every part proved that the taste of our public is not so depraved, after all, within the brilliant walls of the Operahouse, when it thus welcomes a harmless fairy tale with every sign of genuine interest, so utterly unlike certain modern pieces."

The cast included Meades Mallinger, Meyer, and Frieß-Blumauer, Herren Bietz, Vollmer, Berndal, Kahle, and Döring. The scenery and dresses were good and appropriate. The other productions of the week have been *Il Trovatore*, *Lohengrin*, *La Dame Blanche*, and *Les Huguenots*.

Lortzing's comic opera, *Der Wildschütz*, was performed at the Friedrich-Wilhelmsstädtisches Theater for the benefit of the conductor, Herr Kleffel.

A successful concert was given a short time since in the rooms of the Singacademie by two former pupils of Professor Wüter, Herr Moritz Moskowitz and Herr Philipp Scharwenka, assisted by Professor Ludwig von Brenner, and the Berlin Symphonie-Orchestra. The programme consisted exclusively of compositions by the two concert-givers.

FANATICISM.

(From "Talk on 'Change,' in *Liverpool Journal*.)

Lord Dndley, the lover of, and advertiser for, jewels, is not the only person in this curious country who thinks there is danger and impropriety in good sacred music, or, at least, that it is out of place in a building used for religious purposes. His lordship and his friends, the fastidious Canons of Worcester, would probably laugh if they saw the Moody and Sankey building in Victoria Street, and were told that anybody could attach anything like a notion of sanctity to a mere preposterous and over-grown hut. The talk was, however, that while Englishmen differ in other respects, they all agree in being on certain points strongly sanctimonious and fanatical; that there are gentlemen of good intentions and deeply pious feelings who are just as anxious to keep Victoria Hall from being profaned by a burst of noble religious melody and harmony as their eminent fellow Christian can be as to keeping Mr Sims Reeves and Mr Sankey and a miscellaneous chorus out of Worcester Cathedral; that, if report is to be believed, the committee of the Moody and Sankey services have taken the extraordinary step of either officially or unofficially declining to allow their building to be used for the rendering even of Handel's great and absolutely Christian and devotional work, the grandest and sweetest of his oratorios: that an offer is alleged to have been made to them which it seems most strange should have been declined; that the proposal to give the oratorio came from gentlemen, and especially from one gentleman, who may be fully relied upon not only to secure a good performance, but to take care that everything shall be done decently and in order; that the contractor who erected the building joined in the proposal, and was ready to help it by every means in his power; that he offered to make all the alterations required for £50, and expressed his intention of giving that sum to the charities; that the given of the concert also proposed to devote the proceeds of the whole affair to the same benevolent object; that they were told, however, on authority which they did not doubt, though they certainly ought to verify it, that the hall, "having been erected for religious purposes," could not be used for musical performances, even of the most sacred character; that it is to be hoped that a certain very good man and excellent musician may be forgiven his profanity in having exclaimed: "in his haste and indignation, 'They cry 'Come to Jesus' and won't let the people go to the *Messiah*;' " that though this epigram may sound rather rough, it really expresses a very real truth which these fanciful Christians might well have borne in mind; that Handel's *Messiah* has probably "converted" as many, and has certainly edified and done good to many more, than are likely to be benefited by Mr Moody's preaching or the tenderness of Mr Sankey's musically ungrammatical duties; and that, in any case, it is to ordinary persons innumerable how the reverent representation of such a work could be otherwise than acceptable and appropriate in a building devoted to sacred purposes.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

As Mr Chappell's season draws to a close—and, unhappily, the end is now very near—amateurs show an increased desire to make the most of what remains. This, in part, accounts for the crowded state of St James's Hall on Monday evening, but we imagine that a still more special reason should be taken into account. The posthumous quartets of Beethoven, so long set down, even by connoisseurs, as examples of the eccentricity with which genius is often allied, are now among the most powerful attractions in the repertory of these concerts, especially when associated with the executive talent of Herr Joachim. We have no desire to overrate the significance of this; nor will we go so far as to say that the remarkable works in question are much better understood now than they were twenty years ago. Musicians still find in them a theme for wonder, and not less than formerly, perhaps, are they "caviare to the general." But this, at all events, has happened—the musical public have fallen under the influence of a great man's name, and Beethoven's most abstruse utterances are heard, not with curiosity alone, but with a reverent desire to learn the secret of their meaning. So it happens that whenever, as usual during Herr Joachim's term at St James's Hall, the director puts forward a posthumous quartet, a crowd assembles eager to profit by an opportunity valuable in itself, and made more so through comparative rarity. The quartet played by M.M. Joachim, Ries, Straus, and Piatti on Monday night was the famous "C sharp minor," the very name of which will at once suggest all that is most characteristic in Beethoven's latest style.

We are wholly at a loss what to say about this composition without repeating the weak and unattractive generalities for which it and its companions have often been criticised as tedious. Nothing would be easier than to oppress the quartet with adjectives, and make it serve as a peg on which to hang fine writing, but *cui bono*? Such music may be "analyzed," but those who would go deeper than means and forms of expression had better save their labour, for the posthumous works of Beethoven belong to things in nature and art which resist officious interpretation, and demand the liberty to work their own effect upon each individual mind. Enough, therefore, if we state that the quartet, led by Herr Joachim in his noblest manner, was heard with attention to the end. Beethoven had another representative at this concert; that is, if we may look upon the composer of the "C sharp minor," and he who wrote the trio in G minor (Op. 9), as one and the same. Really they were two, having little in common of all the things which go to make up individuality. When the trio appeared, Beethoven of the quartet existed only as the man may be said to exist in the little child; and, after hearing the works representative of both periods, our marvel was not so much that the same art could adapt itself to the expression of thoughts so wide asunder, as that in a few years Beethoven could cover all the ground between them. In this was power of progression the master stood alone; nor does he seem likely to have a companion. Respecting the third concerted work played on Monday evening—Mozart's sonata in E flat, for pianoforte (Mdlle Krebs) and violin (Herr Joachim)—we need only observe that its production now for the first time should not be regarded as evidence against its value. Many of its fellows have been preferred it is true, but not many are so strongly marked by the composer's tunefulness, grace, and symmetry. As her pianoforte solo, Mdlle Krebs introduced Chopin's Ballade in G minor. The songs of the evening were sung by Mdlle Sophie Löwe, in whose version of *Lieder* by Mendelssohn, Chopin, and Schubert, not a few special excellences appeared.

This day (Saturday) the concert will be for the benefit of Signor Piatti, and on Monday the able and energetic director closes his season with the usual special concert given in his name. Both gentlemen should have—and we are sure they will have—"bumpers."

BRUSSELS.—*La Reine de Chypre* has not yet been given, and nothing more is heard of *Le Nozze*, long promised and anxiously expected at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie. The only novelty has been *Fra Diavolo*; but Auber's sparkling music was ill executed, and Scribe's sparkling libretto as ill acted. Such performances explain M. Campocasso's non-success as a manager. People are on the tip-toe of expectation for Mad. Christine Nilsson, who will appear six times. She will open, it is said, in *Faust*, to be followed by *Hamlet* and *Nigron*.

scattered all over the country—many of them as much severed from the University in thought and sympathy as they are by distance, and very few of them able to discriminate, if they were disposed to try, among the claims of candidates to a special dignity such as the Chair of Music. These non-resident members are a majority, and a candidate favourably circumstanced in the matter of social influence, or endowed with personal qualities such as make men favourites, has only to lay himself out to secure their votes in order to achieve success. The danger of this result is over for the present, but the risk will have to be run whenever the election—*about women*—is repeated; and its existence should be taken into account by those who are desirous that the best man should win. Of the gentlemen who came forward as Mr Macfarren's rivals, only one, perhaps, intended a serious struggle for the place. Dr Wyld evidently meant business, and only withdrew at the last moment, when the impossibility of success became obvious. We have nothing to say against Dr Wyld's candidature, now that the issue has been determined. A Gresham professor has surely the right to try and make himself a Cambridge professor; nor can he be accused of over-vaulting ambition. The remaining candidates may be divided into two classes; first, those who, like Mr Barnby, desired chiefly to put themselves *en evidence* in the matter of a professorship. The post is one to which a rising musician may aspire with perfect fitness, and no rising musician has a more unquestionable right to connect his name with the possibilities of the future in this respect than the conductor of the Albert Hall concerts. The second class is made up of those crocheted-mongers and ambitious nobodies who are always coming to the front when there is an opportunity of catching the public eye. These characters are found everywhere, and not even the late Sir Peter Laurie could have put them down had he tried. Some of them are, or have been, representative men. There was a butcher at Tiverton, when Lord Palmerston was member for that Devonian burgh, who always broke a lance with the statesman at election time, and was regularly tumbled in the mud, to the vast delight of the natives. And there is still, we believe, a Mr Jones, for whom, at every choice of Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, the livery of London in Common Hall assembled, look as confidently as for east winds in May. Upon such people it is impossible to think seriously, and the best course is to get as much fun out of them as possible. For this course some of the recent candidates gave abundant opportunity, and answered the end of making the world merrier, if not exactly wiser. But the lesson of the whole matter is one adapted to encourage. Virtually unopposed, the best man has gained the prize, and merit wears, as well as deserves, the palm.

With Mr Macfarren in the Cambridge Chair of Music, we may confidently expect a good return of labour done. He is not likely to be satisfied with a perfunctory discharge of imperative duty, but rather to accomplish more than his bond exacts. Henceforth, not only will there be musical lectures at the junior University, but, we may hope, a quickened musical life, which shall bring about a higher regard for the art among those who are destined to exert vast influence in shaping the public opinion of the country. Should results like these follow Mr Macfarren's election, the anticipations of a not a few will be realized; and, once more, Wisdom will be justified of her children.

We hear, on good authority, that Mr Carl Rosa will begin a season of English opera (and opera in English), at the Princess's theatre in September next. Everybody wishes him success.

DEATH OF MR LUMLEY.

(From the "Times.")

Mr Benjamin Lumley, for many years manager of the Italian Opera in the Haymarket, died on Wednesday night, at his residence, No. 8, Kensington Crescent, aged 64, after an illness which for months had confined him to his bed. In 1842, Mr Lumley succeeded Mr Laporte as director of Her Majesty's Theatre. He had for several years previously been that gentleman's confidential adviser, and undertook, at the solicitation of some of the most influential patrons of the opera, to fill his place just at a time when difficulties were accumulating which threatened the very existence of the establishment. How these were surmounted by the new *impresario*; the brilliancy of his early reign; the straits to which he was reduced by the sudden and unexpected secession of his conductor and the majority of his principal artists, vocal and instrumental, leading to the formidable opposition at Covent Garden; how, with the assistance of the late Balfe, and the memorable 4th of May (1847) which introduced Jenny Lind to the English public, he again made the fortunes of the opera look promising; the subsequent difficulties when "the Swedish Nightingale" joined Mr Barnum in the "United States"; the brilliant, but evanescent, apparition of Sophie Cravelli; the closing of Her Majesty's Theatre from 1852 to 1856, its re-opening, after the Royal Italian Opera was destroyed by fire, in the last-named year, with Piccolomini and Ginguini; the *début* of Thérèse Tietjens in 1858; and the second closing of the theatre, and consequent publication of his days—these, one and all, must be more or less fresh in the memory of opera-goers of the period. Since 1858, Mr Lumley's name, in connexion with the opera, has only once been brought into public notice; this was in 1863, when Piccolomini came from Italy expressly to give three representations at Drury Lane Theatre for the benefit of his former director. Whatever the vicissitudes of his career, Mr Lumley will be remembered, not only as one of the ablest, most active, and enterprising, but also as one of the most courteous and universally popular of theatrical managers. Should his biography ever be written (his autobiography exists), it will not be forgotten that he designed and carried out the *Pas de Quatre*, and brought forward Jenny Lind—two of the most absorbing topics at the time of their occurrence of which operatic records can make mention.

SIGNOR SCHIRA has returned from Italy. So marked was the success of *Salvaggio* at Venice, that his new opera, *Leah*, has been unconditionally accepted for next Carnival.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—We must reserve until next week our notice of the first Philharmonic concert in St James's Hall, under the direction of Mr W. G. Cousins. We can only say, now, that the music composed by Sterndale Bennett for the *Ajax* of Sophocles proved worthy of our great composer's fame, and that the Funeral March is a masterpiece—worthy to rank side by side with that of Beethoven.

WHEN MEYERBEER WAS REALLY BORN.

Dans les dates inscrites aux bustes des compositeurs qui ornent la façade du nouvel Opéra, nous regrettons de voir se perpétuer une erreur souvent commise. La date de la naissance de Meyerbeer est le 6th Septembre, 1791, nous l'avons déjà dit et nous pouvons l'affirmer de nouveau, d'après les documents les plus authentiques. Les biographies donnent généralement l'année 1794; ce renseignement est inexact, à quelque source qu'il ait été puisé *provenit-il de Meyerbeer lui-même*. Il n'est point de grand homme qui n'ait sa coquette: celle de l'auteur des *Huguenots* était de se rajourner. Il se disait même quelquefois né en 1796.—*Revue et Gazette Musicale*.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MR MAPLESON advertises the opening of her Majesty's Opera (Drury Lane) for the 10th prox. His prospectus is not yet issued, but that a conspicuous feature will be Wagner's *Lohengrin*, with Tietjens, Nilsson, and Campanini as Ortrud, Elsa and Lohengrin, may be taken for granted. The engagement of the Italian tragedian Salvini for a series of representations has, of course, nothing to do with the operatic business.

It is now arranged that Verdi's *Requiem* for Alessandro Manzoni is to be performed at Albert Hall, early in May, under the immediate direction of its composer. The four solo singers are to be Meadames Stolz and Waldman, Signora Macini and Medini (the originals at Milan). Verdi is composing a Funeral Symphony, with choruses, to be played when the remains of Donizetti are removed from the cemetery in the neighbourhood of Bergamo to the new resting place prepared for him in the Cathedral of his native town.

The projected Festival at Rouen, to celebrate the centenary of the birth of Boieldieu, is assuming large proportions, and, it is anticipated, will appeal to amateurs far and wide. Specimens from many of Boieldieu's most esteemed compositions are included in the programme—even from *Athalie* and *Télémaque*, written when he was attached to the Russian Court, and hitherto unknown to the majority of his compatriots. Boieldieu was born on the 16th of December, 1775; but it is deemed expedient to hold the festival in the summer, and the dates now fixed are the 12th, 13th, and 14th of June.

At the last concert of the Paris Conservatoire, Beethoven's Choral Symphony and fragments of Gluck's *Iphigénie en Aulide* were performed, the conductor being M. Lamoureux, Handel's untiring apostle among Parisians. At the Cirque d'Hiver the "Popular Concerts" continue in favour. M. Pasdeloup has taken recently to patronize struggling French musicians, for which he deserves credit. His latest programme contained an overture to an opera called *Sigurd*, by M. Keyer, and a fragment from the *Marie Magdalene* of M. Massenet. Both made an impression, even aside by side with the *Jupiter* symphony of Mozart, the symphony in D of Beethoven, and Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Something, no doubt, must be allowed to the account of patriotic feeling; but MM. Reyer and Massenet, apart from prejudice, have done enough to entitle them to consideration.

In an article on the strange exhibition of Messrs Moody and Sankey, the *Spectator* writes:—

"Mr Sankey's main power is in his solo-singing, which is full of sweetness and genuine tenderness of tone. On Tuesday night, his singing of the hymn 'Jesus of Nazareth, passeth by,' and on Wednesday, at Exeter Hall, of that on 'The Lost Sheep,' especially the feeling with which he sang, 'Out in the desert He heard its cry, sick and helpless and ready to die,' were distinguished by a delicacy and serenity of expression hardly to be too much admired."

The *Saturday Review* says of the same performance:—

"The quality of Mr Sankey's voice and his style of singing are questions of taste on which there will be great difference of opinion. There can be no doubt, however, that his art is of a tricky kind, and aims at producing effect by sudden alterations between high and low. His favourite note is one in the back of his throat, with which he pours forth a prolonged and hollow O! O! O! something between a howl and a wail, which makes one think of a melodious costermonger crying his cabbages. Whether it is pure art or not, it appears to be agreeable to the majority of the audience, and it may be thought that that is enough."

Who shall decide when doctors disagree?

THERE has been a great deal of pianoforte-playing during the past week; and the piano—nuisance as it is when persistently hammered at by one's nearest neighbours—is the only instrument on which an idea can be given of the grandest and most elaborate orchestral composition, and on which the great majority of orchestral works can be faithfully reproduced: necessarily in a compact form, but without loss of any of the main features of the original. An ingenious French writer, in defending the unfortunate man who a few months ago burned down Herz's pianoforte manufactory,

pointed out that he might have done so in a moment of justifiable indignation. In Paris the practice of living in flats (not altogether unknown in London) is carried out in a very literal sense; and a lodger may and generally does find himself, in virtue of that arrangement, with pianos above him, pianos beneath him, pianos in front of him, pianos all round him. It has been suggested, that, hearing on one side the waltz from *La Jolie Parfumeuse*, on another, the quadrille from *Madame Angot*; upstairs, the serenade from *La Timbale d'Argent*; downstairs, the drinking song from *Girofle-Girofle*, the poor victim might at last have said to himself that this could be endured no longer; and, determined to strike the evil in its root, had hurried, matchbox in hand, to the nearest pianoforte manufactory. To have ended heroically, he should have perished in the conflagration he had himself caused, when succeeding generations would have called him "the Erostratus of music." As it is, the misguided man—who, we believe, was found guilty "with extenuating circumstances"—will be sent to a place where he will have no pianos, and where silence will from time to time be broken only by the voice of the gaoler. He deserves his fate. There are certain wrongs to which we must all submit. Philosopher, like Thalberg's "art of singing," must be "applied to the piano;" and young ladies in thousands and tens of thousands must be allowed, under pretext of playing their scales, to practise for hours together a sort of musical file-bring ("the art of war applied to the piano," this may be called) in order that here and there from among the countless host may arise a genuine artist. ●beur ●ilber.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MRS GRIFFITHS-HAGEN's *soirée musicale*, given at her residence, Upper Bedford Place, attracted a large number of her friends and pupils. A new cantata, *The Maid of Gascogne*, composed by Mr J. H. Gordon, a young and clever musical student, was produced on the occasion. The solos were entrusted to the Misses Helen Muir, Briceken, Clark, and Henley, Messrs Stanley Smith and Kenningham. The cantata pleased much, and was conducted by the composer, who also presided at the pianoforte. The second part of the programme consisted of a solo on the pianoforte, played by Mr Gordon, and several popular songs and duets, sung by the pupils of Madame Greifshagen. Singer of Maudslayi Bow, THE NINETEENTH VALLEY. Lady Prescott opened her beautiful saloon on Monday evening for the concert of this young artist. Mdlle de Bono played several new compositions, to the evident delight of her audience. The vocalists who "assisted" Mdlle de Bono were Mdlle Holmberg, Mrs Talbot Cherer, Signor Adelman, Signor Danieli, and Mr George Perren. The conductors were Herren Ganz and Lehmeier.

REVIEWS.

DUFF & STEWART.

- I. *Over the Mountain*. Ballad. Words, by permission, from *All the Year Round*. Music by J. L. HATTON.
- II. *The Moon comes forth in Splendour*. Song. Translated from the German of Giebel by BEATRICE ASCHENBRECHT. Music composed by GEORGE FREDERICK HATTON.

We have put these works together because it is not often we have the privilege of so treating the productions of father and son. All idea of comparison must, of course, be dismissed, seeing that, however able the son may be, his youth could have little chance against the recognized powers and great experience of the father. But we may say that the veteran has no reason to be ashamed of the recruit. Young Hatton writes, not only in the style, but with much of the fluency and skill of Hatton père; whose good name he will worthily represent in time to come. With regard to the songs before us, no more need be said than that they are very good ones, adapted for general use, and have our hearty commendation.

THE performances of sacred music during Passion week, under Mr Barnby's direction, which have now become an established feature at the Royal Albert Hall, are to be given this year on Monday, Wednesday, Good Friday and Saturday next week. On the first three days Bach's *Passion* according to St. Matthew will be performed, and the series will conclude, as usual, with the *Messiah*. The list of artists announced for the various performances includes Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Corani, Mdlle Johanna Levier, Madame Patey, Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Cummings, Mr Lloyd, Mr Threlly Beale, and Signor Foli. Mr Randegger and Dr Stainer will preside respectively at the pianoforte and organ, and the choruses and chorals will be sung by the members of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society.

The Allmanya.

(From "Another World.")

"Improve Nature's gifts, and with her elements form new compounds . . .

"Were man's faculties given that they should slumber?"

On examining the Allmanya (for so we called this fruit-vegetable, meaning that it combined every valuable quality), and observing its effects, the doctors pronounced it very wholesome, nutritious, and admirably suited to persons of dyspeptic habit, inasmuch as it dispelled all symptoms of flatulency and, by its tonic and digestive qualities, gave a feeling of lightness to the senses.

The people wondered, and were loud in their manifestations of gratitude, but my joy was greater than theirs; for I had accomplished a lasting good for the subjects I loved.

Accompanied by my harp, I sang praises, with all the fervor of my soul, to Him who had inspired me with the thought, and had endowed me with patience and strength for its consummation.

Fruits had often been increased in size, or improved in quality and productiveness, by grafting one tree upon another; but no new fruit had previously been created. There were instances where trees of different kinds, the one grafted on the other, had borne two kinds of fruit. This, however, was the first instance where other means, besides grafting, were employed, and an entirely new fruit had been brought into existence.

The Allmanya grows like a tree, and its stem is supported by sticks. The fruit, which hangs from its branches, is in shape, but in shape only, not unlike your vegetable-marrow, being covered with little circular divisions, each containing others still more minute. Its colour, when raw, is of the brightest violet, which through the culinary process becomes a beautiful red; though I should observe that the first compound vegetable in the seeds of which I inserted the spice particles was yellow.

It may not be uninteresting to know that the Allmanya is cooked in a vessel over steam. Indeed, everything with us is cooked by steam, this being especially serviceable, on account of the steadiness of its action. There are machines to regulate the force and action of the steam, and the attendant has only to obey mechanically the simplest instructions.

The Allmanya is used in some sick rooms as a fumigator. For this purpose it is cut into slices, and the exuded juice which it bleeds is accompanied with an aromatic odor.

The fruit possesses many other valuable properties. After its discovery my people were never more afflicted with the maladies for the prevention of which it had been created. It was sometimes called by the name given by me,—often by a term signifying, "Inspiration of the Father of the World."

Hermetes (Communicator.)

* Although it may appear incongruous to refer to a philosopher of this earth as illustrating the work of a philosopher of another planet, the Editor cannot help quoting a passage from a man possessed of wondrous premeditation, who, to use his own words, "held up a lamp in the obscurity of philosophy that would be seen ages after he was dead." It will also be a measure of course the difference between the process of grafting and the course pursued by the Toomanyone in the creation of the Allmanya.

The inspired philosopher says: "The compounding or mixing of kinds in plants is not found out, which, nevertheless, if it be possible, is more at command than that of living creatures, for that their last request is a voluntary motion; whereas it was one of the most noble experiments teaching plants to find it out: for so you may have great variety of new fruits and flowers yet unknown. Grafting doth it not; it mendeeth the fruit or doubleth the flowers, etc.; but it hath not the power to make a new kind. For the secon ever over-ruled the stock."—Bacon's "Sylva Sylvarum."

PROVINCIAL.

MAIDSTONE.—The last of the winter course of the Literary and Mechanical Institution entertainments has taken place. Sir Michael Cowie's *Eliz* was given by Mr Henziker's choir, to a large audience, in the Corn Exchange. Of the performance we cannot speak in terms of unqualified praise—writes the *Maidstone and Kent County Standard*. The soloists executed the task entrusted to them with credit; the band was also fairly up to its work, but the chorus was far from being what we could have desired. Miss Matilda Scott sang the music allotted to her with expression and care, the florid air, "I will extol Thee, O Lord," rousing the somewhat tame audience to enthusiasm; a repetition being vociferated. The contralto recitations and airs were entrusted to Miss A. Newton; the air, "Lord, from my bed," was redemanded. Mr W. Crowe was effective in the tenor music, while Messrs Rhodes and Christian were heard to advantage in the bass recitatives and airs. Mr Duttalini presided at the harmonium, and Mr Henziker conducted.

GLASGOW.—*Jl Talismano* ("The Knight of the Leopard," which attracted so much attention some months ago, was presented again last week. It was mounted with commensurate art, as is usually the case when spectacular displays are placed upon the stage of the Theatre Royal. Middle Tietjens once more asserted her claim to rank as a queen of song, singing the music and acting the part with the truthfulness and energy to which we are accustomed. Signor Catalani, as Nectaneus, and Signor Gilasol, as the "lion-hearted" King, were worthy of commendation. The finale to the third act, one of the best written numbers in the opera, was exceedingly well sung. Middle Risarelli was compelled to give the second verse of her *chanson* over again. The customary effect was produced by the martial sequel to the duet for soprano and tenor near the end of the third act, and Middle Tietjens and Signor Paldini were compelled to repeat the movement; and the well-known "Rose Song" received a fair measure of justice from Signor Paldini. The subordinate parts were sustained by Signori Rinaldini, Casabini, and Costa.

BIRKENHEAD.—We read in the *Liverpool Daily Post* that the Birkenhead Musical Society gave a concert in the Queen's Hall, Clughton Road, Birkenhead, on Thursday evening, under the conductorship of Mr W. Ignatius Argent. The music consisted of Handel's *Arie and Galateia*, and a miscellaneous selection for the second part, and the forces comprised the amateur members of the society, who have been rehearsing all the winter, under Mr Argent's superintendence, a band of some thirty-five performers. J. F. Barnett's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and one or two other pieces in the second part, were nicely played, and the tone of the band was good, but the accompaniments, especially to Handel's cantata, were rough and inaccurate to a degree which it is difficult to account for, unless from the utter absence of rehearsal. The chorus appeared to know their work, and sang with considerable spirit. The solos were assigned to Mrs Billie Reid, Messrs C. Wilson, J. Traister, and Signor Glano (the last named taking the place of Mr Alfred Brown, who was unable to attend). Mr Wilson's singing of "Love in her eyes," and "Love sounds the alarm," more especially the latter, was very nice.

DUBLIN.—Professor Glover's oratorio, *St. Patrick at Tara*, was given with great success in the large concert-hall of the Exhibition Palace. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayores, with a large and fashionable audience, were present. The oratorio was given for the first time in its entirety, and formed one of the greatest musical successes of the season. There was a fine band, led by Mr R. M. Levey, supplemented by a military band. Mr Horan presided at the organ, and Mr Macleod played the *obbligato* accompaniments for the harp. The principal vocalists were Miss Beale Craig, Miss Taylor, Mr Barton, Mr Guckin, Mr Gratian Kelly, Mr R. Smith, and Mr Williams, members of the Dublin Glee and Madrigal Union, who were all in excellent voice, and executed the parts allotted to them *con amore*. The choruses throughout were sung capably, and the orchestral organ and harp accompaniments were equally effective. Professor Glover may be congratulated on the success of his performance, and it is to be hoped that before long we may have another opportunity of hearing a composition so full of merit from beginning to end.—Sir Robert P. Stewart delivered the first of his series of lectures upon keyed instruments of music, in the examination hall of Trinity College, which was filled with the *élite* of Dublin, who evidently heartily enjoyed one of the most interesting lectures ever given by Sir Robert Stewart, which want of space prevents our giving here. The illustrations on the pianoforte, alto, and Indian dulcimer, pleased exceedingly. A young lady, pupil of Dr F. Hiller of Cologne, was the pianist, and delighted everyone. The latter is quite a novelty in Dublin.

STETTIN.—The members of the Stettin Vocal Association have given *King Otto*, a "lay-oratorio" by their director, Dr Lorenz. The interest of the work is centred in the choruses.

MAD. CHRISTINE NILSSON'S FRENCH TOUR.

Mad. Nilsson continues her successful career. After singing at Rouen, she proceeded to Nantes, where her reception was no less cordial. The local press are loud in her praise. We may take as a specimen some observations by M. Evariste Mangin, in the *Phare de la Loire* :—

"Nearly all the numbered places were taken beforehand. In order to reserve a few for late comers on the night of the concert itself, it was necessary to stop the sale of tickets in the forenoon of the previous day. When the performance began there was not a vacant space. . . . Had the eminent artist been informed that she was about to sing before three thousand persons? We cannot say, but we felt convinced that she suspected it as soon as she appeared. Every glass was directed towards her. 'That is she! There she is!' Jules Janin would have said. Yes, it was, indeed, Christine Nilsson, tall and blonde, with features suited for the photographer and the sculptor, and with physiognomy alike expressive and noble. There is certainly something strange and sympathetic about her."

After describing her dress, and the jewels she wore, M. Mangin goes on :—

"But she had pearls in her throat also—the essential point; and the audience perceived, in the first notes of the air from *La Traviata*, that she was decidedly in the fullest possession of her admirable vocal powers."

Twice recalled, Mad. Nilsson volunteered a piece not set down in the programme—Mignon's Romance—followed by loud and enduring plaudits. She next sang something in quite a different style—M. Gounod's "Ave Maria"—with breadth of style, amplitude of tone, and true religious fervour.

After the air from *Lucia*, the great artist gave two of those Swedish melodies with which her admirers are so well acquainted. Alluding to these, M. Mangin observes :—

"This fair Swede, though adopted by France, loves her cold native land, and the melodies which, perhaps, she once sang under the blue vault of heaven. These she adorns with an exceptional charm; and if it be true that she has to thank them for her first success, she has amply paid the debt."

In reply to a hint that she preferred to sing in opera, Mad. Nilsson was informed that next winter her wish might be gratified, as at that epoch there would be an operatic company at Nantes, with chorus and orchestra complete.

From the banks of the Loire to the country watered by the Garonne is but a short distance. We next find Mad. Nilsson at Bordeaux, where she appeared at the principal theatre.

"The whole evening"—says a writer in *La Province*—"was one series of ovations. Scarcely had she commenced the *andante* from *La Traviata*, which she gives with such charm and truth of expression, than the enthusiasm knew no bounds. After the *finale*, the audience seemed as though they would never tire of recalling her. In reply to this warm reception, Mad. Nilsson gave the romance from *Mignon*. . . . In Gounod's "Ave Maria" she was unanimously encored, and gracefully acceded to the wish of her admiring audience."

The writers in the *Loire* and the *Journal de Bordeaux* are equally lavish in their praises. According to the latter, on the morning of the concert, 18,000 francs had been taken at the box office, while in the course of the day the price of a stall went up to 75 francs. "Nilsson," winds up the eloquent critic, "surpassed herself"—which is saying no little.

Boston (America)—Feb. 17.—The first appearance this season of Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, in *The Bohemian Girl*, filled the Globe Theatre to its utmost capacity last evening. An apology was made for Miss Kellogg, and the statement made that she was suffering from fatigue. Nevertheless, the purity of her voice was not seriously marred by the hoarseness under which she laboured. Mr. Maas was Thaddeus, and sang with marked refinement. Mr. Maas's voice has gained in richness and in sympathetic qualities since he was last here. Mr. Carlsson was Count Arnheim; Mr. Peakes, Devil-shoof; Mr. Morgan, Florestein; and Miss Flora Davidson made her first appearance here as the Gipsy Queen. This evening, Ambrose Thomas's *Mignon* will be given here for the first time in English, with the following cast:—Mignon, Miss Kellogg; Filina, Mrs. Van Zandt; Frederic, Miss Beaumont; Lothario, Mr. Peakes; Laertes, Mr. Morgan; Giorgio, Mr. Cayla; Antonio, Mr. Howard; and Wilhelm, Mr. Castle.

THE LUTE AND THE MANDOLINE.

WITH SOME REMARKS ON SIG. GIOVANNI VALLATI IN CONNECTION WITH THEM.*

Those learned in musical archaeology and organography assure us that the *Mandolin* is the son of the *Cithar* and the nephew of the *Lute*; the said instrument (still according to the learned in such matters) comes from the *coud* of the Arabs, which the Turks called *loutnah*; the Spaniards, *laudo*; the Provençals, *laut* and *lahut*; the Italians, *lauto*, *leuto*, and *luto*; and the French, *lut* and *luth*. From *luth*, the French have formed *luthier*, a word still signifying a maker of stringed musical instruments.

Some persons, however, think the word *luto* may very well come from the Latin *lituus*, the fact of the *lituus* being a wind instrument, neither more nor less than a trumpet, presenting, according to them, no difficulty, because among the stringed instruments employed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries there was one called the *marine trumpet*.

From the commencement of the sixteenth, down to the end of the first half of the eighteenth, century, the lute was the most widely spread of all musical instruments in Europe. As is the case with the piano at the present day, it was the instrument of every one. The oldest lutenists of whom we know anything were two Italians: Francesco Spinaccio and Ambrogio Bals of Milan.

Among the performers of extraordinary skill we may mention: Alberto of Milan; Alberto of Mantua; Annibale of Padua; the composer, Alessandro Striggio; Davide Rizzio; Prince Filippo Caraffa; Marco Antonio Forderone, nephew of the celebrated painter; Maudit; Monbuisson; Heckell; Reusamer; Strobel; etc., etc. It would appear, however, that the most skilful of all, the Paganini of the Lute, so to speak, was Leopold Weiss, born at Breslau in 1680. He challenged organists to play fugues with him, and was unrivalled as an extemporiser. He was, also, highly esteemed as a composer. The lute was the favourite instrument of Edward IV. of England, of Mary Tudor, of Francis I., of Mary Stuart, etc.

From the lute came the *arch-lute*, larger in size and furnished with a greater number of strings; the *theorbe*, an instrument invented by the Florentine, Bardella, and preferred by Caccini to any other instrument for accompanying vocal pieces; the *theorba*, for which Kapberger composed some very beautiful things; the *bandora*, with metal chords; the *cittern*, the *mandoline*, and the *colacon*, or Italian lute.

In the musical art of our ancestors, all these instruments were of great importance, being preferred to any other for executing chamber music, and especially for accompanying madrigals, "villanelles," dancing and drinking songs. During the whole of the seventeenth century, lutes, arch-lutes, or great lutes, and theorbes formed component parts of orchestras in the theatre as well as the church. But, little by little, they fell into disuse. They disappeared to make way for violins and violoncellos, and now, of all the above family of instruments, the only ones left alive (if alive they can be called) are the mandoline and the colacon.

During a certain period, the mandoline was distinguished as the Neapolitan and the Milanese. The Neapolitan had four strings, on the same system as the violin. The Milanese had five or even six, generally tuned thus: G, B, E, A, D, G. The chords of the mandoline were of copper or steel, sometimes twisted and sometimes not. With the occasional exception of the treble chord, they are always double, but tuned in unison. The chords are sounded with a sort of plectrum, called in Italian a *penco*.

There have been performers on the mandoline who have left a celebrated name in the annals of art. Among these may be mentioned Felix Hungerberg a captain of Charles V.'s. Durero, in his *Travels in Hungary*, speaks of him as a wonder; and Fridiseri, about whom, both as a man and a musician, a few lines will not be thrown away.

Alessandro Fridiseri was born at Rome, the 16th January, 1741. When a year old, he was attacked by the small pox, and entirely lost his sight in consequence. But, while still a boy, he showed that he had received from Nature a most rare mind, and was gifted with extraordinary aptitude for mechanics and music. At the age of nine, he was a good violinist; at the age of eleven, he made himself a mandoline; this became eventually his favourite

* From *La Gazette Musicale di Milano*.

instrument, and he achieved singular proficiency on it. At the age of eighteen he was an admirable organist. As a performer on the mandoline he was highly praised and applauded in the principal cities of Germany, Belgium, and France. At Strasburg, he determined to make an essay on the stage, and wrote a one-act comic opera entitled *Les deux Miliens*, which was very successful; the melody was spontaneous, elegant, and completely Italian; the harmony simple, but treated with a sure hand and good taste; the instrumentation, lively; and the whole full of a feeling for the stage. In Paris, he conceived and carried out a most ingenious typographic table, to render the process of writing music possible and easy for the blind. With this, he afterwards wrote, in a very short space of time, two other operas: *Les Souliers mordorés*, and *Lucette*, of which the former only was favourably received. He then resumed his mandoline and his life of a concert-giver. He founded at Nantea a Philharmonic Academy; but the terrible dramas of the war in La Vendée obliged him to abandon that city and fly to Paris. In Paris, he established another Philharmonic Academy in the Magazines of the Opera, as they were called, but he was doomed to be perpetually the butt of misfortune. The Magazines fell a prey to the flames, in consequence of the explosion of the Infernal Machine, December 3rd, 1801, and poor Fridzeri was left with nothing in the world. Though advanced in age, he again betook himself to travelling about, giving concerts. At last, he fixed himself at Antwerp, where his lessons furnished him with the means of a quiet existence. He died in 1819, leaving unfinished the manuscript of another opera: *Le Termopile*.

At the commencement of the present century, Pietro Vimerati enjoyed the reputation of being a most accomplished mandoline-player. He died at a good old age at Genoa, in 1850.

And now we have Giovanni Vailati, who is equally accomplished and, like Vimerati, designated the Paganini of the Mandoline. Giovanni Vailati, unless we are incorrectly informed, was born at Santa Maria della Croce, near Crema, about 1815.

The son, as he was, of a poor family, and blind, he would have been a wretched life, had Providence not called him to meet with a good-hearted man and excellent musician, Pietro Bottesini, father of the celebrated double-bass player. Bottesini gave him musical instruction, and enriched his memory with a large number of musical compositions. For Vailati, the mandoline no longer presents any difficulties. As an executant, he is always sure and always most correct. In runs and variations, on the fifth string, he excites the wonder of everyone. But he prefers plain melody, and in this there are really very few instrumentalists like him. His mode of phrasing is all feeling and soul; every accent is full of life and passion. In a word, Vailati is an artist.

The *Gazetta Musicale* of Milan wrote, some years ago, as follows: Bellini is the favorite composer of the Blind Musician of Crema; in fact, he causes his mandoline literally to sing the morning melodies from *Norma*, *Beatrice*, and *La Sonnambula*.

This sympathy for Bellini does not, however, prevent Vailati from esteeming and admiring all the great men who have shed lustre on musical Italy. We heard him relate, in his simple language, and with manifest emotion, how, being at Busseto, the native place of Verdi, and, giving a concert there, he was indescribably mortified and grieved that the celebrated composer was not present, but simply sent his excuses and a sum of money. Vailati sent back word that he was extremely grateful, but, at the same time, begged his messenger to state that the presence of such a composer would have been far more highly prized by him, and far more flattering to his self-love than any gift of money. At his second concert, his desire was gratified. Verdi came. He heard him, warmly applauded him, and, begging the gentleman who accompanied to get up, himself took his place.

Vailati, like all men of merit, is most modest; hence, at Florence, his concerts passed off nearly un-noticed. All, however, who heard him at the Pagliano, or at the Alfieri, applauded him heartily, and all with one voice pronounced him to be a performer of really singular merit, and worthy of the reputation which has caused him to be called the Paganini of the mandoline.

G. A. BIAGGI.*

* Though the instrument is entirely out of fashion, the house of Ricordi published last year at Milan a *Metodo per Mandolino*, a well planned work, well carried out, by Sig. Carmine De-Laurentis.

WAIFS.

Mdme Arabella Goddard has already given three concerts at San Francisco, with brilliant success. Three more are announced. Mdme Goddard will not go to New York this winter next.

Signor Felli has arrived in London, from Moscow.

Spring song (to the trees).—"How can I leaf thee?"

"Scurtion pamphlet" is what the *American Ironclad* calls Wagner's "Judean in Music."

M. D'ar de Soris has been winning great honours at Marseilles and Bourdeaux. He will soon arrive in London for the season.

Gruff door-keepers and unaccommodating stewards do more harm to a place of amusement than the worst kind of stormy weather.

The police of Paris have absolutely forbidden smoking within the walls of theatres—not a *cigars*, nor, in England, a novel precaution.

It is said that Manager Sirakovich lost \$75,000 during the season of Italian opera so abruptly brought to a close by the fitting of Albani.

Mr W. G. Caines has been appointed Professor of Instrumental Music at Queen's College, a position held by the late Sir Sterdale Bennett. Rubinstein is said to play thirty or forty pieces at each of his Berlin recitals. "Quel estomac, ces Pruslens!" exclaims a wondering Frenchman.

A musical festival for Schleswig-Holstein is fixed to take place at Kiel on the fourth and fifth of July, under the direction of Herr Joachim.

The *fit* given at the New Opera for the poor of Paris brought in 72,822 francs, which sum M. Halanzier has forwarded to Madame MacMahon.

It is troubling the *impressarii* just now to find a system of mathematics, by which a salary of \$2,000 per night can be deducted from \$1,900 receipts, and leave a balance sufficient to pay travelling expenses.

Mr Ch. J. Bishenden, we are informed, has been awarded the first prize by the New York (America) Society of Arts, for his paper on "Vocal Studies."

Miss Julia Wigan, the clever pupil of Madame Saint-Doby, made a successful appearance at the Albert Hall on Tuesday night, when she sang three Irish songs.

Miss Edwards, the esteemed pianist and composer, has returned to London, after visiting Rome, Milan, and Venice, where her musical acquisitions were highly appreciated.

Mr. Achard will assist Madame Nilsson during her short season in Brussels. "Toute la Belgique," writes the enthusiastic *Musicien*, "s'inscrit au Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie."

It is dawdling upon the minds of the *impressarii* that singers at from one to two thousand dollars a night are too costly to carry around the country during a season of reflection and common-sense.

A clergyman has discovered that Bishop Heber's familiar hymn,

"By cool Siloam's shady rill

How sweet the lily grows,"

is a topographical and botanical falsehood. No shady rill is there, and no lily grows in its neighbourhood!

Miss Gwilt, whose personation of Amaranthe, in *La Fille de Mme Angel*, has been the "talk" of the provinces, is now winning enlogues from the northern press by her capital acting, as Mrs Crogan, in *The Colleen Bawn*; Mrs Willoughby, in *The Ticket of Leave Man*; and Cornelia Carlyle, in *East Lynne*.

Miss Emily Tate, the youthful pianist, made her *début* at the Crystal Palace Concert on Monday last, "and"—a correspondent writes us word—she was warmly received, and called forward at the conclusion of her performance. With persevering study, this young artist will in time make a name in her profession, for she possesses undoubted talent.

Mendelssohn's *St Paul* was the oratorio announced for last night by the Sacred Harmonic Society. This great work, now in its fortieth year, is gaining wider and wider acceptance. That the directors of the Albert Hall Concerts are not unmindful of Passion Week may be gathered from the fact that performances of Bach's sublime *St Matthew* are promised for Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, with Handel's *Messiah* on Saturday, as a worthy climax.

Ferdinand Hiller's Symphony in E minor (Op. 67), with the motto, "Still the spring must come," was played at the Sixth Pesbody Concert, at Baltimore, on Feb. 6. A local journal, *The Sun*, writes:—This work is filled with fine poetic thoughts; and some of the movements, especially the *scherzo*, are exceedingly beautiful. It was received with great applause. At the same concert, Mr R. Hoffmann, of New York, played Mozart's *Piano Concerto in D minor*, and was received in the most flitting manner, and the fourth act of an opera (by the conductor, Mr Arger Hamerik), entitled *Toellie*, and Berlioz's "Hungarian March" were given. The vocalist was Miss Emma Thrushy, of New York, who sang the grand air in the first act of Mozart's *Il Flauto Magico*, and an air with variations by Proch.

The *Hamlet* of M. Ambrose Thomas, with Mlle. Miciola-Carvalho, vice Mlle. Nilsson, as Ophelia, will shortly add variety to the attractions at the New Grand Opera, which has been trading too persistently upon *Guillaume Tell*, *La Favorite*, and *La Juive*. The part of Hamlet will devolve upon M. Faure, its original representative at the late theatre in the Rue Lepelletier.

The committee of the forthcoming Cincinnati May Musical Festival has decided that the following works and selections shall be performed:—*Triumphal Hymns*, Brahms; *Symphony* (Op. 92) in A, Beethoven; *Prometheus Bound*, *Elijah*, Mendelssohn; *Magnificat* in D, Bach; Ninth *Symphony*, Beethoven; *Symphony* in C, Schubert; *Lohengrin*, Wagner; and a number of smaller pieces of great merit and interest, by various composers.

The poor lunatic who asked an artist, while painting a cow, "why he didn't paint her voice," was not so far out of the way after all. A new scientific achievement has been reached through the joint efforts of Prof. I. Graham Bell and Dr. Blake, of Boston; and though not yet perfected, marks an advance in science. Recently, at the Essex Institute, Salem, Prof. Bell, assisted by Rev. E. C. Boies, "displayed upon a large camera the very air ripples or sound waves produced in sounding various words and letters as registered upon a glass surface treated with a coating of lamp-black, by means of a pencil operated by the reverberating ear drum." The sound wave was also shown, as proceeding from the living mouth, by articulating in a speaking-tube, the end of which was in proximity to a gas flame, which, through a drum-head membrane, was set in vibration by the sound uttered. This flame being reflected upon a mirror, exhibited features characteristic of each succeeding sound.

There is scarcely a substance in Nature out of which some kind of music has not been evoked. Metal, wood, air, water, have all, through the agency of human intelligence, been made subservient to musical tones.

Even stones and hills of sand, we are told by travellers, have been known to emit sounds resembling an instrument being played at a distance. Thus, we see Nature, unassisted by art or ingenuity, furnishes for us music—sometimes grand and awful, again soft, soothing, until at last it hushes into silence. Even in silence there is a kind of music, as every musician well understands. And in every composition do we not see Nature's music mirrored? There is the rush of the torrent in grand cascades, the screaming and shrieking of the winds, the dashing of the pelting rain, then the gradual dying away of the storm in graceful diminuendo, until all is hushed to silence. Then comes the rest. We all know the beautiful effect of the rest in music, which is the symbol of the music of silence. There is majesty in absolute silence, often grand, awe-inspiring, more than is produced by the loftiest strains or richest harmonies. When we are told by the writer of the Revelations that there was silence in heaven for the space of half-an-hour, what a magnificent idea it conjures up in the mind! Thousands of thousands and tens of thousands of bright and glorious angels, who swell the choir of heaven, lay down their harps with one accord for the sublime rest in the mighty song.—*Musical Visitor*.

The death was announced on Wednesday morning of Mr. Richard Limpus, organist and director of the choir at St Michael's, Cornhill, and honorary secretary and founder of the College of Organists. Mr. Limpus, who died on Monday, at the early age of fifty, was a brother of the Rev. H. F. Limpus, vicar of Twickenham, who is also well known as a musician of considerable attainments. Mr. Limpus, from his early training and long practice, had obtained a high reputation as a choir-master no less than as an organist, and the choral services at St Michael's had, under his direction, become known for their excellence. It was, however, as the founder of the College of Organists that Mr. Limpus had acquired his reputation among his professional brethren, and his death will be a great loss to the institution, in the interests of which he had devoted himself with the utmost earnestness. The arrangements for the festival service in aid of the College Beneficent Fund, held at St Paul's Cathedral a few months since, were made by Mr. Limpus; but shortly after, his health began to fail, and his illness, which was largely due to overwork, has now terminated fatally. In the direction of musical societies in London and the suburbs, Mr. Limpus was largely engaged, and he was also an effective vocalist. Mr. Limpus had published several sacred works and songs. In his private life Mr. Limpus was distinguished by great gentleness and benevolence. The post of organist at St Michael's is one of the most valuable appointments of its kind in the city of London.

LEIPZIG.—Kiel's oratorio, *Christus*, has been performed with success in St Thomas's, by the Handel Association.

MADRID.—The members of Robling's Association display laudable activity. Not long since they gave Brahms' *Requiem*, and Beethoven's Ninth *Symphony*, with Mlle. Breidenstein as solo vocalist, and now they announce Bach's *Matthäus-Passion* for Palm Sunday. Mlle. Breidenstein has been appointed chamber-singer to Prince Gutthier II. of Schwarzburg-Sonderhausen.

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Twelfth-night. Quadrille	C. Coote, jun.	4	0	5	0

THE GOSS TESTIMONIAL.

(Communicated.)

The public presentation to Sir John Goss of the Deed, relating to the founding of an exhibition for chorister boys at the Royal Academy of Music, will take place at St Paul's Cathedral, on Wednesday next, April 14th, 1875. The boy is to be nominated by the council of the College of Organists; he will be at the Royal Academy of Music for three years, and must make the organ his principal study.

By permission of the Dean, the large room at the chapter house has been granted for this purpose.

The testimonial will be presented by the Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart., M.A., Mus. Doc. Oxon., professor of music in the University of Oxford, and Precentor of Hereford.

Divine service commences at 4 o'clock, when the following music, composed by Sir John Goss, will be sung.

Magnificat Goss in E.
Nunc Dimittis Goss in E.
Antiphon ... "Praise the Lord." Goss.

The presentation will take place immediately after the service. The net amount at present available for the scheme is £315, which is invested in the names of M. E. Wesley, Esq. (Treasurer), Dr John Stainer, and Rev. John Goss.

The names of all donors, who have paid their subscriptions by April 12th, will be engrossed on a Schedule attached to the Trust Deed, prior to its presentation.

FRENCH PLAYS AT THE OPERA COMIQUE.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR MR EDITOR,—Mr Pitou deserves the thanks of the public for the completeness with which (last night) he placed *Les trente Millions de Gladiateur* on the stage, men playing with great success at the Variétés in Paris, promises to be equally successful here. It is in the best style of French comedy. The dialogue is full of wit, and the incidents are most amusing. Mlle Wilhem, as Suzanne, plays with that consummate ease and freedom to which she has accustomed us, and Mr Monti, as the romantic American, is excellent. The company, amongst whom are our old favourites Lecourt and Perrier, work admirably together. I must call attention to Messrs Chaboud and Novert, who, as Polasse and Peplitt, show respectively a large amount of talent for comedy. Mr Pitou, who promises us the comedy of *Mlle Duparc* next week, has got an excellent company together, and I hope his exertions may meet their just reward.—I am, dear Mr Editor, yours faithfully,
March 7th, 1875. JORACE GIBSON.

Lines for Music.

LULLABY.

(Copyright reserved.)

Sleep, my darling,
My sweet darling;
I will nurse thee on my breast;
Never leave thee,
Ne'er deceive thee—
Thee of all I love the best.

See thy pretty dimpled chin;
Lovely eyes that know no sin;
Plump white arms, and shoulders white,
Smile as soft as glow-worm's light;
Toes like rousabouts, coral tipped;
Check of damask, crimson tipped;
Sunny curls of golden hair,
Clustering o'er thy brow so fair.
O my babe! upon my breast,
In thy peaceful slumber rest;
Calmly there in beauty lie,
While I sing thee lullaby:
Sleep, my darling,
My sweet darling;
I will nurse thee on my breast;
Never leave thee,
Ne'er deceive thee—
Thee of all I love the best.

FINLAY FINLAYSON.

WAIFS.

David Garrick has been revived, for Mr Sothen, at the Haymarket. "Seraphael" (Master Henry Walker), the well-known boy pianist, arrived from America on Monday last. Master Walker has now been engaged for two consecutive seasons in the United States.

The members of the Royal Albert Hall Amateur Orchestra met for the first time on a Wednesday evening, in the Royal Albert Hall. The orchestra, composed of amateur musicians from every rank of society, is founded at the suggestion of the Duke of Edinburgh, chairman of the managing committee. Upwards of 158 members were present. Business began with an address from the conductor, Mr Arthur Sullivan, who spoke of the Duke's love for music, and his (the Duke's) energy in promoting its cultivation. Although absence abroad prevented his (the Duke's) attending this meeting, he (the Duke) hoped in a short time to occupy his (the Duke's) place in the orchestra. Mr Sullivan concluded by urging punctual attendance and absolute recognition of the conductor's (Mr Sullivan's) authority.—(Communicated at three quarters past the eleventh hour.)

VIENNA.—The Emperor of Austria has nominated Franz List as President of the New Imperial Academy of Music at Pesth. Dr Franz List is also expected shortly at Munich, for the performance of an oratorio of his own composition.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

LAMBTON COCK & Co.—Sir Sterndale Bennett's "Piano-forte Songs," Vol. 1: "Lonely," song, "Gavotte," for the piano-forte, by E. H. Thorne.
J. B. C. Clark & Co.—"The Old Maid," by Horace, translated into English by Lord Lytton, music by Charles Salaman.
WILLIAM CHERRY (Oxford Street, W.)—"Andante and Rondo," for the piano-forte, "Capriccio, Marche," for the piano-forte, "Capriccio," for the piano-forte, by A. Ergman.
ROBERT COCKS & Co.—"The Revival Reminiscences" (sung by Mr Saxley), transcribed for the piano-forte, by J. Fridman, "Händel's Grand March," "Scissors," for the piano-forte, by W. Smallwood; "The Elements of the Theory of Music," by Robert Sutton.
C. JEFFREYS (47, Berners Street, W.)—"Caro, mio ben," arranged for the piano-forte, by Stephen Stratton, "Lasting Pleasures," morocco de music, for piano, by Berthold Tours; "Twelve Waltzes," by John Kinross.
NOVELLO, EWER & Co.—A Set of Six Waltzes, for the piano-forte, by Gerard Francis Cobb, M. B. "The New Mistle Hymnal," adapted to the Service of the Church of England.
F. FITZMAURICE (25, Paternoster Row, E.C.)—"The Rose and the Maiden," ballad, by Fredk. Ouseley.
BARFORD & SON (2, Prince Street, Oxford Circus)—"Our Song," "The Compass," "Book and Spines," "Do I not love?" song, by Donald M. King.
SIR ARTHUR COCK & Co.—"The New Mistle Hymnal," by W. H. A. Heale; "Easter Anthem," "The Airs is over," by Henry Edward Hodson, M.A.; "Hymns for the Night," by W. H. A. Heale.
WOOD & Co. (4, Galford Street, Russell Square, W.C.)—"Snowdrop and Violet," song, by T. U. B. Hall; "The Adieu," duet soprano and tenor, "Adieu," transcribed for the piano-forte, by William Kube.
WEEKS & Co.—"Evening," ballad, by W. C. Levy; "Gigue Moderne on Sol," par Berthold Tours; "L'Attaque," march, for the piano-forte, "Dance Bass," for the piano, by J. W. Kornatki; "The Cambridge Concert," studies for the piano-forte, by Horace O. Allison; "Short Voluntaries," arranged for the organ, by Edmund H. Turpin; "Three Classical Duets," from Haydn's celebrated Overture in D, by John Fridman; "It only seems the other side," composed by W. C. Levy; "Romance," pour le violon, avec accompagnement de piano, by Otto Roth; "Impromptu in A," by Arthur J. Barth.
ADRIEN & Co.—"Fondle fugitive," by Arthur J. Barth.
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CONTINUATIONS OF DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE.*

Among Mozart's more important operas, apart from his youthful efforts, *Die Zauberflöte* is the one which, from the very outset, boasted of the most decided success. The dying master enjoyed, at least partially, the enthusiastic welcome which his last operatic score, written with his ebbing heart's-blood, met with in the first theatres of Germany. This popularity has continued, without change, to be the portion of *Die Zauberflöte* up to the present day—despite the stupid libretto which defies all criticism. This libretto is unquestionably the worst Mozart ever glorified by his divine music, and, as a literary production, is far inferior, in invention as in style, to the libretto of *Così fan Tutti*.

At first sight, the book of *Die Zauberflöte* appears to be the creation of an inflamed brain; of a mind which probably never moved in the normal track. A momentary fit of delirium might, perhaps, have brought forth something similarly eccentric; but never anything so absolutely flat and worthless. The entire story resembles a confused and irregular dream, without any intimation either of the time or locality in which the shadowy action takes place. The personages are represented if not without invention at least without character or national colour. The separate scenes are deficient in aught like organic connection, and are held together by a merely apparent link. In addition to this, a fearful want of poetry reigns supreme in the form. The dialogue excites our indignation by its triviality, and the verses appear imitated from the mottoes of the cracker maker. The jokes running through the text are low and insipid—without a spark of true wit.

Down to the most recent period, there has been no want of interpreters, who have endeavoured to discover a red thread in this web of absurdity, an illuminating point in this chaos of insipidity. But their explanations differed vastly from each other, most of the writers seeking deep worldly wisdom under the grotesque outer envelope, and each one striving to discover and value it after his own fashion. It was even supposed that political secrets and diplomatic artifices might be gleaned, like grains of gold, from the sterile medley. Poor Schikaneder was said not to have been the author, but merely to have given his name to the work of some one in a very high position—perhaps the Emperor Joseph II. himself. Others went so far as to scent Jesuitic-Rosicrucian mysteries beneath the veil of our common mother Isis. At last, the majority of oneirocritics, guided by the well-known catch-words, agreed in adopting the conclusion generally accepted at the present day, namely: that the book of *Die Zauberflöte* is an apotheosis of the order of Freemasonry, in the holy halls of which Mozart, as well as Schikaneder, is known to have been at home. And, indeed, it is only this fact which enables us to understand how the composer of *Don Juan*, of *Figaro*, and of *Idomeneo*, could throw away his magnificent strains on such a hodge-podge of Viennese jokes, lofty philosophy, and ridiculous marvels.

That, however, such an apotheosis might have been treated in a more noble manner, even for a Vienna public, is proved by the *Sinfonia der Bräunnen*, which appeared shortly after Mozart's death, and for which the well-known Wenzel Müller wrote the now long since forgotten music.

Be this, however, as it may, it was soon evident that the book of *Die Zauberflöte* was not only totally deficient in artistic finish, but that the actual end was wanting. It is true that the wonderful story at length stopped, but terminated or completed it certainly was not. What might not still happen to Sarastro; to Tamino and his lady; nay, to Papageno and his little wife? Just as these strange personages had accidentally, without any kind of demonstrable motive, met, loved, and followed each other, so, after the knot had been, well or badly, cleft through, Princes, Magicians, Priests, Queens, Bird-Catchers and Moors passed, vanished—through the bronze gates of the Temple of Wisdom, or, by the common high road, *ad astra*.

After the first intoxicating outburst of enthusiasm had evaporated, the want of purport and form in these shadows, which passed without object, or any kind of reasonable tendency, over the boards representing the world, necessarily became palpable to all, as did, likewise, the incomplete and fragmentary nature of the

entire play. It was only Mozart's wondrous music, and, it is true, the especial interest of Freemasonry in conjunction with it, which could preserve the empty will-o'-the-wisp of this comedy of fog, puppets, and animals, from being speedily extinguished. This was felt by every reasonable man,—not excepting even the manufacturers of Viennese farces.

They endeavoured, therefore, to patch up, to emendate, and to elucidate the production, and thus there came into existence continuations and second parts of *Die Zauberflöte*. These, written with more or less skill, were played for a time in the theatres of Vienna, Munich, and Mannheim, and then entirely disappeared without leaving a trace. Meanwhile, Mozart, who could have breathed the breath of life into these phantasms, had gone to those lofty halls where, in truth, revenge, envy, and—poverty, are unknown.

Of all these posthumous pieces of wonder and magic, the one which produced the greatest sensation was a "grand heroic-comic opera," with a libretto supplied by the inevitable Schikaneder himself. It was expressly announced as a "Continuation of *Die Zauberflöte*," and entitled: *Die Pyramiden von Babilon* (*The Pyramids of Babylon*). It was first produced at Schikaneder's Theatre in 1797.

Why not one of the numerous composers of folk's operas (W. Müller, Joh. Schenk, Kauer, Süssmayer, Weigl, etc.), then resident in Vienna, set these *Pyramiden* to music must remain an open question. They dressed, probably, Mozart's crushing rivalry. A few years later (1801), however, Süssmayer brought out upon the stage a piece in the style of *Die Zauberflöte*, under the title: *Phäno, oder die Erscheinungen in Versuchungstempel*. The *Pyramiden von Babilon* were set by the Bohemian Mederichs (under the name of Johann Gallus) in conjunction with Peter von Winter, Gallus taking the first act and the overture, and Winter the second act.

The pianoforte arrangement of this opera now lies before me. In consequence of the absence of the dialogue I can say nothing positive concerning the course of the plot—answering there to have been one—and must, therefore, confine myself to a few hints about the music. This is in the first act unquestionably superior to what it is in the second, which does not, in the remotest degree, remind us of the composer of *Das entzückende Opferfest*. The first act by Gallus, on the contrary, displays a certain energy, and an excellent working out of the most interesting motives. The extremely boisterous overture (in C major) brings in rather intrusively the inevitable blasts on the trombone, as well as the mysterious knocking. The entire work is, however, thoroughly homophonous—and does not remind us in the slightest degree of the manner of Mozart. The air of Sennos: "Sendet mich, ihr guten Götter," is, on the contrary, evidently formed upon that of Sarastro. A pompous and effective march of Priests, too, though not so simple and dignified as that in *Die Zauberflöte*, stands out advantageously. In the second act (by Winter), we have Cremona's grand bravura air (A minor—A major), "Ha! da ist die Pyramide!" It strikes the hearer at once as a copy of the bravura air in *Die Zauberflöte*. In like manner we find, very true to nature, the bird-catcher in the little songs: "Wenn ich nur alle Mädchen wüsste," and "Voller Angst und voller Schrecken." Gallus, too, has copied him and his wife very well in the duet: "Heute sind es gerade drei Wochen, Wo ich mich ohne Weib noch befand." But, notwithstanding this and everything else, these Babylonian *Pyramiden* have long since disappeared without leaving a trace behind. Save the musical historian, scarcely anyone knows even their name.

A still less satisfactory result must have been achieved by a continuation undertaken, in the year 1798, by Winter alone, under the title *Das Labyrinth, oder der Kampf mit den Elementen*, though Schikaneder had the pianoforte arrangement illustrated with twelve copperplate engravings. Gerber himself (*Neues Lexikon*, part iv. p. 398), can tell us nothing more about this score than that: "It is said to contain much that is beautiful." The spirit of Mozart did not hover, illuminating, warming, and vivifying, over those troubled waters—so they ran out and dried up before their time. And yet it was time they did!

Finally, towards the commencement of the present century, Goethe wrote his fragment: *Der Zauberflöte zweiter Theil* (*Second part of the Magic Flute*). More than anyone else was he, the uni-

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikantung*.

versal poet, and first among the initiated, competent and fitted to execute such a work. But the very first attack assumed such vast dimensions that even the cleverest composer could scarcely hope to manage musically the entire work when completed. Then, again, there was the fact that the aristocratic and absolutist tendencies apparent in this fragment, as in everything Goethe did, could scarcely inspire a musician with enthusiasm for the wonderful poem. Goethe perceived in time both these evils, and thus this *Second Magic Flute* remained a fragment. Isolated portions have been set by Zelter, J. F. Reichardt, C. Löwe, Reissiger, and others—but, as far as I know, without especial success.

In Robert's opera *Die Sylphen*, to which F. H. Himmel, Reichardt's successor, wrote admirable music, we find Papageno, Papagena, and Leporello, introduced as episodic personages, so that this work, also, if not exactly a continuation, may be called an echo of *Die Zauberflöte*.

In conclusion, a word must be said concerning the source whence was derived the text of *Die Zauberflöte*, as well as of all the continuations and imitations of it, with the exception of that of *Die Sylphen*, which is founded on a fairy tale by Gozzi. This common source is the *Histoire de Sethos avec Anecdotes de l'ancienne Egypte*, a work published at Amsterdam, MDCCXXXII, and purporting to be translated from a Greco-Egyptian original. This apocryphal and bungling production was translated into German, in 1777, under the name (falsely affixed to it, perhaps) of Matthias Klaudius. It was this version which Schikaneder evidently employed throughout, sometimes—for the apothegms—copying it word for word. But the shadowy comic forms in *Die Zauberflöte* are indisputably his own property. There is not the slightest trace of them in the *Geschichte des Sethos*.

JOSEPH SEILER.

MISS EMMA BARNETT AT THE BRITISH ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

(From the "Sunday Times," April 11.)

The feature of the evening was the appearance of Miss Emma Barnett, a sister of the well-known composer, who made her debut as a pianist some little time since at the Crystal Palace, and has since been winning golden opinions in the provinces. To a certain extent, however, Miss Emma Barnett may be considered a stranger to the metropolis: and it is, therefore, with all the greater pleasure that we find her introduced to public favour by the British Orchestral Society, a body which should persevere in fostering native talent. In choosing Beethoven's Concerto in E flat (sometimes called "The Emperor") Miss Barnett selected a work such as no pianist possessing anything but the highest ability would attempt to cope with. The choice was, therefore a courageous one, but the result amply justified it, and proved that the young artist could not have hit upon a better medium of making herself known to the public. Miss Barnett has great certainty of execution, and plays her bravura passages with much brilliancy; light and shade are not wanting in her performance, and her very finished rendering of the concerto proved that she possesses both the power of grasping the composer's meaning and the art of rendering it with fidelity and freedom from exaggeration. It is seldom that we find in one so young the combined perfection of technique and real artistic perception, and it would be manifestly unjust to Miss Barnett to state that still further excellence than that she already possesses is beyond her grasp. Still, regarding the elevated nature of her qualifications, and the undoubted fact of her heart being in her work, there is every reason to hope that this young lady, as an exponent, will not only support the prestige of the name she bears, but will prove an able representative of the English pianoforte school. Miss Barnett was received with great favour and warmly recalled after the concerto.

CHRISTIANA.—Opera was unknown here, but during the past winter, *Don Juan*, *Fanci*, *Norma*, *Le Nezzi*, etc., were brought out. The principal artists are Swedes, but the librettos Norwegian.

BADNIELA.—M. Léon Achard opened at the Théâtre de la Monnaie as Raoul in *Les Huguenots*.—The fifth of Mad. Nilsson's performances is to be included in the subscription. Unless he had consented to this, M. Campeaux would have had to run the gauntlet of the law courts. In his prospectus he promised Mad. Nilsson, and his subscribers contemplated that they were to hear her without extra charge.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

The opera season at Drury Lane began on Saturday night with Beethoven's *Fidelio*. It could hardly have begun more auspiciously, Mdlle Tieltjens, the greatest representative of Leonora, greatest of operatic heroines, now on the stage, being in full possession of her splendid means, and singing her very best—as the incomparable *scena* in the first act, containing the impressive invocation to "hope," was quite enough to show. The popular favourite was received with the enthusiasm which is the just due of many years' zealous and unremitting service, to say nothing about talent, both vocal and dramatic, of the very highest order. Mdlle Tieltjens' delineation of Beethoven's ideal wife has so often been described that to enter into a detailed analysis of it now would be to go over old ground to no purpose. That it is a masterpiece in a walk of art where to excel is most difficult, has long and unanimously been acknowledged. The dungeon scene, where the firmness, courage, and devotion of Leonora are most triumphantly exhibited, would alone suffice to place this beyond a question. The other leading characters were assigned to Signor Bignardi (Florestan), Herr Behrens (Rocco), Signor Catalani (Pizarro), and Mdlle Baumermeister (Marcellina); the subordinate parts of Jaquino and the Minister falling to Signors Rinaldini and Costa. Signor Bignardi, a tenor, who has for some years enjoyed a certain reputation on the Continent, must be allowed another opportunity of showing what his actual qualities may be. Florestan is a part that has tried many a good artist, and which many a good artist has found an uphill one. About the Rocco of Herr Behrens it will suffice to say that a part so essentially German in its feelings and characteristics is almost out of the sphere of any but German art; and that, if for that reason alone, it could hardly find just now a more competent representative. One of the best performances of the evening was the much-admired quartet in the first act, for Marcellina, Rocco, Leonora, and Jaquino, which, as never fails to be the case when efficiently rendered, was asked for again and repeated. The orchestra, under the direction of Sir Michael Costa, was superb; and both the overture in E, which preceded the first act, and the great overture in C, which preceded the second (according to a custom which for certain reasons may be open to objection), were admirably played, the last winning an enthusiastic encore. The chorus, if not all that might be desired in the scene where the State prisoners are allowed a brief respite from their confinement, was both powerful and correct in the triumphant climax, when the conjugal fidelity of Leonora meets with its just reward. So fine a performance of a lyric masterpiece like *Fidelio* was an auspicious inauguration of the season. The opera was preceded by the National Anthem for chorus and orchestra. Mr Mapleson's arrangements for the season are announced without any preliminary flourish to speak of. The opening of his prospectus gives us to understand that the present is the last season during which the performances of Her Majesty's Opera can be held in Drury Lane Theatre, and that the future home of the Muse is destined to be a "Grand National Opera-house now in course of erection on the Victoria Embankment." The idea is full of promise, and we sincerely hope it may be carried out, to the satisfaction both of the enterprising manager and his many supporters among the musical public—and this more so, inasmuch as it is in contemplation to keep the new establishment open for the greatest part of the year, the winter to be especially given to "the production of works by native composers." If this means that we are at last to have a theatre for English Opera, those who, not without reason, have, time out of mind, been looking forward with anxiety to the possibility of such an institution being set on foot with anything like a fair prospect of success, will have good cause to be satisfied. That the number is "legion" we need hardly suggest. With regard to the season of Italian (?) Opera, which—thanks to a great measure to the German songsters and comedian whose genius ennobled the performance—began so successfully on Saturday night, Mr Mapleson says what he has to say in as few words as could well put forth his case. He makes no direct allusion to the repertory at his immediate command, although that repertory is known to be comprehensive enough. On the other hand, he pledges himself to the production of certain operas which he terms indiscriminately "novelties," though only two

in the catalogue are absolutely entitled to be thus designated. The first of these exceptional works is Wagner's *Lohengrin*—so often promised, and now, there is every reason to believe, actually forthcoming. When Sir Michael Costa seriously takes a thing in charge, it is notoriously safe in his keeping; and *Lohengrin*, whatever difficulties it may present, will fare like its predecessors. That the "cast" of this opera is strong the mere fact that the characters of Elsa and Ortrud are respectively allotted to Madame Christine Nilsson and Mlle Tietjens, and that of the "Knight of the Swan," to Signor Campanini, its original representative at Bologna, when Wagner's dramatic genius turned the heads even of the modern Italians, to whom Palestrina is now a sealed book, sufficiently testifies. That the *Almosen* of Ambroise Thomas should be revived for Mlle Nilsson is only what was to be expected; nor will the announcement of Ralf's *Talisman*, which, with the same accomplished lady as Edith Plantagenet, was so successful last year, be received with anything but approval. The second promised "novelty" is an opera entitled *Gli Amanti di Verona* (*Romeo and Juliet*, of course) in which the part of the heroine is assigned to Mlle Nilsson. That Mlle Nilsson will make a very attractive Juliet there can be little doubt, but what kind of music the Marquis D'Ivry has composed for a story which has been so often musically illustrated—from Zingarelli, an Italian, and Steibelt, a German, down to Gounod, a Frenchman—who can say? It will be time enough to judge when we are allowed the privilege of listening to the opera. The other works specified in the programme are *Faust*, the *Diamonds of the Crown* (for Mlle Singelli); the *Favorita*, *Figlia del Reggimento*, and *Somnambula*; *Martha*, *Der Freischütz*, *Lucia*, *Un Ballo*, the *Traviata*, *Lucresia Borgia*, the *Huguenots*, *Semiramide*, *Rigoletto*, *Otello*, the *Nozze di Figaro*, *Flauto Magico*, and *Don Giovanni*. As evening in each week—the director states—will, as an "experiment," be devoted to one of the works of the classical masters. That the "experiment" may succeed will be the hope of every amateur. Among the singers unknown to England who are to strengthen the already strong company of Mr Mapleson are Mlle Elena Varesi, who comes, we are told, with the important recommendation of Mlle Ristori, the great Italian tragedian; Mlle Felicia Ferrini, a soprano "d'agilità"; Mlle Belloc, a mezzo soprano who has won recent laurels in Paris, &c. But these will receive due attention as they successively appear.

Plotow's *Marta*, which the most rigid stickler for classical lyric drama can listen to once a year with pleasure, was very agreeably performed on Tuesday night, the principal parts being sustained by Mlle Singelli (Marta), Madame Trebelli (Nancy), Signor Brignoli (Lionello), and Herr Behrens (Plincketto). We have heard Mlle Singelli in much better voice, what seemed to be the remains of a cold affecting her production of the high notes; but on no previous occasion has she entered more completely into the spirit of the character, or played it with greater attention to detail. Her impersonation was marked by precisely the mixture of gaiety and sentiment demanded, and from her efforts as an actress much of the interest of the occasion sprang. Mlle Singelli's rendering of "The Last Rose of Summer" had merit enough to deserve the encore it received; indeed, some phrases of the beautiful melody could not have been better executed. Madame Trebelli played her familiar part just as of yore—that is to say, with plenty of spirit—while her singing exhibited all the beauty of tone and perfect finish which have so often been the theme of eulogy. It is superfluous to state that she was well received. Madame Trebelli is a prime favourite with the public, from whom she need never despair of a welcome. Signor Brignoli's reappearance after some eight years' absence was the event of the evening, and could hardly have failed to excite regret that he did not give us more of his services when in his prime. The voice of this gentleman is not what it once was, but he uses it with such consummate skill as well nigh to hide the ravages of time. He is, moreover, a capable and experienced artist, well knowing what he has to do and how to do it in the most effective way. As operatic tenors go, therefore, Signor Brignoli must be considered an acquisition. No perfect specimen of the kind presents himself, and a good artist with a voice that has lost its freshness is better than *ros et preterea nihil*. Signor Brignoli could not complain of wanting appreciation on Tuesday night. He was frequently

applauded, and won an imperative encore for his very clever rendering of "M'appari." Herr Behrens did good service as Plincketto, albeit his humour, like his voice, was ponderous; the chorus left little to desire, and the orchestra gave entire satisfaction.

The other operas announced for the week have been *Lucresia Borgia*—first appearance of Signor Campanini; and *Rigoletto*—for the *début* of Mlle Elena Varesi (to-night.) D. T.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The first performance of *Don Giovanni* has for many years been a sure attraction at Covent Garden, and this, combined with a new singer about whom there has been no little talk in musical circles, made Saturday a "gala night" in the fullest acceptance of the phrase. The house was crammed from base to roof, and among the audience were the Prince and Princess of Wales. The occupants of the galleries had come, not by the first time by many, to listen to Mozart's undying strains, those of the boxes and stalls—the "pit" is now but a name of something that was, but is no more—to hear and judge the young and unknown Zerlina. Both must have gone away content, the general performance, under Signor Varesi's direction, being one of more than average excellence, the cast of the chief personages in all respects efficient, and the *débütante* a thoroughly legitimate success. The Zerlina of the evening—and that is the point of interest now—was Mlle Zerk Thalberg. From the daughter of the renowned Sigismund Thalberg, supposing her to be naturally gifted, something more than ordinary would, as a matter of course, be expected. This something, it may be said at once, was fully realized. Mlle Thalberg's extreme youth alone, to say nothing of her prepossessing appearance, would have enlisted sympathy on her behalf; and this was shown in the cordial, nay, enthusiastic, welcome that greeted Zerlina as she tripped before the lamps, in company with Masetto and the villagers. The first few notes she had to utter in the lively strain, "GiovINETTE, che fate all'amore," at once predisposed the audience; and the applause began, which became more and more emphatic in the duet with Don Giovanni at the "sido" ("Vorrei, e non vorrei"), where Zerlina's inclination was expressed with charming *coquetterie*, and culminated at the end in an "accuse" no less unanimous than hearty. It was scarcely credible that a girl in her 17th year, who had never trod the boards and never sung with the accompaniment of an orchestra until now, could be so entirely at ease, exercise so unrestricted a control over her voice, round off her phrases with such apparent art, and preserve an intonation so irreproachable. In the familiar air, "Batti batti," ably supported by the by-play of her partner, Masetto, those qualities were exhibited to still further advantage. "Batti batti," too was encoored with the same unanimity as "La ci darem," and, to crown all, so was the not less familiar "Vedrai carino," in the next act. It must be remembered that such melodies imperatively require that sustained "portamento" (to employ a technical expression) which in feats of mere agility is not called for. The voice of Mlle Thalberg is a pure *soprano*, of light calibre and exquisite sweetness of quality. If not called upon for incessant exertion, which cannot at so early a period be otherwise than detrimental, it will gradually attain the mellow ripeness and volume of tone alone wanting to absolute perfection. Despite inexperience, Mlle Thalberg seems to possess all the requisites to become an actress as well as a singer. It is long, indeed, since brighter promise has been exhibited on the lyric stage, and the career of the young aspirant will be watched with interest step by step.

The other characters were sustained by Madame Vilda (Donna Anna), Mlle D'Angeri (Elvira), M. Maurel (Don Giovanni), Signors Marini, Ciampi, Cappai, and Tagliacof (Ottavio, Leporello, Masetto, and the Commendatore)—a distribution of characters which must have satisfied the most exacting admirers of Mozart's admitted *chef d'œuvre*.

The operas for the present week—five in number—have been *La Favorita*; *Don Giovanni*—second appearance of Mlle Thalberg; *L'Elisir d'Amor*; the *Hugu* notes; and the *Figlia del Reggimento*—first appearance of Mlle Marimon (to-night). Mr Gye can hardly be accused of inactivity. The representation of so many works within so brief a period is almost without precedent.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The second concert of the present season took place in St James's Hall on Monday night, and was made specially interesting to lovers of novelty by a performance of Raff's third symphony, entitled *Im Walde*. This work has never been heard in England before, although it is accounted its composer's masterpiece, and has been some years before the world. English ignorance of a symphony, however, is no argument against it. Though we are gradually acquiring a healthy curiosity about things of the kind, we care less to enlarge the scope of our musical acquaintance than to dwell admiringly upon the excellencies of old friends. Besides, we are distrustful, not without excuse, of the school to which Raff belongs, and shrink somewhat from contact with its teaching. These considerations explain, if they do not justify the fact, why the composer and his *Im Walde* have so tardily made their appearance in our concert-rooms. It was, doubtless, very wrong of our indifference to keep them out, and hence we had a double reason to rejoice on Monday night—we enlarged our knowledge, and took Raff in. The title of the symphony at once suggests that it belongs to the order of "programme music," and is simply illustrative. So far, the work holds a secondary rank among its kind; for even now, when the tendency is to proclaim the need of a defined poetic basis, few will venture to assert that the noblest example of programme music—Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony—is equal to the same composer's symphony in C minor. "Pure" music, self-sufficient, and in all respects self-contained, must ever come before that which needs an interpreter, and which has no meaning apart from certain moral or physical phenomena. But, while this is the case, nobody disputes the legitimacy of the descriptive in musical art. Words like *Im Walde* have their rightful place, and he who can produce a "Pastoral" is second only to him who creates a "C minor." There are some regulations, however, upon which, if programme music is not to run riot and become a nuisance, it will be necessary to insist. In the first place, its meaning should be definite, or, failing that, it must, as music, be capable of exciting pleasure. We scarcely need stop to argue this proposition, because music that is neither intelligible nor agreeable has no champions even among the many who seem disposed to fight for any artistic folly. The rule laid down is just that which the Pastoral Symphony satisfies. From beginning to end of Beethoven's descriptive work not a passage conveys a doubtful impression. All is as clear as the waters of the brook it shows us, while, regarded as music, it can be heard with delight for its own sake. Here, then, we have a standard by which to test every work of the kind, and so strict, Raff's *Im Walde* is found woefully deficient. The composer divides his symphony into three parts—"Day," "Twilight," and "Night;" throughout all of which we are, of course, assumed to be "in the Forest," and subject to the influences of a scene that imagination can easily depict. An *allegro*, entitled "Impressions and Feelings," constitutes the first part; the second is made up of a *largo*, "dreaming," and an *allegro assai*, "Dance of Dryads;" while in the third we are told to look to a final *allegro* for "Busy stillness of Night in the Forest—Arrival and departure of the Wild Hunt, with Frau Holle and Wotan—Daybreak." Here is, verily, an ambitious programme, but we need not test its execution in detail. It will suffice if we indicate the last movement as enough to condemn the work when tested by the standard of Beethoven. Some may quarrel with Raff about his choice of subjects, and ask what gain can come to music from association with the ghastliness of his *Lenore*, or the devilry of the Wild Hunt in *Im Walde*. But upon this we will not insist. If a man wishes to make music sketch a gibbon, or a spectral bloodhound, by all means let him indulge his fancy. We do, however, complain that Raff's picture is, as to its ambitious *fauna*, no picture at all, but a great smudge of virid colour made in the dark, as it would seem, with the brush of a house-painter. Witnessing it, the eye is dazzled by glare without being conscious of form. We want to know what this means, what that is intended to convey, why our senses are harrowed in one place, and soothed in another; but we ask vainly, notwithstanding our acquaintance with the composer's general idea. Other portions of the work are more happy. There are some charming glimpses of forest life in the opening movement, and both the *Largo* and *Scherzo* have points of interest and attraction. But the *Fine*, like that in *Lenore*, ruins the

work, and proclaims it, as an example of programme music, to be a failure. We will not criticise *Im Walde* as music *per se*, further than to say that, with many happy effects, and great skill in use of the orchestra, it is chiefly remarkable for a bold defiance of rules sanctioned by the highest genius, the result being often of a character which leaves Raff without excuse for his daring. We do not advocate failure in music, but innovation should at least be in the direction of improvement, and not suggest change for the sake of change. On the whole, *Im Walde* cannot be said to have advanced its composer's position in this country. A majority of the audience received it with coldness, and, we believe, were right in doing so. The performances, taken for all in all, reflected credit upon Mr Cusins and his orchestra, who deserve none the less praise because they had a thankless task.

Over the rest of the concert we must pass very briefly. The second symphony was Beethoven's No. 8, and the concluding overture Spohr's *Jessonda*. Mdlle Krebs played Schumann's concerto with splendid effect, overcoming its many difficulties, and reading the work like a consummate artist. The vocalist was Mdlle Levier, who sang Röscher's great air from Spohr's *Faust* most effectively.—*Daily Telegraph*.

THE LATE MR JOSEPH WILLIAMS.

(Continued.)

The musical world has lost another of its celebrities. Mr Joseph Williams, the eminent clarionetist, and one of the directors of the Philharmonic Society, expired a few days ago at his residence at South Beigraiv, in his 50th year. Before his time the full capabilities of the clarionet were unknown, and to him the honour belongs of having discovered and brought out the sweetness as well as the power of that somewhat difficult instrument, which he modulated to perfection. In the course of his successful career Mr Williams became connected with the famous musical and vocalists of his age; and at the great musical festivals, the Antient Concerts, the Philharmonic Society, &c., his abilities were always in request. At some of the Hereford festivals a concerto by this remarkable artist was an important feature of the programme. As far back as 1819 one of the Hereford papers, in its notice of the festival, said, "Mr Williams gave a concerto on the clarionet, in which he evinced astonishing execution." Another journal said, "He delighted and astonished every one present. His skill and execution were truly wonderful." Upon another occasion the exultant singing of Madame Stockhausen of "Gratias agimus," accompanied by Mr Williams, being noticed, it was said that "it was really difficult to distinguish her voice from the tones of the instrument." The remarkable abilities developed by Mr Williams became, as it were, a passport to royal favour; he was appointed one of the Court musicians, and leader of Her Majesty's private band, a position which he occupied with honour and distinction, in connection also with the Philharmonic Society, of which he was a director for many years, until, indeed, a short time before his death; his musical knowledge and consummate judgment being held in high and deserved esteem. His mental faculties were bright and clear to the last; and those who enjoyed his friendship hold in affectionate remembrance the kindly heart, the generous spirit, and the lively disposition, by which he was distinguished in private life. A great artist and a good man has passed away from us, but memory remains that will not soon decay. Mr Williams published, in 1848, a work on the clarionet, with a view to facilitate the progress of students in acquiring a command over the instrument of which he was so expert a master, in the extreme sharp and flat keys. He had also written some graceful original melodies. He was a skilful violinist, and an accomplished performer on the pianoforte.

Bishenden's wolf to the Editor of the Hornet—Sir at the concert at St George's Hall at which Mr F H Bell the new baritone made his first appearance on Saturday March 27 it was announced upon the programme that the wolf would be introduced re-arranged expressly for Mr Bishenden whether the animal has been improved by the process I must leave your readers to decide with his hind legs in front and his front behind the wolf you will now see for Bishenden did where his head was his tail where his tail was his head he's for Bishenden thus re-arranged it is said yours S.

THEATRE.—The season at the Teatro Comunale was brought to a close by a mixed entertainment consisting of pieces from favourite operas and two overtures, the overture to Cherubini's *Medea* and that to Richard Wagner's *Fliegende Holländer*.—The Teatro Mauroneo has been opened for opera with Verdi's *Trovatore*.

MUSIC AT BERLIN.

(From our Correspondent.)

At the Royal Operahouse Mad. Mallinger sang the part of Aïda in Verdi's opera for the last time on Easter Monday. Next season the part is to be given to the adorable Minnie Hauck. Rubinstein has arrived to superintend the last rehearsals of his new work, *Die Macchabees*.

After the 13th June, Herr Ernst retires from the stage-management of the Royal Operahouse, and will be succeeded by Herr von Strantz, of the Stadttheater, Leipzig. During the interval Herr Salomon will fulfil provisionally the duties of the office.

The number of performances at the Royal Operahouse, during the year 1874, amounted to 215. Of these, 52 were devoted to classical masters:—7 to Gluck; 26 to Mozart; 5 to Beethoven; 12 to Weber; 1 to Méhul; and 1 to Cherubini. The novelties were *Aïda*; *Die Monkater* (Radecke); and *Cesario* (Taubert). The revivals were *Phigæia auf Tauris*; *Gustav Tell*; *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*; and *Hernani*.

The 1st April brought two artistic jubilees. One was the 20th anniversary of the Neue Akademie der Tonkunst, founded by Dr. Theodor Kullak, on his retirement from the Conservatory of Music, of which he had been joint-maître with Herren Stern and Marx. The academy is in a flourishing condition, and attended by 800 students from all parts. The second jubilee was the professional anniversary of Herr Hubert Ries. Born on the 1st April, 1802, Ries studied under Spohr during 1823 and 1824. On the 1st April, 1825, he was appointed Chamber-Musician at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, by Count Brühl. On the recommendation of the Intendant-General, Count von Rebern, and of the Musical Director-General, Spontini, he was, in 1836, appointed by King Wilhelm III. *Concertmeister*—the duties of which post he fulfilled up to 1873, when he retired. On the death of Herr Möser, in 1852, Ries was named master of the instrumental class attached to the theatre, and, in the period since, has turned out some 40 chamber-musicians. He still holds the place, and is as active as ever. On the occasion of his anniversary, Ries received from the Emperor the Order of the Crown, 4th class, together with a friendly letter from Herr von Hülsen, Intendant-General.

The *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung* gives the following chronological list of leading musicians at Berlin above the age of fifty:—Gustav Reichardt, born 1787; Carl H. E. Böhmer, 1799; Eduard Grell, and G. W. Tschern, 1800; Hubert Ries, and Count von Redern, 1802; Heinrich Dorn, 1804; Julius Schneider, 1805; Ernst David, and Wagner, 1806; Ludwig Erk, 1807; Carl Fr. Weitzmann, 1808; Fr. W. Jahns, 1809; August Haupt, 1810; Wilhelm Taubert, and Hieronymus Truhn, 1811; Hermann Hauser, 1812; Franz Commer, and Adolf Stahlknecht, 1813; August Schaffer, and Heinrich Kottitz, 1814; Gustav Schumann, 1815; Julius Stahlknecht, P. L. Hertel, and Hermann Küster, 1817; Rudolf von Herzberg, Ferdinand Gumbert, and Theodor Kullak, 1818; Hermann Krüger, Albert Lischhorn, and Carl Eckert, 1819; Julius Stern, 1820; Friedrich Kiel, 1821; Ferdinand Sieber, 1822; Gustav Engel, 1823; and Richard Wüerst, 1824.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.

PRINCIPAL AMOUNTS OF DONATIONS.—Right Hon. Earl Beauchamp, the President, £105; Major-General Hope Graham, £10 10s.; W. Atkinson, Esq., £10 10s.; F. Gye, Esq., £10 10s.; Legacy—the late Miss Markland, £200; H. W. Prescott, Esq., £10 10s.; J. F. H. Read, Esq., £10 10s.; Fred. Lyon, Esq., £21; Miss E. Gotobed, £10; Messrs Hutchings and Rorer, £10 10s.; Donald M. King, Esq., £10 10s.; Messrs Novello, Ewer and Co., £10 10s.; Robert A. Heath, Esq., £10 10s.; Sir James Tyler, £10 10s.; Charles Tyler, Esq., £10 10s.; Sir Michael Costa, £5 5s.; Sir Julius Benedict, £5 5s.; W. F. Low, Esq., £6 10s.; George Norbury, Esq., £5 5s.; Sir Thomas Gladstone, Bart., £5 5s.; Signor Vianini, £5 5s.; Signor Bevinigiani, £5 5s.; W. Phillips, Esq., £5 5s.; Messrs Metzler and Co., £5 5s.; F. Meadows White, Esq., £5; James Olding, Esq., £5 5s.; Messrs Ashdown and Parry, £10 10s.; Lady Goldsmid, £5 5s.; Robert Case, Esq., £5 5s.

CONCOURS.—Mad. Lucca appeared a short time since as Selica in *L'Africaine*, and was enthusiastically received.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

Our winter season at the theatre terminated on March 21st, when two new dramas, lately produced in Paris, were given—*La Maitresse Legitime* (on Thursday) and *Rose Michel* (on Saturday).

The acting of Mlle Laurent and Mlle Colomb was perfect. MM. Dauby, Perrier, Arnold, Gervaise; and Mmes Langlade, Lapierre, Merville, &c., were the other artists.

The short opera season, which will last till May 31st, commenced on March 30th, with *Giroflé-Girofla*; and, since then, a repetition, *Docteur Crispin*, *Lucie*, and *Mignon*, have been given.

M. Troy's troupe is mostly composed of artists he had with him during the winter at Tournai, but we find some additional ones well known in Boulogne. M. Bresson, who sang here as premier tenor during M. Clement's administration, two years ago, and was always a favourite, has joined the troupe. His voice seems to have improved in tone and strength, possibly because he has passed the winter in "sunnier climes." M. Dupin, the basso, is with us, and M. Ketten, the tenor, is announced to appear in May. Mlle Noaille, an old favourite here, made her re-appearance as "La Comère," on Thursday.

And now for our new comers. Mlle Alice Lutscher, the *prima donna*, possesses a well-trained, flexible voice, of good compass, and acts with taste and judgment. She is well supported by the first duetist, Mlle Mourret. I have seldom seen Mignon so well impersonated. Her voice is a mezzo-soprano, is not over strong, but she sings with good taste. M. Mourret, the baritone, is unlike his wife. He is anything but "Mignon." Just six feet high, he has a fine powerful voice, of good compass, which a careful training might improve as regards modulation. M. Voisin, second tenor, is a useful member of the company, but his voice has seen its best days. The chorus sang with accuracy; the band, under the direction of M. Donnay, is rather too loud when accompanying the singers, but M. Donnay is, I think, the right man in the right place. X. T. R.

FLYING SCRAPS ABOUT THE LATE BALFE.

Born at Dublin—1808 (May 15)—not Wexford, as has rashly been asserted. At Wexford, studied with Meadows, a band master, and then with Hickie, a professor. Between five and six composed, and scored for military band, a polacca. (There's procreancy!) Birth-place—Balfé and Horner—Wexford (Leinster) and Dublin. At Dublin—his master, O'Rourke (Rooke)—Amilie—Henrique (Harrison)—for violin and composition. At eight, May, 1816, played violin concerto by Rooke at a concert. Studied violin with James Barton, and composition with Alexander Lee (!) At nine years old composed ballad "Lover's Mistake," sung by Madame Vestris in *Paul Pry*. At ten, sang on the stage in *Spotted Child*, and played fiddle in the orchestra. 1823, article to "Cherry Ripe" Horn (for seven years), with whom he went to London. Engaged in Drury Lane orchestra, under Tom Cooke—(sixteen years old) was sub. to F. Cooke. 1825, took to stage singing—*Der Freischütz* at Norwich—Caesar. 1825, to Rome with Count Mazzara. 1826, studied at the Milan Conservatoire (Frederici), Scala (Giosopoli); composed music for Ballet, *Le Prouce*, same time singing with Filippa Galli. 1826, singing with Bordogni—Rossini gets Italian Opera—engages Balfé—Balfé comes out as Figaro (with Sontag)—three years engagement with Laurent (15—20—25,000 francs). 1827, Dandini (*Cinderella*), with Malibran, Danzillo, Inghello, and Levasseur—(what a cast!)—Palermo, *I Rivali di se stessi*, opera without chorus; later, *L'Inganno* of Rossini, and *Il Matrimonio* of Cimarosa. Pavia—*Un Accertamento al Glori*, the second opera in which G. Ronconi appeared—(more on a future occasion). OLD AMATEUR.

When we sink on the bosom of night,
With toil and with trouble overrun,
We wait the return of the light,
In the hope of a happier morn.

Dear departed One, not for thy sake
Do we grieve,—thou art gone to thy rest;
For the trumpet, that bids thee awake,
Will arouse thee to mix with the best.

R. C. H.

ERATON.—"I love thee, and I love thee not," line 8, verse 2, should read, "But in thy trustful look *there lies*," (instead of *their*).

DEATH.

On April 13th, at Lewisham, suddenly, JAMES HARRIS, Mus. Bac., Oxon., aged 78.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H.R.—The late M. Melinger's first appearance on the stage was at the Porte St. Martin (1836), in the famous *Tour de Neuf*.

ZITELLA.—Neither the Camorrista of Naples, nor the Mafia of the other Sicily answers to the description. With regard to the other question, it was James, not Henry Wallack (his brother), who was famous in *The Brigand*, and sang the ballad "Gentle Zitella," as he did subsequently a very silly ballad introduced by Alexander Leo (now joint manager of Drury Lane with Captain Pophill), in which the way-laid, potch first introduced to London as *Fra Diavolo*, and in which Mrs. Wylett used to sing, "Away, away to the Mountain's Brow," instead of Auber's own romance, *Tempora mutantur, et nos, &c.* (happily).

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the Musical World is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1875.

WHAT follows is well nigh inconceivable—that is to say, it would have been inconceivable but for a sector whose name appears below.

"It is a strange thing, the subtle form and condition of music. When the composer has conceived it in his mind, the music itself is not there. When he has committed it to paper, it is still not there. When he has called together his orchestra and chorists from the north and the south, it is there—but gone again when they disperse. It has always, as it were, to put on mortality afresh. It is ever being born anew, but to die away and leave only dead notes and dumb instruments behind. No wonder that there should have been men of shallow reasoning powers or defective musical feelings, who, in the fugitiveness of the form, have seen only the frivolity of the thing, and tried to throw contempt upon it accordingly. But in truth, such critics have hit upon the highest argument in favour of the Art; for how deep, on the contrary, must be the foundations of that pleasure which has so precarious a form of outward expression! How intensely must that enjoyment be interwoven with the God-like elements of our being, in which more outward sense has no fleeting a share! The very limitation of its material resources is the greatest proof of its spiritual powers. We feel its influences to be so heavenly, that were it not for the grossness of our natures, we should take it in, not by the small channel of the ear alone, but by every pore of our frames. What is the medium of communication when compared with the effect on our minds. It is as if we were mysteriously linked with some spirit from the other world, which can only put itself *en rapport* with us, as long as we are here, through a slight and evanescent vibration of the air; yet, even that is all sufficient to show the intensity of the sympathy.—*Philharmonic Journal*."

[From the "Musical World," page 234, April 3rd, 1873.]

"The authoress of the above beautiful extract is Lady Eastlake. It is taken from her able article on music in the *Quarterly Review*, published about 21 years ago, and reprinted in a small edition by John Murray, in 1854—page 3—entitled *Music and Dress: Two Essays reprinted from the 'Quarterly Review.'* The authorship should have been acknowledged by the *Philharmonic Journal*.

"CHARLES K. SALAMAN."

"36, Baker Street, April 11th, 1875."

That our esteemed correspondent has long resided near Portman Square is one matter; but that the *Philharmonic Journal* should have taken Lady Eastlake's matter from the *Quarterly Review* (which killed Kents and Cock Robin), is another matter—which (but that matters little) is of little or no consequence. As the ingenious Dr Sprains protests—a man may eat a dozen oysters while measuring the dimensions of an obelisk, and at the same time (to a minute), hear

the clock strike (say "eleven"). What then? The man, for all we know, may be—who knows? So that, after all, Sector Salaman may be right or wrong. *Θ. GARR.*

THERE is a class of vocal music best described under the denomination of "Popular Songs"—not "National Songs," like the primeval melodies, nor "Patriotic Songs," like the ballads of Dibdin, but songs of our own period, embracing every variety of subject—coming now from the theatre, now from the concert room, now illustrating sentiment or affection (leanings or dudgeon); but mostly in the succinct and epigrammatic "ballad form" into which, as it were, they are shot from our musical dung carts. The elements to which such of these as survive the hundreds and hundreds of thousands of such rubbish annually are diverse, but not definable. It may be safely asserted that not more than one in a hundred of these ephemeral shootings outlives the actual exodus by a gunshot. Their birth a *quietus* is. The sesquipedalian and polyhedric Samuel (Johnson)—in his "Lives of the Poets"—thunders out that "Whatever pleases a great number of persons must have merit"—which simply means that what pleases a great number must please many. Admitting so much (which I don't obsequiously), I am, on the strength and sinew of it, disposed to give credit to the successful composers of ballads hypersentimental, from among which I might (but won't) cite some of various latitudinarily recognized examples. *Propter hoc*:—More consideration is awarded them by historiographs—*cumini sectores*—than even "G" can count upon his ten fingers and as many toes.

That to write a good ballad is not given to all appears from the fact that few among the "all" succeed in accomplishing anything permanent. It may, therefore, be urged (or not—as the humour turns and oozes out)—and this sans prejudice—that what outlives the contemporary shootings may survive till the fall; but, when come the branch-chopping and leaf-burying, the question must be otherwise superhandled. One may champion, yet not joust with, the severest judgment, and fail to achieve the nimbus. If, then, wanting in a something admitted to be indefinable, the pet phrase, "geniality," can hardly define it—unless to Pigmalian Sinter. A ballad without geniality (the "Golden Ass" would say, spontaneous effusion from the mind—which is absolute nonsense)—however much of a *lucus*, is no more really than a *non lucendo*. To be admired by know-nothings (connoisseurs) for elegance of melody and harmonious polyphony is one thing—to be admired for neither is another thing. How, then, can we explain absolutely what is meant by the term "popular"?—That which cannot, at one hearing, penetrate the hearts and dwell afterwards in the memory of one (or two) hundred thousand million hearers.

GROKER ROOKERS.

THE AUTHOR OF DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE.*

HERR JOS. SEILER, in his article:—"Continuation of *Die Zauberflöte*" (see page 251)—seems to be of opinion that Schikaneder was really the author of the libretto. Otto Jahn is not quite convinced of the fact, and names, also, a certain Giesecke. In his book: *Die Oper in Deutschland und das Theater der Neuzeit (Opera in Germany and the modern Stage)*, Hamburg, 1849, Julius Corset enters into details regarding Giesecke's authorship, and these details appearing to be

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

as little known as the practical and instructive book itself, I here extract what relates to the subject in question.

"Giesecke was a native of Brunswick. He studied at Halle, but, on account of certain wild pranks, was expelled from the University there, and gained a wretched livelihood as a chorister and actor of small parts at Schikaneder's Theatre, then still in the Freihans on the Wieden. While occupying this position he wrote the libretto of *Amadis*, a fairy opera in 4 acts by Stengel, and *Oberon*, a three-act opera, founded on a subject of Wieland's, by P. Wranitzky (1791). He translated, also, for Vienna, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, in 1792, and, under the title of *Die Schule des Lebens*, *Così fan Tutte*, in 1794. A short time afterwards he disappeared, no one knew whither. He soon turned up again, however, in Dublin, and, during the celebrated continental Blockade, was sent by the University there to Iceland, where he studied the mineralogy of the country and made an important scientific collection. In 1818 he again visited Vienna, but on this occasion as a Professor of Dublin University, who had come from Iceland and Lapland to incorporate in the Imperial Cabinet of Natural Curiosities a collection of objects belonging to the Mineral, Vegetable, and Animal Kingdoms. In the summer of 1818," says Cornet in his book, "a well-bred old gentleman in a blue tail coat and white necktie, and decorated with an order, once sat down in Vienna at the table-d'hôte, at which Ignaz von Seyfried, Korntner, Jul. Laroche, Gned, and I, dined every day. His venerable and snow-white head, his choice mode of speaking, and, indeed, his whole demeanour, produced an agreeable impression upon us all. It was the whilom chorus-singer, Giesecke. Seyfried was the only one of us who knew him again. The old gentleman's delight at Vienna and his recognition by the Emperor Francis—who had made him a present of a really magnificent gold snuffbox, absolutely blazing with large diamonds and filled with the newest Cremnitz mixture—were the reward for many years of privations and sufferings. On this occasion we gained a good deal of information about old times. Among other things we discovered that in him—he belonged to the order of Free Masons, then in very bad odour—we had made the acquaintance of the real author of *Die Zauberflöte*, a fact which, by the way, Seyfried had expected. I give this on the strength of his own assertion, which we had no reason to doubt. He made the statement on my singing the interpolated air from *Der Spiegel von Andien*. Many persons maintained that Halmböck, the prompter, was Schikaneder's collaborator. But on this too, Giesecke set us right. All that he acknowledged as Schikaneder's was the *figure of Papageno and that of his wife*. This episode as to the real author is, perhaps, not superfluous. *Die Zauberflöte* is simply the centre of German opera, to which, after the lapse of centuries, people will have to look, if they would study the fundamental elements of German operatic style. It is not, therefore, uninteresting to know the real author of the libretto, which Vulpinus and Schröder afterwards filed down, effacing its original naïveté."

Thus much Cornet. I have nothing to add, for I cannot make the book better, and it is from Mozart's music alone that it derives value and its importance. R. MUSOL.

BERLIN.—The Emperor's birthday was celebrated at the Royal Operahouse by a performance of Gluck's *Iphigenia auf Tauris*, with a prologue by Herr Adami, delivered by Herr Ludwig.—Rubinstein's opera, *Die Kossaken*, is to be shortly produced. The rehearsals are under the direction of Herr Eckert. The principal characters are cast thus: Leah, Mlle Brandt; Judah, Herr Betz; Nemi, Mlle Lehmann; Cleopatra, Mlle Grossi; and Elzevir, Herr Ernst. The composer is expected to attend the first performance. He will then go to Paris to superintend the production of his oratorio, *Der Thurm von Babel*.—Herr Goldmark's opera, *Die Königin von Saba*, is to be brought out next winter.—*La Belle Bourgeoise* has fallen flat at the Friedrich-Wilhelms-Theater, and most probably will be withdrawn. *The miser-scène* is all that could be desired, but the execution languid, even Mlle Melnhardt and Herr Swoboda failing to excite the usual enthusiasm.—The members of the St Cecilia Association, under the direction of Herr Alexis Holländer, recently gave a performance of Handel's *Semele* before the Emperor, and in the Palace of the Crown Prince.—At the concert given by the Stogadademie, Bach's *Mattheus-Passion* was performed, with Professor Stockhausen in the part of Christ.

JUBILEE OF THE COLOGNE CONSERVATORY.

We must not accuse the Present of ingratitude. It may, we own, have hidden thorns, but it wears, also, garlands, and, on the occasion of jubilees, at least, exhibits itself in an extraordinarily amiable light. How many agreeable expressions were uttered on the festive days of the 3rd and 4th April; expressions full of gratitude and appreciation, of honour and praise for those to whom they were addressed; full of devotion and admiration on the part of those from whom they emanated! If all that was said came only halfway from the heart, art and artists may confidently continue their upward flight. And we may believe that this is so, for the day of its 25th jubilee brought with it a rich gift to our Conservatory, which gift, together with the generous support from the Government Exchequer, and the contribution from the inhabitants of Cologne, secures for the institution a permanent existence. Rightly to estimate, however, the character of the proceedings, we must take into consideration the personal jubilees as well as the jubilee of the establishment itself. The latter is, of course, honoured in the person of its director for the time being; but to this must be added the fact that Dr Ferdinand Hiller, the director in question, created and founded the institution 25 years ago, and finally that, quite apart from his post in the Conservatory, he was keeping a 25th anniversary of his own, as Town Chapel-master and Conductor of the Society-Concerts. Thus he was the central point of the whole solemnity. Then came the jubilee, as teacher, of Herr Franz Weber, Royal Musical Director; the jubilee of three members, ably mentioned in our preliminary report, of the Committee; and, finally—to forget no one—the jubilee of Herr Fritz, one of the attendants in the Conservatory, and at the Concerts. There were thus plenty of private jubilees, and sufficient reasons why the proceedings should bear a character of warmth and cordiality, as though they had taken place among the members of one and the same family.

There was a kind of preparatory festival even on the evening of the 2nd April. Members of the Bach Association, under the direction of Professor Rudorff, from Berlin, surprised Dr Hiller at his residence by singing a number of songs. The cars of him the singers had come to honour were greeted by sounds recalling the memories of his youth. No wonder that his eyes were dimmed with tears. On the following morning the bands of the infantry regiments testified their respect by playing before his house. In the evening a numerous and brilliant audience assembled at the grand Jubilee Concert in the Gürzenich. A fine prayer:—"Nun danket alle Gott," arranged by Ferdinand Hiller for chorus and orchestra, opened the proceedings. Herr Bachem, in his double capacity of Upper-Burgomaster and President of the Conservatory, then addressed the meeting in a short and effective speech. He dwelt on the fact that the institution had sprang into life at a period of political agitation, and that, by its own vigour and the sacrifices willingly made by the lovers of music, it had at first existed without any help from the community or the State, gaining consideration and fame. He begged the public to continue in future the same kind interest they had hitherto exhibited towards the Institution, so that the latter might not fall off from its present flourishing condition, but, on the contrary, go on increasing in prosperity and strength.

The musical programme included compositions by Hiller, Bargiel, Brambach, Gersheim, Reinecke, Reintaler, and Rudorff, a choice band of modern composers of repute, all of whom, with the exception of Herren Reinecke and Reintaler, were present, and conducted their own productions. The masters of the Past were represented by Handel ("Hallelujah"), Beethoven (Concerto for Piano, Violin, and Violoncello), and Mozart ("Ave, verum," and Concerto for Two Pianos). The masters at the Conservatory all took part in the concert, and, together with the conductors, were warmly greeted by the audience.

As the Conservatory was opened on the 4th April, 1850, Sunday was really the great day of the Jubilee. In the forenoon all the members of the committee of the Conservatory and of the Concert Society proceeded to the residences of Herr Weber and Dr Hiller, to offer those gentlemen their best thanks for their exertions, as well as to tender them the most hearty congratulations on the Jubilee. There were presents, also, in the shape of massive silver fruit dishes, that intended for Hiller bearing a silver laurel wreath upon a blue velvet cushion. Herr Schnitzler,

Regierungsrath (Government Councillor), read the following address:—"Highly respected Sir, on this festive day, when we meet to celebrate your twenty-fifth anniversary, it affords us the most profound gratification to be allowed to offer you, in the following document, an especial mark of the feelings of appreciation and gratitude entertained on all sides towards you personally, as well as for your productions and your labours. On us has devolved the honourable task of being the bearers and exponents of these sympathetic sentiments; and, while begging you kindly to accept them from us, we are proud to see the Cologne Conservatory and its celebrated founder and director so honored.—Cologne, 4th April, 1875. The Committee of the Conservatory of Music." The document to which reference was made above is the title-deed of a Hiller Exhibition at the Conservatory, with a capital of 72,700 marks—the interest of which, at 5 per cent., is to be paid to Dr Hiller and his wife during their lifetime. A congratulatory letter, also, was read from Dr Falk, Minister of Public Worship, addressed to the Conservatory and to Dr Ferdinand Hiller. Of the other numerous letters of congratulation, sent from all parts, we will mention only the artistically finished documents from the Society of the Friends of Music, in Vienna; Stern's Conservatory, in Berlin; and the Conservatory, in Stuttgart. At the houses of both the heroes of the day, the tables were, however, literally covered with congratulatory addresses and presents from private persons, as well as from the local Societies and Associations.

At four o'clock p.m., there was a musical entertainment in the large room at the Gürzenich, the said entertainment being carried out exclusively by former or present pupils of the Conservatory. A chorus of greeting was followed by a prologue, written and recited by Professoress Lina Schneider. There was one particularly affecting passage, namely the passage in which the names of deceased teachers were mentioned with a low melodramatic accompaniment by the chorus. All the pieces were warmly applauded. The interest of the public never diminished, though the entertainment lasted nearly four hours. The pupils of both sexes afforded a magnificent testimony both of their own zeal and of the capacity of the teachers who had enabled them to do what they did.

The proceedings were nearly being marred by a tragical accident. In consequence of an insufficient supply of water in the meter, a large number of gas burners suddenly went out about six o'clock; but, as the defect in the meter was remedied without anyone having turned off the taps of the extinguished burners, a strong smell of gas was soon perceptible in the room. The audience were already flocking to the various outlets before the officials could succeed in allaying their fears.

In the evening, the interesting ceremony was brought to a conclusion by a public supper in the large hall of the Casino. The series of toasts was opened by the Upper President of the Rhine Province proposing a toast to his Majesty, the Emperor and King. He was followed by the Upper Burgomaster, Herr Bachem, with a toast to the Empress Augusta, who had always manifested a warm interest in the Cologne Conservatory. The Upper President took occasion to say, also, a few words nearly touching the city of Cologne. Loud bravos greeted him when he observed that the reasonable wish of seeing the walls of circumvallation levelled to the ground would certainly and shortly be fulfilled. It was not till late in the night, or rather, early in the morning, that the last of the company left the hall.—*Kölnische Zeitung*.

Siebentundvierzigstes Niederrheinisches Musikfest zu Aachen. Eintritts-Karte zu dem am Dienstag den 7. Juni Abends nach beendigem Concert im oberen grossen Kurhaus-Saale stattfindenden Souper. Für Herren Grubbenheim. Das Comité. MENU:—*Salm mit Kartoffeln. Filet de boeuf à la provençaise. Rognon und junge Möhren mit grüner Zunge und Leber. Salmi von Enten. Junge Hühner mit Compot. Trübkahn in Gelb mit Salat. Pflumpudding. Vanill- und Eiscrème-Zu. Dessert.* CARL SEIDEL.

TURN.—A negro violinist, Brindis de Salas, a native of Cuba, has been playing at the Teatro Regio.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

SHOWS MONARI-ROCCA—a correspondent writes us word—gave a concert "Hier au Soir, à la Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street, W." The programme was very rich in point of well-renowned artists. Signor Uriò gave a new song by Signor Campana, with great success, and was encored; a new *Serenade*, by Signor Roselli, and a new ballad, "The Travelling Minstrel," by Signor Mazzoni, sung by Signor Monari-Rocca, obtained much applause. Mademoiselle Antoinette Sterling rendered with effect the "Alleluia" of Haydn, accompanied on the violin by Mr. Morat. On being encored, Madame Sterling gave "The Fisherman," with the same success. M. Theodore Frantzen, who will, there is little doubt, soon take high rank among the best pianists, played a gavotte by Bach and a piece by Herr Alfred Jaell, and received the honour of an encore. The Signor Monari-Rocca must be congratulated on the decided success of his concert, which was listened to by a large and fashionable audience.

Mr. RANFORD, an old favourite of the English public, gave his annual concert at St. James's Hall on Wednesday evening. The programme consisted principally of popular ballads, interpreted by several of the most admired artists of the day. We regret to state that an apology had to be made by Mr. W. Ranford on behalf of his father, who was unable to appear, owing to very severe indisposition. He also stated that it was the first time in forty-five years his father had failed "to meet his friends." An apology had also to be made for Signor Gardini. In consequence of these disappointments Madame Antoinette Sterling, and Messrs Edward Lloyd and Santley were kind enough to sing some additional songs. Madame Sterling and Madame Liebhart were "encored" in songs by Mr. Edward Lamb, Miss Hanford, in an old Scotch song, "Huntingtower," was much appreciated; whilst Madame Elena Corni gave two of Balfe and Wallace's most popular songs, "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls" and "Sweet Spirit, hear my prayer." She sang them to perfection. Mr. Santley gave Gounod's "Maid of Athens," and, in response to an encore, Mr. J. L. Hatton's "To Antioch," the latter with an effect not to be surpassed; Mr. Edward Lloyd, songs by Balfe, ("Come into the garden, Maud,") and A. Sullivan ("Sweethearts"), the latter of which he was called upon to repeat. Miss M. Scott and Miss Gertrude Ashton, the charming young "prima donna" of Mr. Thorpe Pede's English Opera Company, were announced to sing some well-known songs, as well as Messrs Charles Tinney and J. Elliott. Mr. Hadfield, the accomplished flautist, played to perfection the late Mr. Richardson's arrangement of "There's a lock about the house. He was most deservedly and rapturously encored. Mr. Sydney Smith, the composer of so many admired pianoforte pieces, gave his "Fantasia on Irish Airs." A select choir sang glees and part songs by Sir Henry Bishop, Sir Sterdale Bennett, Mr. W. C. Macfarren, and Mr. J. Elliott, under the direction of Mr. N. Mackay. Miss Florence Sanders, pupil of Mr. W. H. Holmes, though we name her last, was not the least among the artists applauded by the public, who evidently admired the brilliant manner in which she played Carl Mayer's fantasia on airs from *Mannelli*, Messrs Lindsay Sloper and J. G. Calcott were the accompanists of the vocal music. The hall was crowded, and the only drawback was the absence of the veteran concert giver, and the "golden-voiced" tenor.

VIENNA.—Herr Herbeck retires from his position at the Imperial Operahouse, where, for four years and a half, he has discharged the duties of manager, stage-manager, and *Capellmeister*. The deficit of more than 450,000 florins in one year is laid to his account. It has not been decided who succeeds him. The place has been offered to Herr Franz Jauner, of the Cartheater, who declines it.

MOSCOW.—Our so-called grand fasting time is also our musical season; and, as in St. Petersburg, is attended every year by the famous virtuosi. The greatest attraction this season has been the violinist, Sivori. At each of his concerts the Grand Imperial Theatre was crammed, despite the prices of admission. After Sivori had played his last piece at the concert of the 22nd ult., the public testified their satisfaction in the accustomed manner, applauding, cheering, and calling for the artist again and again. When Sivori had twice appeared, a cry was raised for him to come once more. The conductor was N. Rubinstein, brother of Anton Rubinstein. Being of opinion that Sivori had been sufficiently applauded, Rubinstein made a sign for the orchestra to go on with the last piece in the programme. Hereupon the clapping of hands and stamping of feet, the jangling of sabres, and the cries of "Sivori!" "Molleschaj!" ("silence!"), and "à bas Rubinstein," made a fearful hurly-burly. In the middle of the piece, Rubinstein ordered the musicians to stop, and had the lights put out. The public, incensed, kept shouting for Rubinstein—intending to hiss him off the stage. Being again lighted, Signor Sivori appeared, and, after playing "Elegy" for the last orchestral piece. Great indignation prevailed at Rubinstein's behaviour. He is not the getter-up of the concert, but simply engaged as conductor.

PROVINCIAL.

NOTTINGHAM.—At the Mechanic's Hall, on Friday the 9th inst., our Sacred Harmonic Society, which is known to be under the patronage of the Duke of Edinburgh, gave its last concert for the present season. The programme was entirely devoted to Handel's *Israel in Egypt*. The leading singers were Misses E. Arthur and Enriquez, Mr Vernon Rigby and Signor G. Garcia. There was a competent orchestra, and an excellent chorus. Mr G. Essex presided at the organ, and Mr Henry Farmer (to whom Nottingham is indebted so deeply for its remarkable progress as a musical town) was the conductor. The performance was unanimously attended, and afforded general satisfaction.

YARMOUTH.—There was a performance of Mr Francis Howell's oratorio *The Land of Promise*, in the Unitarian church on Easter Sunday. The *Yarmouth Gazette* informs us that there was a very good attendance, and that the performance throughout was exceedingly creditable—the choruses were well sustained, especially "I will take you for a people," "The Lord thundered from heaven," and the concluding chorus "I will publish the name of the Lord." The solos were carefully rendered by Miss Botwright and Miss Phillips. Mr C. Panchen (bass) sang, with effect, "The Lord spoke unto Moses," "As the Lord commandeth," "I have heard the sighing," and "He clave the rocks." Mr Deane conducted.

DUBLIN.—The Gaiety Theatre was crowded when Mr Carl Rosa's Opera Company gave *Martha*, with Miss Rose Hersee as the heroine, and a new tenor, Mr Frederick Packard, as Lionel. We read in the *Daily Express* that—

"Miss Rose Hersee sang all through in a manner brilliant, finished, and sustained, and won the warmest plaudits in the 'Last Rose of Summer.' Mr Frederick C. Packard achieved a decided success. His voice is a tenor, of pleasing and tuneful quality, not perfectly equal, but still having excellent notes, and a great deal of power. He gave the air, 'Lost, proscribed,' in such a way as to win an encore. His voice possesses much emotional expression, and he sings thoroughly well in tune, as well as with a very high degree of artistic finish. Mr Celli was Plumkett; Miss Annie Goodall, Nancy; Mr Aynsley Cook, Sir Trixian; and Mr Ludwig, the Sheriff. The choruses were extremely well done. The opera was put on the stage—regards dresses and other such accessories—in most excellent style; in fact this department could not have been better."

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The students gave an evening concert at St James's Hall on Thursday. The following is the programme:—

Andantino and Rondo, from Duet in A flat (Op. 92), pianoforte (Miss Bucknall and Miss Boole)—Hummel; Air, "My heart ever faithful" (Miss Kate Brand—violinello *obbligato*, Mr Beala)—J. S. Bach: Allegro con moto and Presto, from Fantasia, in F sharp minor (Op. 28), pianoforte (Miss Lyons)—Mendelssohn; Quartet, "O notte soave" (Miss Edouard, Miss Annie Butterworth, Mr Henry Gny, and Mr Wadmore)—Pier: Song (MS.), "Ask me no more" (Miss Jessie Jones—violinello *obbligato*, Mr Beala)—Oliveri Prescott (student); Toccata and Fugue, in D minor, pianoforte (Miss Isabel Thurgood)—J. S. Bach; Song, "Rose, softly blooming" (*Azor and Zephira*), (Miss Beata Francis)—Spohr; Variations and fugue, on a theme by Handel, in B flat, Op. 24, pianoforte (Mr Silver)—Brahms; Canon, for two voices, "Haste, my Nannette" (Mr Henry Gny and Mr Wadmore)—Travers; Cantata, for female voices, "Songs in a Cornfield" (Marian, Miss May Davies, Welsh Choral Union School; May, Miss Jessie Jones—performers on the pianoforte (Miss Katie Steel and Miss Chute)—Mendelssohn; Aria, "Quando a te lieta" (*Faust*) (Miss M. J. Williams, violinello *obbligato*, Mr Beala)—Gounod; Cavatina, "Bella adorata incognita" (*Il Giuramento*) (Mr Henry Gny)—Mercadante; Lieder ohne Worte, Book 4, No. 4, in F, Op. 53; No. 2, Book 6, Op. 67 (Miss Doory)—Mendelssohn; Anthem, "O God, the strength of all them"—Lucas.

The accompanists of the vocal music were Miss Alice Curtis (Potter Exhibitioner) and Mr Walter Fitton. Mr Walter Macfarren conducted. The next students' concert is announced to take place on Thursday, May 20th.

BAYREUTH.*

We are approaching the days when, in midsummer, 1876, we are to expect, according to Herr Richard Wagner, the festival performances of his *Nibelungen Dramas* in the theatre especially erected for this purpose at Bayreuth. These performances being intended, as it would seem, to crown the edifice, it is not a matter for wonder, but, from the well-known activity characterizing the party, was to be expected, that, by the production at concerts of fragments from the above dramas, efforts would already be made to pave the way for the complete stage representation of the entire cycle, and, also, by lustily trumpeted forth accounts, and notices, duly charged with incense, of the preparatory exhibitions aforesaid, to render the public susceptible and well inclined—in other words: to work them properly up.

It is worth while, nay, more, it is interesting, to observe in how thorough and energetic a manner this, almost without exception, is done. A striking proof is afforded by, among other things, a musical feuilleton written by Dr Theodor Helm, in the *Pesther Lloyd*, which came quite accidentally under my notice, and which gives an account of the performance in Vienna of the fragments already mentioned.

Whatever may be our opinion of the poet-composer, we cannot reproach him with exaggerated modesty; on the contrary, we are bound to admit that he has always frankly held with the poet that—

"Nur die Lampen sind bescheiden;
Brave Frauen sich der That!"

and—in the sense of this celebrated assertion—invariably proved himself one of the bravest of the brave. This was duly acknowledged by me in the pamphlet: *Ueber Richard Wagner* (Leipzig: Leuckart), which directed attention to the significance of R. Wagner as a connoisseur of puffs (*Reclamator*), and declared he was the greatest that ever existed. But similar acknowledgment is due to other efforts made, in imitation of his own, with the best results, upon the ground in question, efforts to which the example of the master has encouraged his disciples, apostles, and admirers, of whom we may without exaggeration assert that they not seldom fully come up to their illustrious model, and sometimes even actually surpass him. Such an effort is, in our opinion, to be found in the aforesaid pamphlet, which, with emphatically turgid eloquence and undisguised coolness, almost entirely unembarrassed by professional knowledge, goes to every conceivable, or rather inconceivable, length. Thus, after it has been announced with dithyrambic gush to the astonished world that, last Monday, the 1st March, 1872, Richard Wagner appeared, for the first time since the 12th May, 1872, as conductor and composer, before the Viennese public, and in both capacities met with a most rapturous reception, nay, that he celebrated an even more brilliant triumph than three years before; and furthermore, that, despite the enormous price of admission (orchestra-circle, 20 florins; pit-circle, 10 and 8 florins; *cheapest* places, 3 florins), and despite the now almost proverbial financial calamity of Vienna, every place in the large room of the Musical Association was sold beforehand, and the throng of visitors—among whom, besides the leading members of the aristocracy, and all the world of art and finance, were also the Crown Prince, the Archdukes Wilhelm and Ludwig Victor, and the wife of the Archduke Karl Ludwig—was so great that the commencement of the concert, to give everyone time to find his place, was delayed nearly half-an-hour, the writer proceeds verbatim as follows:—

"A feverish" (*sic*) "movement ran through the whole house; Richard Wagner appears; his hair grown grey and his forehead wrinkled, but with flashing eyes, and his whole bearing firm, energetic, and manly" ("—") "as formerly; everything about him is nerve, life, and rhythm—with the glance of a ruler he surveys the musicians and the public, the latter rising as he advances, and greeting him with a storm of applause and cheers."

CARL KOSMALLY.

(To be continued.)

BREMEN.—The success of Mad. Nilsson at the Théâtre de la Monnaie has been something extraordinary. Every night she has played the receipts have reached sixteen thousand francs.

* *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung.*

PRESENTATION TO SIR JOHN GOSS.

When her Majesty bestowed a knighthood upon the late organist of St Paul's, in recognition of his high worth and special services, the occasion was thought opportune for a testimonial from private and professional admirers. Inasmuch, however, as Sir John Goss had before received a substantial proof of the esteem in which he is held, it became a question as to what form new evidence to the same effect should take. At first the project met with opposition from the person most concerned, but when the happy idea was conceived of founding a Goss scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music, no objection could possibly be raised, and eventually a sum of £200 rewarded the exertions of the committee and their secretary, Mr T. L. Southgate. This amount has been invested in the names of Mr M. E. Wesley, Dr Stainer, and Rev. John Goss, for the proposed scholarship, the conditions being that only chorister boys are eligible, and that the organ shall form the principal study of the exhibitor. Yesterday, in the large room of the Chapter House of St Paul's, took place the ceremony of presenting Sir John with the deed of trust, but the proceedings may be said to have commenced at the afternoon service in the cathedral, which was attended by nearly all concerned, and at which the music to the Canticles, as well as the Anthem, was chosen from the works of the late organist. The members of the now excellent choir were present in strength, and a good opportunity was afforded of doing justice to some of the noblest among recent contributions to sacred art. All who are acquainted, even slightly, with church music must know the service familiarly called "Goss in E," and still better perhaps the beautiful anthem, "Praise the Lord," written twenty years ago for a Festival of the Sons of the Clergy. This being the case, we need only add that the music suffered nothing by the manner of its rendering, and that its performance gave much satisfaction.

Soon after the service closed, the chapter room was filled by the friends and admirers of Sir John Goss, among whom we observed the Bishop of Carlisle, Messrs John Halliwell, Lamborn Cock, C. E. Stephens, Benson, Southgate, H. Littlejohn, Joyce, Murray, &c. After waiting for Sir F. Gore Osney, by whom the presentation was to have been made, Mr Halliwell was voted to the chair, and letters of sympathy with the object of the meeting were read from Professor Macfarren, on behalf of the Royal Academy of Music, Mr W. H. Cummings, and several others. On rising to perform his unexpected task, Mr Halliwell paid a warm tribute to Sir John Goss as a composer, remarking that, more than any other man, he had solved the problem of adapting modern musical development to religious use. Mr Halliwell strongly pressed against the notion of fixity in regard to the ideas and style of church composition, which, he said, should be free in the sense that men who write it should know no prohibitory rules save those laid down by their own religious feelings. Sir John Goss had availed himself of the increasing resources of the time, and enriched sacred art by widening its scope and character. Mr Halliwell next touched upon Sir John's claims as a teacher, and concluded an excellent impromptu speech by formally handing the deed of gift to his honoured recipient. In acknowledging, Sir John Goss, who was received with loud and sustained applause, mentioned that, years ago, he had pointed out to the late Dean Mansell the desirableness of providing an exhibition for the chorister boys of St Paul's. His suggestion was not acted upon, but the fact that he had made it enhanced the pleasure which the course now taken by his friends was calculated to excite. Sir John, in a few modest sentences, then expressed his thanks to the subscribers for their kindness, and resumed his seat.

As the mouthpiece of the Philharmonic Society and the Royal Society of Musicians, Mr C. E. Stephens testified to the warm interest taken in the occasion by those bodies; Mr Turpin, secretary to the College of Organists, doing the same on behalf of that institution; after which the Bishop of Carlisle proposed a vote of thanks to the chairman. His lordship began by saying that he was accidentally present, having attended the cathedral service as a casual worshipper, and had his curiosity excited by the "Gossy favour" of the music. In a very general speech he dwelt upon the merits of Sir John as a composer, and declared his perfect agreement with Mr Halliwell as regards the necessity of progress in Church composition, which necessity Sir John Goss had always recognised and acted upon. The proposal of thanks to Mr Halliwell, having been seconded by Dr Monk, was carried unanimously, and duly acknowledged, after which the meeting broke up.—*Daily Telegraph*.

FESTIVAL.—A short time since Liszt was invited by the King of Holland to the Royal Palace at Looz.—After Wagner's recent departure Liszt got up another concert at the benefit, for the benefit of the Marine-vein, which was well attended. He played several pieces, and is reported to have said that this was the last concert at which he would perform. Miss Minnie Hauke gave songs by Gounod, &c. Before Wagner left she appeared as Santa in *Der Fliegende Holländer*, the composer expressing his satisfaction.

BEETHOVEN.

The 26th March just past was the 48th anniversary of the death of the greatest composer who ever existed. The reader will not persevere without emotion the episodes recalling the end of a glorious life. On the 15th March, 1827, Beethoven was still engaged on the dedication of his last Quartet (in F major, Op. 135) to a most worthy friend of his, Herr Johann Wolfmayer, merchant. The 24th of March came, and with it the signs of approaching dissolution. In a letter to Schott, the publisher, Schindler gives the following account of the master's last moments:—

"When I entered his room, on the morning of the 24th, I found his face much altered, and he was so weak that he could pronounce only two or three words with the greatest effort. Immediately afterwards the doctor came in, and, having looked at him for a moment, said: 'Beethoven is rapidly approaching his end.' As we had settled the matter of the will the day previous, we had but one wish left, namely, to reconcile him with Heaven, and to show that he wrote that he died as a true Christian. The doctor begged him, therefore, in writing to allow the sacraments to be administered to him, and he replied with calm: 'I will do so.' The doctor withdrew, leaving all the necessary arrangements to me. Beethoven then told me to write to Schott, and send him the deed assigning him the proprietorship of the last Quartet. The signature to the deed is the last Beethoven ever wrote. 'He will need it, write and tell him, for I am too weak. Press him to send me the wine he promised' (a medical wine, employed in the environs of Mayence for dropsy). 'Write, also, to England to-day, if you have time.' The priest came about noon, and the ceremony was gone through in the most edifying manner. It was only at this moment that the patient seemed to anticipate his end, for, scarcely had the priest left, before he said to me and young Breuning: '*Plaudite, amici; comedia finita est.*' Did I not always say it would be thus?" Hereupon, he again requested me not to forget Schott, and to thank the Philharmonic Society in his name, adding that it had smoothed his last days, and that he should be grateful to it for the very brink of the tomb, as well as to the English nation. At this instant, Breuning's servant entered with a small case of wine. It may have been about a quarter to one. Beethoven looked at him and said: 'It is a pity . . . too late!' These were his last words. Immediately afterwards the death-struggle began. It was something terrible, for he ended with extraordinary nervous suffering. Towards evening he lost consciousness, and fell into a state of delirium. This lasted till the 25th. Towards the close of that day the visible signs of death appeared. However, he lived on till the next day, rendering up his soul on the 26th, at a quarter past five in the afternoon, during a violent thunder-storm, accompanied by hail. He was fifty-six years, three months, and nine days old."

Here is a literal translation of the notice announcing the great composer's decease:—
"Invitation to the funeral of LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, which will take place on the 29th March, at 3 p.m.
"The mourners will meet at the house of the Deceased, Schwarzspanierhaus, No. 200, on the Glacis, near the Schottenthor.
"The procession will proceed thence to Trinity Church, near the Minor Brothers, in the Alserquai.
"The world of music has experienced an irreparable loss by the death of the celebrated composer.
"Beethoven died of effects of dropsy, on the 26th March, 1827, about six o'clock, p.m., in the 56th year of his age, after receiving the holy sacraments.
"The day of his obsequies will be fixed subsequently.
"THE ADMIRERS AND FRIENDS OF L. VAN BEETHOVEN."

More recent and trustworthy authority (and Schindler—poor little wizen man, "I ami de Beethoven"—was not always trustworthy) modifies a good deal, and plainly contradicts not a little of the foregoing.

LEIPZIG.—In commemoration of the day of Goethe's death, the second part of *Faust*, with Pierson's music, was performed. The principal artists.—Madlle Schwarzenberg, Helena; Madlle Ziper, Euphorion; Herr Klein, Mephisto; and Herr Naumann, Faust—were much applauded, and repeatedly recalled.

DUMDELOFF.—Herr Joachim lately paid a visit to this town in order to learn how matters are progressing for the approaching Festival of the Lower Rhine, which will be held in his direction. He has already secured. Herr Joachim himself will play Beethoven's violin concerto, and it is hoped that Herr Johannes Brahms will conduct his own "Schicksalslied."

WAIFS.

Madame Nilsson had the honor of being sent for by His Majesty the King (who was present, with the Queen, at the performance of *Faust* on Monday last), for the purpose of expressing to Madame Nilsson His Majesty's appreciation of her performance—*L'Independence Belge*, April 16.

Anton Rubinstein is expected in Paris on the 20th inst. Herr Sigismund Lohmeyer has returned to London from his artistic tour in Germany.

The death is announced of Mr W. H. Nicholson, flautist, of Leicester, which took place on Monday morning, April 12th.

The situation of organist and choirmaster to the church of St Michael, Cornhill, is vacant, owing to the death of Mr Limpus. The salary is £120 per annum.

The performances which, under the name of "Pianoforte Recitals," Mr Charles Halle, since 1861, has given annually in St James's Hall, every amateur will hear with pleasure, are shortly to be resumed.

M. Georges Bizet, composer of *Les Pêcheurs de Perles* and *Cadmon*, has been decorated. The Parisian artists urge that M. Massenet, composer of *Maria Magdalene* and *Esu*, should also be decorated. Good! *Be che!*

Master Henry Walker, the young pianist, ("Seraphiel"), has returned to England. During the last two seasons Master Walker has visited professionally, in company with Mrs Scott Siddons, upwards of 200 of the principal towns and cities in the United States.

A SINGULAR EPISTLE.—My dear —, The state of the weather suggests Virgil's line:—

"Nocte pluit tota redeunt spectacula mane."

Also Deane Swift's liberal version thereof:—

"It rained all night, and the spectacles turned up in the morning."

Yours faithfully,

DUPONT DE TWICKENHAM.

Mr Alfred and Mme Gilbert's annual series of Chamber Concerts will take place at the Gallery of the Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street. This is the ninth season Mr and Mrs Gilbert have given their "Classics for the Pianoforte." The first concert is fixed for Monday evening, when Nelsa Gade's Trio in F (Op. 42), Schubert's Grand Trio in B flat (Op. 99), and Mr C. E. Stephens's Duo in E (Op. 19), will be played. Some vocal music will be given between each instrumental piece.

The *Organ Man*, a pseudonym bestowed by a member—happy idea!—embodies characteristics of high priest, ancient doctor. Did you ever meet after a musical event? If so, can you forget? Surron (long), "estotera," waltz, boots, roll (French), note book, pencil, eyelids, voice?—"I never heard such a hash."—"I thought it a great improvement." We who hunt for character can find a mine here, and could give anecdotes. Theoretical knowledge of mechanical ability, diligence, &c.—(important item) good nature and obligingness; a "good deal of self." Many possess same weakness unbalanced by strength. *Quid Tum?* DA BUNOX.

Une fois de plus on a eu la preuve de cette émotion délicate et durable, de cette véritable fascination que produisent la vue et les accents de Mme Nilsson; plus on l'entend, plus cet effet se produit; tellement que, si elle chantait ici demain, nous trouverions peut-être le moyen de l'applaudir plus vivement encore que pendant la belle soirée d'hier. Voix enchanteresse, artistes aux accents mélodieux, d'autres contrées vous appellent! Mais, à quelque pèlerinage musical vous ramène on jour dans notre cité, d'Angers, vous trouverez la date de nos applaudissements inscrite au livre d'or de nos plus charmants souvenirs.—*L'Union de l'Ouest*. (E. L.)

The Duke of St Albans has introduced in the House of Lords a Bill to Amend the Law Relating to Musical and other Entertainments in the Metropolis and Neighbourhood. The bill proposes to repeal the 3rd Section of the Act 35 George II., c. 36, and to enact in place thereof that "the licensing Justices, in any license to be granted by them pursuant to the principal Act, may, if they think fit, provide that any house, room, garden, or other place licensed by them for any of the said purposes, shall not be open for any of the said purposes before an hour to be named by them in such license, and every person keeping such house, room, garden, or other place, who shall open the same, or who shall permit the same to be open for any of the said purposes before the hour so named in the license granted in respect thereof, shall forfeit the sum of fifty pounds." Existing licenses are to remain valid, but it is provided that up to next Michaelmas Quarter Sessions the time of opening shall continue to be 5 p.m., except in cases where two justices of the peace for the petty sessional division give their consent in writing to opening at an earlier hour.

COREPHAGIA.—*Lohengrin* is announced at the Theatre Royal.

CREMITE.—The members of the Musical Association celebrated Good Friday by the performance of Friedrich Schueller's oratorio: *Gethsemane und Golgotha*, a work very seldom heard at the present day.

DANMARK.—The new Theatre Royal will be the largest building of the kind on the Continent, after the new Paris Opera-house. The latter contains 11,237 square metres of surface and 428,666 cubic metres of capacity; the corresponding numbers in the new Theatre Royal are 5,500 and 139,500 respectively.

MILAN.—The season at the Scala—by no means profitable to the management, and curtailed by two nights—was brought to a close with a performance of Sig. Ponchielli's *Litani*. Rumour is busy about next season, promising a new opera by Verdi and Ponchielli. Signora Mariani and Sig. Maini are re-engaged, and, most probably, Sig. Bolis.

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"The singer was Miss Antoinette Sterling, who, always heartily admired in those German ballads, for which she exhibits a sympathy, introduced in a group of Schumann's most graceful contributions to the *Lieder* repertoire, and, later in the evening a new song by Mr Arthur Sullivan, 'Thou art weary' (set to words by Adelaide Proctor)—one of the most charming recent emanations from the pen of our gifted compatriot."—*The Times*, Nov. 10.

"Miss Sterling was the vocalist, and sang in addition to selections from Schumann, a new song by Arthur Sullivan, entitled, 'Thou art weary,' which is one of the most beautiful and thoughtful effusions of the composer's graceful music."—*Daily Telegraph*, Nov. 12.

"Miss Antoinette Sterling was the vocalist. In the second part she introduced a new song by Mr Sullivan, an admirable setting for a contralto voice of some very touching lines by the late Miss Adelaide Proctor, addressed by a poor mother to her starving child, the burden being—

"Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
Tired is good, but life is dreary."

The song exactly suited Miss Sterling's voice and style, and it will assuredly become as great a favourite as 'Will he come,' to which it is a worthy pendant, and the words of which are also by Miss Proctor."—*Standard*, Nov. 12.

"Miss Antoinette Sterling repeated Mr Sullivan's new song, 'Thou art weary,' a second hearing of which has confirmed our good opinion of it."—*Standard*, Nov. 16.

"At the concert on Monday, Miss Sterling had introduced a series of charming *Lieder* by Schumann, and a new song by Mr Arthur Sullivan, 'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary,' an admirable setting of Miss Proctor's poem, 'Hush, I cannot hear to see thee,' which, like everything Miss Proctor wrote, was well adapted for, and, in fact, seemed to invite musical treatment. Her verses have inspired Mr Sullivan with a genuine melody, of which the refrain is particularly remarkable; and the song, both at Monday's and Saturday's concert, pleased so much that Miss Sterling was called upon to repeat it."—*Full Moll Gazette*, Nov. 17.

"Miss Sterling sang discreetly and sympathetically four of Schumann's 'Dichterliche' (Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4), but came off still better in a new song by Mr A. Sullivan, who has set words by Adelaide Proctor, 'Thou art weary,' the dying consolation of a starved mother to her child, the refrain of which is—

"Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
Tired is good, but life is dreary."

It is a painful theme; but the composer has treated it with such pathos that the air tells powerfully."—*Athenaeum*, Nov. 14.

"The vocalist was Miss Sterling, who sang four songs by Schumann (Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 of the 'Dichterliche'), and a new song, entitled 'Thou art weary,' written by Miss Adelaide Proctor. The words are good, and have been fitted to charming and expressive music by Mr Arthur Sullivan, who has added a pianoforte accompaniment worthy his high reputation, and worth listening to for its own sake."—*Gazette*, Nov. 13.

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ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S NEW SONG, 'TENDER AND TRUE,' SUNG BY MISS EDITH WYNNE AT THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

"The vocalist was Miss Edith Wynne, who sang a new song, 'Tender and True,' by Arthur Sullivan, the beauty of which, aided by a most tasteful rendering, elicited an encore."—*Daily Telegraph*, January 13.

"Mr Sullivan's graceful song—a novelty—was rendered by Miss Edith Wynne with much refined expression, and the applause which followed necessitated its entire repetition."—*Daily News*, January 13.

"A very expressive new song, by Mr A. Sullivan, 'Tender and True,' was sung with such effect by Miss Edith Wynne that it had to be repeated."—*Illustrated London News*, January 16.

"Miss Edith Wynne, who gave, in her own genuine and expressive manner, a graceful new song, 'Tender and True,' by Mr Arthur Sullivan, which was encored, and repeated."—*Graphic*, January 16.

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VOL. 53—No. 22.

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THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), May 29th, will be performed GUYON'S Opera, "PAULET," Fant. M. Capoul; Mephistopheles, Signor Rota; Valentino, Signor de Reschi; Siebel, Mdlle Trebelli-Bentini; Maria, Mdme Demerle-Labache; and Margherita, Mdme Christine Nilsson (her eighth appearance this season). Director of the Music and Conductor—Sir Michael Costa.

Extra Night.

MONDAY next, May 31, DONIZETTI'S Opera, "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR," Edgardo, Signor Fancelli; Enrico Ashton, Signor (Galsani); Rubeen, Herr Behrens; and Lucia, Mdme Elena Vares.

Mdlle Tietjens.

ON TUESDAY next, June 1, MEYERBER'S grand Opera, "LES HUGUENOTS," Roca di Nangé, Signor Fancelli; Marcello, Signor Castelmari; Urbain, Mdme Trebelli-Bentini; and Valentino, Mdle Tietjens.

Madame Christine Nilsson.

ON THURSDAY next, June 3 (Subscription Night, being the fifth of the six Subscription Thursdays announced in the prospectus), BALFE'S grand Opera, "IL TALISMANO," Sir Kenneth, Signor Campanelli; Richard Cœur de Lion, Signor Galsani; Queen Berengaria, Mdme Marie Rose (her first appearance this season); and Edith Plantagenet, Mdme Christine Nilsson.

Mdlle Tietjens—Mdme Trebelli-Bentini.

ON SATURDAY next, June 5 (first time this season), BERTINI'S Opera, "SEMIRAMIDE," Arance, Mdme Trebelli-Bentini; Assur, Signor Rota; Orus, Herr Behrens; and Semiramide, Mdle Tietjens.

Doors open at Eight o'clock. Commence at Half-past Eight. Amphitheatre stalls, 7s. and 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. Box-offices open daily from Ten till Five, under the direction of Mr Bailey.

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MONS. PAQUE has the honour to announce that his ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT will take place on THURSDAY, June 3rd, at 37, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, to commence at Three o'clock precisely. M. Paque will be assisted by the following Artists: Vocalists—Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Josephine Sherrington, Miss Julia Eikon, Signor Costa, Mr William Shakespeare (the new tenor). Instrumentalists: Pianoforte—Mr W. G. Currie, Violin—Herr Ludwig Strauss, Violoncello—Mons. Paque. Conductors—Messrs H. PARKER and W. GALT. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; to be had of Mons. PAQUE, 126, Great Portland Street, Portland Place.

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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23RD, at ST. JAMES'S HALL.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), May 29th, will be performed, "FRA DIAVOLO." Mdlle Zard Thalberg, Mdlle Scacchi; Signor Ciampi, Sabatier, Tagliacozzi, Capponi, and Naudin. Conductor—Signor Rehnwald.

ON MONDAY next, May 31, "PAULET," Mdlle E. MARGHERITA, Margherita, Mdlle Albani, Mdlle Scacchi; M. Faure, M. Maurel, Signori Tagliacozzi and Nicotini.

ON TUESDAY next, June 1, "LES DIAMANTS DE LA CROUNNE," Mdme Adeline Pauli, Mdlle Smeracchi, Signor Ciampi, Capponi, Sabatier, and Naudin.

ON WEDNESDAY next, June 2, "UHM FREISCHUTZ," Mdlle d'Angert, Mdlle Smeracchi, Mdlle Cutillo; M. Faure, Signor Tagliacozzi, Signor Capponi, and Signor Marini.

ON THURSDAY next, June 3, "IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA," Mdme Adeline Pauli; Signori Ottolmi, Ciampi, Ragnoli, and Piazza.

ON FRIDAY next, June 4, "L'AFRICAIN," (On this occasion the Opera will commence at Eight o'clock, instead of Half-past.) Mdlle d'Angert, Mdlle Bianchi; Signori Ragnoli, Ragnoli, Capponi, Sabatier, Tagliacozzi, and Naudin.

ON SATURDAY, June 5, fifth performance of RICHARD WAGNER'S Romantic Opera, "LOHENGRIN."

Floral Hall Concerts.

THE FOURTH FLORAL HALL CONCERT will take place on SATURDAY, June 5. The Opera commences at Half past Eight. The Theatre is open from Ten to Five. Pit tickets, 7s.; amphitheatre stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT has the honour to announce

that her SECOND MATINEE MUSICAL will (by kind permission) take place at 25, Lowndes Square, Regentia, on MONDAY, June 7th, at 3.30, on which occasion she will play works by the following Masters: Beethoven in G minor, Op. 23, and Tarentelle in A flat, Op. 43 (Chopin); Fugue Allegro con fuoco in F minor, No. 8 (Mendelssohn); Etude, "Si senza finta" (Hennell); Andante in D flat, Op. 25, and Fantasia (Thalberg); Grand Overture (Solo de Concert (Kistner). Miss Lillie Albrecht will be assisted by Miss J. Sherrington and Karigues, and Signor Moscati-Rocca. Conductor—Mr CHARLES E. STEPHENS, Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; family tickets (to admit three), One Guinea; to be had at Messrs Cramer, 261, and Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street; or of Miss LILLIE ALBRECHT, 38, Oakley Square, N.W.

BRITISH ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY, ST JAMES'S HALL.

(under the special patronage and honoured by the presence of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of EDINBURGH). THE LAST CONCERT of the Series, on TUESDAY Afternoon next, June 1, at Three. Vocalists—Miss Augusta Roche and Mr Sims Reeves. Violin—Mr Carrodia. Band of 75. Conductor—Mr GEO. MOUNT. Tickets, at usual places and St James's Hall, 7s., 5s., 3s., 1s.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY, BREITHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Harley Street.

President—Sir JULIUS BENEDET. Founder and Director—Herr SCHUBERT. NINTH season, 1875. THE FOURTH CONCERT (44th since formation of the Society) will take place on WEDNESDAY, the 2nd June. The first part of the Programme devoted to Sir Julius Benedict's Vocal and Instrumental Compositions, including (for the first time) his String Quartet. The Concerts of the Society afford an excellent opportunity for young rising Artists to be introduced in public, and for young Composers to have their new works performed. Full particulars on application to H. G. HOFFER, Hon. Sec.

MISS PURDY'S MATINEE MUSICAL will take place

(by kind permission) at 75, Queen's Gate, South Kensington, on MONDAY, June 7th, commencing at Three o'clock. Artists—Mdlle Bartkowka, Mdlle Caroline Miss Purdy, Mr Benham, Mr Trevelyan Cobham, Signor Federici, Mr Maybach, Mr Benham, Violin—Herr Strauss. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each; to be had of Miss PURDY, 25, Victoria Road, Kensington, W.

SIGNOR ARDITI

HAS TO ANNOUNCE THAT HIS

ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT

WILL TAKE PLACE AT

ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE,

ON

MONDAY MORNING, JUNE 14th.

Full particulars will shortly be announced.

PROFESSOR MACFARREN'S INAUGURAL LECTURE.

On Tuesday afternoon Dr G. A. Macfarren, the recently-appointed Professor of Music in the University of Cambridge, delivered his inaugural lecture in the Senate House, before a very large audience of ladies and gentlemen. Dr Garrett, and the University choir, the senior members of which consisted of Messrs Booth, Beale, Robson, Holliday, Pleasance, Poole, Duffell, and Lister, were present, and illustrated Professor Macfarren's remarks by singing several pieces of music, from composers whose names are given in the subjoined report.

Professor Macfarren, who was received with applause, began by remarking that he wished to own publicly his sense of the importance of the office which gave him the privilege of addressing that audience that afternoon, an importance which was greatly exalted by the artistic abilities of his distinguished predecessor, whose genius was as a star which shines upon the art he cultivated, the country he honoured, and the offices he administered. He wished to offer the tribute of respect to Sir Stenham Bennett of one who was his schoolfellow and fellow-labourer, however humble, in the work which filled and glorified his life. Bennett, while yet a student, working the exercises set him by his teachers, attained an excellence in pianoforte playing peculiarly his own, and produced some of those compositions for which he would always be best esteemed. The University of Cambridge had a right to expect very much from all functionaries attached to it, but he feared the expectations would be especially great from the successor of this great musician. He (Dr Macfarren) was not unmindful of Professor Walmisley, who was distinguished for scholastic abilities as well as his musical attainments; nor of Morris Greene, whose contributions to ecclesiastical music were among the greatest treasures of the Church of England, and whose instrumental pieces, though less known, were of a very high order as works of art; Staggin, Whitfield, Inague, or Randall. They were men who did good honest work, and he would be fortunate who could walk in their footsteps, and gather flowers by the wayside. In the dawn of time, truth and beauty were inseparably wedded, "Spirit of one spirit, and flesh of one flesh," and, as years rolled on, they had three daughters—music, poetry, and painting. These were the arts. The art of form and the art of letters had many able expositors. The art of tone was less generally comprehended, but he looked forward with hope to the time when he might be instrumental in some degree in further extending it. The classic Greeks, who were the filter through which the draughts of Egyptian science have reached our lips, taught that music purified the heart by refining the intellect, and exalted the feelings by reflecting them in ideal forms. What Plato and Aristotle enunciated, Cicero endorsed. In another age Confucius insisted that the practice of music would be of the highest moral and intellectual advantage; and, to come to our own race, Luther held that the study of music was next in importance after theology. These ancients, however, among whom he included Luther, could have had but a prophetic gleam of music, as we know it. To them it was an exalted declamation; to us it is an embodiment of feeling for which words can find no utterance, means of expression which no language can compass. It was a vulgar fashion—all fashions are vulgar which step aside from nature—that decried the capacity of English people for music. He had not then time to refute this fallacy. He must ask them to accept his statement until opportunity for proof offered itself. In early days England stood well forward among European nations in respect to her musical abilities. In the beginning of the 11th century, she was in advance of the whole of the South of Europe; and was noted by foreigners, who themselves boasted a love of music, for her attainments in the art; and, from that time downwards, many of the greatest lights that shone in English history in the departments of art had been directed to the illumination of the subject of music. There was no time now to trace the course of the musical history of this country; but he felt so strongly that the future would come out of what had been in the past, that he believed it would be an encouragement to everybody who strove for the advancement of musical art to know, that whatever might be done in the future would be but a revival, a restoration of the old state of things in England. He would ask his audience first to consider the effect which the Reformation had upon music. Many exiles who returned to this country from Geneva and other places brought with them the love of hymn-

singing, which had marked religious reforms in all times, and the practice was diffused so generally and quickly among the people that it became necessary to incorporate it in the Church Service. In an injunction by Queen Elizabeth issued in 1559, there was a provision for the singing of hymns. After a short time the hymn was extended into anthems in institutions where the music was performed by other means than the voice of the people. The anthems were set to metrical words. Thus, an injunction of Elizabeth speaks of the anthem or little hymn in metre; and several specimens are extant of early Church music in this form. He should offer, as a sample of the kind of composition he referred to, an anthem, "All people that on earth do dwell," by Thos. Tallis (died in 1565), who in the successive reigns of Henry VIII., Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth, held an important post in the Chapel Royal. The words were quaint and forcible, and the composition admirably fitted the metrical nature of the words.—[The choir then sang the anthem named.]—A fellow labourer of Tallis, William Byrd, produced a large collection of music of various character, adapted to the diverse moods of human nature; and in the year in which this collection was brought forth (1588) Nicholas Yonge printed a collection of Italian songs which were held in best account by those who understood the language. For the time had not arrived when people prefer to sing words they cannot pronounce, and utter a language they do not understand. In Yonge's collection, the word *madrigal* was first introduced as a musical term. The question had been often raised as to what was the meaning of the term, and it would be often raised again without receiving a satisfactory solution. The lecturer quoted Morley's definition of the term,—and to show that the English music held its place about the time referred to, alongside the Italian, he asked the choir to sing a *madrigal* by a composer of each country. First he asked them to give Luca Marenzio's "Lady, see on every side," and next John Benet's "Come, Shepherd, follow me," first pointing out their rhythmical peculiarities. As to Benet's time (1570) bar lines had not been invented to divide music into proper measures. Still, it was necessary that the performers should know whether they were to sing with an accentuation of two or three; and thus the accentuation became distinguished by "perfect time" and "imperfect time." "Imperfect time" was when the long notes were divided into two, and "perfect time" was when they were divided into three. They justified the term "perfect time" on the ground that the Trinity was three and perfect. It was the practice in those days to introduce more frequently than was now done an intermixture of "perfect" and "imperfect time," and his audience would notice the happy effect which Benet produced by a change from "imperfect" into "perfect time," which gave to certain words the particular character they seemed to express. Beautiful as was Marenzio's *madrigal*, Benet's would bear to stand before it. Skipping over one hundred years, he came to the period of the Commonwealth, which, though in one sense it may have put some check on music, yet in another sense it did much to promote its study, by stimulating the endeavours of those who loved the art, and believed it would conduce to the good of mankind. He would proceed to consider the life of Henry Purcell, who stood pre-eminently forward in the history of music. He was born in 1658, lived from the time of the Restoration, through the reign of James II., up to William, and died in 1695. There was a prodigious advance in the power of expression of his music from the time of Benet. Besides the æsthetic beauty of his music, its technical merit was very important in the history of art, for in his music were anticipated all the most extreme chromatic combinations that signalized the music of the present time. Many of the contrapuntal forms, which have now gone out of use, were practised by him with wonderful success. One anthem of his composition was set to some words of the Litany, and the treatment of these words gave every expression its fullest meaning. It commenced with a most humble deprecation, "Remember not, Lord, our offences;" it gathered strength when it said, "Nor the offences of our forefathers;" and then, as if in despair, there was the cry, "Neither take Thou vengeance of our sins." The whole was tempered with the seeming hope of mercy, "Spare us, good Lord;" then, with most touching tenderness, we have, "Spare Thy people, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy most precious blood;" and, again, "Be not angry with us for ever." [The choir here sang the anthem referred to.] It was a remarkable fact that, with the accession of

sovereigns in England who could not speak our language, and, therefore, could not take an interest in its expression, music went into disesteem, and painting rose into favour. While the art of painting could show the names of Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, &c., there was a corresponding blank in the chronicles of the sister art. It would be among the glories of the times of Queen Victoria, that, under her administration, the old musical feeling of former centuries had been revived. It was, indeed, with immense interest that he compared the present with the past condition of music in this country. In the Plantagenet days people sang canons and catches, and delighted one another by such efforts. In the time of Elizabeth, the competency of farm labourers and artisans for service was made dependent on their musical qualification. In the time of Charles II. domestic servants were refused employment because they could not sing their parts in domestic music. In these days, it was not domestic servants, artisans, labourers, or the uncultivated people, but the students of a great University who devoted thought and time to the cultivation of music. The organ recital which he had heard in Trinity Chapel, and the concert of last week, were performances such as few artists, even in his young days, could have accomplished. It was quite evident that music here was not a piece of school work, but a work of love among the persons who attained to such merit. Their merit had its influence, their example had its force, but this influence and example would not stay in Cambridge. Every one who learned to love music in Cambridge would carry that love into his own home, which would be as a centre, diffusing its warmth and light on all its surroundings; and when once the love of the art, which in former days prevailed among the untutored common people, shone down upon them from above, with the extra radiation which must spring from the culture and refinement of the mind, he could not but believe that the musical character of England would be greatly exalted. He looked forward with fervent hope to the future of music in this country, when the stigmas which we ourselves had taught foreigners to cast upon us for our lack of musical culture would be wiped out, and we could show them we could do something more for music than paying for its performance. He particularly wished to urge upon those who had the musical art at heart to carry their pursuit of it into its technical merits. Music was of countless value, but it was of still greater value when the principles upon which it was constructed were apprehended. To hear or practise music, without a knowledge of the principles upon which it was formed, was very much like going to the performance of a play in an unknown language, when one could admire the gesticulation of the actor, but not knowing the meaning of the words, could do but scant justice to the theme. He was glad that the technical principles of music were studied here; but wished they were studied more; and he was even vain enough to wish that, as a knowledge of music was advancing among us, the authorities of the University might in time consider it to be desirable to make it one of the subjects of special examination. The monuments of the past were as a beacon to the future, but the doings of the present would come still more warmly home to their hearts, by showing the position of the art as practised among themselves, and he would, therefore, close his remarks by offering an extract from the cantata of the *May Queen*, by his dear and honoured friend, the greatest English musician of the present period, Sir William Sterndale Bennett, a cantata which, produced at the Leeds Festival, in 1878, was characteristic of the season, the country, and the composer. May his memory be as green and balmy as his song. Turning to Dr Garrett and the choir, Dr Macfarren thanked them for their services, and, after paying a similar compliment to the audience for listening to his address, he added, "And now I will leave to my conditors the porration of my speech." [The choir thereupon sang "With a laugh as we go round," from the *May Queen*, Master Bailey taking the soprano solo.]

The proceedings then closed, and Prof. Macfarren was warmly congratulated by numerous friends.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

The *Requiem* for Manzoni has incontestably made its mark. The performance on Saturday afternoon was as warmly applauded as either of its precursors. The presence of Signor Verdi was enough to impart life and spirit to the whole; and rarely have we seen an audience more thoroughly pleased than that which, for the third time, crowded Albert Hall. That the gifted dramatic composer is also a conductor of exceptional ability is the unanimous opinion abroad; and the rare instances which have enabled us to test him here in this capacity suffice to justify the opinion. The *Requiem* of Verdi is not merely an enthusiastic, but a worthy tribute to the author of *I Promessi Sposi*, the memorable ode on the death of Napoleon I. (*Il cinque Maggio*), with other things that have endeared him to his compatriots and won him immortal honour. The work is not moulded in the shape of certain recognized masterpieces unnecessary to name; but this establishes the fact that Verdi has an original way of looking at such themes, and treats them in a manner individual to himself. The genius of the famous Bussetti musician is dramatic and elegiac by turns. Serre scholastic forms possess for him but little attraction. He is, therefore, commendably frank in rejecting them, wherever he can employ other means to convey and enforce his ideas. Some zealous advocates of the composer insist that the *Requiem* for Alessandro Manzoni is simply an elegy dramatically conceived and adapted to the text of the *Servizio dei Morti*; but this wholly untenable assertion must be taken cum grano. The Mass is as strictly in the form of a *Requiem* as the *Requiem* of Mozart itself, with the addition of the "Libera, mi Domine, de morte eterna," which Mozart did not set to music, though his predecessors—Durante, Jomelli, &c.—did. The only difference is in the mode of expression, which is Verdi's, not Mozart's, and as purely Italian as the other is purely German. Why the two should not co-exist, and, from different points of view, be equally acceptable, we cannot understand.

regard it from what point we may, however, the beauties of the new *Requiem* speak eloquently for themselves, and the intense feeling for which many passages are distinguished cannot but impress all hearers attentively alive to what the composer has to say, and willing to accept it in the belief that he is speaking out his mind with earnest sincerity. Thus considered, the latest emanation from the pen of one to whom we are indebted for so much that is intrinsically beautiful can scarcely be regarded otherwise than as a model in its style, worthy to rank side by side with the *Sibyl's Master* of Rossini. Signor Verdi has every reason to feel satisfied with the quartet of singers to whom the leading vocal parts are assigned. The ladies more especially—Mmes Stoltz and Waldmann, soprano and mezzo-soprano—are in every respect admirable. To hear them only in the melodious and expressive duet to which the passage "Recordare Jesu pie" is wedded, is enough to stamp them as singers of the first class; and this is further established by their delivery of the opening phrases in the still more remarkable "Agnus Dei," announced by the solo voices in octaves, followed by the chorus, with orchestral accompaniment—a movement the solemn impressiveness of which is enhanced by the simplicity of its construction. These ladies, who are German—one from Bolezna, the other from some part of Austria proper—both possess the rare art of singing effectively without apparent effort. The tenor and bass, too—Signors Masini and Medini—are thoroughly good, which is shown both in the concerted music and that which, in a vocal sense, depends upon them exclusively. As instances of this may be noted the tenor solo, "Qui Mariam absolvisi," and the bass solo (to which it immediately leads), "Confutatis maledictis." Signor Masini was a stranger to this country; but Signor Medini will be remembered as having appeared at Her Majesty's Opera, when, two years since, he made his debut as Alphonso, in *Lacerzia Borgia*. Both are genuine artists. About the chorus and orchestra we have already spoken; and it will suffice to add that this third performance of the Manzoni *Requiem* afforded general satisfaction; that two pieces (the "Recordare" and "Agnus Dei") were encored and repeated, and that all hearers were paid to the justly-renowned composer and conductor. The fourth and last performance (also to be directed by Signor Verdi) is announced for to-day.

QUERY.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Can any of your correspondents inform me if it has long been the custom (whether by chance or otherwise) for the Principal of the Royal Academy of Music to hold, also, at same time, the Professorship of Cambridge University?

VIOLE.

POSTER.—Two performances of Herr Johannes Brahms's *Deutsches Requiem* came off a few days since, the singers being the members of Hennig's Vocal Association.—The members of the Vocal Association for Classical Music, also, have given perhaps the best performance ever heard here of Haydn's *Creation*.

LOHENGRIN.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

(Concluded from page 348.)

The curtain rises for the second time upon the Palace and Minister of Antwerp. It is night, and we can just discern the figures of Frederic and Ortrud clad in sombre garments and seated on the steps of the church. A long orchestral introduction is supposed to describe their feelings, and certainly manages to be lugubrious with facility; after which comes an extended duet. Here we find Wagner's theory of the absolute subordination of music carried out to the bitter end, and productive of nothing but "a continuous surging of shapes, and, as it were, but a sound." One result is, however, that we are forced back upon the story, to discover that the husband and wife, after calling each other hard names, agree not to abandon hope. Ortrud, a sorceress and a Pagan, undertakes the work of revenge upon Elia and Lohengrin, and fortune aids her by sending the Royal maiden to breathe the early morning air on the balcony of the Palace. In a charming strain—one of those gems of melody which show that Wagner might have worn the mantle of Weber as head of the romantic school—Elia expresses her joy, and Ortrud, who has sent Frederic away, appeals to her compassion. Another long duet ensues, but it does not weary us like the first, because Elia is present, and around her Wagner preserves an atmosphere of tenderness and beauty sometimes inexpressibly grateful to the senses. The music, moreover, ably suggests the contrast between the two characters, and so sustains its interest to the end. Though the plot is far advanced by Elia, the seeds of mischief are sown, when Ortrud cautions Elia against her lover's deceit, and urges the fatal step of discovering his name and lineage. Elia rejects the counsel with mingled pride and pity, but her enemy is confident enough to end the scene with a burst of triumph. Mille D'Angeri plays her part efficiently here, and again Mille Albani surprises us by the excellence of her singing and her truthful, engaging conception of the character. She has done nothing as well before. The duets over, we enter upon a scene of pomp and splendour. Day breaks to the noise of multiplied trumpets, and its business begins with a vigorous double chorus, which is interrupted by our old friend the Herald and his attendant wind instruments, who come to place Frederic under ban, and proclaim Lohengrin, Guardian of Brabant. The multitude of knights and soldiers acquiesce in both proceedings, after which the Herald announces the immediate marriage of Lohengrin and Elia, to the applause of all the knights of the war. Here is occasion for another vigorous chorus, while four knights hold aloof and grumble among themselves at the favour shown to a stranger. With these Frederic makes common cause, promising to unmask his conqueror, for whose crowning fortune preparations are now visible. The wedding procession music of *Lohengrin* has been so often heard in concert-rooms lately that we permit its familiar beauty to pass almost unnoticed as our eyes rest upon one of the most splendid scenes ever shown within the walls of the "Gaiety." Each of the dresses of the ladies is a study in its way, and the *comp'd'air* presented by the glowing masses of colour and the sheen of burnished armour cannot readily be forgotten. Among those who stand aside to let Elia precede them into the church is Ortrud, but the trial to her pride is more than she can bear. Fiercely she confronts Elia at the door of the Minister, and hurls at her bitter scorn, contemptuously denouncing the exclamations of the on-lookers, who the bridegroom is and whence he comes. The scene is prolonged without lack of vigour, till the King and Lohengrin enter. Reassured by their presence and their reproof of Ortrud, another attempt is made to enter the church. But now Frederic confronts the procession, and once more altercation begins, this time being carried on throughout a lengthy and turbulent *recitativo* which, however it may aid the dramatic effect, cannot boast of great musical value. As it goes on, Frederic finds opportunity to instil more doubt into the mind of Elia, and, with a perturbed spirit, the Royal bride for the third time ascends the steps of the Minister, pursued by Ortrud's vengeful looks. At this point the curtain falls, and gallery and amphitheatre thunder a second approval, louder, if possible, than the first. The principal artists again acknowledge the applause, to which some of them at least have a right. First among them is Mille Albani, who, under all circumstances—and after her come Mille D'Angeri, M. Maurel, and Signor Nicolini, who, as far as looks go, is a Lohengrin *à la reproche*. We are now within half-an-hour of midnight, and numerous departures from boxes and stalls take place. But the enthusiasts up above hold out, and in scarcely diminished numbers, address themselves to what yet remains of the work.

Every amateur knows to what very bright and effective introduction the third act, and will, therefore, not be surprised to hear that it was encoored, in spite of the lateness of the hour. The pretty chorus

sung by the attendants of the wedded pair as they conduct them to their chamber is not well rendered, and makes no effect, scarcely any applause following the retiring footsteps of the singers. Elia and Lohengrin are now alone for the first time, and we have a love duet, marked here and there with passages of such exquisite beauty, that the veriest stickler for accepted form might pardon its absence on their account. In the course of this duet, Elia puts the fatal question as to her husband's name, and insists, notwithstanding his entreaties, upon an answer. At this moment Frederic and his four knights burst into the room, but Lohengrin passes his sword through the ladder, dismisses the followers with contempt, summons Elia's ladies to conduct her to her own apartments, and declares his intention of revealing who he is, and whence he came, to the king, and under the circumstances which witnessed his arrival. The rush of these events is great after the calm of the long love duet, and the music, albeit full of characteristic passages, has a nervous force impossible to overlook. A change of scene takes us again to the banks of the Scheldt, and once more Wagner revels in trumpet. The strident instruments are heard everywhere, clashing against each other, and stirring the pulses of the listeners, as knight after knight, all mounted, and attended by squires and men-at-arms, arrive upon the scene. Finally, the King enters, and German chivalry is ready to march against the enemies of Fatherland. Nay, not quite ready. Lohengrin, the chosen leader, has not come, and great is the wonder at his tarrying. Elia next appears and ails weeping, and then Lohengrin. In a few words, the knight declines to proceed with the campaign, announcing that Elia has been false to her allegiance. He then, in a long, earnest, and beautiful scene, tells a servant of the Holy Grail, sent on the mission he had performed, but now bound to return because his name and character had been revealed. Amid the wondering exclamations of the crowd and Elia's remorseful entreaties, the swan meanwhile appearing, Lohengrin prepares to bid farewell, beseeching to Elia's brother, should that missing youth return, his sword, horn, and ring. As he steps towards the shore, Ortrud pursues him with reproaches, boasting that, by secret means, she has transformed the youthful son of Brabant into the swan, and that had Lohengrin tarried the spell would have been undone. But her triumph is short-lived. The dove of the Holy Grail descends, and hovers over the head of Lohengrin, who looses the chain from the swan's neck. Immediately the bird disappears, and in its place we see the missing lad, now restored to Elia's arms. Lohengrin looks sadly upon their joy, and, harnessed to the horse, is drawn away. The swan, as the curtain falls, utters the death-shriek of Ortrud, as the curjan descends for the last time. It is now nearly one o'clock, and the house has thinned, but there are enough enthusiasts left to keep up a stentorian roar of approval, to cheer Mille Albani, Signor Nicolini, and Signor Vianesi as they deserve, and to put a final stamp of success upon the evening's work. Success in many respects has, no doubt, been richly deserved. The splendour of the *mise-en-scène*, the admirable stage management of M. Desplaces, the remarkable attraction of Albani's Elia, the earnest efforts of the other principals, and the comparative excellence of the orchestra, are features well worthy of approval. On the other hand, the chorus often sang distressingly out of tune, and there were frequent *contrescènes* of a nature to call for precautions against repetition.

And now the question arises. Will *Lohengrin* commend itself to the taste of English opera-goers, and establish Wagner amongst us. Of its present success we have no doubt. It will be the feature of the season. But how as to future seasons—how as to the theories it illustrates? Can our amateurs transfer their allegiance to music without form; to music as the slave of poetry; to music which is melodious only by snatches, and is charming only in the degree in which it is a violation of Wagner's advanced opinions. They may do so, and it is even possible that Beethoven, Mozart, Weber, and the rest may vanish from our lyric stage in favour of an entertainment which dazzles and excites without satisfying the higher faculties of mind and intellect. But success of such a nature could only be temporary. Music is not an affair of declamation, tremolos, trumpets, chromatics, and general swimming about in the vast ocean of tone. Music is tune, form, key-relationship, and adherence to those contrapuntal laws which can never be violated with impunity except by a passing from a musical necessity. Wagner may triumph awhile, but the masters will return to their old place, and, after all, temporary good fortune means little. "Success," writes the German critic already quoted, "certainly does prove something for Wagner; it proves that we have to do with no insignificant person, but with one distinguished by varied intelligence and endowed with energetic mental powers, for without these such success and such works would be impossible. But a man may be still richer in gifts of this description, and yet knock in vain for admittance at the gate within which eternal art resides."

MOZART.

FROM A PHYSICAL AND A MORAL POINT OF VIEW.

We are acquainted with six authentic portraits of Mozart, which represent him after he had attained the age of manhood. The first, painted by Della Croce, forms part of the family picture, now in the Mozarteum, Salzburg; a lithograph of the second is to be found in Nissen's book; the third by Lange, Mozart's brother-in-law, was never finished. The fourth is by Doris Stock, sister-in-law of Körner, the poet; two other likenesses, in our opinion, more characteristic than any of the others, are a medallion carved by Posch, in which the head is taken in profile, and a picture painted by Tischbein, in London, in October, 1790; the last in date is probably the best. At any rate, Posch's medallion and Tischbein's picture mutually supplement each other, and enable us to reconstruct the composer's physiognomy, such as we find it in the testimony of his contemporaries. At first sight, it possesses nothing to impress the spectator; nothing to reveal the man of genius. The lines are correct, but somewhat effeminate; the nose alone, abnormally prominent, breaks their monotony. The curve of the eyebrows is elegant and graceful. The eyes large and fine, but the look uncertain and absent. Mozart, short and thin, had that pale tint which, in an artist, or a writer, frequently betrays the fatigue of midnight efforts and the tempests of thought. His limbs were well shaped and harmoniously proportioned; his head, however, broad and big, was not in keeping with his slender and delicate figure. He was rather vain of the small size of his foot, and of his plump little hands.

He was lively and restless, continually striking chords and executing scales upon an imaginary instrument, but his fingers, so marvellously skilful on the harpsichord, were singularly ill-suited for anything else. At table, for instance, he could not eat up his food without the risk of wounding himself, and it was absolutely necessary for his wife to wait upon him as though upon a child. He was exceedingly particular about his person, and fond of dressing with great care, and displaying the jewels due to the liberality of Princes. His father used to laugh at him for his coquetry in this respect, and Clementi, who did not know him, when they met for the first time at the Imperial Court, took him for a major-domo of the palace, so elegantly was he attired. His imagination never rested. For this reason, he preferred bodily exercises which do not require the assistance of the intelligence, and which do not interrupt the train of ideas. He was fond of riding on horseback, and of a morning took long equestrian excursions, which his absence of mind rendered dangerous, if his steed was shy or badly trained. At Prague, while writing his *Don Giovanni*, he was fond of playing at skittles in his friend Dusek's garden. Seated at a rustic table, he rose when his turn came round, flung the ball, not unskilfully, and sat down again to his work, following the game with one eye, and keeping the other fixed on his music.

He had, however, a marked predilection for billiards, and was a first-rate player. There was a table in his own lodgings, and, in the absence of an opponent, he used to practise on it alone. Hummel, who was a pupil of his, tells us how he would sometimes interrupt the lesson he had begun giving to propose a game. It was an excellent expedient for him, when suddenly attacked by a musical idea. The game enabled him to give the reins to his imagination and to elaborate motives. We all know that it was in this manner he composed the delicious quintet in *Die Zauberflöte*.

He was passionately fond of dancing, which he studied very successfully. He is said to have executed the minuet in an incomparable style. He boasted, moreover, of being a pupil of Vestris, and asserted most gravely that he was a better dancer than composer; hence he never lost an opportunity of exhibiting his talent. He was an enthusiastic part, preferring that of Ariquin in preference to any other, in the ballets performed at parties in Vienna; he frequently traced out the plot and composed the music for them.

These, it must be allowed, were very innocent amusements, and Mozart had no others. If we examine his generous nature—if we dive into his simple and honest soul—and no one ever lived more openly than he—we shall not find a vice or a serious defect to

tarnish its purity. The public has a strange mania for identifying great men with their heroes; it never imagines that the life of a poet, or that of a composer is dialytic. While the artist soars into the lofty regions of fancy, the man is often struggling in the mire of existence. It is, perhaps, because he composed *Don Giovanni*, that people have attributed to Mozart the tastes and adventures of the chief character in the opera. Nothing could be more opposed to the facts, just as it is false that he sometimes left his senses at the bottom of the bottle. He liked wine, and entertained a certain tenderness for a glass of punch; the latter was indubitably a salutary cordial, which supported him in his heavy labours and refreshed his ideas.

At Vienna he resided for a long time close to a friend, the Councillor Martin Lorbl, from whom he was separated only by a thin partition. This honest German, a great lover of wine, possessed a fine cellar, and was fond of doing the honours of it with a liberality not free from vanity. The instant he heard Mozart's harpsichord, he went down into his cellar, selected one of the oldest bottles there, and, coming up again, silently placed it upon his neighbour's table. Grateful for this mark of attention, Mozart would express his thanks by a nod, pour out a little Tokay, and then resume his work, without troubling himself any more about the precious liquor, which was escaping in vapour from its crystal prison. During his journey to Paris, under the care of his mother, the latter wrote to her husband: "Do not feel anxious about any excesses at table; you know as well as I do that Wolfgang can restrain himself." Indeed, Mozart says in his own letter: "At my meals I drink nothing but water, had only take a glass of wine with the fruit, to combat its crudity."

These are decidedly not the habits of an intemperate person, and his contemptuous words when blaiming on more than one occasion, the inebriety of his comrades, would alone have sufficed to make us suspect so stupid and perfidious an accusation.

Shall we now speak of the qualities of his heart? Never was there a more respectful son, while his affection for his sister was not less ardent and constant. He never failed to claim his share in her sorrows, little and great, and, even when the burden of life weighed heaviest on his own shoulders, he offered to receive Marianne in his own house, till her betrothed was in a position to marry her as he desired.

He was no less devoted to his friends and comrades, and, more than once, was the victim of his own generosity. Anton Stadler, the clarinetist, for whom Mozart wrote his admirable quintet, was not ashamed to take unfair advantage of that generosity. One day, knowing that Mozart had received 50 ducats from the Emperor, Stadler, with tears in his eyes, came and begged the composer to lend him that sum. Mozart, hard pressed himself, could not do without it, but, not liking to refuse, lent Stadler two large repeaters, on which a pawnbroker advanced the cash. At the expiration of the time for which the watches were pledged, Stadler was, of course, unprepared, and Mozart was obliged to find the 50 ducats himself. Unfortunately, he was imprudent enough to entrust the money to his debtor, who unscrupulously put it in his pocket, and left his too confiding friend to get out of the dilemma in the best way he could.

Lessons like this did not render him more circumspect. He could not resist the impulses of his heart, and frequently endured privation himself that he might give to others who were not so badly off. He was naturally generous. One day at Leipzig, where he had given a concert, he remembered, just as he was about starting, that he had not paid his tuner.

"How much do I owe you?" he asked.

"May it please your Imperial Majesty," replied the old man, overwhelmed with confusion by the presence of the Chapellmaster of his Majesty the Emperor, "I do not know—I have come very often—should be satisfied with a thaler—"

"A thaler!" exclaimed Mozart, "No, No! it shall never be said that an honest fellow like you put himself out of the way for such a trifle as that," and with these words he handed him two ducats.

Mozart was not liberal with his money only, but with his genius as well. As regards the latter, he always gave without counting, and was never tired of pouring forth the treasures of his imagination to accommodate singers, or satisfy their caprices.

VICTOR WILDER.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

If anything could redeem the *Traviata* from certain stigmas which have always and must always be urged in its disfavour, it would be such an impersonation of the character of Violetta as that to which Madame Adelina Patti has from time to time, at rare intervals, accustomed us. About her perfect execution of the music it is unnecessary to speak again; and it will suffice to add that this was never more strikingly exemplified than now. From "Ah! forse è lui," with its sequel, "Sempre libera," the one as plaintive as the other is animated, to the dying scene of the unfortunate heroine, preceded by the famous duet with Alfredo (Signor Naudin) it was a series of artistic successes, the effect of which upon the audience may readily be imagined. The gifted lady was never more entirely herself, never more skillfully toned down the earlier scenes to make them acceptable, never displayed more impassioned feeling in the alternate interviews with the elder Germont (Signor Graziani) and his exemplary son Alfredo (Act II.), or portrayed the emotions incident to the final catastrophe with more pure and exquisite art. It is now nearly twenty years since the public were first introduced (by Mlle Piccolomini) to the *Traviata*; and yet the opera appears to be looked forward to as an indispensable feature in every season's programme. Though an "extra night" on the occasion of its first performance, the house was crammed, so continuous is the attraction of Verdi's music and so abiding the charm of Madame Patti's Violetta.

On Saturday night *Faust et Margherita* was given for the first time this season, with an unfamiliar Margaret, in the person of Mlle Emma Albani. During the course of the last twelve years we have seen so many Margarets, excellent, good, and mediocre (to say no more), that it is a task of some difficulty to adjudicate on the merits of a new one. We may say, at once, however, that the impression created by Mlle Albani was in all respects favourable. Her embodiment of the character is marked by that gentleness which in every one of her previous attempts has exercised a charm more or less attractive. She has evidently studied the part with the utmost care, and an artistic ambition to excel in its delineation. To this may in a great measure be attributed the success she achieved. Her performance was interesting from beginning to end—not merely because of the quiet unobtrusiveness to which we have referred, but on account of qualities holding out still higher promise. Mlle Albani has made herself completely mistress of the music belonging to every situation; and that alone is saying no little; but beyond this she throws herself dramatically heart and soul into the character—which is saying more. We shall have further opportunities of critically examining this fresh effort of the zealous and rising young singer, and meanwhile rest satisfied with the conviction that she has made another and important step in her career. The re-appearance of that great artist, M. Faure, gave special interest to the first performance of Gounod's universally admired opera. The incomparable Morphophilus was in his happiest mood, and stimulated by a cordial, warm, enthusiastic reception, sang and acted his very best—which means, in his particular sphere, best of the best. We need not describe for the twentieth time a performance so familiar. Enough that M. Faure has returned to us in the full possession of his admirable powers, and that the entire audience, as was clearly shown by the warmth of their greeting, were delighted to see and hear him once again. He was encored in both his songs—the ballad, "Dieu dell'or," in the scene of the Kermesse (Act II.), and the serenade mockingly addressed to Margaret at her window, in that preceding the duel between Faust and Valentine, the last verse in each of which he consented to repeat. Those, and other encores—the chorus of old men, the romance of Siebel (Mlle Sealechi), in the Garden scene, the last movement of the "Jewel Song" (Mlle Albani), and the chorus of soldiers, prolonged the performance to an unusually late hour; and it would be wise on the part of Signor Vianesi, on Saturday nights especially, to disregard all such unreasonable demands. The "encore" system, indeed, is becoming more and more of a nuisance at the opera no less than in the concert-room. The other chief characters on Saturday were represented by Signor Nicolini, who gave the air "Salve dimora" (with the highly finished violin *obligato* accompaniment of Mr Carrodus) in the expressive manner to which he has accustomed the public, and was in other respects the Faust with whom we

are so well acquainted, and M. Maurel, who, as Valentine, since Mr Santley's retirement from the operatic stage, has no rival. With Signor Tagliacosa as Wagner, and Mlle Anese as Martha, the cast was altogether efficient; the general performance being what we are used to at Covent Garden. Repetitions of *Fra Diavolo*, *Lohengrin*, *le Barbier*, and the *Huguenots* complete the record of last week.

On Monday night *Dinorah* was repeated; and on Tuesday we had the second performance of *Faust*. The *Traviata*, with Mlle Adelina Patti as Leonora, was given on Thursday; and last night the public were allowed a fourth opportunity of estimating the beauties of Wagner's *Lohengrin*. The opera announced for this evening is *Fra Diavolo*.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Repetitions have been exclusively the order of proceeding at this theatre, since our last. The *Nozze di Figaro* was played, with a new Cherubino, in the attractive shape of Mlle Anna de Belocca. What a charming Cherubino she made, those who have seen her in other characters will readily understand. At present we have only space to add that she was applauded in both her airs, and encored in the second "Voi che sapete," which she repeated with increased effect. Mlle Belocca's acting was lively, natural, and engaging throughout. The other characters were sustained as before, the now light soprano, Mlle Pernini, playing Susanna, and Mlle Tietjens giving "Porgi amor" and "Dove sono" in a style as near perfection as lies within the province of art the most consummate to attain.

THE NEW OPERA HOUSE.

The promoters of the scheme for the erection of the new Opera House on the Thames Embankment, having provisionally selected (out of a number sent in competition) the designs of two architects—Mr C. J. Phipps, F.R.A., and Mr F. H. Fowler as being the best, have now agreed to accept the plans of Mr Fowler. On Wednesday Mr Webster, who has undertaken the contract, entered upon the plot which adjoins the St Stephen's Club, and the exact site upon which the structure will be erected was staked out. The land which Mr Mapleson has secured has a frontage to the Embankment of 200ft., and extends 300ft. in depth to the northern boundary at Cannon Row. The site for the building and approaches thus covers an area of 60,000 superficial feet, or nearly an acre and a half in extent. There will be a space in front of the principal elevation to the Embankment of about 30ft. in depth, which will not only have the effect of displaying the *façade* to advantage, but will also serve as an approach and carriage drive. In addition to the main Embankment frontage there will also be two other striking elevations—one on the south-west side and the other on the north-east side—with a street and carriage way, extending from the Embankment to Cannon Row, upwards of 30ft. in width. The carriage drive on the south-west side will open out direct communication with the Embankment from Parliament Street, along the street facing the Whitehall Club and intersecting Cannon Row, where, it is understood, will be the stage entrance. Preliminary to laying in the foundations the whole of the ground from the line of the Embankment frontage to a short distance from the rear of the intended building at Cannon Row, and in width about 140 feet, is to be excavated to a considerable depth from the Embankment level, in order to form a spacious basement; and this portion of the work was begun on Thursday. A numerous body of workmen are employed by the contractor in the excavation now in progress; and it is estimated that 20,000 cubic feet of earthwork will have to be removed before the work of putting in the foundations can be commenced. The basement will have a concrete floor several feet in thickness. The construction of the foundations will be carried on with the greatest activity, so as to admit of the superstructure being commenced as early as possible; and it is expected that the building will be completed and ready for opening by the commencement of the opera season next year.—*Architect*.

VIENNA.—In conformity with an agreement to which he has come with Herr Jauner, the new manager of the Imperial Operahouse, Sig. Verdi will conduct not only his *Aida*, but also his *Requiem*. The performance of the latter work is fixed for the 9th June. This will be immediately followed by two representations of *Aida* in Italian, the principal parts being sustained by Signore Stolz, Waldmann, Signori Maini, and Madini. For each performance Sig. Verdi will receive 1200 florins. This he divides among the four artists just mentioned, taking nothing himself.

ST JAMES'S HALL, REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.

MR CHARLES HALLÉ'S Pianoforte Recitals.

MR CHARLES HALLÉ has the honour to announce that his Fifteenth Series of PIANOFORTE RECITALS will take place on the following afternoons:—

FRIDAY, June 4, 1875.
FRIDAY, June 11, 1875.

FRIDAY, June 18, 1875.
FRIDAY, June 25, 1875.

FIFTH RECITAL, FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 4, 1875.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

TRIO in B flat (first time), for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello
—MR CHARLES HALLÉ, MRS NORMAN-NERUDA, and Herr
FRANK NERUDA
SONATA in E flat, Op. 122, for pianoforte alone—MR CHARLES
HALLÉ
SONATA in A minor, Op. 106, for pianoforte and violin—MR
CHARLES HALLÉ and MRS NORMAN-NERUDA
GRAND TRIO in D, Op. 76, No. 1, for pianoforte, violin, and
Violoncello—MR CHARLES HALLÉ, MRS NORMAN-NERUDA,
and Herr FRANK NERUDA

Mozart.

Schubert.

Schumann.

Bethoven.

Sofa Stalls (numbered and reserved), 7s.; balcony, 3s.; arena, One Shilling.
Tickets at Chappell & Co's, 59, New Bond Street; Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street; Oliver's, 39, Old Bond Street; Keith, Prowse & Co's, 4A, Cheapside; Hay's, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; Austin's Ticket Office, 29, Piccadilly; and by Mr CHARLES HALLÉ, 11, Mansfield Street, Cavendish Square.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AL. BARR.—The libretto of Halévy's *Mousquetaires de la Reine* is by M. St. Georges—not by the late Scitte, as has been generally stated.
DR SEVERAL.—Our correspondent labours under the same error which we endavoured last week to point out to his Gregorian confederate, Dr Every. Music without rise and fall is as a wave that neither advances nor recedes. In his estimate of Glück, Dr Several is as much in the dark as was Dr Every in his estimate of Puccini.

MARRIAGE.

On May 20th, at St Paderic Church, Miss MILLY UNTLING (late student at the Royal Academy of Music), to ALFRED RAWLES, Esq.

DEATH.

On May 16th, suddenly, THOMAS BENSURAN, of 75, Old Broad Street, in his 72nd year.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co's, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1875.

HOSPITAL NURSES.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—You were good enough last year about this time to give insertion to a letter from me calling public attention to the establishment of a Training School and Home for Nurses in connection with the Westminster Hospital, and inviting support for so useful an institution. Madame Christine Nilsson had at that time generously volunteered to give a public concert in aid of the funds, from which the large sum of £900 was ultimately received by the School. Now again the same generous offer has been made by Madame Nilsson, with a view to assist the committee in obtaining a permanent site for the School in the close vicinity of

the Hospital, with adequate accommodation to enable the committee to carry out their original plan of not only supplying a staff of trained nurses for the Hospital, but also for the training of probationers to meet, to some extent, the great want of superior nurses for cases of serious sickness in private families.

While the work of the school in nursing is proceeding most satisfactorily at the Hospital, it is highly desirable that the field afforded for training should be fully occupied to meet the demand for skilled nurses outside the wards, and at the same time help to provide funds for the maintenance of the School and Home, and to render it as far as possible self-supporting. This can only be done by increasing the number of probationers, and providing a permanent Home to which they can return at intervals when unemployed.

It is in aid of efforts to accomplish this object, and so extend the usefulness of the Training School, that Madame Nilsson has once more kindly and generously come forward to give a concert on the 23rd of June, at St James's Hall, and I venture to request you will give insertion to this letter, in furtherance of the philanthropic object of these efforts, and that the interest of the public may be more effectively enlisted in its support. I am, Sir,
WESTMINSTER.

May 21st, 1875.

THE following paper, written to fill up some corner in a fashionable Parisian magazine, is from the pen of M. Henri Blaze de Bury. Very many of us know of what stuff M. de Bury is made; while Rossini's music speaks for itself, trumpet-tongued:—

Rossini was to the last a man of the old parties in politics. He might laugh and rail superficially, but, at bottom, he belonged to the Past and thought *en codino*. He believed in sovereigns, looked seriously on the grand cordons of diplomatists, and even accepted snuff-boxes. Why should we not frankly state the fact, since the blame belongs to the period which gave it birth? He was somewhat deficient in dignity. The character of one who amuses others caused him no embarrassment. Among the negotiators of the Congress of Vienna, as in the saloons of the English aristocracy, he paid court to influential personages, and exerted himself to make money by the petty qualities of his nature, sometimes manufacturing cantatas for special occasions, at the order of a Metternich, who patronizingly called him the "God of Harmony," and sometimes consenting to play in London the part of accompanist. "It was the fashion, the rage, to have my face at a party. My wife sang, and I accompanied. For this we received fifty pounds an evening, which mounted up to something considerable, when it is recollected that this source of profit was continued uninterruptedly for three months." These lines are extracted from a highly interesting collection of conversations with Rossini, published in Germany by Dr Ferdinand Hiller. During the summer of 1856, the learned Director of the Cologne Conservatory, happening to be at Trouville, met the composer of *Guildensteele Tell*, who had gone thither in the hopes of restoring the equilibrium of his nervous system, already greatly shaken. A man cannot spend twenty-five years of his life writing operas, and forty-five in being adored by the whole world, without experiencing a certain amount of lassitude. Rossini still possessed, at the above period, all his mental vivacity; he liked to speak of men and things, and Dr Ferdinand Hiller, who by the way had long been acquainted with him, esteemed his being able every day to give the cue to such an interlocutor a singular piece of good fortune. Rossini lives and breathes in these desultory conversations, begun as we light a cigar, and cut short by a game at dominos.

These dialogues have a charm of their own; to those who associated with Rossini only in his works, they may be recommended as an excellent photograph of him, while those who knew him personally will recognize in them the amiable and witty mind, the familiar physiognomy, so fatherly, with a slight touch of irony, and the honest and jovial inhabitant of Passy, who would have been none the worse if a little less free and easy.

Louis XIV. never showed himself without his wig. He had one wig in which he took medicine, and another in which he received ambassadors. Rossini's fault was that he too frequently

took off his, and made his royalty too cheap, even though he did not like to see others fail to recognize it. It is not for nothing that a man belongs to the land of Bologna sauces and *precisato*. The eternal Parmesan style of cookery flavours the shortest note in Rossini's correspondence, and is too frequently perceptible even in his music. The style is the man. There is an entire macaronic branch of it which ought to be put in the waste-paper basket. Self-respect is the first law of the world, and in an artist this virtue might become the most skillful of speculations. It is by respecting himself that a composer writes the Symphony in C major and all Beethoven's other works—that he writes the trio in *Guillaume Tell*. Now look at the just remuneration of things; see how every good sentiment turns to profit; the genius, too often wanting in conviction, for whom love was merely a kind of impassioned gallantry, found his true pathos in the sublime trio in *Guillaume Tell*, that profound expression of the sole sentiment which ever profoundly moved him. "He loved his father very much;" and this was, perhaps, why he wrote the trio in *Guillaume Tell*. Can there then be really something good about filial piety, and is it, after so much ridicule, to be taken seriously? That which a man does with self-respect has a chance of surviving; all the rest is condemned beforehand. The rest passes away; it is the rocco of the Future; a Future of twenty, or thirty years at most. Rossini is one of those men of genius whom Time has spared the least; before he quitted the world three fourths of his works had perished. Which of Beethoven's are wanting? Where is the old rubbish; where are the antiquated ritornellos? How astounding is the force of principle! Everything remains, and the reason of this prodigy lies in the character itself of the great artist, who was never influenced by aught save inspiration. Haydn and Mozart composed to order; Beethoven never did; puritan that he was, he would sooner have allowed the universe to collapse than write a note beyond the limits of his own impulse. Hence the permanent integrity of his works. We say of Mozart: "This or that has become antiquated." We do not say so of Beethoven. He will grow old less than any one else, because he had more self-respect than any one else. Rossini, who laughed at everything and everybody, beginning with himself, would not have accepted glory if purchased by stoicism. "Paparazzi de' mangiar paparazzi de' dormir!" Let us remember the old trio which portrays the sybarite as he really was, just as the four words: "*ad majorem Dei gloriam*," paint old Bach.

At Bologna, Rossini was fond of rising early and going to market. *Terra antica, gentile madre e matrice*. A rich and fertile mother, indeed, was this land, with the abundance and varieties of its products, a regular country of Cognac, for Kings of Yvetot, out on their *villégiature*. One morning, while bargaining for some fish, Rossini perceived a gentleman quietly occupied in contemplating, from the middle of the market-place, the picturesque side of the scene; it was the Duke of Devonshire. "They told me I was certain to meet you here," said the Duke, addressing Rossini in the most aristocratically phlegmatic manner, and as though they had separated from each other only the evening previous. The two friends, however, had really not seen each other for twenty years. They chatted a moment, and then the composer went back with the noble son of England to his hotel. His Grace returned the musician's visit in the course of the day, and, just as he was leaving, said: "I still owe you a memento for the charming evening you once made me pass at Milan, and for the entrancing airs you sang me." With these words, he handed him a handsome snuff-box, and Rossini, the Rossini of *Muc* and of *Guillaume Tell*, quietly put it in his pocket without more ado! "Those confounded French can only make compliments; I never meet one who does not ask me which opera of mine I prefer! A fine question truly; what a hurry I shall be in to answer it! The French are exceedingly grateful, to be sure, especially in words." Rossini was not mistaken; the English speak less; but their silence is golden, especially when they enclose it in a snuff-box. He accepted a

snuff-box from a lord, and had the boldness to refuse a cigar-end offered by an august hand. Ferdinand VII., King of Spain, was an inveterate smoker, and naturally had a cigar in his mouth, when Rossini, on his passage through Madrid, was introduced by M. Aguado. After a few words of conversation, Ferdinand, wishing to be exceedingly gracious, took from his lips the half-consumed *puro*, and offered it to the great composer. The latter declined with a bow the gift, under the pretext that he never smoked. "You are wrong to refuse," whispered Marie Christine to him, in Neapolitan; "the King was doing you an honour that does not fall to the lot of every one." Another very unexpected honour awaited him at the house of the Infanta, Don Francisco, the King's brother, and a passionate Rossinian. But let the musician himself speak: "I found him with his wife, tinkering on the piano. We began by talking about one of my operas, the score of which was lying open on the instrument. The Prince, interrupting me, then said he had a favour to ask, immediately adding, 'Allow me to give you Assur's air, but dramatically, and as if on the stage.' A great surprise and fresh embarrassment. I sat down to the piano, and preluded, come what might, when I saw the Prince, at the other end of the room, strike the most wonderful attitudes, and begin the air, with the gestures and accents of an enraged tragedian." What a happy man was Rossini! After Pasta, Rubini, Malibran, and Lablache, to see his productions performed by a descendant of Louis XIV.!

BLAZE DE BURY.

One of our most frequent and valued contributors having taken the pains to translate the foregoing, we—a *rebrausée poit*—have allowed it to be squeezed into the leading columns of the *Musical World*, thus more emphatically exposing it to universal oburgation. OTTO BEARD.

MILLE TERTIENS has, we are informed, undertaken a tour in the United States of America, under the auspices of the enterprising brothers, Max and Maurice Strakosch. About the brilliant success of the renowned Teutonic *prima donna* there cannot exist the shadow of a doubt.

DR MACPHEREN, who succeeded the late Sir Sterndale Bennett in the Professorship of Music in the University of Cambridge, delivered his inaugural lecture in the Senate House, Cambridge, on Tuesday afternoon. He traced the history of music, and urged its cultivation at the University, observing that he hoped the authorities would consider it desirable to make music a special subject of examination. This remark was received with loud applause.

GAIETY THEATRE.

We must speak of Mr Hollinghead's series of comic operatic performances at this theatre in our next, premising that they are excellent of their kind.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE music of Sir Sterndale Bennett is becoming more and more in request. Mr Charles Hallé played his "Chamber Trio" in A, at his fourth recital; and Mlle Krebs will introduce his Three Impromptus at her second recital (next Wednesday). Mlle Krebs has already played the third Impromptu, at her concerts in Dresden and elsewhere abroad. The feature of interest at the last Saturday concert given in the Alexandra Palace, under the direction of Mr Weist Hill, was the performance, by Mlle Marie Krebs, of Sterndale Bennett's Concerto in F minor, which was enthusiastically applauded.

THE work of clearing the site of the Opera in the Rue Le Pelletier, is being pushed forward with activity. All kinds of rumours are afloat respecting the use to which the vacant space will be devoted. According to M. François Oswald, of *Le Gai*, it has been secured by M. Strakosch, as representative of a limited liability company, with a capital of several million francs, for the purpose of constructing a theatre in the style of the London Alhambra.

* What the French want in snuff-boxes they not unfrequently make up, at any rate, in chatterboxes. What a pity some of their writers do not, now and then, imitate the silence at which they sneer in their English neighbours.—TRANSLATOR.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MRS J. HOLMAN ANDREWS gave a very agreeable *soirée musicale d'invitation* at the Beethoven Rooms on the 13th inst. The pupils of her vocal class (ladies and gentlemen amateurs) rendered Mozart's *Mass*, No. 2, as well as some secular part music, with taste and precision. Miss Edith and Miss Gertrude Holman Andrews (the latter better known as Miss Gertrude Ashton) sang Mendelssohn's duet "I waited for the Lord," and other songs, in a way that left nothing to be desired. Miss Emma Barnett played a solo on the pianoforte in her usual finished style; and among other things worthy of special notice was Mr Stedman's singing of "Tom Bowling," and the clever anthem "Lord, to Thee," the composition of Miss Gertrude Ashton. Mrs Holman Andrews and Mr Westley Richards accompanied the vocal music, and Mr Ratt conducted.

MRS GREIFFENBACH gave an evening concert on Tuesday last, at her residence, Upper Bedford Place, which attracted a large number of her friends. Madame Greiffenbach's pupils sang in a correct and effective manner several part-songs and choruses by Meyerbeer, Massé, P. Cohen, and Gordon, all of which were favourably received. Madame Lemmens and Miss Emily Muir gave two songs charmingly; and Miss C. Shury made a highly favourable impression in Schütz's romance, "Sognati." Mr A. H. Cattermole, in a song from *Desirah*; Mr Stanley Smith and Mr Bricher, in songs by Rüken and Halvay; Signor Tito Matti, in his fourth Valse and in one of his graceful Nocturnes; and M. Jules de Swert (a Continental violinist of repute)—all deserved applause from an attentive and appreciative audience. Madame Greiffenbach and Mr Gordon were the accompanists of the vocal music.

MRS LUDWIG and DABERT gave the second of their announced series of Classical Chamber Concerts on Wednesday evening, at the New Langham Hall, Great Portland Street. The concert opened with Beethoven's Trio in B flat (Op. 97), the pianoforte part being taken by Mr Franklin Taylor; Lieder by Brahms and Liszt, sung by Miss Helene Armin, followed, and the first part concluded with J. S. Bach's Sonata in A major, for violin and pianoforte, which received every justice from Herr Ludwig and Mr F. Taylor, who were much applauded after each movement. The second part began with Beethoven's Sonata in A major, for the violoncello (with a pianoforte accompaniment arranged by Signor Piatti), excellently played by Herr Dabert. This was followed by M. Coenen's "Spring Song," sung by Miss Armin, and the concert concluded with Haydn's Quartet in G minor (Op. 74), capably played by Messrs Josef Ludwig, Carl Jung, Zerkini, and Dabert. Mr J. Zerkini accompanied the vocal music with his usual excellence. The next of these agreeable entertainments is announced to take place on June the 9th.

MADAME LENA HAYES' grand evening concert (in aid of a destitute infant orphan) took place at the Beethoven Rooms on the 20th inst., and was attended by a select audience. The artists were Madame Poole, who sang "Nobli Signor," from *The Huguenots*, and was encored in Hattori's "The Maiden's Rose"; Madame Elloft (pupil of Sig. Torretti), whose fine voice was heard to advantage in Gluck's "One fare," and Coenen's "It was a dream." Madame L. Hayes produced great effect in Bishop's "Should he upbraid," as also in songs by Melloy and Revigny; Mr Wilby Cooper gave two songs with his accustomed taste; Sig. Torretti, Moxno's "Non più andrai," and "Qui s'edegno"; and Sig. Nappi, Ballo's "Si tu saurai," and Rossini's "La Danza." The instrumental portion of the concert consisted of Hummel's Nocturne, Op. 99 (pianoforte duet), and Ravina's grand Duo on airs from *Euryanthe*, capably played by the youthful and talented Mdlles Molyneux, who by their solo performances also obtained universal approbation. Mdlle Violet Molyneux played Sir J. Benedict's "Scotland," and Mdlle Agnes Thalberg's "We're a noddin'." A particular feature of the concert was Mr Oberthur's brilliant harp playing. His two solos, fantasia on "The Last Rose of Summer," and "Clouds and sunshine," being received with immense applause. Herr Lehmeier accompanied the vocal pieces with taste and judgment.

SIGNOR TORRETTI gave a concert, on Monday evening, at the Beethoven Rooms, assisted by two of his pupils, Mesdames Gerrard and Elloft, with Miss Palmer, Mr Gerard Coventry, Signor Rocca, and the *beneficiaries* as vocalists; Mr Henry Holmes, violinist, and Miss Julie Angarde, pianist. The concert opened with the well-known trio from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, "Gual so si s'inghe," sung by Madame Gerrard, Mr Coventry and Signor Torretti. Madame Gerrard and Madame Elloft also gave songs by Donizetti, Millard, Sullivan, and Schumann, with more or less success. Miss Palmer created much effect in Gluck's "Che fare." Signor Torretti sang "O to Palermo" (Verdi), and Mozart's "Qui s'edegno." Mr Gerard Coventry, who possesses a very agreeable tenor voice, made his first appearance since his return from Milan, where he has been studying to advantage. He gave Sir Julius Benedict's elegant romance, "Nulla da te bel angelo," and Ascher's

popular "Alce, where art thou?" He was most warmly applauded, and sang extremely well, obtaining a loud and unanimous "encore" for Ascher's admired romance. Mr Coventry will be an acquisition to the concert-room. Signor Menardi Rocca gave one or two vocal pieces in his best manner; and Miss Julie Angarde played, in excellent style, solos by Gade, Chopin, and Schumann, and, with Mr Henry Holmes, Beethoven's Sonata in G (Op. 30), for violin and pianoforte. Mr Holmes also gave in perfection a violin solo by Kufferath. Signor Romelli was the conductor.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The fifth of the Philharmonic Meetings took place on Monday evening at St James's Hall. The programme contained several interesting features. Besides the overtures, the *Rossini* of Schubert, and the *Ruy Blas* of Mendelssohn, and the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven, all of which were played with care and finish by the band, Brahms's "Variations on a Theme by Haydn" were introduced, for the first time at these concerts, and were listened to with enjoyment. This work was originally produced at Vienna in 1873, and subsequently found its way into this country, when it was heard at the Crystal Palace in March, 1874. Borrowed from an unpublished collection of divertimentos for brass instruments by the old master, Dr G. A. Macfarren truly remarks, in his analytical notes, that the theme in question "is essentially Haydnish in character," having a strong resemblance in certain instances to the well-known Hymn for the Emperor. Upon this slight and unpretending subject Brahms has built his round of "variations," all of which are characterised by the "ingenuity" with which they have been properly credited. They are, in fact, a series of scholastic exercises—"a succession," according to Dr Macfarren, "of contrapuntal studies of the highest interest, showing to an extraordinary extent the plastic nature of the simplest musical elements under the workmanship of a skilful artist." The delivery of this clever work was all that could be wished, for Mr Coenen took every pains to reveal its frequent originalities of design and construction, and so awaken the public desire to make further acquaintance with it. It was loudly applauded at the close, and has, doubtless, found a place among the stock pieces of the Philharmonic repertoire. Viueuxtemp's *Adagio*, and *Rondo*, from his Concerto in E, were the movements chosen by Signor Pappi for his violin display in the first part of the concert. In these selections the artist found excellent opportunity for showing his undoubtedly fine qualities of tone and executancy. As regards the former, nothing could be more inviting to the ear, because of its silvery richness; while, in all the arts of bravura playing, he was at once clear and articulate—in every respect, in short, a facile and emphatic exponent of the airy music to which Viueuxtemp's Concerto belongs. The late Mendelssohn Scholar, Mr William Shakespeare, and Mdlle Sophie Lowe were the vocalists. Mr Shakespeare, who made his first public appearance in London, comes with the reputation of possessing many varied musical accomplishments and an exceptionally fine tenor voice, and clothed, also, with the best honours of the distinguished Academy in which he has graduated. His method of singing betrays, as it ought to do, very superior preparation, his style being broad and dramatic, and his enunciation perfect. A not unnatural nervousness, however, disturbed his self-possession on Monday evening; and though he sang Bouvier's "Ave Maria," and Sterndale Bennett's charming setting of Barry Cornwall's touching words, "Dawn, gentle flower," with grace and expression, it was obvious he would do himself complete justice upon future occasions. His best effort was Mendelssohn's song, "Through the air a breath is stealing," in which, from the careless nature of the music, his voice was necessarily steadier and firmer. Mdlle Lowe is a concert-room singer of ability. Her version of Mozart's "Deh vieni" on the present occasion was fittingly tender and sentimental. She also sang a pair of *Lieder* by Mendelssohn and Brahms. D. H. H.

GENOVA.—At a meeting held the other evening by the Archeological Section of the Società Ligure di Storia Patria, a most elaborate and creditable paper was read by the president, Sig. P. C. Remondini. The subject of it was Fra Giovanni da Genova, a musician of the XIVth century, some precious manuscripts of whom are still preserved in the Palatine Library at Modena. The reading of this paper was supplemented by a specimen of Fra Giovanni's music, written according to the modern system of notation by Sig. Remondini. To this was added, for the sake of comparison, a Canzone for Three Voices by the celebrated Francesco Landino da Firenze, called Francesco degli Organi, the Rossini of his time (1360), and a Canzone for Two Voices by an anonymous composer of the XIVth century. The original manuscript of the last named piece is preserved in the library at Chambay. Though composed five hundred years ago, this old music was listened to with great satisfaction. It was admirably sung by Signori Barabito, Romanelli and Giorgi, under the direction of Sig. Valle.

MUSIC IN ROME.

(From a Correspondent.)

Happening to be in the Eternal City, we paid a visit to the provincial locale of the Royal Academy of St Cecilia, where sundry schools of music are collected under one roof, to be as we were informed, ultimately converted into a musical Lyceum, an institution so much needed in Rome. We were surprised, not to say, astounded, at the small extent of the musical library existing in the said Academy, which was founded by Palestrina in 1584! We thought we should see, nay, more, we will say we were justified in expecting to find, there the most precious treasures; for the most illustrious musicians down from the time of Palestrina to our own belonged to this Academy. With the exception of *la Storia della Musica* by Father Martini, there is not a single theoretical work worth mentioning. Among the music, we may mention a copy of Spontini's *Olimpia*, presented by the composer, and adorned with his autograph. We saw, also, several gifts from Pius IX., but, among the music of modern composers which they comprised, we remarked only the name of Liszt. The Abbate offering to his Holiness consists of the score of a *Missa Solemnis*, 65 centimetres high, the largest we ever behold. It is printed with movable type of extraordinary beauty. Such is the accuracy with which the different parts are joined, it more resembles a copperplate engraving than a typographic production. It is superfluous to speak of the binding of red velvet with raised gold ornaments, this being a matter of course in a gift made to so eminent a personage. We must mention, also, the most precious and interesting object in the Academy. We allude to the album containing the names of all the members from the establishment of the institution. Thus we saw, among others, the names of Bernardo Pasquini, Scarlatti, Father Marini, Aneria, Naini, Montempi, Gasparini, Garavani, Mancini, Tartini, Vialotti, etc. It appears to us incomprehensible, however, that, in an institution of such antiquity, we should be unable to find the compositions of at least some of the great men who belonged to it. Boccenazzi.

MUSIC AT BERLIN.

(From our Correspondent.)

For some time past the stage of the Royal Operahouse has been trodden by various "*Gäste*," or "*Guests*." Though aiming at permanent engagements, they "come as shadows, so depart," and are speedily forgotten. Among recent specimens may be mentioned Herr Beck, from the Graz Theatre, a son of the well-known barytone of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna. He has appeared in *Guillem Tell* and *La Fiesca*, and was much liked in both operas. Mlle Keller, another "*Gast*," was an inadequate Selica, while a third, Mlle Haselbeck (Ina), did not give so much satisfaction as, on many days previously, in *Der Freischütz*. Herr Ernst, as Vasco de Gama, did his best. Still another "*Gast*" was Mlle Reumann, from the Ducal Theatre, Dessau. This young lady selected for her *début* the part of Cherubino in *Le Nozze*, an unfortunate selection, because, the music does not suit her voice, and she had to contend with the recollection of Mad. Lucra.

A few weeks ago, Herr von Hülsen commenced, with the sanction of the Emperor, a series of cheap performances of standard dramas at the Theatre Royal. Encouraged by success, Herr von Hülsen determined to extend the principle to the Royal Operahouse. Consequently, from the present date till about the middle of June, the national establishment will be open to the public at reduced prices. The course taken by the Intendant-General has met with general approbation. The first opera was *Oberto*. The audience applauded everyone and everything. This was fortunate for Mlle Haselbeck, whose personification of Iselia would, under ordinary circumstances, have failed to command such marks of approbation.

The first novelty of the winter season is to be Herr Goldmark's Biblical opera, *Die Königin von Saba*, with Miss Minnie Hauck as Salomith.

During the late visit of the Emperor of Russia, both Emperors attended a performance of the ballet of *Satanella*. Admirers of Wagner will be pleased to learn that the "*Waffen-Tanz*," from *Rienzi*, was substituted for the music from Auber's *Fils Prodigue*. At the Grand Court Concert, in honour of his Russian Majesty, however, not a note by the Prophet Haydn was included in the programme. The Emperor Alexander is the musical antipodes of his Royal Brother of Bavaria.

A feature in the programme of the last concert of the Sin-

fonicapelle, under the direction of Herr von Brenner, was the overture bearing the motto: "*Hilans in die Welt*," with which Herr Otto Dorn won the Meyerbeer Exhibition. The composer conducted his own work. Herr Liebling played Grieg's Pianoforte Concerto in A minor.

Herr W. Müller, a musical publisher, who has sung solos at the Concerts of the Singakademie and Royal High School of Music, is engaged, from the 1st October, as tenor at the Operahouse.

Herr Heinrich Fürstenow, Capellmeister at Pawlowsk, near St Petersburg, was presented with a diamond ring during the Czar's recent stay, for an "*Imperial March*" dedicated to the august visitor.

THE YORKSHIRE EXHIBITION.

(To the Editor of the "*Musical World*.")

Sir,—The only announcements that appeared in print—to the effect that Dr Spark would inaugurate the organ—were the paragraph in your journal for May 1st, and an advertisement in the local papers for May 8th. The paragraph in the *Musical World* was probably sent to you by the indefatigable Doctor. The local advertisement was somewhat strange. After announcing Mr Best as organist on the day of the opening of the exhibition, there was a note that Dr Spark would inaugurate the organ on the day after the opening. Perhaps the Doctor had something to do with this matter also. In the next official advertisement (copy enclosed) there is no mention at all of Dr Spark's proposed performance; and, in the papers for May 11th, appears the following letter, which effectually disposes of the anomalous second inauguration of the organ:—

YORKSHIRE EXHIBITION OF ARTS AND MANUFACTURES.

To the Editors of the "*Leeds Mercury*."

Gentlemen,—I notice, in your impression of Saturday last, two errors in the musical programme for the inaugural ceremony.

1. Mr R. Best, organist, Liverpool, should be Mr W. T. Best.

2. You state the organ will be inaugurated by Dr Spark, which is an anomaly, as it will really be inaugurated by Mr W. T. Best, at the opening ceremony.

I am, Gentlemen, yours obediently,

S. WALLEY,

Chairman of the Musical Arrangements Committee.

Leeds, 10th May, 1875.

I believe nothing has been said in the *Musical World* about the opening of the organ, so it may interest you to read the story that the musical performances consisted of various suitable numbers, executed by a fine band and chorus, conducted by Mr R. S. Burton; Mr W. T. West was at the organ, and the large audiences were delighted with his exquisite style of playing. The music on the second day was provided by the excellent band of the Queen's Boys, conducted by Mr W. C. Smith, and the organ performances of Dr Spark, whose programmes could not be completed, on account of insufficient water-pressure to keep up the supply of wind. The same machinery has several times since proved itself to be altogether unreliable. Nearly every organ recital has resulted in a partial fiasco. Besides the defective wind, the organ is in very indifferent order. It is to be regretted that the committee does not have the defects remedied, or shut the organ up.

I was not the author of the paragraph referring to the non-payment of articles engaged for Dr Spark's concert, on March 18th, nor did I know anything about the paragraph until it was in print. I can say this much, however, the artists had to return to London without their fee; and Dr Spark, I think, will not deny that several applications had to be made to him before settlement was made. It is a fact that a very peculiar method was adopted in making payment for this concert. The performance resulted in a very large loss, which, however, did not affect the promoter of the concert, inasmuch as a sufficient sum to cover the loss was guaranteed by the public. By the way, sir, it is not something new for a private individual to obtain subscriptions from the public to save his own pocket from the probable losses in his speculations? Kindly oblige me by inserting this in your next impression. Yours obediently, VERITAS.

[The author of the above has inclosed his name and address.—EDITOR.]

EXERCISE.—A most satisfactory performance of Mendelssohn's *Elisabeth* was lately given by Soler's Musical Union, under the direction of Herr Adolf Guder.

KÜHNEN.—Rosini's opera of *Mosè* was recently performed here for the first time. The performance was bi-lingual. Señor Padilla, Mad. Déjérès Artés, and M. de Garrison, King Pharaoh, Anal, and Amenophis, respectively, sang in Italian, while the other performers sang in German.

RICHARD WAGNER, AND HIS RING OF THE NIBELUNG.

(From the "New Quarterly Magazine.")
(Continued from page 349.)

To pacify the ire which these remarks, if misunderstood, might rouse in certain quarters, I will add parenthetically that, to my mind, the treatment of historical subjects by Shakespeare, in his bold disregard of temporal and local details, verges on the liberty of mythical, or, which is essentially the same, purely human typification. My remarks apply more to the musical than to the spoken drama. For music, by its power and weakness, is debarr'd from the rendering of accidental details; its ethereal being shuns the fetters of clumsy reality—from momentary facts it ascends to eternal motives.

It would exceed the limits of my purpose to show at length how Wagner's progress from the historical to the mythical implied the relinquishing on his part of coarse spectacular for purely artistic effects, or, to say the same in other words, how the librettist developed into a poet. Only a few words ought to be added as to the manner in which this change reacted on his musical style. It is well known that Wagner abolished the traditional forms of absolute music, such as aria, duet, and finale, supplanting them by a mode of utterance entirely founded on the requirements of the dramatic situation. This reformatory act, a Wagneromastic would boldly assert, was an act of premeditation founded on speculative theories, and therefore devoid of artistic spontaneity. The groundlessness of such an accusation might easily be proved by intrinsic reasons. Nevertheless, it may not seem undesirable to hear the master's own testimony on a question which, besides bearing on our immediate subject, is of vital importance for the history of musical progress.

"The plastic unity and simplicity," Wagner says, "of the mythical subject-matter allowed of the concentration of the action on certain important and decisive points, and thus enabled me to rest on those fewer scenes with a perseverance sufficient to expound the motive down to its ultimate dramatic consequences. The nature of the subject, therefore, could not induce me, in sketching my scenes, to consider in advance their adaptability to any particular musical form, the particular kind of musical treatment being necessitated by these scenes themselves. It could not enter my mind to ingraft on this my musical form, growing as it did out of the nature of the scenes, the traditional forms of operatic music, which could only have marred and interrupted its organic development. I therefore never thought of contemplating on principle, and as a deliberate reformer, the destruction of the aria, duet, and other operatic forms; but the dropping of these forms followed consistently from the nature of my subjects."

The ultimate result of a reform begun in this spontaneous manner was the great cycle of tragedies which forms the subject of this essay. But, before we enter upon this, we must cast a passing glance on the intervening links of a chain of development, extending from an all but blindfold groping for a new mode of utterance in the *Flying Dutchman*, to the fullest light of artistic purpose in the *Niblungen*.

In the first-mentioned opera, Wagner, as we mentioned before, left the domain of pseudo-historic realism for that of mythical truth; but a change of purpose does not always, and did not in this case, imply a fully proportionate change of means. It is, therefore, no matter of surprise to see some of the hereditary evils of the old opera reappear in this early attempt at purer dramatic expression. "The diction and versification, although by far superior to the ordinary libretto, show here and there traces of that slipshod disregard of rhyme and reason which the imperturbable patience of an operatic audience is wont to tolerate. Some of the characters, moreover, as particularly the disappointed lover and tenor of the piece, are fashioned after operatic patterns. The music also occasionally suffers from what may be described as want of grasp and consistency. The old forms of absolute music are for the greater part abandoned; but what remains of them is sufficient to mar that absolute congruity between poetical intention and musical expression so characteristic of Wagner's later style. I need not add that these remarks are not made with an intention to disparage the beauties of an opera which in many respects remains unsurpassed by its own or any other composer's works. The weirdness of the northern seas, with the doomed

hero tossed on their pitiless waves, is depicted musically in the boldest touches. Readers who have witnessed the performance of the *Flying Dutchman* at Drury Lane (the only performance of a work by Wagner that ever took place at an English theatre), may judge of the deep impression produced even by that cold and uncongenial rendering.

"Cold and uncongenial rendering" is good. Wagner himself never listened to a warmer and more genial rendering of this, his very best opera.—O. BEARD.]

(To be continued.)

MUSIC PAST AND PRESENT IN IRELAND.

(Continued from page 341.)

The Anacreontic Society was founded in 1740. It originally consisted of amateurs who cultivated instrumental music specially. But at the suppers which succeeded each meeting glee singing was much relished, and solos sung by the most competent vocalists then residing in Dublin. This society before and after the Union included most of the nobility and gentry among its members. During the latter part of the last century, and the beginning of this, the Anacreontic aided many charities by its concerts, and kept alive a love of the orchestral works of the most eminent composers. Castrucci, the pupil of Corelli, was invited to Dublin by the members, and conducted the concerts of the society to the time of his death in 1752. He is buried in St Mary's graveyard. For many years the Duke of Leinster, whom we have so recently lost, was president, and continued to preside and take his place in the orchestra, when he played the double bass up to the last meetings of the society. It died out for want of patronage, and also from its members falling away, about a quarter of a century ago. The vice-presidents were the Earl of Arran, Earl of Donoughmore, and Lord Clonbrock, who each played some instrument at the performances. Its meetings took place in the Rotundo ever since that building was erected, and its concerts contributed to the charity for which these rooms were originally designed, at various times, considerable sums of money. The collapse of this society is not only to be lamented as a loss to the charity it at one time so munificently supported, but with it ceased that school of amateur instrumentalists which kept up a taste for the orchestral and chamber music of the great masters. Then, the violins, violas, violoncellos, double-basses, and flutes, were generally played by amateurs, to be found among the nobility and gentry of the land. Now, it would be difficult to get up a quartet of stringed instruments solely played by amateurs. Then, the symphonies of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, and the overtures of Weber, Rossini, and other composers, were practised weekly by non-professional performers. Now, the only society—the Philharmonic—which presents this noble species of the art is neither supported sufficiently by the public at large, nor are its efforts to keep up a school of instrumental music in the country appreciated. The aid given to charity here by music in the past is something wondrous. It is said that the Hospital for Incurables "rose as if it were by the power of music," in 1753. It was about this time that the musical glasses were invented by Richard Pockrich, who made such use of their charming tones, that he once so gained the hearts of two ballifs, who came to arrest him, that they departed without laying their hands upon him. There were some remarkable men in and from Ireland amongst the musical celebrities of this period. Michael Kelly was born in Dublin 1762, and became the first tenor in Italy, and, curious to say, this Irishman is said to have been the first male singer from these islands who sang in that country. He afterwards performed at most of the Italian theatres. He travelled through Germany, and in Vienna became the intimate friend of Mozart. He also became intimate with Haydn. Mozart was so pleased with an aria by Kelly, "Grazie agl' inganti tuori," that he did it composer the honour of writing some charming variations upon it. On his revisiting Dublin, in consequence of his mother's illness, the Emperor gave him a year's leave of absence and continued his salary. Kelly did not return to Germany, but settled in London, where he made his first appearance in *Lionel and Clorissa* at Drury Lane. He was attached to that theatre as director of the music and first tenor till his retirement from the stage. He composed the music for many pieces—*The Castle Spectre*, *Blue Beard*, *The Peasant Boy*, *The*

Royal Oak; and he composed *Gustavus Vasa* for Covent Garden in 1811. He again visited Dublin, in company with the celebrated Madame Catalani, in 1808, and, after fulfilling engagements in Cork and Limerick, returned to London in the autumn. Drury Lane Theatre was unhappily burnt down on February the 4th, in the following year, and all Kelly's scores were lost in the conflagration. His music, from the little we have seen of it, seems to possess symmetry of form and melody. It is much to be regretted that more of it has not been preserved. He took his farewell of the stage in the city of his birth in September, 1811. He first appeared in Dublin in 1778. He died at Margate at the age of 84 on the 15th of October, 1826. He published, during the latter part of his life, two very amusing volumes of "Reminiscences." Thomas Carter, who set Dr Percy's (the author of "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry") charming ballad "O Nanny wilt thou gang with me" to music, was likewise a native of Ireland. It appears that Carter was born in Dublin in 1735. He was organist of St Werburgh's Church from 1751 to 1769. Lord Inchiquin furnished him with the means to go and finish his musical education in Italy. He stayed in Naples some time, and was received in the best society. On his return he started for Calcutta, where he was at the head of musical affairs. But the climate compelled him to leave, and he returned to England for his health. He appears to have been a wild, imprudent man. O'Keefe, the dramatist, tells many amusing anecdotes of him, among the rest the following:—"He asked me (says O'Keefe) to bring him in to hear one of the rehearsals of the 'Castle of Andalusia.'" To this O'Keefe objected—it being contrary to the rules of the theatre. But he was persuaded to do so on the promise of Carter to keep himself perfectly quiet. As the rehearsal progressed, O'Keefe was surprised to get a tap on the shoulder from Tom, who exclaimed, "Why don't you introduce me to Harri?"—then proprietor of Covent Garden. After this he walked up and down the stage directing the band in the most absurd manner, to the horror of his friend, Dr Arnold, who was the composer of the music of the drama, finding his place as conductor usurped by the impertinent stranger, left the house in disgust. And O'Keefe said he would never again bring in any composer or dis-composer behind the scenes. One Gilbert Mahon made O'Keefe a present of an air which the former sang, and the latter wrote words to, and sold it to Longman, the music publisher, in the Haymarket. Carter called upon the dramatist a few days afterwards in a rage, told O'Keefe "that Mahon had no right to sing the melody, let alone to give it away, that it was his composition." &c.; and so he raged until O'Keefe commenced singing, "O Nanny," and thus appeased the enraged musician. "Never," says O'Keefe, "was the soothing power of music more apparent." Carter wrote music for some dramatic pieces, and, curious to tell, it was in one of these, entitled *The Birch Day*, that Master John Braham, afterwards the celebrated tenor, made his first appearance at the age of ten, in the year 1787. He was the composer of many popular songs of that time—"Stand to your guns, my hearts of oak" may be named as one of them. But it appears that poor Tom Carter was imprudent and unmanageable, and, that although he had the talent to gain friends, he had not the conduct to keep them. He was in Dublin from 1803 to 1809 to a certainty. Afterwards he seems to be totally unheard of. Had this composer only left the one song, "O Nanny," behind him, it would be sufficient to hand down his name in musical annals as a most gifted melodist. It is tender, tuneful, and full of that grace which touches the heart.

To be continued.

PAVIA.—Signor Isidoro Rossi's *Isabella Orsini* has proved successful at the Teatro Fraschiol. The composer was called on nineteen times the first night.

ORFÈS.—Le Théâtre-Russe nous a offert une des meilleures productions de réputation. La nouvelle comédie d'*Antiope*. Cette pièce sera jouée de nouveau dimanche prochain et nous recommandons à tout amateur de nouveautés dramatique d'assister à cette représentation, non point parce que cette œuvre est bien écrite, mais aussi parce que l'exécution en est fort bonne. Mmes Lukachevitch et Branskaja, ainsi que MM. Kiselevsky, Forcati, Agramoff, Gorev et Strugkin ont été très-bien dans cette représentation. Le bénéficiaire, M. Forcati, a été salué par des bravos à son apparition sur la scène. Le Théâtre-Russe fait toujours recette, particulièrement pour les bénéfices.—H. C.

LUIGI ARDITI.

(Communicated.)

Sig. Arditì has been lately sojourning in Venice, where he is a great favorite. The local press always allude to him in the most flattering terms. One paper says:—

"De Ferrari's gay opera, *Il Menestrello* was most favourably received. The first honours fell to Signora Cristino, a sympathetic, sprightly artist, full of life and soul, and possessing a true silver soprano such as is rarely heard. It is superfluous to add that she was overwhelmed with applause, especially in Arditì's waltz 'Estasi,' in which she worked the audience up to a state of enthusiasm, and was recalled several times."

Another journal writes as follows:—

"Yesterday evening, at the Teatro Mallbran, between the second and third acts of Pedrotti's *Tutti in Maschera*, that sympathetic artist, Signora Cristino, sang with her accustomed excellence Sig. Arditì's 'Estasi.' The public applauded her enthusiastically, and also called on the composer, who happened to be in the house."

A third writes thus:—

"Prominent among the artists was Signora Ida Cristino, a pleasing young lady, and a sure and correct artist. She possesses a beautiful, fresh, and extensive voice, which she manages with skill. She was constantly applauded, especially in Arditì's waltz: 'Estasi,' which she introduced and sang with real mastery at the end of the opera."

A fourth remarks:—

"Justly and most warmly applauded was the *prima donna*, Signora Cristino, who, between the second and third acts, sang the 'Estasi' waltz by the Commendatore Arditì, the famous author of that other most popular melody:—'Sulle labbra, se potessi, dolce non bacio ti darei.'"

"Arditi, who happened to be in the theatre, was obliged to appear upon the stage, in obedience to loud and repeated calls."

More might be quoted; but enough has been said to show that others, besides ourselves, are able to appreciate genuine merit.

A. T. L.

"Good Words."

Music will some day become a powerful and acknowledged therapist. And it is one especially appropriate to this excited age. Half our diseases, some physicians say all our diseases, come from disorder of the nerves. How many ills of the mind proceed the ills of the body! Boredom makes more patients than fever, want of interest and excitement, stagnation of the emotional life, or the fatigue of over-wrought emotion lies at the root of half the ill health of our young men and women. Can we doubt the power of music to break up that stagnation? Or, again, can we doubt its power to soothe? To recreate an overstrained emotional life, by bending the bow the other way? There are moods of exhausted feeling in which certain kinds of music would act like poison, just as whip and spur which encourage the racer at first, tire him to death at last. There are other kinds of music which soothe, and, if I may use the word, lubricate the worn ways of the nervous centres. You will ask what music is good for that? We reply, judgment and common sense, and, above all, sympathy, affectional and musical sympathy, will partly be your guide, but experience must decide. Let some friend well versed in the divine art sit at the piano, and let the tired one lie on a couch and prescribe for herself or for himself, and then—and then what comes, must be left to the tact and quick sympathy of the musician. I have known cases where an hour of this treatment did more good than bottlesful of bark or painful of globules; but I do not wish to overstate the case. I merely plead for an unrecognized truth, and I point to a new vocation of the Humanitarian Healer. How many a girl might turn her at present untrained-for and generally useless musical abilities to this gentle and tender human use! Let her try. At the end of the *siesta*, let her and her patient note the abatement of the headache brought about directly by the counter excitement of a nerve current set up by music. Let her friend admit that she has suffered less during that hour, the mind having been completely calmed off from the contemplation of a special pain, and the pain itself while having passed or abated. There are cases chiefly connected with disorders of the spine, cases of atrophy, where music is almost the only thing which seems to stir the torpid nerves and set up a commotion, quickening the heart and flushing the cheek. Then, I say, let music open the shut gate, and let health come in that way, "*colletti janitor aula*!"

Musical Doctor.

HANOVER.—Dr Gunz has been appointed an Imperial Chamber Singer.

WAIFS.

The new tenor, M. Tournié, who will make his first appearance in England in the French opera at the Gaitey, in the second week in June, is causing considerable excitement at the present moment in France, owing to his exceptional success at the Operahouse of Marseilles. The papers like the *Monitor*, *Figaro*, and *Opinion Nationale*, speak with their usual freedom about the splendid offers made to him by M. Halanster, for the Grand Opera at Paris. It is quite true that he has been offered terms equal to any tenor in Europe, but his engagement with M. Coulon is not to be set aside. During June and July he will appear at the Gaitey in *Zampa*, *Le Domino Noir*, *Leila*, *Lara*, *Le pré aux Clercs*, *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*, and other French national operas. —(Communicated.)

In the autumn, Mlle Christine Nilsson has made arrangements for a tour in the Province.

M. Capoul returns to the Opéra-Comique.

Julius Stern, of Berlin, is travelling in Italy.

M. Lecoq's new work is entitled *La Pompon*.

Signor Salvini's next part at Drury Lane is to be Hamlet.

Mlle Enriquez is engaged for the ensuing Norwich Festival.

Mad. Bass has returned to Paris, after her engagement at Lisbon.

M. Ernest Boulanger's new work, *Don Mastrade*, has proved a success.

At Caen, two grand concerts of "Classical Music" are announced, by M. Padeloup.

M. Strakosch is about to construct, in Paris, a magnificent building in the style of the Alhambra Palace.

His Majesty the Emperor of Russia has conferred upon M. Wieniawski the cross and the order of St Anne.

The late M. Kreusler will be succeeded as head of the Bureau des Théâtres, at the Prefecture of Police, by M. Naudin.

Among recent arrivals is that of Signor Giuseppe Martucci, a young Italian pianist of repute, and M. Diaz de Soria, the vocalist.

At the Folies Dramatiques, Paris, a new work is underlined, entitled, *La Pompon*, libretto by M.M. Chivot and Duru, music by Charles Lecocq.

The *Arcadian* says that the New York Philharmonic Society has degenerated into a sort of school for *débütantes*, and the sole aim of its directors appears to be to spend as little money as possible.

The chorus singers of the Paris Theatre, determined to found a benefit society for members of the profession, held a meeting on the 21st inst., to settle the rules. The chair was taken by a chorister.

Mlle Rita being, in consequence of severe indisposition, compelled to rest for some weeks from her professional labours, has been replaced in the character of *Gioffio-Gioffia*, at the Criterion Theatre, by Miss Julia Matthews, "creator" of the part in the English version.

M. Lecoq has been condemned to pay 4000 francs damages (£160) to M. Jules Moléaux (his collaborator in a three-act opera, entitled *Don Juan l'IV*), and to return the M.S., in consequence of his refusal to finish the music, of which he had composed two acts. M. Lecoq is also restrained from using the airs for any other libretto.

Mr Horton C. Allison recently played, at the concert of St John's College Musical Society, at Cambridge, a selection from the piano-forte works of Handel, G. A. Macfarren, Sterndale Bennett and Chopin, with a canon and fugue from his "Cambridge Concert Studies." Miss Amy M. Aylward sang Bennett's "Dawn, gentle flower," and "Gentle Zephyr."

Miss Emily B. Farmer's new song, "Shall I wear a White Rose?" was sung by Miss Waters, at a recent amateur concert in Nottingham. The *Guardian* says:—"The new song, 'Shall I wear a White Rose?' by Miss Emily B. Farmer, was listened to with great interest. The melody, very pretty, at once chambers itself in the memory, and we have no very doubt will become a favourite in Nottingham and elsewhere. Miss Waters sang it excellently, and must share with the composer the honours of the applause with which it was greeted."

Two accidents happened last week at the Grand Opera, Paris. The first was caused by the breaking of glass representing the water over which Madlle Sangelli glides, as she returns to her enchanted grove in *La Source*. Thanks to her aerial feet, she escaped unhurt, and danced more marvellously than ever, the only sufferer being M. Halanster, who will have to pay 500 or 1000 francs to repair the damage. The second accident was of a graver description. As Madlle de Reszké, M. Halanster's new Ophelia, was returning from the racco, the horses of her carriage took fright. Thanks to her brother's presence of mind, Madlle Reszké escaped with only a few contusions. Marshal MacMahon, who happened to be driving past at the moment, ordered his coachman to stop, and enquired whether the young lady had sustained any hurt. In the evening, he sent an orderly officer to ask how she was going on, and congratulate her on having got off so easily.

BAR-LAU.—The members of the Singacademia, under the direction of Herr Julius Schäffer, recently celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of that institution. After Count von Arnim had presented the above-named gentleman, in the name of the Emperor, with the Order of the Red Eagle, fourth class, after Herr Becker had offered him a magnificent silver plateau for the table as a mark of respect and esteem from the members of the institution generally, and after the ladies had added an extra tribute of their own in the shape of a gold pocket chronometer, with chain, and some eminently worked tapestry, the proceedings commenced in the grand hall of the University with the chorale: "Lobbet den Herrn, den mächtigen König." This was followed by a long and interesting lecture by Dr Hlaser, on the development of vocal music, and then came Mendelssohn's motif: "Zuschauet dem Herrn." In the evening there was a fine performance of Handel's oratorio of *Samson*, the principal vocalists being Mad. Josephine and Herr Henschel. The chorus included 350 voices. On the following day, there was a grand musical Soirée in the new exchange.

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WORDS BY ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

MUSIC BY ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

SUNG BY

MISS ANTOINETTE STERLING

AT THE

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

"The singer was Miss Antoinette Sterling, who, always heartily admired in these German halls, for which she exhibits so marked a sympathy, introduced in a group four of Schumann's most graceful contributions to the *Lieder* repertory, and, later in the evening, a new song by Mr Arthur Sullivan, 'Thou art weary' (set to words by Adelaide Proctor)—one of the most charming recent emanations from the pen of our gifted patriot.—*The Times*, Nov. 10.

"Miss Sterling was the vocalist, and sang, in addition to selections from Schumann, a new song by Arthur Sullivan, entitled, 'Thou art weary,' which is one of the most beautiful and thoughtful effusions of the composer's graceful music."—*Daily Telegraph*, Nov. 12.

"Miss Antoinette Sterling was the vocalist. In the second part she introduced a new song by Mr Sullivan, an admirable setting for a contralto voice of some very touching lines by the late Miss Adelaide Proctor, addressed by a poor mother to her starving child, the burden being—

"Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;

"God is good, but life is dreary."

The song exactly suited Miss Sterling's voice and style, and it was assuredly become as great a favourite as 'Will he come,' to which it is a worthy pendant, and the words of which are also by Miss Proctor.—*Standard*, Nov. 12.

"Miss Antoinette Sterling repeated Mr Sullivan's new song, 'Thou art weary,' a second hearing of which has confirmed our good opinion of the *Lieder*, Nov. 16. 'At the concert on Monday, Miss Sterling had introduced a series of charming *Lieder* by Schumann, and a new song by Mr Arthur Sullivan, 'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary,' an admirable setting of Miss Proctor's poem. 'Hush, I cannot bear to see thee,' which, like everything Miss Proctor wrote, was well adapted for, and, in fact, seemed to invite musical treatment. Her verses have inspired Mr Sullivan with a genuine melody, of which the refrain is particularly remarkable; and the song, both at Monday's and Saturday's concert, pleased so much that Miss Sterling was called upon to repeat it."—*Full Art Gazette*, Nov. 11.

"Miss Sterling sang discreetly and sympathetically four of Schumann's 'Dichter-Lieder' (Nos. 1, 2, 7, and 8); but came off still better in a new song by Mr A. Sullivan, who has set words by Adelaide Proctor, 'Thou art weary,' the dying consolation of a starved mother to her child, the refrain of which is—

"Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;

"God is good, but life is dreary."

It is a painful theme; but the composer has treated it with such pathos that the air tells powerfully.—*Athenaeum*, Nov. 14.

"The vocalist was Miss Sterling, who sang four songs by Schumann (Nos. 1, 2, 7, and 8); and a new song, entitled, 'Thou art weary,' written by Miss Adelaide Proctor. The words are good, and have been fitted to charming and expressive music by Mr Arthur Sullivan, who has added a pianoforte accompaniment worthy his high reputation, and worth listening to for its own sake."—*Observer*, Nov. 15.

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ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S NEW SONG, 'TENDER AND TRUE,'

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"The vocalist was Miss Edith Wynne, who sang a new song, 'Tender and True,' by Arthur Sullivan, the beauty of which, aided by a most tasteful rendering, elicited an encore.—*Daily Telegraph*, January 13.

"Mr Sullivan's graceful song—a novelty—was rendered by Miss Edith Wynne with much refined expression; and the applause which followed necessitated its entire repetition."—*Daily News*, January 13.

"A very expressive new song, by Mr A. Sullivan, 'Tender and True,' was sung with such effect by Miss Edith Wynne that it had to be repeated."—*Illustrated London News*, January 16.

"Miss Edith Wynne, who gave, in her own genuine and expressive manner, a graceful new song, 'Tender and True,' by Mr Arthur Sullivan, which was encored, and repeated."—*Graphic*, January 16.

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Mdlle Christine Nilsson—Extra Night.

MONDAY next, June 7, "FAUST." Faust, M. Capoul; Mephistopheles, Signor Rota; Valentine, Signor de Beuch; Siebel, Mdlle Trebelli-Bettini; Maria, Mdlle Demerio-Labiche; and Margherita, Mdlle Christine Nilsson.

Mdlle Elena Varex.

TUESDAY next, June 8, "LA SONAMBULA." Elvino, Signor Fancelli; Il Conte Rodolfo, Signor Costantini; and Amlia, Mdlle Elena Varex.

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MONDAY next, June 7, "LA TRAVIATA." Principal characters by Mdlle Adeline Patti; MM. Graciani, De Sanctis, &c.

TUESDAY next, June 8, "LE MOZZE DI FIGARO." Principal characters by Mdlle Alhai, Thalberg, and Hancini: MM. Graciani, Ciampi, Pavan, Faure, &c.

WEDNESDAY next, June 9, "LA FIGLIA DEL REGIMENTO." Principal characters by Mdlle Marimon; MM. Campi, Pavan, &c.

THURSDAY next, June 10, "LOHENGRIN." Principal characters by Mdlle Alhai and D'Angeri: MM. Maurel, Capponi, Seidemann, Nissolin, &c.

FRIDAY next, June 11, "IL FLAÛTO MAUICO" (last time this season). Principal characters by Mdlle Marimon, D'Angeri, and Smerocchi; MM. Maurel, Ragaglio, Pavan, &c.

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MUSIC PAST AND PRESENT IN IRELAND.

(Continued from page 367.)

We now come to the musician who adorned the art by his genius during the latter portion of the past century and the first quarter of the present—John Andrew Stevenson. This man was born with such happy musical instincts that he could just as much suppress them as the lark could his song in the lovely springtime. Stevenson did not seem to require study. The talent he possessed so abundantly did not appear to require cultivation. Music appeared to flow spontaneously from him—he could not tell why or wherefore; and the only labour he had was setting it down with his pen. Hence he has been dubbed by many learned—but not inspired—in the art, a feeble and uninformed musician. True, Stevenson was not a great contrapuntist, though some of his works—instance “Huds of Hoses”—might be held up as examples for the student. He did not glory in *figures*, neither did he delight in those continuous modulations nor extraneous harmonies which young Germany at the present worships. The theory of sounds thus learnt will make a man of intelligence write suitable pieces for harp or horns, voices or band, wherein the notes will be put against each other, and the phrasing will be correct and according to grammatical construction. But the *mens divinus* will be wanting, and all be a “sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.” A man cannot be made a poet by a knowledge of words, neither will the art of distinguishing various shades of colour make him a painter; but, above all, the study of sounds, and the capacities of voices and instruments, will not make a man a musician—a musician in the right sense of the word, one entrusted by the Creator with the magic language of feeling—utterances which appear to have had their origin in heaven, and are wafted back to the footstool of the Creator in tones of penitence or harmonious praise. We have already described Stevenson’s Church compositions his best and most perfect efforts. In these the peculiar tenderness and devotional feeling of the melody, the appropriate setting of the sacred text, whether prayerful or jubilant, cannot be over estimated, while the whole has a spontaneity of expression which gives them an air of inspiration. What can be more touchingly lovely than the solo, “I laid me down and slept, and rose up again, for the Lord sustaineth me,” or more prayerful than the splendid solo, “The snares of death.” The latter will bear comparison with the best bass or baritone *solis* of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, or Mendelssohn. The “Rejoice in the Lord” is full of tempered brilliancy, and “O Lord our Governor” unsurpassed for skill of design and beauty of construction. The recitative, “Lord, what is man that Thou art mindful of him,” and the solo following, “Thou madest him lower than the angels,” are noble utterances; while the closing chorus, with its delicious harmonies and antiphonal responses, is one of the most fervent specimens of ecclesiastical compositions extant. He also wrote several Church services, two in C, and others in D, E natural, F, and G. There were selections from an oratorio of his called the “Thanksgiving,” given at the Festival held here in 1831. These were distinguished by their tuneful brightness; but the oratorio, as a whole, we believe, has never been performed. The first meeting of Stevenson and Moore was in Marsh’s Library, where the poet used to resort. They were introduced to each other by the assistant librarian, the Rev. Dr Cradock. It was about this time that Moore had completed his “Anacraon.” The latter met Stevenson one day coming out of Mr Ferns’ (afterwards Sir John Ferns) house at the corner of Mitre Alley. Ferns was then verger of St Patrick’s. He told him he wished to read to him some of the translations before publication. “With all my heart, my dear boy,” said Stevenson, “but it must be after dinner. So if you and Ferns will dine with me, you shall spout your verses.” The invitation was accepted. The young poet—then only eighteen—recited his poems, to the delight of his hearers. Ferns asked Moore’s permission to show the translation to the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, Mr Leslie Foster, who was an accomplished scholar. Stevenson afterwards said—“Mr Foster, sir, pronounced my friend’s work to be one of the most brilliant compositions he ever read, and, with such an opinion on its merits, it is scarcely to be wondered at that I never lost sight of Moore. In the hope of getting him to write poetry for some of my music.” There is one anecdote of the musician that manifests the precociousness of his genius, which we shall relate ere we speak further of his intimacy with the poet. The Amateur

Music Club having offered a prize for the best composition of a new glee, many were sent in under feigned signatures. There were fourteen selected from the mass as possessing various degrees of merit. But what was the surprise of the judges, on opening the envelopes containing the names of the composers, to find they were all written by one young man—John Andrew Stevenson. When very young, Trinity College conferred the degree of Music Doctor, March 1791, upon him. He was afterwards knighted by the Earl of Hardwicke, the then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, at the Irish Harmonic Club, May, 1803, on the occasion of the first performance of his splendid trio and chorus “Give me the harp of epic song,” to Moore’s words from “Anacraon.” This honourable distinction being conferred upon him caused a boiling over of envy in some bosoms. One viper spat his venom in a lampoon of several verses from which we will only quote the first two lines—

“We all of us know there’s a knight of the shire,
But who ever heard of a knight of the choir.”

Soon after this Sir John Stevenson found Moore reading in Marsh’s Library, and said to him, “We were talking of your translation of ‘Anacraon’ theother night, and so-and-so said ‘The harp of epic song’ was nonsense! How am I to answer him, Moore?” The poet bounded from his chair, paced up and down the room, exclaiming with much energy, “Tell him he’s a fool, tell him he’s a fool!” Ere we enter upon the period of the arrangement of the famous “Melodies,” we shall just state that Moore, who was little of a musician, although he could accompany himself with much accuracy when singing his own songs, must have derived great benefit from the assistance of Stevenson in the arrangements of his first and best compositions. These songs must have aided the poet greatly in the beginning of his career, and it is almost certain that he was assisted in the accompaniments and form by the musician. Moore’s sister Kate, afterwards Mrs Scully, was a pupil of Stevenson’s. “Come tell me, says Kate, ‘Mary I believed thee true,’ ‘Will you come to the bowery,’ ‘When time, who steals our years away,’ and the pretty simple trio, ‘Oh, lady fair,’ bear marks of a more mature hand than that of the young poet. Then there is not a shadow of doubt that the Irish Melodies originated in Stevenson proposing to Moore the task of adapting words to these beautiful tunes. Well it is for the artistic world that the poet acted upon the suggestion. To it we owe our possession of the most beautiful lyrics which ever sprang from the soul of inspiration. Tender, glad, loving, jocular, or sad, such a series of songs was never given to the world before. It was a difficult task to fit such a variety of tunes in such various rhythms to words; but to fit them with such words—where each song is a polished poem, set to the original air in its purity—borders upon the marvellous. Though Sir John’s symphonies and accompaniments to these melodies frequently leave themselves open to adverse criticism, yet, since the copyright expired of the first seven numbers, though fresh arrangements have been essayed by musicians learned in the art, strange to say, none have suited the peculiar structure of the air and aided the singer so much in the recital of the lovely words as the originals of Sir John Stevenson. Stevenson’s learning as a musician was scanty. He knew very little of what others had done. With the exception of writers for the Cathedrals, and a slight acquaintance with some of the compositions of Handel and Haydn, he knew but little. Rossini he did not seem to understand, for he hated him and preferred Auber. In our next we shall give a sketch of the life of this gifted Irishman, together with some anecdotes showing forth his eccentricities. We shall also have to remark further upon the melodies and secular works of the composer.

(To be continued.)

VENICE.—The great attraction at the Fenice during the summer season will be *Aida*. It is said that Mdle D’Angeri will impersonate the heroine, while Mdle Sanz will probably appear as Amneris. M. Marin will be the tenor; and Sig. Cotogoli, or M. Maurel, the baritone. Florence.—Mr. Catani’s new four act-opera *Villida* has been well received at the Teatro Alfieri. The Teatro Principe Humberto narrowly escaped being destroyed by fire a short time since. Thanks, however, to an equestrian company performing there, who worked an engine till the flames arrived, the flames were got under without great damage. The Orchestral Society of this City have elected the Cavalieri Bazzini and Facchi honorary members, presenting each with a silver medal, in recognition of efforts in the cause of art.

CRYSTAL PALACE SUMMER CONCERTS.

(From an Occasional Contributor.)

Whoever originated the supplanting of the former summer butterfly-fare called Opera Concerts, by a continuation of those artistic banquets, known almost to the world of amateurs, as the "Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts," conferred a benefit upon musical London deserving of hearty recognition. Why the advent of summer, when one more joyous external elicit an expansion of spirit so favourable to the enjoyment of art-life, should have been the signal for the suppression of great instrumental and vocal works, and the introduction of mutilated morsels of stage music that are mere platforms for the gymnastics of fashionable singers, is a mystery. Why the patient and devoted amateur, who has braved the autumn rain, the winter snow, the spring east wind, to obtain his weekly meal of symphony, concerto, and overture, should be ignored for the *blasé* fashionable, too shrivelled by surfeit to nourish even a sensation of good honest bore, was a matter for inquiry. The solution of the problem having been rendered in the best possible way, by an extension of the usual winter programmes, no one has any further right to complain. Whether the conclusion has been arrived at out of deference to the demands of the faithful followers of Art who support the winter concerts, or from an idea that there is an improvement in the taste of the loungers who belong solely to the "season," signifies not, so long as the result is obtained, and Beethoven, with his satellites, instead of being, as formerly, dethroned each summer to give place to operatic anarchy, reigns monarch for all time.

That the ninth, or Choral Symphony (commented upon with such learned eloquence by "G." in the concert-pamphlet) should have been chosen as the chief attraction of the second summer programme may be accepted as a token of the steady increase of the popular taste for legitimate art. Although blossoming over with melodic fragments simple enough to gratify the least educated ear almost to the diversion of the attention from the roots and branches of the massive construction beneath, it is perhaps the most loftily ponderous of the wonderful nine. Even cursory to scan its marvellous beauties, from first to last, requires a firm and constant effort of the mind, and it may be acknowledged impossible at each hearing to give due appreciation to each successive movement. Therefore the necessity of the frequent production of this Symphony by those societies who have assumed the great work of the education of national taste. The first few hearings can but make the listener feel as a pigmy trying to estimate the proportions of a giant. A despair will creep upon him that his little mental eyes did fair never to view them as they really are. But familiarity bridges over the gulf which divides our capacities from this most extraordinary creation. When the attention need no longer be on the alert to comprehend the value of the materials, it is freer to follow their usage by the master's science, and by degrees one may arrive at the happy condition when listening is an enjoyment rather than an intense strain of every mental faculty.

To render even ordinary justice to the Choral Symphony is a responsible task for conductor, no less than for singers, orchestra, and chorus; but, we are inclined to think, the responsibility is scarcely so much felt by those who undertake it as it might be. Although the orchestra, so ably marshalled by Mr. Manns, may hold its own against any, at home or abroad, for precision, wherever there is scope for the elaboration of delicate passages, there is an absence of fire and a heavy deliberation about its broader effects that in such a work as this becomes a serious defect. After the dreamily-poetical *pizzicatos* passages that gradually widen, like a dimly-green-lit vista, into the full disclosure of the principal subject, this lack of vehemence and passion was particularly noticeable. Some of Beethoven's thoughts should flash lightning-like through the exponents to the auditor, and it is not the characteristic of lightning to creep lazily from heaven to earth. Some of the *forte* passages are intended to be hurled violently into the midst of the undercurrent that is quietly proceeding to its development, not to be calmly played off by the instrumentalists without expression or even sense, as it would be only allowable to do at a first rehearsal. We do not intend to cast the faintest shadow of censure upon Mr. Manns, who has already done wonders as regards uniformity. Individually, we

are aware it is almost hopeless to expect spirit from orchestral players, who, as a rule, have a tendency to regard music merely in the light of daily bread; but not alone do we believe it possible for a conductor, possessing fire and passion in his own soul, to communicate it to the body of men he leads by the very force of his strong will, but we have daily oral evidence that it is so. Therefore, we call upon Mr. Manns to go and do likewise, to prove himself what he aspires to be.

The soprano was Mdlle Levier, who was not heard to such advantage in the Symphony as in her aria from *Jean de Paris*, later in the programme. Mdlle Antoinette Sterling's rich tones were distinctly traceable throughout. Mr. Santley's voice never fails to "carry;" but the tenor of Mr. Henry Gny was overwhelmed by the accompaniment. It is almost unfair to young aspirants to place them in such trying positions. A voice that might charm, when heard and judged alone, will often shrink into nothing when blended with others more powerful and experienced. We do not doubt that Mdlle Levier and Mr. Gny strained their powers to the utmost; that they proved unequal to grapple successfully with what was required of them is scarcely their fault.

To the Symphony succeeded the song, "Ah du mein holder Abendstern," from Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, a characteristic specimen of that tone-sensuality, which in Wagner takes the place of the rhythmic melody, until now accepted as the only true musical beauty. Wagner's mystical processions of dreamy harmonies have a certain fascination; they lull the senses into a forgetfulness of their right and wrong; and, when conveyed by medium of a voice like Mr. Santley's, the fascination is intensified. That Mr. Santley extracts the entire possibilities from these vague shadows of an alarming futurity, all who remember his remarkable personification of the Flying Dutchman at Her Majesty's Opera, some years ago, will be aware. Mr. Santley's phrasing is always above criticism; on this occasion it enabled him to make the Wagnerian effusion not alone agreeable, but so delightful to the audience, that they were roused to an enthusiasm which found vent in a perfect ovation at its close. Twice vehemently summoned to the platform, Mr. Santley was at last compelled to repeat the song. Mdlle Sterling's ballad (Hullah's "Three Fishers") coming immediately after, had a severe test to endure; but, as Mdlle Sterling seems to reserve all her forces for the rendering of this class of music, she sang it so well that she was honoured with a recall.

Spor's Concerto (*Scena Cantante*) was played by Madame Norman-Néruda with all that deft skill and exquisite finish for which she is so justly famous, and the Concerto was received with the favour that is always to be found by the fair violinist. After Halle's Serenade, sung by Mr. Henry Gny, the second summer concert came to a successful termination with the overture to *Masaniello*. All praise to the Crystal Palace Concerts, and long may they live!

Saturday, May 22nd, 1875.

VIENNA.

(From our Correspondent.)

Wagner has returned and given another concert for the benefit of his Grand-National-Festival-Stage-Play-Theatre at Bayreuth. The programme differed from that of his last concert by the omission of the "Kaisermarsch," and the introduction of "Hagen's Wacht" ("Hagen's Watch"), a fragment from the first act of the *Götterdämmerung*, previously unknown. This new specimen of what is to be expected from the long deferred *Niklungen-Trilogie* produced generally a favourable impression. On the Wagnerian portion of the audience it acted, of course, as the red cloak acts on the bull in the Spanish Bull-Ring. It simply drove them frantic. By the way, a prominent Wagnerite, Herr Hans Richter, who has succeeded Herr Dessoff at the Imperial Operahouse as *Capellmeister*, bids fair to become a favourite. His conducting Beethoven's *Fidelio* has pleased the Viennese, even those who do not belong to the School of the Future.

NALBA.—Among the earliest works performed at the Teatro d'Estate, now in course of construction at the Villa Nazionale, will be *Gianni di Calais* and *I Pazzi per Progetto*, by Donizetti, and *Il Diavolo Color di Rosa*, by Petrella.

RICHARD WAGNER, AND HIS *RING OF THE NIBLUNG*.

(From the "New Quarterly Magazine.")

(Continued from page 366.)

Wagner's next work, the opera of *Tannhäuser*, marks a further step in advance. The hero of the drama is a medieval knight and singer, who, enthralled by the voluptuous charms of Venus, tarries in the mountain of the goddess, but is ultimately saved by the self-surrendering love of a pure woman. There is a certain parallelism between the subjects of this and the last-mentioned opera. Both Senta and Elizabeth free their lovers from the doom hovering over them; both die in their noble endeavours. This idea of the redeeming power of woman's love is characteristic of Wagner's art; its ultimate completion we shall find in the last scene of his *opus magnum*, our Niblung drama. Into the musical and poetical beauties of *Tannhäuser* we can enter no further. Suffice it to say that, compared with the *Flying Dutchman*, its music is richer in melodious and harmonious combinations, its poetry more passionate, and, therefore, more expressive of that essence of human pathos which is at the bottom of all legendary lore. Style and verse are, moreover, greatly improved, and the diction is much above the average even of the spoken drama. The music also evinces Wagner's further progress towards greater force and conciseness; still, the victory of the purely dramatic over the operatic is not yet quite decisive—not as decisive, for instance, as in *Lohengrin*, the master's next work, which was finished in March, 1848, nearly three years after the completion of *Tannhäuser*.

In *Lohengrin*, the positions of hero and heroine appear reversed. The Knight of the Swan leaves his celestial abode to become the champion of a maiden falsely accused of the murder of her brother. As the price of her liberty, he demands Elsa's promise never to ask him who he is or whence he came to her rescue; but she, following that innate desire of human affection to wholly comprehend and be one with the beloved object, asks the fatal question, which seals her own doom. In the carrying out of this idea, Wagner for the first time displays the full power of his dramatic gift. Lohengrin, the representative of divine power, is surrounded with a halo of mystic splendour to which the tender loveliness of Elsa's nature forms the charming counterpart. The action of the piece is full of interest, and the minor characters are boldly designed and artistically grouped round the centre figures. The music also attains a freedom and intensity of expression hitherto unknown. The flow of melody is no more led into the artificial channels of arias, finales, etc., but seems to spring immediately from the urgencies of the dramatic situation. Everything shows that we are nearing a climax of new artistic development.

The first performance of *Lohengrin* is connected with one of the brightest episodes of Wagner's chequered career, his friendship with Liszt. It will be remembered that the completion of *Lohengrin* fell into one of the stormiest years of Continental history, when the revolutionary rising in Paris seemed to threaten destruction to the thrones of the neighbouring countries. Wagner lived at that time in Dresden as conductor of the Royal Opera. He was in a state of morbid disappointment caused by the unfavourable reception of his works at the large theatres, and still more by the thoroughly inelastic cliques in which most of these institutions were governed. A change at any price seemed desirable under such circumstances. He, therefore, although little interested in politics, took an active part in the revolutionary movement, and when this was crushed he had to fly the country. He first went to Weimar, where Liszt at that time was conducting a small but excellent opera. "The very day"—Wagner writes in 1851—"when my personal danger became a certainty, I saw Liszt conducting a rehearsal of my *Tannhäuser*, and was astonished at recognizing my second self in his achievement. What I had felt in inventing this music he felt in performing it; what I wanted to express in writing it down, he said in making it sound. Strange to say, through the love of this rarest friend, I gained at the moment of becoming homeless, a real home for my art, which I had longed for, and sought for always in the wrong place. . . . At the end of my last stay in Paris" (in 1850), "when, ill, miserable, and despairing, I sat brooding over my fate, my eye fell on the score of my *Lohengrin*, totally forgotten by me. Sud-

denly I felt something like compassion, that this music should never sound from off the death-pale paper. Two words I wrote to Liszt; his answer was the news that preparations were made for the performance on the largest scale the limited means of Weimar would permit. Everything that men and circumstances could do was done in order to make the work understood. . . . Success was his reward, and with this success he now approaches me saying, 'Behold, we have come so far; now create us a new work that we may go still further!'

(To be continued.)

MIDLE MARIE KREBS.

(From a Correspondent.)

Some score or so of years ago a tendency arose to exalt instrumental musical art and artists. The public were attracted by the name of some instrumentalist of note, which was even sufficient of itself to "draw" a little crowd of listeners. To this succeeded somewhat of a reaction, an interregnum, when the popular taste leaned so extravagantly to Nature's organ, the human voice, in its various phases, that the offspring of art alone were considerably thrown into the shade. Now, instrumentalists are to the fore again, and it is becoming more and more an occurrence for acknowledged artists, whose fingers exhibit their mind, to attract hundreds by force of their own merits alone.

It is to be regretted that Middle Marie Krebs, whose performances in this country have been a succession of triumphs, should have decided to give but two recitals, for she is an artist worthy of study, and can hardly be rightly appreciated and judged after a few hearings only. On the occasion of her second and last recital at St. James' Hall on Wednesday afternoon, the programme was chosen from the works of Beethoven, Handel, Chopin, Bennett, Moscheles, and Reinecke, commencing with the Fantasia in F minor of Chopin (Op. 49), one of the lesser sentimentalities of the romantic Polish composer. The second on the list was, perhaps, the most interesting performance of the whole. Beethoven's Sonata Pastorale is one dear to the amateur heart as a specimen of the great master in one of his most playful and winning moods. The grand Beethoven seems here to descend to the level of our capricious, as a father might intend to trifle with his children; and yet, genial and pleasant as the trifling is, the most sportive humour can no more veil the greatness of the conceptions than a passing summer cloud can obscure the light of the sun. Demanding much from the interpreter—its very simplicity rendering its right apprehension a work for an artist of the highest order—the Sonata met with all justice at the hands of those whose smiles and tears are the consequence of her in the foremost rank of exponents of classical music. The fair pianist not only has all mechanical means ready to hand, but possesses the rare faculty of rightly using them. Many artists sway whole armies of these means, but, for want of brain-generalship, lavish them at random; but Middle Marie Krebs arrays and marshals her forces with such order and compactness that one hardly realizes their vastness. The executant gives place to the artist, and the artist is the humble follower of the composer. When hearing Middle Marie Krebs our attention is at once riveted by the thoughts of the composer, so lucidly made manifest; and in our enjoyment we half forget to admire the exponent. This is how it should be.

In Handel's Fugue, Prelude, Air, and Menuet Corante, and well-known "Harmonious Blacksmith," Middle Marie Krebs gave no less satisfaction to her audience than in the Sonata. Here she is full and round, her phrasing majestic and true. If the runs in the concluding variations of the "Blacksmith" did not recall the pearly tones of Madame Arabella Goddard, we must remember that such a specialty can hardly repeat itself in a generation. Bennett's three charming Impromptus are a test of poetical feeling, and were given with a plative and unaffected charm not easily to be forgotten. Reinecke's Variations on a Theme by Handel and Moscheles' "Kindermarken" and "Der Tanz" were calculated to display the frame of elaborately-developed technique which clothes Middle Marie Krebs's musical soul, but might easily have been replaced by other selections more acceptable to her listeners. There is a simple purity about all the fair artist's conceptions—a childlike innocence of expression—which should not be wasted upon mere finger-embroidery. She ought to play Mozart as Mozart would have wished to be played. Beethoven is evidently an open book to her. Then let us hope that at the next "Recital," whenever it may be, the programme will be a whole world richer, those enviable powers which so delighted Middle Marie Krebs's hearers on Wednesday last.

[Did our very intelligent correspondent hear the last of Bennett's *Impromptus*—that marvellous *presto* in F sharp minor? Here, indeed, Arabella Goddard was once more conjured up, mentally and physically, before us.—D. P.]

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Every week has seldom been productive of novelty at our Italian Opera House, and the week ending on Saturday formed no exception to the rule. Thursday's performance of *Il Trovatore* derived importance from the fact that the part of Leonora was undertaken by Madame Adolina Patti, who, when years ago she first essayed the character before an English audience, was associated with Mario (as Manrico), and has since played it with tenors more or less distinguished. That Madame Patti showed herself from the beginning equal to the requirements, musical and dramatic, is within the memory of most opera-goers; and, as she is not one of those artists who are content to rest upon their laurels, it will easily be understood that she has brought her impersonation to a still higher degree of perfection, and that it is more than ever cordially appreciated. Her Leonora, indeed, may pair off with her Violetta, to the detriment of neither—which, bearing in mind what sort of Violetta and Leonoras we have seen, is saying no little. She must not, however, bring forth Manrico (Signor Marini) from his prison in the tower to share the applause, however well merited, bestowed upon the twice sung "Miserere," and never more reasonably bestowed than on the present occasion. It is enough to add that Signor Marini's "Di quella pira," delivered with stentorian vigour, leads to a double call; that Signor Graziani's "Il balen" is, as usual, encored; that Mdlle Scalchi is the Arceana, and Signor Tagliacozzi the Ferrando with whom we have been long acquainted. Repetitions of *Dinorah*, *Faust e Margherita*, and *Lohengrin* complete the record of the week.

Faust e Margherita, *Les Diamans de la Couronne* (with Madame Patti as Catarina), *Der Freischütz*, *Il Barbiere*, and *L'Africaine* have all been given this week. *Lohengrin* is announced for to-night. Meanwhile, M. Gounod's *Romeo e Giulietta* is close at hand. Mdlle Zarc Thalberg's next part is to be Cherubino in *Le Nozze*.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

Owing to the preparations for Wagner's *Lohengrin*, which Sir Michael Costa is understood to be superintending with the carefulness and zeal for which he has so long been noted, to devote much time to the rehearsal of any novelty, or even of any revival, would be just now barely possible. Thus, Mr Mapleson, since our last reference to the doings at his establishment, has been compelled to fall back upon such operas in his repertory as are the most popular, and, during the present season, have already done excellent service. Among them may be named *Faust*, the *Sonnambula*, *Il Talismano*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and *Il Trovatore*. In the last-named, Madame Christine Nilsson, who has but recently displayed an ambition to excel in the higher walks of the lyric drama, fully vindicates her privilege—the privilege of every artist conscientiously desirous of exhibiting the variety of her endowments so as to enlarge the sphere of her attraction. That Madame Nilsson has studied the part of Leonora *con amore* is evidenced by the result. The music of Verdi, trying as it is in certain passages, offers no difficulties that she cannot surmount with ease, and her performance from beginning to end affords unqualified satisfaction to connoisseurs. To impart characteristic individuality to the Leonora of *Il Trovatore*, no characteristic individuality may be imparted to Margherita, Lucia, Ophelia, or Mignon, is out of the question; for the poet, Salvatore Cammarano, presented Verdi with a mere abstraction. In revenge, however, Madame Nilsson, like her gifted contemporary, Madame Patti, clothes the part with her own individuality, which is enough to make it generally acceptable. No one knows precisely who or what Leonora may be; and so long as she is thus represented no one cares. Mdlle Varesi, by her performance of Amina (*La Sonnambula*), has advanced another step in public opinion, and persuaded amateurs of her entire proficiency as a vocalist in the genuine Italian school. She has again played in the *Sonnambula* with increased and well-merited success. The repetition of *Le Nozze di Figaro* was marked by a solitary change in the cast of the dramatic personae, Mdlle Anna de Belocca appearing as Cherubino, in lieu of Madame Trebelli, who has long claimed, and with good cause, a prescriptive right to the character at Her Majesty's Opera. We are not going to make comparisons between the portrayal of the youthful *debutante* and that of her experienced predecessor. Mdlle de Belocca must stand upon her own merits,

and they suffice to carry her through the ordeal. Her acting is thoroughly natural, while devoid of much of the conventional dippancy which too often offends the sober judgment of those to whom playful comely need not be obtrusive. Mdlle de Belocca sings her two airs with the appropriate feeling, and we think, would sing them still better if she did not transpire them. For "Voi che sapete," charmingly sung, she obtained the accustomed *encore*, and repeated it accordingly.

Lucia, the *Huguenots* and *Il Talismano* have been performed this week. *Semiramide*, with Mdlle Tietjens as Semiramide, and Madame Trebelli as Arsace, welcome to all amateurs, is advertised for to night. *Lohengrin* will, we understand, be positively produced on Saturday, the 12th of June.

STAGE POMP.

(From "Le Ménestrel")

La Juive has reappeared in the bills of the Grand Opera with its new Itachael, Madlle Kraus, and its magnificent procession, the most splendid, perhaps, of modern theatrical art. In France, the *mise-en-scène* always possessed a great charm for the public, and we ask if, in this respect, even the Grand Opera has progressed. People still remember the famous cavalry charges commanded by Franconi in Spontini's *Fernand Cortez*. Well, these were nothing to what had been done previously. We learn from a *Gazette* of 1773, discovered by M. de Forges, that on the 12th December of that year, the tragedy-opera entitled *Enlèvement*, of MM. Poinciset and Philidor, was played at Versailles, where it obtained the greatest success. There was, adds the paper, a scene in it representing on the stage an action between 400 mounted grenadiers. We can easily imagine what an effect such a novelty would produce.

It is certain that, if the chronicler has not exaggerated somewhat, this regiment of cavalry, manoeuvring behind the footlights, leaves far behind it the few horses forming part of the procession which we now so much admire in *La Juive*. Only we should like to know on what stage at Versailles 400 mounted grenadiers could manoeuvre. The only place with which we are acquainted suitable for such a display of military force is the Grand Court of Honour.

M. De Forges informs us also that: "while attracting the crowd to the Gatté by the magnificence of his mythological opera of *Orphée*, M. Offenbach, the clever *impresario*, has simply followed in the footsteps of Nicolet, the founder of this theatre, who, likewise, turned the Gods of Olympus to good account in a travesty. In the *Mimores* *opéra*, under the date of the 7th November, 1773, we read: 'Nicolet, towards whom the public have exhibited coolness for some time, has again brought them back to his theatre by a burlesque heroic pantomime entitled *L'Enlèvement d'Europe*. It is inconceivable to what a pitch of industry this player has attained. His theatre is now the rival of the lyrie theatre, surpassing the latter by its machinery, which is admirably combined and works with great accuracy; by the magnificence of the scenery; by the good taste of the dresses; by spectacular pomp; by the number of actors, and, lastly, by admirably perfect execution. Jealous of the success of this pantomime, the Opera endeavoured to obtain an injunction against it, but the wise magistrat at the head of the police considered himself bound in equity to defend Nicolet against unjust solicitations.'"

THE YORKSHIRE EXHIBITION ORGAN OPENING.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—Your correspondent "Veritas" perseveres in his attacks upon me. Being now well acquainted with his identity, I am not at all surprised that he should address to you a string of misrepresentations, direct falsehoods, and insinuated untruths. He is somewhat famous for this sort of thing in Leeds, and was especially successful at the time of the *Edin* performance. I decline to bandy words with such a man; but will, when I visit Leeds in a short time, show you the correspondence with the Exhibition committee, in which you will see that I was specially retained, at my own fee, for the purpose of "inaugurating the organ." Mr Host has seen this letter; and it is evident that "Veritas" has no concern whatever with this, or the *Edin* business, excepting to exhibit an unworthy, unenviable, and undeserved ill-feeling towards yours, faithfully,

WM. SPARK.

Leeds, June 3, 1875.

BERLIN.

(From a Correspondent.)

At the Royal Operahouse, Herr Beck concluded his "Gastspiel," i.e., temporary, or starring, engagement, by appearing as Conte di Luna in *Proscritto*. He has reason to be satisfied with his visit to the Prussian capital, seeing that Hülsen has engaged him for three years. The Maestros were Herr Peschier, from the Dnca Theatre, Coburg, who possesses a fine voice, which bad training has already greatly injured, and will eventually ruin, unless he retires for a while to study under a good master.

Die Zaubervögel was the second opera given at the reduced prices. The crowded state of the house proved that Hülsen acted wisely as well as liberally when he determined on enabling musical amateurs with limited means to hear works by the great masters of the lyric stage adequately represented. The class in question properly appreciate the boon.—Q.

THE WELSH CHORAL UNION.

At the second concert of the Welsh Choral Union, which took place on Monday night at St James's Hall, the members attempted a performance of Mendelssohn's *Alhambra*, and with very fair success, considering the innate and exacting difficulties of the work in question. The singers were, however, reinforced by some of the students of the Royal Academy of Music, and a strong choir, in the matter of numbers, was consequently got together. The cantata was given in the prescribed form, that is, the intervening paraphrases of so much of Racine's tragedy as is necessary to explain the purport of the music, were read by Mr Charles Fry with sufficient elocutionary effect, though the absence of the original text in the book of words was an inconvenience naturally felt, inasmuch as the reading of long measures of blank verse could not well be made intelligible beyond the immediate vicinity of the speaker. The recital of these, however, has now become a recognized necessity. It was once thought they could be done without, and the cantata was publicly tried in this fashion; but the close sequence of movements without tonal relationship or preparation occasioned an obvious impropriety, and of late years the "Lyrics" have never been given without the aid of the descriptive narratives of the interlocutor. The rendering of the choral passages on Monday night was, upon the whole, creditable to the ambitious tastes of the members of the Welsh Union, notwithstanding the uncertainties and coarseness necessarily inseparable from the efforts of a body of singers for the most part unprofessional; added to which the orchestral foundations of the cantata were absent, and the accompaniments confined simply to duet playing on the pianoforte, and a septet of harps, which, to a certain extent, enfeebled the quality of the delivery, and unduly exposed the shortcomings of the chorists. The cantata, nevertheless, was boldly sung, and the music told its own suggestive story without any let or hindrance to speak of. The solo vocalists consisted of Miss Mary Davies, of the Royal Academy of Music, and Miss Lydia Elmore, who undertook the duties of first and second soprano; and the contralto part fell into the hands of Miss Purdy, who is rising in reputation as a steady and unaffected singer, and—when a certain air of reserve is got rid of—one of the probable future value as an exponent of the worthier forms of concert-room music. Encores were accorded to the beautiful chorals, "Hearts feel that love thee," and the War March of the Priests, the martial rhythm of the latter exercising its usual spell upon the audience, notwithstanding the meagreness of the instrumental basis, and the consequent loss of all sonority. The cantata was conducted by Mr John Thomas. The second part of the programme was devoted to miscellaneous matters. To the Welsh adaptations of Mr John Thomas prominence was given, and not without reward, for the choral settings by that gentleman of the well-known Welsh tunes which were done were received with triumphant pleasure, and, in one instance ("The rising of the sun"), encored. The music of the Principality was further illustrated by the performance of Mr Thomas's capital duet for two harps, "Scenes of childhood," which, played by the arranger, and the equally skilled Mr T. H. Wright, pleased universally, and was, as universally, redemanded. Mr Brinley Richards, another bard "of credit and renown," was also heard in his pretty part-song, "Up! quit thy bow; and

separate songs were sung by Miss Lydia Elmore and Miss Purdy. Weber's great *Freischütz* scena was likewise on the list, to the singing of which Miss Marian Williams addressed herself with unquestionable spirit, and won an enthusiastic recall. Mendelssohn's magnificent setting of the forty-third Psalm, "Judge me, O God," which has taken so firm a hold of the choirs of the metropolis, was among the best events of the second part of the concert, and was sung with suitable breadth. Mrs J. Balair Chatterton, Mrs Wright, Mr Frost, Miss V. Trust, Miss Edith Brand, Mr Taliesin James, and Mr T. H. Wright constituted the band of harps which afforded such characteristic service during the evening; and Mr Pnddicombe and Mr W. W. Bamfylde officiated, duet-wise, at the pianoforte. D. H. H.

MR BRINLEY RICHARDS' LECTURE ON NATIONAL MUSIC.

Mr B. Richards gave an interesting lecture on National Music, with illustrations, at St George's Hall, on Thursday evening the 27th ult. Lord Clarence Paget acted as president, and delivered a short preliminary address on the success of Welsh music, and Welsh music in England and elsewhere, more especially as exemplified in the case of Mr Richards. Lord Clarence Paget was warmly cheered at the conclusion. Mr Richards then came forward with the illustrators of his lecture—Miss Marian Williams, Miss Mary Davies, and Miss Lizzie Evans, all Welsh vocalists. We think, in a lecture on National music, Mr Richards might have found an English, Irish, and Scotch vocalist to illustrate the songs of their own countries; not, however, that we mean to insinuate that the three Welsh ladies above-named were incapable of singing the songs of other lands; only that Mr Richards might have had some regard for the patriotic feelings of the Irish and Scotch who were, in all likelihood, present to listen to their national music. The first part of the lecture consisted of copious information gleaned from Mr William Chappell's well-known book on ancient English music, and some illustrations of Welsh, English, and Scotch melodies, finishing with an excellent song by Mr Richards, called "The Harper's Grave." It was encored, and deservedly so. Miss Mary Davies sang it to perfection, but it bears no resemblance to Welsh music. The second part opened with Welsh songs, all of which were duly eulogized by the lecturer. A few remarks were then made on Scotch music, and "John Anderson, my Jo," and "Auld Lang Syne," were given as specimens. Irish music was then alluded to by Mr Richards, whom, however, we must inform that the melody of "The Last Rose of Summer" is not old, but of comparatively modern date, viz., 1793. It was composed by a gentleman named Joseph Milken, of Cork, the original words being the well-known "Grove of Blarney." And again, "The harp that once through Tara's hall," are not the original words of the melody to which they are set. The melody was composed and the words were written by the Hon. George Ogle, of Banna, Co. Wexford, under the title of "The Banks," or "Gramachree Molly." Some other errors we may allude to, such as "Robin Adair" being called a Scotch melody. It has long been acknowledged as Irish, notwithstanding the claim of the Scotch to that and other Irish melodies, such as "Lochaber no more," &c. Mr Brinley Richards played, on the pianoforte, illustrations of Hungarian music. An arrangement by the Abbé List of the celebrated revolutionary "Rakoczy" March was not bound to receive as a pure example of national music. List has so ill-treated the melody by his exaggeration, that no gipsy fiddler in all Transylvania would be able to recognize it. The same remark will apply to Chopin's arrangements, which are but an imitation of the beautiful old Polish music, cooked up in the modern style. However, the audience were pleased, and went away satisfied with what they had heard. Mr Richards delivered his discourse with energy and fluency. The Welsh portion of the audience applauded their countryman most vehemently, especially when he alluded to the greatness of the music of Wales.—W. G.

MANHHEIM.—First movement of the "Jupiter Symphony," W. A. Mozart. To be followed by a *Festspiel*. The whole to conclude with *Die Zaubervögel*, Grand Opera in two Parts. Music by Mozart. Such was the bill of the performance given to celebrate the first production in this "city of strait streets" of the *Zaubervögel* (29th March, 1794).

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MR CHARLES HALLÉ'S

Pianoforte Recitals.

MR CHARLES HALLÉ has the honour to announce that his Fifteenth Series of PIANOFORTE RECITALS will take place on the following afternoons:—

FRIDAY, June 11, 1875.
FRIDAY, June 19, 1875.

FRIDAY, June 25, 1875.

SIXTH RECITAL, FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 11, 1875.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET in E flat, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello
—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ, Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, HOTT
STRAUS, and HERR FRAU NERUDA. *Mozart.*
SONATA in E minor, Op. 59, for pianoforte—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ
"DEUTSCHE REVEN," 2nd Book, for pianoforte and violin
(first time)—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ and Madame NORMAN-NERUDA. *F. Kiel.*
QUARTET in A, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello—
Mr CHARLES HALLÉ, Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, HOTT STRAUS,
and HERR FRAU NERUDA. *Brahms.*

Box Stalls, 1s.; balcony, 3s.; area, One Shilling.

Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street; Olivier's, 34, Old Bond Street; Keith, Prowse & Co.'s, 44, Cheapside; Hays & Co., Royal Exchange Buildings; and at Austin's Ticket Office, 29, Piccadilly.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AMATEUR.—A translation of the book of Herr R. Wagner's opera, *Lohengrin*, appeared in the *Musical World* during the month of April, 1855.

DEATHS.

On May 22nd, at Windsor, Mr G. A. GRIENACKER, aged 74.
On June 1st, at 9 St George's Square, S.W., HOBERT BARNEY, Esq., aged 54.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the *MUSICAL WORLD* is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1875.

Wackermachermachere.

IN the actual period theories abound. We have, therefore, no hesitation in calling the attention of our readers to *ce qui suit*—with a firm hope that they may ponder it carefully. We are not mystic; nor do we believe that there is a mystic even on our free list. But it will not be forgotten that we are hanging listlessly on the tail of the *Twentieth Century*—and who can predict (Wagner excepted) anything about the *Twentieth*? A German does German into English—Dutch—wise—as follows:—

The question you propose to me in your impression of yesterday is of such an attractive character, that, although I am overwhelmed with professional duties, too much so to enter now fully into it, yet I cannot resist sending you briefly my opinion on the subject.

The question—"Are Shakespeare's dramas, and in particular his *Macbeth*, appropriate for operatic texts?"—has certainly been raised through Herr Taubert's "setting" of the latter work;

but its significance reaches far beyond this individual case. In no exercise of any art has it been more strikingly and portentously manifested, how important the choice of material is for the fate of the artist and his work, than in the opera. Hundreds of operas, by really talented and clever composers, have been shipwrecked on this point alone—have been destined to this fate before the penning of a single note, simply because such composers have wasted their art in impossible and insurmountable labours, instead of first making clear to themselves, by study and reflection, what their art, and their personal inclinations and powers, have been capable of. But this insatiable desire for rushing into print! So soon as a few sounding sentimentalities, and a dozen or so modulations, new for the hundredth time, have been strung together, no respite is granted, and the affair is driven irresistibly along, till the last atom of strength has been consumed! And where could a broader field be found for it than in the opera, with its succession of airs, and recitatives, choruses and ballets; with its trombone pathos, and its storm piccolo-flutes; with its tremulant quartets, significant of the presence of wandering spirits and somnambulists; with its well-drilled quintets and sextets? All this—and how much more—the composer feels prickling and raging in his veins. Only quick with a text! and see that it be a grateful one! where the usual effects can be produced, and in which the composer can find opportunity for the due display of his particular *forte*. About the rest he is perfectly indifferent, and cares not whether the web of his text is of gossamer or of the coarsest thread.

Of what concern is it to our operatic composers that the greatest dramatist amongst musicians, Gluck, and the great Parisian school, have gone about their work in quite another manner? That in their art, Shakespeare, Raphael, and in former times the Greeks, never attempting impossibilities, have always chosen a sure foundation upon which they have erected imperishable works? In one respect alone have affairs assumed another aspect. In the good old days of the *Zauberflöte*, *Seraglio*, and *Fidelio*, people were less concerned about the poetic worth of the diction and of the plot. Mozart, Cherubini, Weigl, and Winter, were content to associate their precious song with the productions of a *Shickneder*—or however else the libretto fabricators were called—which seldom advanced beyond mediocrity. Now—perhaps, since Weber—a literary taste has spread itself among musicians. Be this, however, as it may, the old material appears consumed, and what more remains to be done than to place a pistol at the breast of the great poets, with a thundering *Pistola terra*—to knock them down, and plunder them of their inestimable treasures? What has not already fallen a victim to the savage hunger of the opera-raving composer? The Nibelungen have twice been made prisoners. Schiller has seen his *Maria Stuart*, *William Tell*, and his *Maid of Orleans* entrapped. Faust, even in his second existence, has not been spared. Shakespeare—whose "I gave you everything!" is become a truism—has not only been robbed of his *Romeo and Juliet*, but of his *Merry Wives* too; his *Othello* and *Leor* must rage and sigh in recitative and aria; Mendelssohn has laid rude hands on the translucent, fragile forms of his "Storm;" Chelard and Taubert and Verdi on the beighted grandeur of *Macbeth*. Why should not Hamlet philosophize musically on "To be, or not to be?" But has not the advance in education, which has put Shakespeare into the hands of our composers, put at the same time into their hearts some reverence for his immortal creations, which, in their ambition to compose, they "arrange" and disarrange to their own tastes? And if they cannot resist this ambition themselves, does a warning voice never sound in their ears, that the rest of us see not these God-like creations mutilated and defaced without chagrin and pain?

Granting that the Italians—who do not comprehend Shakespeare, and in their political weakness and inactivity cannot have a drama of their own—have profaned *Othello* and *Romeo and Juliet*, and flooded our stage with their contemptible works. Yet in the German artist such thoughtlessness and irrespect are in no ways fitting; and he must not premise in his Italian shallowness and superficiality, however mislaid we Germans may be in our conception of the ideal, and of

* Ask Ambrose Thomas.

our destination. Yes, so deeply rooted is our fundamental conscientiousness, that we allow such wares to be offered us much more readily by such stranger hands as Bellini and Verdi, than by our own countrymen, from whom we with right expect something worthy of the German nation.

This veneration for the original creations must certainly live in Herr Taubert, and in all German "tone-poets;" it is easy to be conceived what pain every rent and every cut into the original must have caused them, and how they must have been haunted step by step by the recollection of that which fell a prey to their scissors. That is the first punishment, and it is indeed no favourable position for an artist desirous of creating in his art. Nevertheless, when it concerns the existence, or non-existence of his opera, what sacrifices were too great for him? Let us forget Shakspeare for the sake of the opera! Yet he lives, and will outlive all operas, as the marble temple of antiquity the nests which the twittering swallow attached to its roof.

If something good could only emanate from the opera! Let it be perfectly understood that I am not now speaking at all of Herr Taubert's opera. I do not know a note of it, and love too well Taubert's charming naïve songs for children (and what has he not written besides!) to hurt his feelings by any hasty word of mine. The question must be considered apart from personality; it must be considered in its general significance, as it stands at the head of this epistle. Do Shakspeare's dramas, and in particular his *Macbeth*, appropriate themselves for operatic texts? If you wish to be clear on the point, first of all ask what the opera is capable of, and, next, what do Shakspeare's dramas contain, and what demands do they advance.

The idiom of the true opera is music; the mixed opera, (alternately singing and speaking) is only half a thing, is in fact an unprincipled chameleon. With that begins the domination of the fatality which has prevailed over opera from the beginning, often blamed, often disputed, but yet ever returning.

The singers are to represent men; the song—so often alas, rendered perfectly unintelligible by the clamour of the instruments—is to replace speech. The bodily entrance of the exorcist on the stage for dramatic activity, precisely converts the language he sings into a fable, into an unreal play of phantasy. That which we never believed, never attempted to talk away nor to shun; all that is fabulous, adventurously impossible, every storm of unjustifiable and exaggerated passion, every intoxication of the senses, here it is supposed we are justified in doing. And again, these words to the music, the music itself, that enigmatical language of the hidden world, this is to be suitable, and mobile enough for the harsh and hasty progress of excitatory action, where very often even the easy flowing word of the poet seems too massive. The drama urges forward with restless decision; the music must tarry till her sounds have resolved themselves into time, and placed us in accordance with the same. How are these two opposite principles to be united? Necessarily that dramatic decision must be sacrificed, the plot must be simplified, not complicated,—a procedure which the dramatist has always esteemed most highly,—but must be represented in a few united monumental moments, in which the music can extend itself, and in which our attention can become absorbed. And in order that this may be possible, the poet must retire from the bustling arena of life to those numerous events and characters, in which the inward life of the heart is significant enough and otherwise appropriate to make us forget the profundity of the soul beyond the reach of music, and our life ever being impelled onwards "from without." This natural antagonism in the dramatic and musical characters (if at any rate I have comprehended the matter rightly) decides our question. The drama demands action, our impelling forwards; the music will impress itself on our minds, and requires for that operation time; the drama forms characters and develops them. Music expresses sensations, and requires "situations." Don Juan, *Fidelio*, all the master works in the opera, offer such situations; the highest to which character-development has been brought on the lyric stage, are the pictures which Gluck has created from *Clytemnestra* and *Orestes*—and from them alone. And yet how limited are these developments by the pre-eminent dramatic tone-poet to delineations of character by even a moderate dramatic poet!

And now, Shakspeare, with whom there is no semi-conscious

dreaminess, but all is positive; every word a thought, every thought an action; no being or thing exists there as it previously had existed, but everything progresses, develops itself, increasing or diminishing in accordance with the everlasting laws of Nature. Shakspeare, with whom the gentlest touch becomes a necessary feature in each admirable characteristic, and with whom the wildest outburst of unbridled passion is a necessary, though often overlooked, consequence in the course of the character true to life. Shakspeare, with his army of characters in each drama, every individual one of which develops itself freely and independently, according to the inward law of his nature, the servant as well as his lord, the courtier "who chafes" Hamlet, just as well as Hamlet himself. Ye fabricators of opera may tear up Shakspeare, as one might tear up a dead lion, but you cannot inspire the corpse again with life—the majesty of the lion will not suffer that. What sacrifices will ye not make to humiliate the lion, and yet find him ungrateful for your musical designs?

Is it necessary to say more of *Macbeth* for instance? What is there attainable to the music? Surely not he who murders asleep, and from his gloomy taciturnity rushes forth to murder and to witchcraft, and is still so great, and in his greatness and fury so worthy of pity! Surely not she? Or do you, perhaps, venture with your used-up tremoli, or with whatever else may be running in your head concerning that dreadful night when all the cosmetics of Arabia fail to purify that little blood-stained hand? Do not deceive yourselves, there you have no noncommuning puppet of Bellini; no, it is a "giant wife," gigantic in self-confidence and ambitious desires, urging forward to the bourne, with all her fire and passion, alike without consideration and reflection: blending into one the thought and deed, both restless, unwearied, the never-silent alarm-bell, which wakes him from a dream to living desires, till he has "done the deed," and the whole succession of their deeds nourished in the womb of unchangeable fate.

These remarks, I repeat it, are not made against Herr Taubert, nor could they be, as I do not know his *Macbeth*. They do not apply to any individual musician, but to all. They are not directed against any musician, but for all, in order to protect them (the justice of the remarks being acknowledged) from error and regret, and to maintain for the people as high a cultivation—as far as concerns music—as it and the times will receive and bear. Woe to us if that universal process of decomposition in all that is ideal, which makes itself apparent enough, took its further course unheeded and unchecked!

What may be drawn from the foregoing, except to dramatists of extreme penetration and unfathomable sagacity, it is difficult to imagine. That Taubert is not a proper intensifier of Shakspeare—who, as Wagner has it, slams the door, when it suits him, in the face of History—we are willing to admit; but that David *percutiatur cytharum manu sua*, is a truth nevertheless; and, as Thaddeus Egg would add, "*refocillabatur Saul*." The question, however, whether even Wagner himself could defossilize Shakspeare is still an open one.

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THE following is a list of the managers of the Grand Opera, Paris, from its foundation down to the present day:—

1659, the Abbé Perrin, introducer of Ambassadors to Gaston d'Orléans. He had as a partner, Cambert, organist of the church of St Honoré.—1671, Lulli, composer.—1687, Francine, Lulli's son-in-law, and several partners.—1700, Belleville and Pecourt, a dancer.—1701, Francine, for the second time.—1704, Gayenet, capitalist.—1712, Francine, for the third time, with Dumont as a partner; then as liquidator in Gayenet's bankruptcy; and lastly with the Duc d'Antin.—1728, Destouches, composer.—1730, Gruen, under the superintendence of the Prince de Carignan.—1731, Lecomte, in partnership with President Lebeuf.—1733, Eugène de Thuret, officer in the Regiment of Picardy.—1744, Berger, financial receiver of Dauphiny, in partnership with the Chevalier de Mailly.—1748, Tréfontaine.—1749, the City of Paris, represented by the Marquis d'Argentan.—1753, Rebel and Francœur, composers, and the municipality of Paris.—1754, Royer, chamber-composer to the King.—1755, Bontemps and Lavaiseur.—1757, Rebel and Francœur, for the second time, but

this time on their own responsibility.—1767, Berton and Trial, composers.—1769, Berton and Trial, acting for the City of Paris, with Joliveau and Dangeville, as partners.—1777, Buffault and Berton, the latter for the third time.—1778, De Vismes du Valay, for the City of Paris.—1780, Berton, fourth time, acting for the King.—1780, Dangeville, second time, in partnership with Gossac, a composer.—1792, Francenet and Cellier.—1793, an administrative committee, consisting of Lays, a singer, Ray, conductor of the orchestra, Lasné, Rochefort, Parry, etc.—1799, De Vismes, for the second time, and Bonnet de Treiches.—1801, Cellier, second time.—1802, Morel, librettist.—1807, Fieard, dramatic author.—1816, Papillon, for the first time.—1817, Perrais, composer.—1819, Vietti, composer and violinist.—1821, Habeneck, violinist, and afterwards conductor of the orchestra.—1824, Duplanty.—1827, Lubbert.—1831, Dr Veron.—1835, Duponchel, architect.—1839, Duponchel and Elouard Monnaie, a literary man.—1841, Léon Pillet.—1847, Duponchel, second time, and Nestor Roqueplan, a journalist.—1849, M. Roqueplan.—1854, Crousier, member of the Corps Législatif.—1856, M. Alphonse Royer, dramatic author.—M. Emile Perrin, painter.—M. Halanzer.

Why does not some enthusiastic bibliophile undertake and present us with a similar chronological list of those who from the beginning have directed—say Drury Lane, Covent Garden, Her Majesty's ("The King's") Theatre, and "the little theatre in the Haymarket"? This, with a running historical and critical commentary, would form a most interesting volume—if "G. G." would write it.

M. ADOLPHE JULLIEN, musical critic of *Le Français*, has discovered something curious in a supplementary volume of Grimm's *Correspondence*. As far back as 1766, Grimm had hit upon the leading idea in the libretto of *Les Huguenots*—

"The only reason why the ballets are so agreeable and so much liked at the Opera is because the book is insipid, cold, and wearisome; but, in a really interesting piece, I defy the most skilful author, however great the art he may possess, to introduce a ballet without stopping the action, and, consequently, without each time destroying the effect of the whole performance. I may observe that the dances in a piece may be historical just as well as the singing. Give me a sublime genius, and I will show you Catherine di Medici making her preparations for the carnage of St Bartholomew amid the marriage festivities and dances of the King of Navarre. The contrast of apparent tranquillity, a tranquillity to be followed by such frightful crimes—this mixture of libertinism and cruelty—would, if I know ought of the art of moving the passions, freeze the very marrow of one's bones; but I am not afraid of your ever seeing anything of the kind at the Opera, nor that anyone whose business it is can even conceive the effect which might be thus produced. They give us in our theatres things fitted only for children, because they know they are not playing before men, and that, even in our amusements, we dread a certain dignity and a certain energy."

When we recollect that, in the original sketch of the opera, Catherine di Medici herself figured on the stage, and was not replaced till subsequently by the imaginary Saint Bris, we perceive that, without, perhaps, knowing it, Scribe completely carried out the idea of the German critic.

SIGNOR MARIO has come from Rome to England on a short visit. The great artist was present at Sig. Salvini's magnificent performance of *Hamlet*, on Monday, at Drury Lane Theatre.

LEBON.—Mad. Saxe is re-engaged for the San Carlo of this city. **FERRARA.**—Verdi's *Aida*, with Signore Pozzoni, Singer, Signori Paterno, Alighieri, and Nannetti, has proved a great success here.

GENOA.—The spring season at the Politeama has proved successful with *Saffo*, *Lucia*, *Norma*, *La Sonnambula* and *Il Giuramento*. A young English lady produced a favourable impression as Lucia. She plays under the name of Signora Anna Renzi, and is a pupil of Sig. Graffigna's.

MILAN.—*Madame l'Archiduc* has been produced at the Teatro Manzoni; *Lucresia Borgia*, at the Teatro dal Verme, despite the hot weather. It will be followed by *Desidera*, a new opera of Sig. Auteri. Aubert's *Cheval de Bronze*, will soon make way, at the Teatro San Ladograndi, for the *Vinegierra*, of Botteini, while *Le Precieuses* occupies the place of *Il Duca di Topiglione* at the Teatro Cassini.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

The following are the receipts of the Paris theatres for 1874-5:—

Grand Opera, 1,649,312 fr., 77 cent; Galté, 1,754,965 fr., 95 cent; Porte-St-Martin, 1,679,947 fr.; Théâtre-Français, 1,474,927 fr., 38 cent; Opéra-Comique, 1,067,226 fr., 50 cent; Palais-Royal, 991,658 fr.; Variétés, 919,417 fr., 50 cent; Châtelet, 763,762 fr.; Bouffes-Parisiens, 666,996 fr., 50 cent; Renaissance, 592,497 fr., 50 cent; Gymnase, 555,867 fr., 50 cent; Odéon, 503,384 fr., 20 cent; Folies-Dramatiques, 480,015 fr., 40 cent; Ambigu, 380,264 fr., 45 cent; Vaudeville, 330,963 fr., 50 cent; Clitèau-d'Eau, 282,196 fr., 85 cent; Lyrique-Dramatique, 261,322 fr., 50 cent; Déjazet, 172,473 fr., 5 cent; Cluny, 174,883 fr., 25 cent; Théâtre-de-Arts, 141,821 fr., 75 cent; Beaumarchais, 111,301 fr., 65 cent; Folies-Marigny, 73,449 fr., 90 cent; Grand-Théâtre-Parisien, 31,667 fr., 70 cent; Théâtre-Scribe, 3,398 fr., 50 cent.

The most to be envied by ordinate spirits is the Scribe Theatre; the most to be envied by inordinate spirits is the Grand Opera. We, neither ordinate nor inordinate, would feel inclined to envy the Variétés. *De chem!*

The authors' rights in the theatres of France for 1874, amounted to 2,309,516 francs 20 centimes.

ACCORDING to the *Journal Officiel*, there are 26 theatres in Paris, and 367 in the French provinces, making a grand total of 392. The towns having more than one theatre each are Amiens, which has 3; Bordeaux, 6; Brest, 3; Elbeuf, 4; Le Havre, 5; Lyons, 6; Marseilles, 5; Nantes, 4; Nîmes, 4; Rochefort, 4; Rouen, 4; Versailles, 5; Saint-Etienne, Saint-Quentin, Toulouse, Cotte, Dieppe, Rheims, Tours, Aix, Angers, Lille, Montpellier, and Poitiers, 2 each.

The month of May just passed is noted for many events interesting to musicians; such, for instance, as the death of the Abbé Vogler (the master of Weber and Meyerbeer), which took place on the 6th, at Darmstadt, in 1812; and that of Nicolai, which happened on the 11th, 1849, at Berlin. On the 26th May, 1808, Baile was born at Limerick; on the 20th, 1817, Louis Mailhard died, at Moulins; and on the 22nd May, 1813, Richard Wagner first saw the light at Leipzig.

Two historical pianos have been placed in the Naples Conservatory. One of them is the instrument presented by Catherine II., to Cimarosa. Bought, after his death, by Mad. Bersché, it was given by her to her daughter, the wife of Sig. Cefali, of Calabria. Yielding to the entreaties of Sig. Florimo, the Cefali family have given the interesting relic to the Conservatory. The other instrument is a piano with three key-boards, one furnished with quills and two with hammers. It was offered by the Emperor Joseph II. of Austria, as a memento of his admiration of the concerts he had attended of the Conservatory *Della Pietà dei Turchini*.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MR T. H. WAGNER delivered a lecture before the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts, on Thursday evening, May 27th, on "The History of Bardism, the National Songs of Wales, and the Music of the Harp." The lecturer treated the subject in a most exhaustive manner, demonstrating the intimate connection between music and freedom in the early periods of Welsh nationality. The bards were invariably patriots; and, by their continuous endeavours, were successful in imbuing the people with similar sentiments, hence the antipathy felt by the English towards them, and their subsequent massacre. The distinctive traits of Welsh music had, however, been preserved in as complete a manner as their language. Several pieces chosen by the lecturer to illustrate his text, were loudly applauded, as were also some songs, given with taste and expression, by Madam Harriette Lee.—H. L.

SIGNOR CARAVAGLIA's eighth annual morning concert, on Tuesday, the 1st inst., in St George's Hall, was fashionably attended. The programme gave unanimous satisfaction to numerous friends. The length of the concert precludes the possibility of our going into details; we therefore confine ourselves to mentioning that Signor Caravaglia was assisted by Madlle Enquet, Madlle Josephine Steerrington, Madlle Riswell, Miss Purdy, Madlle La Rohan, Madlle Carnelli; Signori Urin, Russell, Romani, Rignardi, Campobello, Federici, and Mr Trelawny Coghlan, all of whom acquitted themselves most satis-

factorily, and received well-deserved applause. Signor Caravoglia was in fine voice, and proved himself a genuine artist. The instrumental part of the entertainment was in the hands of Mlle. Castellan (violin), Signors Tito Mattei and Li Calbi (pianoforte), and Mr Oberthur (harp). The conductors were Signor Mazzoli, Mr Lindsay Sloper, Mr Parker, and Herr Lehmyer.

THE MIESES AGNES and VIOLET MOLYNEUX (two youthful and intelligent pianists), gave a concert on Monday, the 27th of May, at the Beethoven Rooms, which were filled by an appreciative audience. The young ladies gave an effective performance of Mozart's *Andante* and *Allergo* (in D), for two pianofortes; Mr G. A. Osborne's duet, for two pianofortes, on airs from Gounod's *Faust*; Sir Julius Benedict's duet on airs from *Der Freischütz*; Schuiffert's "Grand Valse Brillante," and the same composer's "Galop di Bravura." In all these pieces their talent was duly appreciated. The duet playing of the Mieses Molyneux is exceptionally good. Miss Violet Molyneux gave, as her solo performance, Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata, and Moscheles' "Recollections of Ireland;" Miss Agnes Molyneux, Thalberg's "We're a noddie," and Sir Julius Benedict's "Flowers of Ireland." All these were greatly applauded. Mdm. Poole agreeably varied the programme with some popular songs, and Mr Lindsay Sloper accompanied her on the pianoforte with musically skill.

MR HENRY STREIB, a professor and conductor at Belfast, gave a concert at the Beethoven Rooms on Wednesday morning. Mr Stiehl is a clever pianist, and a composer of decided merit. Several of his works, both vocal and instrumental, were given on the occasion under notice. A sonata concertante, for the violinello and pianoforte, deserves more than ordinary praise, both for the originality of the subjects and the musically way in which they are worked out. It was capably played by M. De Swert and the composer. Mr Stiehl proved his efficiency as a solo pianist by his excellent performance of pieces by Chopin, Schumann, and Henselt, exhibiting a brilliant touch and perfect command over the instrument. He also played "a bouquet" of four of his own compositions, which were warmly and deservedly applauded; and, with Miss Foley, Moscheles' and Mendelssohn's brilliant variations on the march in *Precious*. M. De Swert, on the violinello, and M. Claude Jaquinot, on the violin, each played solos. Miss Jose Owen, in "Vol che sapete," and a new song, "Sleep, O sleep," by Mr Stiehl, and Miss Helen Armin, in "Through the green wood," by a song by Rubinstein, gave general satisfaction.

MISS ALICE ROSELLI's concert took place on Thursday evening, June 3rd, at St George's Hall, when she was assisted by Mdm. Patey, Mlle. Lervier, Messrs Cummings, Pyatt, Threlly Beale, Federici, and Mr Santley; the instrumentalists being Mr Charles Fletcher and Herr Stoecker. Miss Roselli sang "Qui la voce" (*Parlami*), "Nella dolce trepidanza" (*Tulimano*), and a new song, "Ronald and I," by Louis Gray, being warmly applauded in each. Mr W. H. Cummings was heard to advantage in Blumenthal's "Yea" and Roedel's "Only for thee." Madame Patey's fine voice and delivery delighted the audience; her contributions to the programme being Mr F. H. Cowen's ballad, "Almost," and Mr Barbury's "Thou whom my heart adores" (scored). Mr Pyatt has a sonorous voice, and uses it judiciously. He sang "Regret" (Zoeiler), and "Under the lime" (Cowen). Mr Santley's realization of Byron's "Maid of Athens," set by Gounod, is too well-known to call for comment. Poet, composer, and artist are in this so perfectly three in one, that the result is an exceptional art-display to which no audience can remain insensible. Mr Santley was compelled to yield to the general enthusiasm; and, returning to the platform, gave Hatten's "To Anthem." In Louis Diehl's new song, "Absent, yet present,"—a song of considerable beauty and passion—he was no less successful, and it was vociferously re-demanded. Sir Julius Benedict, Signori Arditi, Vignati, Campana, and Mr Lindsay Sloper were the conductors.—Z.

M. PAQUE's annual *Matinée Musicale* is invariably looked forward to with pleasure by amateurs of the violinello, as they are sure to be delighted with the performance of the concert giver, on the instrument of their predilection, and of the general programme of the music provided for them. On Thursday morning the Beethoven Rooms were well filled, and M. Paque's friends and admirers welcomed him with becoming fervour on his entry, accompanied by his conjuncts, the Cuzins and Herr Strub, Schubert's Trio in B flat, for pianoforte, violin, and violinello, with which the concert commenced, received ample justice from the exponents, and M. Paque's solo, which followed shortly afterwards (two movements of a Sonata in G, by Bocherini), elicited universal approbation. M. Paque's concluding performance was a "Caprice Hongrois," by Danker, in which the command over his instrument which M. Paque is known to possess, was fully brought out. Herr Strub, besides his share in the performance of Schubert's Trio, played in first-rate style an "Introduction a l'opéra," by Correlli; and Mr Cuzins contributed a "Nachtstück," by Schumann, and one of the "Scenes de

Vienne" (No. 6), by Liszt. The vocalists were Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Josephine Sherrington, Miss Julia Elton, Signor Conti, and Mr W. Shakespeare; Miss Wynne charming every one with Sullivan's "Living Poem;" Miss Sherrington exhibiting the flexibility of her voice in the "Shadow Song" (*Dinora*); Miss Elton delighting all with Signor Randegger's admired "Cradle song;" Signor Conti giving an aria from Donizetti's *Maria de Rodas*; and Mr Shakespeare showing his artistic qualifications in "Spirito gentil" (*La Favorita*), and, with Miss Wynne, Lucantonio's duet, "Una notte a Venezia." Mr H. Parker and Herr Gans were announced as the accompanists, on the pianoforte, of the vocal music.

PROVINCIAL.

NEWTON ABBOT.—A local journal writes that it has not words sufficient to congratulate Mr James Chapple upon the success which crowned his efforts in providing two of the best concerts ever given in this town. Madames Patey and Nouver, Messrs Fowler and Lohr, with the band of the Royal Marines, under the baton of Mr Froehlich, "assisted." It would need a more eloquent pen than that of the writer to sufficiently eulogise the performance of our Queen of Song, Madame Patey. Our great hall, although probably never intended for a concert-hall, proved itself to be a first-rate medium for sound. Madame Patey's sweet, rich, melodious notes reverberated through the building clearly and distinctly. Her songs were "Always alone" (Henriette); "Thou whom my heart adores" ("Barbara"); "Gay, mien bon," and "Hunting-tower," the last composed by Mr Fowler's performance on the steel grand pianoforte, supplied for the occasion by Messrs Kirkman, were extremely pleasing. We must not omit to mention the conductor and pianist, Mr Fred. N. Lohr, of Plymouth, who was thoroughly up to his work; Mr Chapple being lucky in securing the offices of so able an accompanist. The performances of the Marine Band were excellent, their selections from *Faust*, *Il Tullimano*, and *La Fille de Madame Angot* being similarly rendered. Madame Nouver deserved all the applause with which she was welcomed. This lady is comparatively new to us, but the natural beauty of her voice, combined with the careful training it has evidently received, will soon make her a favourite. Her chief success was in Bishop's "Bid me discourse." Thanks are due to Mr Chapple for providing such a musical treat.

MUSICAL SCHOLARSHIPS.

We understand that the Prince of Wales has written to the Lord Mayor of London to invite his lordship to join a conference to be held at Marlborough House on the 15th June, for the purpose of establishing free scholarships of metropolitan students in the National Training School of Music, the building of which now approaches completion through the liberality of Mr C. J. Freake. The following is the letter which was read at the Court of Common Council:—

"Marlborough House, May 25.

"My Lord,—Your lordship is doubtless well aware that efforts have been made for some time past by the Society of Arts to establish a National School of Music. A suitable building for a school has been erected by the liberality of Mr C. J. Freake, close to the Royal Albert Hall, Kensington, which is nearly finished. The admission to the school will be by means of free scholarships obtained by public competitions, held in various centres of the United Kingdom. The best instruction will thus be given to young persons of musical talent. Your lordship will see from the accompanying statement that valuable and extensive support has been promised for the foundation of these free scholarships by the great towns in the country, and the organization has proceeded so far that I have thought that the work of establishing scholarships for the City of London and the metropolitan district might now be entered upon. I propose, therefore, that the Society of Arts, to hold a conference to be held at Marlborough House, on Tuesday, the 15th of June, and to invite gentlemen representing the Corporation, the great City Companies, and the merchants and bankers of London, to take part in it. I address myself virtually in the first instance to your lordship to request you to afford me your valuable assistance and experience, so that the Conference may have successful results, and may contribute towards giving to musical talent a free musical school worthy of the country, and equal to those which are established in so many parts of the Continent. This was an object in which my father took a great interest, and it is my great desire to help to carry it into effect.—I am, my lord, your obedient servant,

"ALBERT EDWARD, President of the Society of Arts."

The court resolved upon the motion of Mr Lawley, that the necessary arrangements be made for holding the conference as suggested by His Royal Highness.

DORN (?) ACROSS MENDELSSOHN.

I WAS a young man of three-and-twenty, prosecuting my legal studies in Berlin, when I first knew Felix Mendelssohn, then a lad of twelve years old. One winter's experience showed me, that though I could get through my college terms, I should never be able to pass all the necessary law examinations, as I had so much musical business on my hands. At evening-parties I was in constant request, being found very useful, as I was at once a pianoforte-player, an accompanist, and a solo-singer—a rare combination in one individual, of which I can recall no other instances than Gustav Reichardt and Reissiger. Musical parties in Berlin at that time were at the height of their glory, and attended only by ladies and gentlemen who really loved music and cultivated it as an art, and who were able upon emergency to perform whole operas or oratorios. Tea was handed round before the musical business of the evening began, and we wound up with cold refreshments and quartet-singing.

One Friday, at the "at home" evening of my old countryman, Abraham Friedländer, as I was in the midst of the well-known duet of Spohr's between Faust and Röschen, with a talented young singer, a commotion arose in the anteroom, which was most unusual, for a profound silence always prevailed when anything was going on. During the pathetic air, ("Fort von hier aufschöne Auen,") my partner whispered to me, "Felix is come;" and, when the duet was finished, I made the acquaintance of Felix Mendelssohn, then a lad of twelve years old, residing with his parents on the Neue Promenade, only a few steps from Friedländer's house. He apologized for having interrupted our song by his entrance, and offered to play the accompaniments for me; "or shall we play them alternately?" he said—a regular Mendelssohn way of putting the question, which, even twenty years later, he made use of to a stranger in a similar position. At that time it would have been difficult to picture a more prepossessing exterior than that of Felix Mendelssohn. Though every one made use of the familiar "Du" in addressing him, it was very evident that even his most intimate acquaintances set a great value on his presence amongst them. He was rarely allowed to go to such large parties; but when he did so, the music, and the *con amore* spirit with which it was carried on, seemed to afford him real pleasure, and he, in his turn, contributed largely to the enjoyment. People made a great deal of him, and Johanna Zimmermann, Friedländer's niece, who had lost her husband while bathing in the Tyrol, regularly persecuted the young fellow, so that he could scarcely escape from her attentions. Young as he was, he even then accompanied singing in a manner only to be met with amongst the elder and more thorough musicians who possess that special gift. At Königsberg the orchestral management of the piano was an unknown thing, and even in Berlin I had as yet had no opportunity of admiring this skill and facility in any one. That man was considered a very respectable musician who played from the printed copy *con amore*, and thus helped the singer now and then; but he who was able to enrich the slender pianoforte accompaniment with octave bases and full chords, of course stood in a much higher position. Such a gift being such as Felix, even at that time; and in the duet between Florestan and Leonora, which he accompanied, he astonished me in the passage, "Du weider nun in meinen Armen, o Gott!" by the way in which he represented the violoncello and contra-basso parts on the piano, playing them two octaves apart. I afterwards asked him why he had chosen this striking way of rendering the passage, and he explained all to me in the kindest manner. How many times since has that duet been sung in Berlin to the pianoforte, but how rarely has it been accompanied in such a manner! In the winter of 1824-25 I was quite at home in the Mendelssohn's house—that is to say, I made my appearance there every Sunday morning at the musical entertainments, and was always invited to their evening parties, as a singer to be reckoned upon, and as one always ready to take a part in the dance. At the *matinée*, I became by degrees personally acquainted with all the musicians of importance in Berlin. Men, such as Lanke, who had instructed both Felix and his sister Fanny (Fanny Mendelssohn, at this time playing more brilliantly than her brother Felix), Wollank (counsellor of justice, and the composer of many well-known songs), and Karl Friedrich Zelter, almost alone marked that heavy period of Berlin's musical history, during which time no creative talent

of any importance appeared. Simultaneously, however, with the recall of Spontini from Paris, three stars arose, and the whole attention of the musical world was directed to the native genius of Berlin, in the persons of Ludwig Berger, Bernhard Klein, and Felix Mendelssohn, all in different ages of life.

(To be continued.)

PARIS.

(From an old Correspondent.)

At a gala performance got up at the Grand Opera, on the 30th May, for the benefit of the Pupilles de la Guerre, M. Gounod was to have conducted two scenes from his own opera of *Faust*. But the members of the orchestra, basing their opposition on an antiquated custom in the theatre, refused to acknowledge any but their usual conductor; so M. Gounod retired, and M. Deldevez occupied his accustomed place before the foot-light. The following letter addressed to the last-named gentleman will, perhaps, be read with interest:—

"MY DEAR DELDEVEZ,—I have been informed that the gentlemen of the orchestra, of possessing intact a privilege which has hitherto governed the performances of all the works produced at the Opera, would be pained to see an exception which might, at some future time, be invoked as a precedent. I hasten, therefore, to leave in your hands the conducting-stick which you so kindly offered us for a part of the programme of the gala performance on the 3-4th inst. Cordially yours, C. GOUON.

"P.S.—I have thought it my duty to acquaint the organizers of the Soirée with a determination which permits me to remain in a position that my own wish would never have prompted me to leave.

"Paris, May, 1875."

It appears that the Opéra-Comique will not be closed this summer, and that the revival of *Le Vais d'Andorre* will take place at once, instead of being deferred, as was at first proposed, till the autumn. It will be a probability the opera will be given at the Théâtre du Châtelet, and that a French operatic company will occupy the Ventador. A three-act vaudeville operetta, music by M. Serpette, has been brought out at the Variétés. It is entitled *Le Manoir de Picotard*.

La Liberté writes as follows:—

"Spontini's *Teside* has just achieved a very great success at Rome. It was not performed in a theatre; the score alone was executed at a concert given by the Musical Society. Two performances have not exhausted the success of this experiment, and a third is announced to come off shortly. Could we not imitate, in Paris, this example? There are a great many works which cannot be placed upon the stage on account of the expense, but which could easily be got up as regards the music alone. If they were so prepared, the public would be able to complete their musical education, and become acquainted with a number of masterpieces now consigned to unmerited oblivion. The system might be applied to works never published. It would thus afford modern composers an opportunity of producing creations which the difficulty of getting brought out at a theatre now obliges them to keep in their portfolio."

I reprint this suggestion for what it is worth. What will English, Irish, Scotch, American, Dutch, Australian and Italian composers say to it? Remember the bundle of sticks. I can guess how the late Mr Monague shows, so long the able correspondent of the *Musical World*, would have discussed the question.

Distinctions imply some Differences.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Sir—It is difficult to understand why an artist possessed of the qualities indispensable to excel in music like Donizetti's Lucia and Gounod's Margaret should be ashamed by the vocal and histrionic requirements of Verdi's Leonora. There is nothing especially heroic in Leonora, who is simply a love-struck and devoted woman, as ready to make sacrifice for the man to whom her affections are wedded, as either Margaret or Lucia. Nor is the music of Verdi, except here and there, much more exacting for the voice than that of Donizetti and Gounod. True, Lucia, Gretschen, Opelia, Mignon, and the rest, are *bona fide* creations, resembling each other only in the fact that they are women; whereas the Leonora of Verdi's libretto is what Wagner would designate as "spectral bones and rite." Adieu.

Greuter Roetz.

[Avant, old Double!—we had hoped thee dead, or, at least translated, with thy master.—EDS DEER.]

ACORNS, SLOES, AND BLACKBERRIES.

Br GIBBS GIBBS, Esq.

No. 1.

Antony Brumel, a composer of sacred music about the year 1500, is considered as the founder of the French School of Music.

Giovanni Maria Buononcini, one of the first masters of the Lombard School and pupil of Carissimi, published, in 1763, a work entitled *Il Musico Pratico*, dedicated to the Emperor Leopold. At page eighteen of this work he speaks of a cannon, in his opera of *Terza*, for 1,592 voices, or 618 choirs; which, on account of the difficulty of finding such a number of singers assembled together, he has reduced to twenty-two.

Giulio Caccini composed, in conjunction with Jacop Peri, the opera called *Euridice*, which was produced on the occasion of the marriage of Henry IV. of France to Mary de Medici, and acted at Florence in 1600. Dr Burney considers *Euridice* to have been the first opera ever performed in public, though primary attempts at dramatic music were probably made at an earlier period.

Emilio del Cavaliere, a celebrated Roman nobleman and amateur composer, set to music the first known oratorio, which was performed at Rome, in the year 1600. It is called *Rappresentazione di Adamo*, *e di Corvo*, and was represented in action on a stage in the church of La Vallicella, with scenes, decorations, and chorus, *a l'antique*, and analogous dances. The instruments of accompaniment (which were placed behind the scene) in the first oratorio were the following:—*Una lira doppia* (a double lute, perhaps a *viol da gamba*); *Un clavicembalo* (a harpsichord); *Un chitarone* (a large double guitar); *Due flauti*, *e vero due Tübi all'antica* (two common flutes). No violin is mentioned. In the instructions for the performance are the directions for the dances, and it is recommended for the actors to have instruments in their hands, as the playing, or appearing to play upon them, would assist illusion more than a visible orchestra.

Francesco Cavalli, chapel-master at Venice, and composer of thirty-five operas, between the years 1637 and 1667. Dr Burney says that the "grave recitative began first to be interrupted with that ornamented sort of stanza called *aria*, in the opera *Giasone*, set by Cavalli in 1649."

Richard Clark, born at Datchet, near New Windsor, in 1786, set himself about finding the real author of "God save the King," and after more than eight years' research (in which time he appears to have been most indefatigable), by a strong chain of circumstantial evidence, proves that the National Anthem was written by Ben Jonson, the music by Dr Bull, and that it was first sung at Merchant Tailors' Hall, on July 7th, 1607, by the gentlemen and children of His Majesty's Chapel Royal, when King James I. was present, at a dinner given by that company on his escape from the powder plot. This curious account was published in 1821 with forty-three plates, among which are portraits of Jonson, Bull, King James, &c. The work appears, by the list of subscribers, to have been very highly patronized. There are, indeed, some curious facts in it which had previously not appeared in print. After the work was published, Clark produced three times from very rare collections, which he had spoken of, but, from their scarcity, could not meet with in time to print for his subscribers. By these it is further proved that the same air of "God save the King" existed in the reign of King Charles, and was composed by Dr Bull.

A WARNING TO YOUNG ARTISTS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Sir,—As a warning to young artists, may I request that you will give publicity to the following letter, with a few words of explanation from myself, to whom it was sent:—

"65, Holland Road, Loughboro' Junction,
27th May, 1875.

"Madame,—I should like to have an interview with you on the subject of an engagement. Will you call at the above address on Saturday morning, at eleven o'clock, and, as I have many visitors, be good enough to send this note up, and you will see me immediately. I am, Madame, yours obediently,"

"E. Q. ENGLISH."

Not being wholly unknown in the musical profession, it is usual for me to receive communications from parties quite strangers to me. I kept the appointment, accompanied by a relative. On quitting the station, we soon reached the road and house indicated—the latter, a neat, respectable-looking villa. An old person, with the dress and—at first glance—the appearance of a gentleman, opened the door to my summons, showing me a well-furnished hall. My relative paused at the end of the little garden. On perceiving her, the woman I addressed answered me, in an undertone, "Mr English is at home; he would admit you if you were alone; but he cannot do so with your mamma, as it might get you into trouble." Highly incensed, beckoning to my companion, I asked—demanded—an explanation. Denying, now, that the gentleman was at home, we received contradictory and impertinent answers to our enquiries, and even threats, from this (so she informed us) naval officer's daughter. Several attempts were made by the woman to get possession of the letter mentioned above, which I held in my hand. Insulted, shocked, and greatly annoyed, we turned away, losing no more (happily) than our railway fare, our time, and our temper. But what—see any young, unsuspecting artist might have done—had I gone to that house alone? I enclose my name and address. Your obedient servant,

A YOUNG PIANISTE.

OPERA-GOERS IN THE ETERNAL CITY.

I have often read that the Italian public listen only carelessly to music, and never fail to indulge in tolerably noisy conversation between two cavatins. This may, perhaps, have been true in the time of Cimarosa and Paisiello, but things are very much changed to-day. Let us take, for instance, a performance of *Aida* at the Teatro Apollo, Rome. It begins at eight o'clock precisely. Five minutes before the rising of the curtain the house is crammed, and, at the first stroke of the bow, a religious silence reigns around. During the first act enthusiasm is kept down and does not overstep reasonable limits. In the second, the public gradually warm up, some of them venturing to hum with the *primo donna* the favourite phrases, while the more reserved among the audience endeavour to reduce them to silence. In the third act, people get excited, and the feverishness becomes more general. During the duel between Aida and Amosero, exclamations are heard from all parts of the house, and when, at length, Radames appears and avows his treachery: "Son disonorate; io tradii la patria," all the spectators burst forth, like so many volcanoes, and every voice sings in unison with that of the hero. Hands are clapped and feet are stamped with frantic enthusiasm; the ladies' handkerchiefs float like oriflammes all round the various tiers; there is an infernal hubbub, a fearful noise in which everyone takes part; the pit, the boxes, the musicians in the orchestra, and even foreigners, are carried away by this inundation of enthusiasm. Verdi's soul has passed into the souls of two thousand spectators, who dispersed, trembling with emotion, along the ledges and in the crush-room, where all sorts of exclamations are heard crossing each other like rockets. The fourth act proceeds amid less lively transports and the burning atmosphere is a little cooler. But, at the end of the performance, about midnight, the musical fever breaks out more violently than ever. Everywhere—on the staircases of the theatre, in the vestibule, in the streets—Verdi's melodies are again audible, and are carried into every part of the city, till the hour for repose at length comes to calm down the agitation, and silence the echoes of the enthusiastic vocalists.—*New Free Press*.

Two London representatives of the International Mozart Institution (Mr Sigismund Moske) has arranged to give a concert for the benefit of the society, at the Alexandra Palace, on Tuesday, June 29th. The concert is to be conducted by Sir Julius Benedict, Mr Edward Dannreuther, and Mr Weist Hill. Several distinguished vocal and instrumental artists have promised their support.

REVIEWS.

MITZLER AND CO.

She and I. Song. Words by COURTNEY BOYLE. Music by LOUISA GRAY. LOUISA GRAY, known at all times as a clever ballad writer, has seldom been happier in her inspiration than in the present instance. She has been fortunate enough to obtain in Mr Boyle's lyrics a little poem worthy of a rich musical setting, and she has succeeded in illustrating it perfectly. For amateur vocalists, as well as for the public concert-room, "She and I" will doubtless prove attractive. It is written in the key of B flat for tenor, and is also published a third lower for average voices.

J. B. CRAMER AND CO.

After no long. Song. Words by HELEN MARION BURNISH. Music by LOUISA GRAY.

A song simple in theme, but exquisitely tender in sentiment, both in the words and music. Miss Burnish's music is certainly sympathetic, if a trifle vague, and Louisa Gray's music is melodious and expressive, without being either ambitious or straining after effect. The voice part is skillfully written, and the song is available for all qualities of voice. It is printed both in G and E. The accompaniment is showy, though presenting no difficulties in the way of an average performer.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBBER AND CO.

Fancy's Dream. Vocal Waltz. Written by FRANK W. GREEN. Composed by AMY WOODS.

Miss AMY WOODS perseveres steadily in the path she has struck out for herself as a composer of light vocal music. The present effort is tuneful, rhythmical, and eminently singable—qualities which are sufficient of themselves to recommend it to consideration. Mr Green's words are above the average; and altogether "Fancy's Dreams" is a production of which the young composer may feel proud. Key D major, highest note G.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE FIRST PAGE OF A LADY'S ALBUM.*

These fair, unsmiling pages aptly seem

To me an image of an infant life,

Ere yet from it's soul the angel-gleam

Has passed away before the clouds of strife.

And as each cycle of old time bequeath

Or adds a joy into our miser store—

Leaving the while upon the heart's red leaves

A touch to serve or charm for evermore;

So shall thy book, dear friend, ere long become

A reflex of the living world around;

A shrine whereat, though tongue and lips be dumb,

The heart will speak—its hopes and fears resound.

Here pale-browed Grief, arrayed in sable guise,

Will sadly brood o'er longings unfulfilled;

While her twin-sister, Joy, with laughing eyes,

Will sweetly sing of things attained as wished.

Here Love, the April-eyed, will oft restore

His wayward wing, and, stringing Poetry's late,

Give echo to the burning thoughts that wait

The soul with bliss—keeping the dear lips mute.

Here Hope and Faith—the timid and the bold—

Will hie, with Fancy from her astral throne;

And gentle Art her radiant gifts unfold—

All hither won by Friendship's magic tone.

Thus, dearest friend, thou'lt find in after days

Herein a semblance of the mighty heart

Which stirs our life in its every phase;

God grant that joy be the major part.

* Copyright High CAMERON.

RAILWAY FETE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—On Wednesday, June 16th, there is to be a novel entertainment at the Crystal Palace, which will deserve extensive public support, if only it were to benefit the funds of the Railway Benevolent Institution. This is one object, and to draw together for the day a great many of the staff and their friends is another. Moreover, in addition to a most popular programme of special attractions, we may mention that there is to be a grand concert by the united musical societies of some of the larger companies, and a dramatic performance by members of the Railway Clearing House. The exhibition of models, pictures, and scientific inventions, to illustrate railway history and progress cannot fail to be highly interesting. Excursion trains at cheap fares will run for this occasion from all parts of the country, both day and five day trips.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1875.

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HER MAJESTY'S OPERA, THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Production of "Lohegrün."

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), June 12th, will be produced a Grand Romantic Opera in Four Acts, entitled, "LOHEGRÜN." The Music and original Text by RICHARD WAGNER. The New Scenario by Mr. William Beverly. The music arranged by Mr. Edward Baring. Elza di Babilonia, Madame Christine Nilsson; Lohegrün, Signor Campanini; Federico di Telramondo, Signor Ughesi; Ermen, Herr Behrens; Arelis, Signor Costa; and Ortrude, Mlle. Tietjens. Director of the Music and Conductor—Sir Michael Costa. *Special Notice*—On the occasion of the production of "LOHEGRÜN," This Evening, the Opera will commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Madame Christine Nilsson.—Extra Night.

MORNEY next, June 14, (by desire), "FAUST." Faust, M. Capoul; Mephistopheles, Signor Bata; Valentino, Signor de Buschi; Wagner, Signor Costa; Michel, Mlle. Trebelli-Bettini; Maria, Mme. Demerle-Lahabie; and Margherita, Madame Christine Nilsson.

Tietjens as Norma.

TUESDAY next, June 15, will be performed (for the first time this season) Bellini's tragic Opera of "NORMA." Pollione, Signor Campanini (his first appearance in that character in London); Orovoso, Herr Behrens; Flavio, Signor Bissolati; Adalgisa, Mlle. Bassemeister; and Norma, Mlle. Tietjens.

Extra Night.—"Lohegrün."

THURSDAY next, June 17 (for the second time), WAGNER'S Opera, "LOHENGRÜN." (Characters as above.)

Mlle. Tietjens.

SATURDAY, June 19, ROSSINI'S Opera, "SEMI-RAMIDE." Arance, Mme. Trebelli-Bettini; Asmor, Signor Costa; Oros, Herr Behrens; Idreno, Signor Bissolati; L'Ulmar, Signor Costa; and Semiramide, Mlle. Tietjens. Doors open at Eight o'clock. Commence at Half-past Eight. Except to-night (Saturday), on which occasion the Opera will commence at Eight o'clock precisely, the doors opening half an hour previously. Amphitheatre stalls, 7s. and 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. Box-office open daily from Ten till Five, under the direction of Mr. Bailey.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), June 12th, will be performed "DINORAH." Mesdames Adeline Patil and Scacchi; MM. Marii, Capponi, Nabster, and Gratianni.

MORNEY next, June 14, "DON GIOVANNI." Mesdames Adeline Patil, VIDA, and D'Angeri; MM. Fauri, Champ, Marini, &c.

TUESDAY next, June 15, "UN HALLO IN MASCHERA." Mlles D'Angeri, Scacchi, and Bianchi; MM. Gratianni, Capponi, Tagliolini, Parani, &c.

THURSDAY next, June 17, "LOHENGRÜN." Elza, Mlle. Albani; Federico, M. Mauri; Lohegrün, Signor Costa (his first appearance in England).

FRIDAY next, June 19, "BOMBO E GIULIETTA" (first time these seven years).

Mesdames Adeline Patil and Bianchi; M. Bissolati; Signor Costa, Nabster, Albani, &c.

SATURDAY, June 19, "SEMI-RAMIDE." Mesdames VIDA and Scacchi; MM. Parani, Capponi, Fauri, &c.

The Opera commences at Half-past Eight.

The Box Office, under the portico of the Theatre, is open from Ten to Five. Boxes from 42 1/2 to 6s. 6d.; stalls, 1s. 1s.; pit stalls, 7s.; amphitheatre stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SUMMER CONCERT.—THIS

Day (SATURDAY). The Programme will include: Overture, Zwergs (Hervé); Polonaise for pianoforte and orchestra (Chopin); Hymn, "Hear my prayer" (Mendelssohn); Symphony, "Pastorale" (Beethoven); Rhapsodie Hongroise for pianoforte (Liszt); Overture, "Di Bello" (Bullfinch). Vocalists—Mlle. Blanche Jobe and Mr. Edward Lloyd. Crystal Palace Choral. Enlarged Orchestra. Pianoforte—Mlle. Marie Krus. Conductor, Mr. AUGUSTE MANN. Numbered Seats, Half-a-Crown. Admission to Palace, Half-a-Crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—THE INTERNATIONAL

MOZART INSTITUTION'S GRAND CONCERT will be held in the Great Central Hall, on TUESDAY, 23rd June. Orchestra and Choir of 1,000 performers. Full particulars will be shortly announced. Reserved Seats can be secured of all the Company's Agents.

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M. DE POLLA and Signor FOLL.

Viola—Mme NORMAN-NEUBA.

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MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Sofa stalls, One Guinea; stalls, Half-a-Guinea; balcony stalls, 10s. 6d.; balcony, 2s.; gallery, 1s. and orchestra seats, 5s. 6d. Tickets may be obtained at Mitchell's Library, 33, Old Bond Street; Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; Gillitts's, 28, Old Bond Street; Crum & Co., 20, Regent Street; Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 4, New Bond Street; Lacom & Gillet, 16, New Bond Street; Keith, Brown & Co., 4, Chesham; A. Hoyer, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; and at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, No. 29, Piccadilly.

ST GEORGE'S HALL.

SIGNOR ARDITI'S

ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT

MONDAY MORNING, JUNE 14th.

To Commence at Half-past Two o'clock precisely.

Artists.

Mme SINTO-CAMPORIELLO. Mlle PERINI.

Mlle JOSE SHERINGTON.

Signoras MARIA CARNIELI. Mlle LOUISE SINORELLI.

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Mlle VICTORIA RUSSEN. Mme ALICE FAIRMAN.

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Signor CAMPORIELLO. Mr. SANTLEY.

Violoncello—Signor MASTUCCI. Viola—Signor PAPINI. Violoncello—M. PAQUE.

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Box seats and sofa stalls, One Guinea; stalls, Half-a-Guinea; balcony, 5s.; 2s. Tickets may be had at Signor ARDITI'S Residence, 41, Albany Street, Regent's Park.

By kind permission of J. H. MAPLETON, Esq.

MUSIC PAST AND PRESENT IN IRELAND.

(Continued from page 373.)

In the last essay it was mentioned that Stevenson may be said to have originated the edition of the Irish Melodies which has come down to us, by suggesting to Moore the idea of writing words to those charming airs. Moore was anxious the work should be undertaken, and says, in a letter to Stevenson—"Our national music has never been properly collected, and, while the composers of the Continent have enriched their operas and sonatas with melodies borrowed from Ireland—very often without even the honesty of acknowledgment—we have left the treasures in a great degree uncollected and fugitive. The task which you propose to me, of adapting words to the airs, is by no means easy. The poet who would follow the various sentiments they express must feel and understand that rapid fluctuation of spirits, that unaccountable mixture of gloom and levity which composes the character of my countrymen, and has deeply tinged their music. If Burns had been an Irishman (and I would willingly give up all our claims upon Ossian for him), his heart would have been proud of such music, and his genius would have made it immortal." Such are the modest words of the poet to his collaborator in this arduous undertaking—one carried out with so much excellence by both; for, after all that has been said and done with the melodies, Stevenson's arrangements will stand the test, and claim superiority over all subsequently done—even those of Balfe, who was a thorough Irishman. Moore's criticism upon these arrangements we think the best and most lucid we have met with, and we give it in his own words. He says—"Through many of his (Stevenson's) own compositions we trace a vein of Irish sentiment, which points him out as peculiarly suited to catch the spirit of his country's music; and far from agreeing with those fastidious critics who think that the symphonies have nothing kindred with the airs they introduce, I would rather say that, on the contrary, they resemble the general tone of those illuminated initials of old manuscripts, which are of the same character with the writing which follows, though more highly coloured and more curiously ornamented." Here we leave those unique lyrics, which are both musically and poetically immortal. In O'Keefe's "Recollections," speaking of his drama of *Dead Alive*, he says—"I had already written some of the songs and given them to a very young gentleman. He was not above fourteen years of age, of most promising talents; his name was Stevenson. He composed some of the airs and played and sung them to me at my house in Capel Street, and very beautiful they were. The youthful musical genius of that day (1779) is now the admired Sir John Stevenson, the successful composer of sacred and sublime melody." Stevenson wrote the music to several operas—*The Bedouins*, or *the Arabs of the Desert*, the *Burning of Moscow*, the *Outpost*, the *Border Feuds*, the *Patriot*, the *Spanish Patriots*—none of which have survived; therefore it may be concluded they were unsuccessful. The *Burning of Moscow* was damned on the first night of representation, to his great mortification. Subsequently he was fond of hearing a quartet from this opera—we believe all that has survived of it—"Sweetly sounds the trembling lyre." When concluded, he would say, "I think of them during an opera with much as that in it." It was after dinner at Mr George Alley's, that he wrote the beautiful song for the late Dr Spray, "Faithless Emma." Stevenson was praising Spray for his singing of the Anthem the previous Sunday, when the latter said, "Why don't you write something for me." "Agreed," said Stevenson. "Give me some music paper." Alley provided the words, and in a very short time the composer placed the music in the hands of Spray, who at once sang it. The original MS. of "Faithless Emma" was in the possession of the late Dr Todd, Fellow of Trinity College. Another composition he produced with similar facility. Dining with Dr Wallcott (Peter Pindar) in the neighbourhood of London, the host handed him a copy of verses before dinner, which he wished to have set to music. Stevenson retired to an adjoining apartment, from which he, in a few minutes emerged with the copy in his hand. Charles Ince, who had been also invited, had that moment arrived. The com-

poser immediately turned the song into a duet, which they sang together that night to the great delight of the company. The beautiful song, "Oh! then, dearest Ellen," he composed on the center in Flower's music-shop, and the first person who sang it was Terence Magrath, of facetious memory. We well remember one summer evening, many years ago, dining with the late Dr Smith, who then lived opposite to Sir John. A street singer, seeing the front parlour window open, set to warbling "Oh! then, dearest Ellen." A shilling was sent out to her, with a direction to go to the opposite house and sing the same song as loudly as she could scream. The street vocalist accomplished her task most violently. Money was sent out, with a vociferous request that she would depart from the neighbourhood. Shortly after Sir John came over, not in the best temper, and swore lustily—for this was one of the knight's infirmities—"That he would rather not have composed a note than have his songs butchered by itinerant squawlers." Nevertheless we have heard him say, when his music has been praised, "Ah! by—, I would rather be the author of 'Cherry Ripe,' for it is sung at every street corner and played on every barrel-organ; that is false, sir, that is false." His glees are still the delight of the Librarian Club (Club, and they are so numerous and varied as to suit all tastes. Indeed it would be hard to speak too highly of these compositions. They abound in melody, and are harmonized with so much grace, that there is tunelessness in every part. "Buds of roses," "Alone on the sea-beaten rock," "Raise the song," "Lovely roses," "Come sing with me," &c., may be mentioned. Then the dramatic setting of "Tell me where is fancy bred" amounts almost to inspiration. His interpolation of the word "Reply," which is printed between the verses, was a happy and original thought.

(To be continued.)

ZARÉ THALBERG AS CHERUBINO.

As the amorous pair, Cherubino, in Mozart's incomparable *Nozze di Figaro*, Mlle Zaré Thalberg has added another to her successes, and thus firmly established her position at the Royal Italian Opera. The wonder is, not that she should sing the music well, for that was very generally anticipated; but that she should portray the character with so nice and correct an appreciation of its significance. Mlle Thalberg's Cherubino is not the half-lazy, half-giddy, and whole nonentity, to which we have too often been accustomed. She presents us with the genuine unadulterated youth, just shooting into prime, longing for something, he knows not what, and for ever keeping on the theme. Her delineation is exempt from the tricks and gambols which not seldom make the character both irrelevant and obtrusive. Her reading of the two romances, "Non so più cosa son" and "Voi che sapete," is in strict keeping with her general conception; and the fervid, while, at the same time half retiring, manner in which she sings the last, and, perhaps, most engaging of the two, fully accounts for the impression it makes upon her hearers, and the hearty "encore" with which it is greeted.—*Graphic*.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The public rehearsal of the Students, at St James's Hall, on Thursday morning, was more fully attended than any previous one during the present season. The audience, notwithstanding the heat of the weather, was very demonstrative, applauding the young students after each of their performances with more than usual vigour. We subjoin the programme:—

Festival Overture, in F—G. A. Macfarren; Romanza, "Selva opaca" (*Guillaume Tell*) (Miss Marietta)—Rossini; Concerto, in G (first movement), pianoforte (Miss Martin)—Beethoven; Sacred Cantata, *The Prodigal Son* (solist by Miss Beasley, Miss Bolingbroke, Parepa-Parepa Schuler, Mr Henry Guy, and Mr Wadmore)—Arthur Sullivan; Rondo Brillante, in B flat (on a Russian theme), pianoforte (Miss Hopkins)—Hummel; Recit. and Aria, "O luce di quest'anima" (*Linda di Chamouni*) (Miss Berta Francis)—Donizetti; Concerto (two last movements) in A, pianoforte, Mr Deas—a clever pupil of Mr W. H. Holmes—Greg; Graduale, "Quod, quod in orbe"—Hummel.

Mr Walter Macfarren was the conductor, and Mr Fitton presided at the Organ during the performance of Mr Sullivan's *Concerto*.

The next Student's concert is announced to take place on Thursday evening, July 1st.

* The reader is requested to bear in mind that the operas named above were not dramas illustrated by music; and the causes of their failure might have arisen from their lack of interest in plot and dialogue, than from want of charm in the music.

DORN (!) ACROSS MENDELSSOHN.

(Continued from page 382.)

I very seldom missed one of those interesting gatherings at the Neue Promenade, where, besides the greater compositions, which were henceforth studied under Berger's guidance, the newest works of the wonderful boy, Felix, were regularly played over—mostly acts of symphonies for stringed instruments with pianoforte accompaniment—by a small number selected from the Royal chamber-musicians. Professor Zelter, with whom Felix had studied counterpoint, was his most eager auditor, and at the same time severest censor. More than once after the performance, I myself have heard Zelter call out in a loud voice to his pupil that several alterations were necessary, whereupon, without saying a word, Felix would quietly fold up the score, and before the next Sunday he would go over it, and then play the composition with the desired corrections. In these rooms also, before the family removed to Leipziger Strasse, a three-act comic opera was performed, all the characters being apportioned and the dialogue read out at the piano. The libretto for *The Uncle from Boston* was written by a young physician, Dr. Caspar, who afterwards became a famous man. Every one who came in contact with him had something to relate of his wit; and I remember, even now, Hotel telling me, when I was at litigation of the sparkling witty farewell speech addressed by Caspar to the Councillor Nerst, on the removal of the latter as Postmaster-General from Berlin to Tilsit. He finished with "Depart, and the peace of Tilsit be with you!"

Although the music of this *American Uncle* pleased all connected with it, the subject was weak. Dévriant, and his fiancée, Therese Schleisinger, Johanna Zimmermann, the Doctors Andriessen and Dittmar, all took part—I also as chorus-singer. One circumstance this evening I can never forget. When the opera was finished, there were the regular bread-and-butter, anchovies, cold meat, cheese, &c. Edward Rietz and myself were enjoying our portion, when Felix, who was going round the room to thank the singers personally, stopped to ask how we were fairing. I showed him my share of the spoil.

"Which do you consider your *dux*?" (leading subject), he asked; "and which is your *comes*?" (secondary theme).

"Well, I consider my bread-and-butter my *dux*."

"Oh, no," said he, "a guest must regard his bread-and-butter as only *comes*."

Just then Zelter said loudly: "Felix, come here."

The old gentleman, standing, glass in hand, said: "Felix, you have only been an apprentice; to-day you are assistant, work on till you become master." Therewith a tap on the cheek, as if dubbing him a knight, the whole party pressing forward to congratulate the astonished parents, as well as Felix, who warmly shook his master's hand. This is one of those scenes that can never be effaced from one's memory. It made such a powerful impression on me that I wrote the following day to my guardian to ask if I might become a pupil of Zelter's, and by his help rise to the higher grades. This permission I certainly received, but how different anticipation is to reality! Zelter was a whimsical old fellow, to whom it was all the same whether his pupils were young or old, gifted or without talent, beginners or advanced. All were treated alike, except as in the case of Mendelssohn's private lessons, when he really did instruct. I bore it for half a year, then I could not put up with it any more, and so I went over to Bernhard Klein, and never had reason to repent doing so.

With the removal of the Mendelssohn family from the Neue Promenade to Leipziger Strasse, to the same house where our present Chamber of Deputies hold their sittings, the circle of their acquaintance was much extended, owing in a great measure to Felix's increasing fame. Among the more intimate acquaintances may be reckoned Rietz, Klingemann, Marx, Franck, and Dévriant. Rietz, elder brother of the Royal chapel-master at Dresden, was himself a member of the Royal orchestra, and Mendelssohn's instructor on the violin. I may safely say that of all Felix's friends no one loved him more enthusiastically than Rietz. He was a grave silent person, of a middle size and spare figure, endowed with a large share of nose between two fiery eyes, and always dressed in a tail-coat. When the two friends were together, the idea was always suggested to me of Faust and

Mephistopheles, though there was certainly little enough of the diabolic in either of them. Robert and Bertram might perhaps have been more suitable, but such a connection had not then been proclaimed by Scribe and Meyerbeer. Rietz's artistic career was early cut short, the nerve of his third finger being injured during the performance of Spontini's *Olympie*. He died in 1832. Mendelssohn has dedicated his famous "Octet" to him.

(To be continued.)

GOOD WORDS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Sir,—Your correspondent, who signs himself "Musical Doctor," in last week's impression of the *Musical World*, can surely never have seen two letters on the musical treatment of disease which appeared in your columns during the first part of last year. The first was in the month of February, and criticised a book written by M. le Dr Chomest, of Paris, in which he advocated music as a cure for all sorts of diseases, ranging from eczema to venereal diseases in children. The concluding words, if I remember rightly, were, "If I get an opportunity of trying the musical treatment, I will certainly avail myself of it, and let you know the result." The result of a very successful treatment of a young woman suffering from melancholia was reported in the second letter, in the month of June.

It may be interesting to know that the cure has been a radical one, the young woman never having had a tendency to melancholia or hysteria since the last time music was applied (May 6th, 1874). Change of scene and occupation have also had something to do with the successful treatment in this case. X. T. R.

YORKSHIRE EXHIBITION.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Sir,—Dr Spark has made a very rash guess regarding the identity of Veritas; he (Dr Spark) is altogether wrong. My letter, which appeared in the *Musical World* for May 29th, was not an attack on the doctor, but simply a truthful explanation of certain facts which he would prefer to keep secret. I most emphatically deny that my letter contained either misrepresentation, direct falsehood, or insinuated untruth. Doctor Spark is careful to give a very vague general reply to my letter (the usual course adopted by persons who make assertions which they are unable to substantiate); details would have been rather too much for him. If the engagement to inaugurate the organ—the day after it had been inaugurated—was a genuine official appointment, I cannot help thinking that Dr Spark (who, by the way, never misses the chance of a little publicity), would have been only too glad to have published it in the local papers—as an answer to the official letter which denied that he was engaged for the inauguration of the organ—and also to have sent it to you for publication in your last impression. This official engagement is evidently one of our borough organist's treasures, as he reserves it for the sacred inspection of Mr Beal and the Editor of the *Musical World*; of course, when these two gentlemen have seen Dr Spark's precious document, all the world must be satisfied that it was a genuine appointment, duly signed by the chairman of the musical arrangements committee, and that the doctor quietly consented to be sat upon, and allowed the official denial to go forth to his friends and the public without a word from himself in explanation. Now, sir, this is not the way a sensible business-like man—as Dr Spark is—does things generally; I should say he is the last man in the medical profession who would quietly submit to be snubbed. Regarding the notice of Dr Spark's inauguration of the organ—so-called—which appeared in the *Musical World* of May 1st, Dr Spark does not deny that he sent the notice to you, he probably thinks it would be difficult to do so, as you are in possession of the authorship of the notice. I have continually observed that the only musical performances given here that are referred to in the various musical papers are those at which Dr Spark assists. Will the doctor deny that he sends these notices? People who read the musical journals are liable to form a very erroneous idea as to music and musical art in Leeds, because Dr Spark rarely shines in public except at his organ performances, and occasional three-penny concerts, both of which are generally miserably attended. Of course these little notices are a cheap way of keeping Dr Spark's name before the public. The musical arrangements committee of the Exhibition continue to supply us with musical entertainment of very variable quality; we have heard some peculiar bands, and some evening solos on the organ and other instruments. The band of the Queen's Boys (conducted by Mr W. C. Smith), has given the most satisfactory musical performances since the opening of the Exhibition. Kindly oblige me by inserting this in your issue for Saturday next. I am, Sir, yours obediently,

Leeds, June 9th, 1875.

VERITAS.

BERLIN.

(From our Correspondent.)

There has not been much doing worthy notice at the Royal Operahouse beyond the last appearance of Herr Landau and the first of Mlle Hofmeister. Herr Landau took his farewell as Lionel, in *Martha*. He would do well, by the way, to get rid of the guttural and nasal sounds which mar the effect of his singing; but nothing can change his figure, which is not what we picture to ourselves in connection with a hero of the lyric drama. The concert room is better adapted for Herr Landau than the stage. Mlle Hofmeister, who comes from the Stadttheater, Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, opened as Valentine, in *Les Huguenots*. Nature has endowed her, vocally and dramatically, with no mean powers; but she has much to learn before she can do justice to the heroine of Meyerbeer's grand work.

Great things are promised of Herr Kaunberg, pupil of the Royal High School of Music, where he has studied under Dr Gustav Engel. He is said to possess a fine tenor voice, and will appear, after the holidays, as Manrico, Arnold, and Florestan, at the Royal Operahouse.

The opera for the gala performance in honour of the King and Queen of Sweden was, in obedience to the wish of their Majesties themselves, *Tannhäuser*, with Mad. Voggenhuber, Herren Niemann and Betz, in the principal parts.

Herr R. Wüerst's *Fantasia* has been performed at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater. It is to be followed by Lortzing's opera, *Die beiden Schützen*, and then by the revised version of Herr Johann Strauss's *Indigo*, oder die 40 Räuber, which, as *La Reine Indigo*, was so favourably received in Paris.

Kroll's Theater was to open for opera on the 1st inst., with a company including 5 ladies for dramatic parts, 4 for bravura, 3 for soupirs, 2 for contralto and mezzo-soprano, and 1 for old women; 4 tenors, 1 buffo tenor, 3 first baritones, 2 first basses, 1 bass buffo, and a second bass, make up the other departments. The orchestra is under the direction of Herr Preumeyer.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

Your readers probably will have wondered why nothing has lately appeared in your columns from this music-loving town. Without further preface, the operatic season is finished, and the new one is to commence on the 24th of June. The season was brought to a close on Sunday last, and was "solemnized" by the performances of MM. Bresson and Ketten (tenors) and M. Ben Ahen (baritone). The singing of the latter as Alphonse XII., in *La Favorita*, left nothing to desire. He was ably supported by M. Bresson as Fernand, Mlle Nouilles as Leonore, and Mlle Yerna Robert as Ines. "Terpsichorean displays" have delighted the frequenters of the Salle Monigny during the last month, Millies Ricci, Maguioni, Beau ("elle était pourtante belle"), and Cardot taking part in the same. A local journal states that the "artists" woke up several *habitués* of the stalls from the usual lethargic state in which they took upon "nos spectacles" (the gentlemen referred to are mostly decorated old *garçons*, ou *veufs*). The dancing of the quartet of ladies (who, by the bye, hail from Italy and Spain) pleased the audience, and evidently pleased themselves.

M. Troy has not the direction of the opera for the coming season, which is rather hard upon him, when it is taken into consideration that he undertook to provide operettas, vaudevilles, &c., and afterwards two months of grand opera, at the duldest season of the year; but where everything is under the municipal thumb, what can be said?

M. Lemaître—late directeur du Théâtre de Versailles, and son of the well-known actor at the Théâtre Français, in Paris—undertakes the direction of the Salle Monigny from June 24th, as well as of the daily concerts at the Etablissement des Bains. In addition to the daily concerts, there are to be some attractive ones, especially that fixed for August 9, in which Mlle Carlotta Patti, Mlle Sax (contralto, from Sao Carlo, Naples), M. Alexandre Betta (violinist), and M. Theodore Ritter are to take part.

Our season, I expect, will be unusually brilliant; and, possibly, not less brilliant had it been left to those who generally contrive to attract a large number of visitors.

Among the attractions for the coming season is the formation

of a skating rink on the croquet ground between the Etablissement and the Sands. It is taken on a lease of seven years by an English company, and is announced in the *Strain*, our local season journal (of which the first number appeared this morning), as a "STAKING RINK" ("patinage a ROULETTES").

X. T. R.

June 2nd

RICHARD WAGNER, AND HIS RING OF THE NIBLUNG.

(From the "New Quarterly Magazine.")

(Continued from page 375.)

Wagner's response to this call was the drama of the *Niblungen*, originally intended for Weimar, although never performed there. The work was planned on a much smaller scale than that on which it was ultimately executed. At first Wagner treated the *Death of Siegfried* as a separate piece; but soon he found that the narrative portions necessary to explain the motives of the action would reach undue dimensions, and were moreover so eminently dramatic in themselves as absolutely to require the addition of a second, or rather first, i.e., introductory piece. This was to be called *Siegfried's Youth*. But here again Wagner found his former experience repeated, and twice again he was compelled to condense the old epic types into dramatic creations, till at last the trilogy of the *Ring of the Niblung*, with an introductory piece, the *Rhineland*, was completed. The poetry, in its present form, was finished by the end of 1852, and, during the three following years, Wagner wrote the music to the *Rhineland* and to the first part of the trilogy, the *Valkyrie*. About this time his great plan was interrupted by another work of no lesser excellence and grandeur. We are speaking of *Tristan and Isolde*, by many believed to be the highest effort of its composer's genius. Its subject may be considered as in a manner complementary to the *Niblung* drama. For the Celtic Mablinogion and the Eddic Saga are the two cycles of epics from which a truly national poetry of both Celtic and Germanic races must draw its mythical inspiration, an inspiration quite as necessary to our modern dramatists as the tales of Homer and Hesiod were to Sophocles and *Æschylus*.

The composition of the *Niblungen* was resumed in 1859, in which year Wagner began the music to the second part of the trilogy *Siegfried*. This occupied him, with many interruptions (one of which was the composition of a comic opera, *The Mastersingers of Nuremberg*), for nearly thirteen years. The musical execution of the final drama, *The Götterdämmerung* ("Dusk of the Gods"), has been finished only a short time ago. Its publication is anxiously expected by the admirers of the previous parts.

It may be easily perceived that in the present state of theatrical affairs on the Continent, a work of this scope, even if accepted for performance, would stand little chance for an appropriate rendering by mediocre singers, or of a congenial reception on the part of the *blasé* public of the German capitals. Wagner, indeed, never intended his work for the ordinary operatic stage, and has persistently refused to take an active interest in the performance of parts of his work attempted at Munich. His desire was to see the *Niblungen* performed at a theatre erected for the purpose and by a select company, in the manner of a national festival. For only in this manner would it be possible to remove both audience and artists from the atmosphere of ordinary theatrical shows.

A scheme of such vastness appeared at first Utopian, and was, indeed, treated with scorn and ridicule by an inimical press. But, in spite of these attacks, the previous works of Wagner began to take a firmer and firmer hold on the minds of the public; particularly the reawakening of patriotic feeling after the French war may have contributed to direct the attention of the best among the German nation to a work so eminently national both in its sources and manner of execution. When, therefore, a few years ago, the late celebrated pianist Tausig, in connection with a small number of artistic friends, decided upon appealing boldly to Wagner's admirers for the means necessary to carry out the master's original intention, this appeal was responded to with enthusiasm. Wagner societies for the purpose alluded to were founded not only in the important German cities, but also in Brussels, Milan, New York, London, etc., and the performance of the work under the master's own direction, at Bayreuth, in 1876, is no more a matter of doubt.

(To be continued.)

PARIS SCRAPS.

(From our Parisian Scraper.)

The gala performance at the Grand Opera, for the benefit of the "Pupilles de la guerre," though by no means a failure, did not prove so successful as people generally expected it would. The receipts amounted to only 25,000 francs, by no means an out-of-the-way sum now-a-days, especially if the object of the performance be taken into consideration. Had M. Gounod been allowed by the gentlemen of the orchestra to conduct the scenes from *Faust*, the treasurer's returns, there can be no doubt, would have been much larger. With reference to the disagreeable incident recorded in the *Musical World*, between M. Gounod and the gentlemen aforesaid, the following additional facts may prove interesting. At the last rehearsal, M. Gounod attended in his capacity of composer. Directly he appeared on the stage he was warmly welcomed by—or, to adopt the modern phraseology obtaining in these latitudes, he was the object of a most hearty ovation on the part of—the band.

"You perceive, my dear Gounod"—said M. Halanzier—"by the way in which you have just been welcomed, that, in all that has occurred, there has been nothing which could be taken as directed against yourself personally, and that among the members of the band, as among all the other members of the establishment, you possess only admirers and friends."

Hereupon, M. Gounod, advancing to the front of the stage, spoke as follows:—

"I entertained no doubt, gentlemen, of your sympathy towards me. I have no reason to reproach myself with any attempt to disturb the customs of the institution. I was asked for my work and my personal co-operation; I was borne to the Opera as though on the top of a wave. You possess traditions which I will neither discuss nor judge. Now that you and I have met one another in our respective places, we will have a little music, and I trust that the trifling incident between us will not interfere with our feelings of mutual friendship."

When the speaker had done speaking, he was greeted with three rounds of applause; but the question of the principle involved still remains undecided, though an old regulation has been discovered authorizing composers to conduct their own works at the Grand Opera.

(Owing to indisposition, Mlle Krauss was unable to appear, as she was announced to do, in the gala performance. Her part was taken at a very short notice by Mlle Jenny Howe. Her illness, however, is not serious.

Hamlet is being actively rehearsed for the *début* of the new Ophelia, Mlle de Resaké. M. Lassalle will sustain the character of the melancholy Prince. The management is, moreover, making every effort to complete the *mise-en-scène* of *Faust*.

A deep impression of regret has been produced in artistic circles by the death of M. Georges Bizet, composer of *Carmen*, *Les Pêcheurs de Perles*, and *La Belle Fille de Pech*, who died on the 2nd inst., at Bougival, of an abscess of the throat, according to some, or of suffocation arising from the clogging-up of an artery by a clot of blood, according to others. His widow is a daughter of Halévy. He was buried on Saturday, the 5th inst., in the cemetery of Montmartre, the corners of the pall being held by M. Camille Doucet, Chairman of the Dramatic Authors' Society, M. du Locle, manager of the Opéra-Comique, M. Ambrose Thomas, and M. Gounod. Speeches were made at the grave by M. Jules Barbier (in the name of the Society of Dramatic Authors), Du Locle, and Gounod.

A committee has been formed with a view of raising a monument to Samson, the celebrated actor of the Théâtre-Français, who died during the reign of the Commune. The Théâtre-Français has subscribed a thousand, and the Minister of Fine Arts, five hundred francs.

The works at the Hippodrome in the Champs Elysées are being pushed forward with such vigour, that the opening will probably take place on the first of next month. The new edifice will be capable of containing 12,000 persons.

BRENSLAU.—In consequence of the retirement of Hans Ravendé, the management of the Stadttheater will, from the 1st September, pass into the hands of Herr Tescher (formerly director of the Grand Duval Theatre, Darmstadt), and Auerbach, the once renowned tenor.

ACORNS, SLOES, AND BLACKBERRIES.

BY GIBBS GIBBS, ESQ.

No. 2.

Neville Butler Chailoner, born in London in 1784. At nine years of age he performed a concerto on the violin; at thirteen he was found competent to assist in the orchestra of the oratorios at Covent Garden Theatre. Chailoner opened the first music-shop in Regent Street.

Domenico Dragonetti, the celebrated performer on the double-bass, was born in Venice. It was at Vicenza, where he played at the Grand Opera, that he was so fortunate as to get possession of the celebrated double-bass manufactured by Gasparo di Salò, master of the famous Amati. This instrument had formerly belonged to the convent of St. Pietro. Delighted with so precious a gift, Dragonetti hastened to get the instrument repaired with the utmost skill, on the completion of which he made a trial of it in the hall of his residence, at Vicenza. How great was his surprise when, after a few sounds, he observed the servants running from a distant kitchen in alarm, many of the brass vessels on the shelves having vibrated so powerfully to the tones of the double bass as to ring and shake as if they were all ready to fall. On quitting Vicenza, Dragonetti proceeded to Padua to pay his accustomed friendly visit to the inmates of the celebrated Convent of St. Giustina. He took his newly-acquired instrument with him; and, in describing its excellences to Signor Turvini Bertoni, the celebrated chapel-master and organist of the Convent, ventured to express an opinion that the lower strings of it might be made to produce a more powerful effect than could be derived from the bass of the magnificent organ of the Convent. Turvini treated this proposition with ridicule, which so piqued Dragonetti that he resolved to have his little revenge; and, accordingly, furnished himself in private with some immensely thick bass strings, which at night he attached to his instrument. The weather was perfectly calm, and, when sleep reigned through the whole Convent, he quickly carried his double-bass into one of the spacious corridors, and there produced, from the thick strings, sounds so strange and characteristic, as precisely to counterfeited the rising of a horrid tempest. The imitation was so complete that nothing was talked of the next morning in the Convent but the storm of the preceding night. Great, indeed, was the surprise and the fraternity when they discovered from the neighbours that the weather had been unusually serene. On the following night Dragonetti, having remained unsuspected, was desirous again to conjure up the spirits of the air; but, unluckily, he so alarmed one of the monks, that, rushing precipitately from his cell, he tumbled over the double-bass, and the necromancer was thus discovered. After this anecdote, it may be well supposed that the organist allowed the double-bass to be more powerful than his own instrument. This happened to Dragonetti at the age of twenty-four. It is to be regretted that this valuable instrument has been lost to posterity. Dragonetti, by his will, ordered this instrument to be returned to the Convent of St. Pietro, the abbess of which was so disgusted upon being obliged to pay a large sum of money for the transportation, that she ordered it to be placed in the raults of the Convent. It is now supposed that it has entirely rotted away. Large sums of money were offered and refused for this instrument upon the death of Dragonetti.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Since we recorded the doings at this house there have been repetitions of *Faust* et *Margherita*, *Der Freischütz* (with M. Faure as Caspar), *Il Barbiere*, *L'Africaine*, and *La Traviata*. The one quasi-novelty was the reproduction of *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, chiefly welcome on account of Madame Adolina Patti's thoroughly individual and attractive impersonation of the adventurous Queen of Portugal, who, in order to lighten the taxation which so onerously oppresses her faithful subjects, sells the Crown jewels, and has them counterfeited by a band of coiners with whom she associates as leader, under the assumed name of Catarina. We need not enter again into details about this performance of Mr Gye's accomplished *prima donna*, or say more than that it created the accustomed impression, that all the well-known points told as before, and that the *bel canto* dust, in which the Diana of the evening (Mdlle Smerochi) proved of essential service, and the famous air with variations was sung in the perfect style to which Madame Patti has accustomed us, and applauded with all the old enthusiasm. On the other hand, we cannot approve the innovation at the end of the opera, where the Queen, descending from her throne, executes a *bravour* air, which robs the intended climax of its significance, and the exquisitely finished music of its consistency. How preferable the last words of the Queen in the French original,—"Il n'y a que cela de faux"—quietly addressed to Henriette while pointing to the newly manufactured jewels on her brow! In fact, so much is done for the *Diamans de la Couronne* by way of additions, curtain music, &c., that genuine lovers of Albert's music cannot but feel the same pleasure thus encumbered with extraneous matter. Why did not the adapter take *Fra Diavolo* as a guide? There everything added to the score is in character and in place. After all, perhaps, when the master himself is not at hand, or may be disinclined to remodel his work, it had better be left untouched. The other characters were in the sure keeping of Mdlle Smerochi (Diana), and Signors Naudin, Sabater, Capposi, and Ciampi (Enrico, Sebastiano, Rebello, and Campo-Mayer). The ever-graceful, symmetrical, and engaging strains of the gifted French composer, against which, and other things of the kind, Herr Wagner and his disciples have inveighed so persistently, to little or no purpose, still enjoy their primeval freshness. They charm as of old, and must always charm while the great truth, that rhythmical melody is the soul of music, continues to obtain general acceptance.

The operas this week have been:—*Le Nozze di Figaro*, with Mdlle Zaré Thalberg as Cherubino; *La Figlia del Reggimento*; and *Il Flauto Magico*. To night we are promised *Donizetti*. By the way, at the next performance of *Lohegrin*, advertised for Thursday in next week, a new tenor, Signor Carpi, is to take the place hitherto held by Signor Nicolini as representative of the "Knight of the Swan." 'Tis true it is that the clever French tenor, a little tired of incessant declamatory recitativo, would like, just for a change, to sing a romance or a *cantata*?

REVIEW.

ASHDOWN AND PARRY.

Gigue, by CORELLI; and *Garotte*, by CORELLI. Transcribed for the piano by JULIUS BUISCH.

HERE we have the two most attractive movements of the famous duet familiarly known to our fathers as the "Golden Sonata," when Lanley and Dragonetti used to play the top and under parts on their respective instruments, the English violoncellist always making a marked effect in the gigue, and the Italian contrabassoon creating a sensation in the gavotte. Recently Herr Joachim, Mr Henry Holmes, and others have played the gigue as a violin solo; and now the quaint and tuneful phrases of Corelli, in which the votaries of stringed instruments have hitherto enjoyed a monopoly, are transferred to the pianoforte. So happily has M. Jules Buisac carried out the spirit of the old school in his two capital pieces that, in their new form, both gigue and gavotte will probably become more popular than ever.

STUTTGART.—Mdlle Marianne Brandt, from the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, has been singing in *Le Prophète*, *Il Trovatore*, and *Aida*.

HOFENAU.—The Kurtaal Theatre will be opened for opera and ballet from the 15th of the present month, till the end of August. The company, from the Grand Ducal Theatre, Darmstadt, is under the management of Herr Albert Sieme—Herr Josef Nowadtha being conductor.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

Last week was again for the most part given to repetitions, and among the rest, to *Lucia di Lammermoor*, the *Huguenots*, and *Il Talismano*. In Balfe's opera, which, thanks to Madame Christine Nilsson's Edith Plantagenet and its own intrinsic merits, has fairly made way and caused popularity, Madame Marie Ross was once more welcomed as Queen Berengaria, the character originally assigned to her last year when the opera was produced. The first performance for the season of Rossini's *Semiramide*, familiar as is the music of that most mysterious of lyric tragedies, must always be welcome with such a superb representative of the Assyrian Queen as Mdlle Tietjens, and an Arsace boasting the voice and facile delivery of Madame Trebelli-Bettini. Here we have a soprano and contralto who, though one is German and the other French, now, in the class of Italian lyric drama to which *Semiramide*—its composer's final triumph in his own country—essentially belongs, know few, if any, rivals. It is worth a visit to the Opera, if only for the sake of hearing these artists in the two duets between Semiramide and Arsace—"Serbami ognor il fido," and "Ebbene! a te ferisce!"—the last especially, which contains the *andante*, "Giorno d'orrore," and the always effective peroration, "Ta serena in tanto il ciglio." The *cavatina* of the Queen, "Bel raggio lusinghier," and the slow movement, "In si finora scintilla," which forms the middle portion of Arsace's scene with Oro, Chief of the Magi (Herr Behrens), are scarcely less attractive in such competent hands. The other parts in *Semiramide* are allotted to Signor Rota (Assur—excellent), Signor Rinaldini (Idreno), Signor Costantini (Mosh of Ninus), and Signor Bressan (Jereb). About the chorus and orchestra, for which Rossini has written so much which is characteristic, striking, and admirable, reaching in the first *finale*, where the ghost of Ninus suddenly emerges from the monumental tomb of Assyrian Kings, an impressive and powerful climax, little need be said. In no opera does Sir Michael Costa show more earnest desire to attain perfection, and in no opera is he more uniformly successful, from the overture (enacted as usual) to the end. It is something to obtain so fine a performance of *Semiramide* with the rehearsal of *Lohegrin* claiming unceasing attention day after day from all concerned.

The opera during the current week have been—*Faust*, *La Sonnambula*, and *Semiramide*. *Lohegrin* is to be given to-night—at last. This promised performance of Wagner's opera, with an entirely different cast of the *dramatis personæ*—Madame Nilsson, vice Mdlle Albani (Elan), Mdlle Tietjens, vice Mdlle D'Angeri (Ortrud), Signor Campanini, vice Signor Nicolini (Lohegrin), Signor Galassi, vice M. Maurel (Telramund), Herr Behrens, vice Herr Seidemann (the King), together with another orchestra and chorus, and Sir Michael Costa, vice Signor Vianesi, as conductor—would alone excite curiosity; more especially as no fewer than five representations of the work will already have been given at the theatre close at hand. Herr Wagner is now fairly on his trial in London. Equally so is the London public, which must again perforce give serious attention before deciding whether Herr Wagner's new idea of the lyric drama shall supersede all that existed before he took a conspicuous part in art-controversy, and all that still exists, despite the continuous preaching of himself and his devoted adherents.

VIENNA.

(From a Correspondent.)

Weber's *Euryanthe* was recently performed at the Imperial Operahouse for the first time since the International Exhibition, Herr Hans Richter being the conductor. The principal characters were sustained by Mad. Friedrich-Materna, Mad. Dustmann, Herren Beck and Walter.—Some time since an order was issued by the Imperial Intendant prohibiting any artist under his authority from obeying recalls or even acknowledging applause during the progress of a piece. But the Imperial Intendant is now a being of the past, so far at least as the Imperial Operahouse is concerned; the management of that establishment was recently confided to private hands, and one of the first acts of the new manager has been partially to repeal the order in question. Henceforth, artists of the Imperial Operahouse will be at liberty to come forward and bow their thanks at the conclusion of every scene—if they happen to be recalled as often.

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To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

TRIO in E No. 4, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ, Madame NORMAN-NEUBAU, and Herr FRANK NEUBAU. *Haydn.*
 GRAND SONATA in D flat, Op. 106, for pianoforte alone—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ. *Bethoven.*
 SOLO, violin, { Adagio from Concerto in E minor } *Sygar.*
 { Barcarolle in G }
 QUARTET in E flat, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ, Madame NORMAN-NEUBAU, Herr STRAUSS, and Herr FRANK NEUBAU. *Gershwitz.*
 Sofa Stalls, 7s.; balcony, 3s.; 1st. area, One Shilling.
 Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 40, New Bond Street; Mitchell's, 23, Old Bond Street; Oliver's, 30, Old Bond Street; Koth, Prowse & Co.'s, 44, Chancery-lane; 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; and at Austin's Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (Piccadilly). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1875.

The Last Days of Auber.

"WHEN"—says the *Berlin Echo*—"just four years ago, on the 18th May, 1871, the telegraph, in a few common-place words, flashed through the world the news that the composer of *La Muette de Portici* was dead, the fact created no particular impression either in France or abroad, and it was only the class papers which thought of dedicating a more or less long obituary notice to the hero of the operatic stage. The eyes of the rest of the world were too intently fixed on the theatre of war, and every one was anxiously awaiting the latest accounts of the great campaign. What mattered then a single human life, when Death was mowing down his thousands, and when everyone was trembling lest some member of his own family had fallen beneath the destroyer's sharp and ever busy scythe?" Auber died under circumstances which placed him without the sphere of universal sorrow, and it was not until after some years that the world was destined to feel to its full extent the greatness of his loss. It was no young life, full of hopes, which had been cut prematurely short; he whose death was announced had already passed the limit assigned to human existence. His task on earth appeared nearly accomplished even when, venerable laureate as he was, he brought out at the age of 86, in 1868, amid the acclamations of his fellow-countrymen, who once more had occasion to admire and applaud him, his *Premier Jour de Bonheur*, the day on which he did so being the last day

of happiness, perhaps, for him. In a state of things like that which supervened during the years 1870 and 1871, men's deeper feelings of sympathy are generally restricted to the narrow family circle, and family Auber had none. The conventional condolence, therefore, which those more distantly affected are accustomed to offer nearly-related survivors was not forthcoming. The journals, too, which above all others would have been called on to dilate in pompous articles on the master of French art, had, in the gloomy and terrible period of the siege of Paris, suspended their publication, which they did not resume until more peaceful times.

Thus it came to pass that, up to the present moment, we know next to nothing concerning the last days of Auber, and it was left to the imagination to paint them in as fearful colours as possible. This gap has now been filled up by Ed. Hanslick, who has been staying for some weeks past in the French capital, and we here subjoin the article which he has forwarded on the subject to the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*:—

Hanslick on Auber.

"The stranger who, after a lapse of several years, revisits a city which he has grown to love, feels more acutely than a regular inhabitant the absence of prominent men once dear to him, but who have since died. On the spot, their death affects him, and him only, as a painful novelty. In the all engulfing whirlpool of Parisian life, who has now much to say of Auber, Rossini, or Berlioz, leaving out of consideration the many less celebrated but charming artists with whom we spent so glorious a time in the brilliant Exhibition Year of 1867?"

'Dans ce pays-ci, quinze jours, je le sais,
 Font d'un moment récente une vieille nouvelle.'

"Alfred de Musset speaks but too truly in these mournful lines. For myself, however, as I stood before the deserted remains of the three masters, it seemed as though I was standing before three freshly made graves; my intercourse with those three masters I gratefully reckon among the happiest incidents of my life.

"I instituted the most pressing enquiries about Auber's last days; we had, in Germany, received such scanty and uncertain information respecting them. Even as regards the day of his death, the papers did not agree. Auber died in the night of the 12th to the 13th May, 1871, half an hour after midnight. Amid the political thunder-claps of the time, his death excited scarcely any attention, almost as Donizetti's did in 1848. The news of Donizetti's death died away in Germany and France amid the joy-cry of new born freedom. Who, during the general intoxication of that spring-time for the nations, troubled himself about a solitary coffin as it was silently borne past him to the grave? Yet there lay in it one who, highly honoured and beloved, had, by his melodies, delighted thousands and thousands in every country thousands of times. Donizetti died at the wrong moment. So did Auber, only with this difference, that his last gasps were drowned not by the universal joy-cry of nations, but by the horrors of a terrific political catastrophe. 'Toute exagération est une faute,' he said in his last illness. 'We must not be guilty of excess in anything, and a man must not, like me, live too long.' It is, by the way, a very general mistake to suppose that Auber died alone and deserted; Ambroise Thomas, his faithful friend and pupil, who, during the siege and the reign of the Commune, never left Paris an instant, was with him every day and closed his eyes.

"From the lips of Ambroise Thomas I learned the following particulars:—Auber's greatest source of expense was luxurious carriages and horses. Except his horses, he really cared for no living creature. When fame overtook the beleaguered city, the Communards everywhere placed horses of all kinds under requisition, for the purpose of slaughtering them, giving in exchange a very insignificant amount. Of four valuable horses which Auber then had in his stables, they began by taking three. He was deeply grieved by this, but without complaining or raising the slightest objection. They now came to fetch away the last of the four, a black English horse of great value. Ambroise Thomas wanted to take measures for the purpose of inducing the autho-

rites, out of respect for the celebrated and grey-headed master, to make an exception, and leave him his last and favourite horse. But Auber would hear of no such thing. 'C'est la loi,' he repeated with unshaken resolution, although his grief at the idea that the horse would be slaughtered nearly unmanned him. Ambroise Thomas hit upon a happy expedient. He begged and obtained permission from an influential official of the Commune to substitute another horse for Auber's. Thomas's intimate friend, Auguste Wolf, head of the celebrated pianoforte manufactory of Pleyel & Wolf, had been allowed, out of his ten or fifteen horses, to keep three for the most urgent work of his factory at St Denis. One of these was secretly taken to Auber's courtyard, while his own favourite horse, accustomed to a cart filled with planks, trotted off to the factory. Exactly the same as many a story of the preservation of human beings! Every day did Auber, tortured by constantly increasing agony, inquire whether his horse was alive and well tended. He did so the evening before his death. His mind, though he was nearly ninety, remained remarkably clear during his last and painful illness. He attempted to write a piece of chamber music, and sent for some quartets by Mozart and Beethoven from his library. 'A glance at these works,' he observed, smiling, 'will, it is to be hoped, induce me to burn what I have just written.' A life of such uninterrupted happiness as that of Auber falls to the lot of few mortals; still the day at length arrived for him to pay his debt of suffering. The fate of France caused him anxiety and grief; the sway of the Commune filled him with boundless disgust. No one could then offer him political consolation; for consolation of a religious nature he did not ask. Thus ended the composer of *Fra Diavolo*; ever young, even at a patriarchal age, tortured by bodily pain and oppressed with sorrow for his countrymen and anxiety for Paris, which he loved above aught else, and which, in summer or in winter, he never left. The Communards wanted to take advantage of his death for getting up a demagogical manifestation, proposing to convey the body to the grave with red flags and blaring military music. The demagogue hated Auber, whom they called 'le musicien aristocratique,' and would not have failed to seize on such an occasion for indulging in hostile demonstrations. Ambroise Thomas, to whom these people were quite as repugnant as to his deceased master, determined, at any price, to prevent a demonstration, and preserve the body till it could be borne to the grave in a more honourable manner in more peaceful times. He insisted that the funeral ought to be deferred till the composer's sole relatives, two nieces residing in the country, could come to Paris. On this pretext he succeeded in obtaining permission to remove the corpse secretly from Auber's house, in the Rue St Georges, to a vault of the Ste-Trinité Church. There it lay three months. It was not till after the entry of the French army into Paris, on the 15th July, 1871, that the body was solemnly transported to Père-Lachaise, when Ambroise Thomas, Alexandre Dumas, and others, uttered some glowing and ennobling words at the open grave. But the latter is simply temporary, and the composer's remains will not rest in it always. A short time since, his friends and colleagues purchased the freehold of another, and are now collecting subscriptions for a fitting memorial. Ambroise Thomas and the highly respected principal of the musical firm of Brandus, put themselves at the head of the movement, and made an appeal to the general public. Out of gratitude for the monuments which Auber raised in his works to the Nation, the latter is now called upon to erect a fitting monument in return. I saw the subscription list at M. Brandus's. It contains the names of nearly every celebrated composer. It struck me as a touching fact that the first persons to sign the paper, and for the largest amounts, were the widows of Auber's deceased friends (Mad. Scribe, Mad. Halévy, Mad. Meyerbeer, Mad. G. Kœtner, etc.) A genuine instance of the sacred and reverential affection of woman!

"General amusement was excited that the cost of the tomb should have to be defrayed by a public subscription. 'What!' people exclaimed; 'has a grand gentleman, with an income like Auber's, who had no one to provide for, not left sufficient even for this?' The explanation given is that—frstly, Auber spent nearly all his income on himself and his various fancies; and, secondly, that his income was not so considerable as it was believed to be. At the period of his greatest theatrical successes, the pay

and per-centage of composers had not reached the height to which they have since attained. In four or five years Auber has frequently not made so much as Offenbach has over and over again received in a month. On the approach of old age, too, Auber had commuted his author's rights for a moderate annuity. Thus he left only a modest sum, which went to two nieces—old devotees, who were never on particularly friendly terms with him, and who resided in the country. At no distant epoch, a monument in Père-Lachaise will mark the resting-place of the master whose brilliant talent was surpassed only by his indefatigable capacity for work. France, who knows how to honour her great men, both in life and death, has thus done her duty. Despite of this, however, we cannot avoid thinking that, during his last days and after his death, fate avenged the egotistical cold-heartedness of Auber as a man. Streams of admiring and admirable eloquence flowed by his grave—but no tears flowed with them. His indifference towards his fellow-men is paid back now he has gone, and his death appears to have left no void in Parisian hearts."

The last sentence of the foregoing shows that Hauslick, after all, had but a very superficial acquaintance with the illustrious French composer. Happily, there are some who knew him more intimately, and can vouch for antecedents evidently unknown to the justly-celebrated Viennese critic. The notion of "tears" for any departed one—no matter what his character, or however great his claims—after the most brutal series of heathen and demoniacal excesses even in the history of the French people, is enough to make ordinary people smile.

Hislop Petrus.

DONIZETTI'S MANUSCRIPTS.

THE members of the committee for the publication of Donizetti's MS. works met recently at Bergamo (his birth-place), in the office of Sig. Marco Pegurri, public accountant, who, in the presence of Sig. A. Campana, notary, and Sig. Limonta, advocate, opened a square tin box, in which Donizetti's manuscripts have lain sealed up for so many years. These MSS. include:—

1. Some manuscripts of unpublished romances and cantatas.
2. Forty-seven packets, also manuscript, of the score of the opera with ballet, *Il Duca d'Alba*. The words are in French.
3. The libretto of the above opera, manuscript and French, by Eugène Scribe.
4. Eight thick packets of music, all in the composer's own hand, and constituting the one-act operetta, *Deux Hommes et une Femme*.
5. The manuscript libretto, by M. Gustave Værs, of the above opera.
6. A libretto, entirely in the composer's own hand, and in Italian verse. This is the farce, *Il Campanello dello Speciale*, the music and the words by Donizetti.

The almost illegible handwriting, and the manner in which Donizetti generally noted down his music, rendered it no easy task for Signors Nini, Bertuletti, and Zanetti to decipher the manuscripts; consequently, after a long examination, these experts have undertaken to study them carefully and minutely, before pronouncing an opinion as to the mode of presenting them to the world.

COVENTRY FISH.

FRENCH PLAYS AT THE OPÉRA-COMIQUE.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Mr Piton's comedy season terminated on Saturday week, with a performance of *Les Jocrisses de l'Amour*. In this comedy Mlle Wilhem again displayed the versatility of her talent, her Leontine (Crouchi) being an admirable bit of low-comedy acting. Messrs Jansen, Perrier, Lecourt, Noblet, and Monti, played with all their usual intelligence and *verve*. The performance was for the benefit of the courteous and obliging manager, Mr Urrians, and I was glad to see the house well filled. Mr Urrians opened on Monday at the 'Friterion,' for a few weeks, with M. Humbert's Opéra-Comique company, of *La Fille de Madame Angot* celebrity. Yours faithfully,

JOSEPH GIBSON.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

This number of new operas by native composers produced in Italy during the year 1874 was 35; and it was, also, 35 in other parts of the continent, namely:—16 in Germany; 9 in France; 8 in Russia; and 2 in Hungary.

The first Schleswig-Holstein Musical Festival will take place at Kiel, on the 27th and 28th inst., under the direction of Herr Joachim. Among the works performed will be Handel's *Semson* and Mendelssohn's *Waldpurgnacht*. Bravo!—J. J.

LUZZI has returned to Weimar from visiting the King of Holland at Loo. His Majesty conferred on the perturbed Abbat the Commander's Cross of the Order of the Iron Crown, and presented him with a writing-desk valued at 24,000 marks. The perturbed Abbat intends remaining at Weimar permanently. *Be cheem!*

THE post of Director of the Conservatory of Music is a guarantee of long life to those who hold it. Sarrette, the founder and first director of the institution, attained the age of ninety-two; Cherubini lived till he was eighty-two; and Auber did not die till he was in his ninetieth year. This is cheering for M. Ambroise Thomas, the present director.

The departure of Hans Richter from the National-Theatre of Pesth has been followed by the expression of very diversified opinions on the part of the public and the press. The Hungarian papers are unanimous in asserting that, led away by his Wagnerian fanaticism, Herr Richter forfeited the public with works by the musician of Bayreuth, to the exclusion of masterpieces by the recognized great composers.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MADAME VICTORIA BENEN'S evening concert on Wednesday, the 26th ult., given, by kind permission, at the mansion of Major Wallace Carpenter, was patronized by a large and fashionable audience, including the Swedish Ambassador, Madame Jenny Lind, &c. Among the most successful events of the evening was Miss Edith Wynne's singing—"It was a dream" (Cento), which was deservedly encored; Signor Campobello's "Ilai gia vino la causa" (Mozart), also encored, and Herr Werrenrath's Danish National song (encored). The singing of the fair *bienfaisante*, Madlle Victoria Benen, was admirable. She possesses a contralto voice of excellent quality, and she sings like a thorough artist. Madlle Benen was enthusiastically encored in Rossini's "N'acqui all'afano," with its brilliant pendant "Non piu mesta," (*Centenote*), and in response sang the *brindisi* from *Lucresia Borgia*, "Il segreto per esser felice" with characteristic expression. Meyerbeer's "Nobil signora, salute" (*La Huguette*) was given by the accomplished lady with due "anaphora and discretion"; and in some national Swedish melodies the fair artist completely won the hearts of her audience, who, with one accord, applauded her enthusiastically. Signori Urio and Caravaglia, and Mr Shakespeare, were the other vocalists who assisted Madlle Benen. Each was in capital voice, and sang his best. Of the instrumentalists we can speak highly: the violin playing of Madlle Varley-Liebe was capital, especially in a *nennetto* by Liszt; and the pianoforte performance both of Madlle Felicia Benen and Signor Tito Mattel must be recorded as excellent. The concert was altogether successful; and Madlle Benen must be congratulated on the high and firm artistic position her talent and intelligence have obtained for her in this country.—A. W.

MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT'S second *matinée musicale*, which (by kind permission of G. Eyre, Esq.) took place in Lowndes Square, on Monday last, the 7th inst., was crowned with the success which this talented and rising young artist so well merits. The pieces chosen by her for performance brought out in a prominent degree her great execution and delicate taste, and proved her to be a finished pianist. The fair *bienfaisante* commenced with Chopin's well-known Ballads in G minor, followed by the same master's Tarantelle in A flat, both of which she played admirably. Mendelssohn's Fugue in F minor, (Allegro con fuoco) was sustained throughout with clearness and rapidity, and called forth warm and universal approbation. Next in order came Thalberg's Andante in D flat, and his Fantasia on *Maennlein*, which gained her a hearty recall. Henschel's charming *étude*, "Si oiseau j'étais" and Ketterer's grand Octave (Gloire de Concert) brought out Miss Albrecht's remarkable executive power, and concluded this delightful *matinée*. We must not omit to name a graceful little solo, "The New Forest Vale," specially composed (by desire) for the occasion by the young *bienfaisante*, as also a song, "When all is hush'd," sung by Miss Enriques, and accompanied by the composer, both of which met with loud ap-

plause. Miss Josephine Sherrington delighted the audience with Meyerbeer's "Shadow Song," and "Si vous n'avez rien à me dire." The voice of Miss Enriques was heard to advantage in "Duty done," by Madlle Sainton Dolby, and "Sad heart" (*Évangéline*), by Miss Gabriel. Signor Monari-Rocca was in excellent voice. He sang Mazzoni's "Sogni d'amore," and Mosari's "Non più andrai." The *matinée* was most ally conducted and by Mr Charles E. Stephens, and the audience, which was very numerous, very freely expressed their gratification at the excellence of the programme, and the able manner in which it was carried out. We heartily congratulate Miss Lillie Albrecht on her success. By the bye, it is worthy of note that the young artist played all her pieces without the aid of book.—A. B.

MISS PURDY, a young vocalist, who has already won a good position as a concert-room singer, gave a *matinée musicale* on Monday, at No. 70, Queen's Gate, South Kensington. Her *réunion* upon the present occasion was fashionably attended, and the programme played of its kind. Miss Purdy herself was naturally the chief attraction, and she sang several times in the course of the morning. Her selection consisted of a pretty romance called "Chant d'ondine," by a namesake composer, and Lover's ballad, "What would you do, love?" taking part also in Rossini's duet, "La pessa," Pissini's quartet, "I cantu storici," and Locantoni's duet, "Una notte a Venezia." This selection was suitably chosen to exhibit her capabilities both as a solo and a part singer, and gave satisfactory evidence that she has of late largely profited by her public experiences. She was warmly applauded in her separate songs. Her conductors were Madlle Carnelli, Madlle Bartkowska, Mr Trelawny Gribham, and Mr Maschick, whose vocal efforts, in a series of light and popular pieces, afforded more or less pleasure to the listeners. Instrumentalists were, of course, not wanting. Madlle Castellan played a fantasia on the violin with considerable cleverness, and Signor Tito Mattel two of his own pianoforte solos, in which power and brilliancy were, as usual, the prominent characteristics. Signor Vera, Signor Unis, and Signor Pissini were the conductors.—Q.

MADLE DELPHINE LEBRUN.—By permission of Lord and Lady Dudley, this young and rising pianist gave her *matinée musicale* on Thursday afternoon, June 3rd, in the picture-gallery of Grosvenor House. Attendance was numerous and select, and the programme of vocal and instrumental, was of the best. Among the most attractive pieces were naturally those chosen by Madlle Lebrun herself, in two of which she was associated with other artists of distinction. The first part of the concert began with the Quintet in E flat of Schumann, for pianoforte with stringed instruments—perhaps, excepting the quartet in the same key, the most popular "chamber-concertos" of the present day, and the work itself we need not speak; all amateurs know it. The performance, however, of Madlle Lebrun and her companions, Messrs Wilhelmj, Frank, Kummer, and Daubert (violin, viola, and violoncello), may be praised without reserve. At the beginning of the second part Madlle Lebrun played an Introduction and *Allegro* for two pianofortes, written by Mr Otto Goldschmidt, whose co-operation she had the advantage of enjoying. The duet fully bears out the spirit of its motto, "When spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil," being joyous and brilliant throughout, with an occasional hint at Mendelssohn by no means unacceptable. It was executed with a vigour and precision which left nothing to desire, and amid the paucity of existing available works, in which the joint resources of two pianofortes are employed, may be regarded as a boon to concert pianists. Madlle Lebrun's capacity as solo player was exhibited in a "Ballade" by Chopin and Liszt's *Valse caprice d'après Schubert*, in each of which she exhibited qualities, not only of manipulation, but of style, sufficient to justify the warm recognition of her hearers and to warrant the highest hopes as to her future career. Herr Wilhelmj selected for solo his own "Romanse," followed by his "Paraphrase" for violin of the slow movement from one of Chopin's pianoforte concertos, which, as usual (accompanied by Mr Otto Goldschmidt), he played to absolute perfection; and Herr Daubert gave an expressive reading of Schumann's peaceful *Ariette* ("Evening song"), arranged for the violoncello. A fair selection of vocal music varied the interest of the programme. Madlle Josephine Sherrington chose the "Shadow Song" from *Diener*, Schumann's "Widmung," and an arrangement for the voice of one of Chopin's Mazurkas; Signor Caravaglia sang a ballad by Louise Gray; and Mr Bertham gave two somewhat plaintive ditties, the one by Sigor Luzzi, the other ("O that we were Maying") by Gounod. About these songs of modern vocalists it would be needless to say anything; but a compliment was justly earned by two young ladies, the Misses Alltzen, pupils of Herr Goldberg. In "Giorno d'orrore," from *Scaramiche*, and the pretty *l'arcarole*, "Viens la barea è pronta," the composition of their preceptor, who accompanied them on the pianoforte, the Misses Alltzen made a very favourable impression, their voices—soprano and mezzo-soprano respectively—being of agreeable quality, and their manner of singing easy and unaffected. Sir Julius Benedict also gave valuable aid in accompanying the vocal music.

MR SYDNEY SMITH'S pianoforte recital on Wednesday instant, June 2nd, attracted a large number of his friends and patrons to St George's Hall. The composer of so many charming *marcoses de salon* did not, however, behave very liberally to his admirers, giving them but two novelties—a fantasia on airs from *Don Giovanni*, and a characteristic piece, entitled "Undine." Mr Smith's admirers, however, seemed determined to have as much as they could from him, and vehemently re-demanded "Undine," but without effect, for Mr Smith returned to the platform, "followed the fashion of the day," and played one of his best known and most admired pieces. The concert-giver, nevertheless, did not spare his exertions in another way to please his audience, for he played Liszt's arrangement of Mendelssohn's Wedding March and Fairy Revels from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Mendelssohn's Concerto in D minor (the orchestral parts arranged for a second piano) and cleverly played by Miss Minnie Simons—an amateur, we might say, we imagine, of Mr Smith's, with the same lady, Welter's "Palace brillante." On 72, arranged for two pianos; his own popular compositions, "Fairy Whispers" (Nocturne), "L'ange de foyer" (Mélodie), "L'Ange Napoléon," and Chopin's Nocturne in D flat, and Valse in A flat. We think our readers will agree with the remark we made above, that Mr Sydney Smith did not spare his exertions to please his audience, and that he succeeded, we need hardly insist. The programme was varied by some vocal music entrusted to Madame Paley and Mr Vernon Lighty, two thoroughly accomplished vocalists, whose exertions were fully appreciated, and whose songs were ably accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr Zerlini.

MIDLE ANTONIA ZELLNER gave a *soirée musicale*, by kind permission, at 87, Portland Place, W., assisted by Miss Josephine Sherrington, Herr Ludwig, and Herr Lehmann. The young lady, a planet of decided merit, played with success pieces by Mendelssohn, Mendelssohn, and a serenade of her own composition with Herr Ludwig; the latter gentleman played two solos by Paganini and Ernst like a true artist, and the concert was highly appreciated by a numerous audience.

THE NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN'S CATCH CLUB, instituted A.D. 1761, held its fourth meeting for the season on Friday, 4th inst., at Will's Rooms, provided over by the Duke of Beaufort, vice-chairman; G. Root, Esq., The Earl of Wiltshire, the Earl of Wicklow, J. P., Leslie, Esq., M. P., H. H. H. Esq., Major-General, Esq., M. P., G. Bruce Esq., B. Young Esq., and a large number of members attended. This time-honoured club is regaining much of its former prestige under the energetic management of the present secretary, Mr Land, who is supported *en corps* by the leading members of the profession.

MR GANE gave a *soirée musicale* at his new residence, Harry Street, on Monday, June 7, and provided a very agreeable entertainment for his numerous patrons. Mr Gane played Mendelssohn's trio in D minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (in conjunction with Herr Wilhelm) and M. Pagnon. Six variations for the pianoforte, on an original air (Beethoven); "Mélodie in F" (Rubinstein); "Scherzino" and "Arabesque" (Schumann); Impromptu in A flat (Schubert); and his own popular galop de concert, "Qui Vive." It is hardly necessary to say that Mr Gane's performances met with due appreciation from his numerous friends. The vocalists of the evening were Sir Julius Benedict and Mr Frederic Cowen. Mr Gane announces a "*soirée musicale*," in the same locale, to take place on Tuesday, June 22.

MR SYDNEY WYMOUTH gave a concert, under the direction of Mr Lansdowne Cottell, on Saturday last, at the Store Street Concert Hall, which attracted an overflowing audience. Mr Wymouth gave several humorous songs by the late Tom Hood, and, with Miss Fortescue, Mackintosh's well-known duet. "When a little firm we keep," in which both singers acted and sang well. George Madaren's trio, "The Troubadour," was sung by the Misses Edith Shield and Rose, and Mr Wilby; the latter sang Mr Brinsley Richard's "Suliste war song." Middle Agnro was encased in the *brindisi* from *Lucresia Borgia*, and, with Sig., sang some Italian duets. Miss Emily Fortescue, a pupil of Mr Lansdowne Cottell, gave with much taste a new song, "Oh! buy my flower," which she was called upon to repeat. Several other songs and duets, as well as solos on the pianoforte, were given by different young artists with more or less effect. Miss Blanche Roope, with Mr C. Linter and Mr Cottell, presided at the pianoforte.

THE Aldermanbury Musical Society, which numbers upwards of 200 members, closed its first season with a *soirée musicale* on Monday, the 7th inst., in The Merit, Tokenhouse Yard, City. The numerous attendance, and the harmony (in both senses of the word) that prevailed, beseems the success of the evening, and augurs well for the future of this young society. The vocal portion of a well-selected programme was effectively rendered by Miss Stiles, Miss Wood, and Messrs Salisbury, Markham, Reece, Harris, and East, and Herr Lehmann's able and artistic performance on the pianoforte added considerably to the enjoyment of the evening. The arrangements were ably carried out by Mr

Edward Craig, the musical director and conductor of the society, assisted by the energetic secretary, Mr Arthur Markham; the former gentleman receiving such an ovation at the opening, as well as at the close of the proceedings, that it was evident he showed his popularity and the confidence reposed in him both by the members and the committee.—A. B.

The fourth concert this season of the Schubert Society took place on Wednesday, the 2nd of June. The first part of the programme was devoted to the compositions of the President of the Society (Sir Julius Benedict), and included his string quartet (Op. 87). The following members of the society appeared, and rendered their several vocal and instrumental pieces in a highly creditable manner.—Messrs Walters and Douns, violins; Mr Deane, viola; Herr Schuberth, violoncello; Miss Louisa Diehle and Miss L. de Lucie, pianoforte; Mr Odell, Mr G. Cleather, Miss Holcroft, Miss Boley, and Miss Palmer, vocalists. The second part of the programme was miscellaneous. Miss Palmer earning an encore for her ballad, "Far away from thee," also Miss Ubbis for a song of Raboudi (violinello obligato, Herr Schuberth). The rooms were crowded. The fifth and last concert this season is announced to take place on the 30th inst., for the benefit of Herr Schuberth, who we have no doubt will be honoured with a "brump."

MESSES J. LEWIS and H. DANCERT's third "chamber concert" took place on Wednesday, at the Langham Hall, Great Portland Street, and was quite equal in interest to the preceding ones. Schumann's Sonata in D minor (Op. 121), for violin and pianoforte, was played in the most perfect manner by Miss Agnes Zimmermann and Herr Josef Ludwig, and was listened to with the most profound attention. Miss Agnes Zimmermann played, also, a prelude and fugue by Bach, and a work of her own, entitled "Sunshine," in which she appeared to advantage, both as executant and composer. Herr Dunbert gave an elegant interpretation, on the violinello, of Schumann's "Ab-schied," for which he was greatly applauded. Beethoven's string quartet in G (Op. 59), was done away justice to by Messrs Ludwig, Ume, Zerball, and Dunbert. The vocalist was Miss Thekla Friedlander, who sang several duets by Schubert, Brahms, Reinecke, and an elegant little song by Madame Clara Schumann, "How can I woo her?" Mr Zerball accompanied the songs on the pianoforte with his usual tact and judgment.—G.

MADAME MARIE ANGELO, a pianist of high reputation in patrician salons, gave a pianoforte recital in St James's Hall on Wednesday afternoon, May 13, with the assistance, as vocalists, of Miss Edith Wynne and Mr Stanley. The programme was selected from the works both of "classical" and modern composers. We subjoin the titles of the pieces played by the accomplished *beneficiaire*:—"Le Réveil du Lion," caprice héroïque, as played by the composer (De Kontski); Grand Sonata, in C major, Op. 63 (Beethoven); Rondo, Iron Concerto, Op. 32, and Groove Polonaise, Op. 21 (Weber); and the following short but interesting works: *Canzonetta* (left hand only) (W. Taubert); *Romance* (left hand only) (A. B. Spohnholz); "Hunting Song," and "The Wheel" (Mendelssohn); and "Rivers of Amour" (Madame Marie Angelo). We need hardly say that Madame Angelo's performance was listened to with pleasure by her admirers, and that the applause she received was well merited. Mr Alfred Gilbert and Mr F. H. Cowen accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte with their accustomed musicianly ability.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.*

This lovely flower, by Nature wrought,
Will whisper thee "Forget-me not!"

In pleasure sweet, or pain severe,
Still think of me, my sister dear.

Think still of me, though far away
In other lands I chance to stray;
A wanderer's life may yet be mine;
Then let me breathe a prayer for thine.

May ever earnestly blessing be,
Thine life's close, surrounding thee;
Domestic joys, and friendship's charms,
Crowned with that hope which death disarms.

Should fortune smile upon my aims,
I'll recognize a sister's claim;
And gladly aid to cheer thy life,
And prove that thou art not forgot.

But, if to pain and grief I bow,
If hapless—I may not know;
Let flowers like this remember be,
And help thee—to remember me.

* Copied out.

J. R. R.

HANNOVER.—Herr Wachtel has been singing at the Stadttheater.

PROVINCIAL.

BORROW.—On Wednesday, 2nd inst., Mr. D. J. Wood's choral class gave an excellent performance of Sir W. S. Bennett's *May Queen*, in the Shodfrail's Hall, before a large audience. The principals were Madame Billie Porter, Mrs. Lee, Mr. Wilford Morgan, and Mr. Chaplin (soprano); the accompanists were Miss H. Porter (organist of the Parish Church, Louth), harmonium; and Mr. William Porter, of Bourne, pianoforte; Mr. Wood, Mrs. Mac. Oxon, conducted. The second part of the concert consisted of a miscellaneous selection. Madame B. Porter was encored in "Did me discourse," and the other artists were similarly honoured in several morceaux.

NEW CROSS.—The fifth concert of "The Instrumental Music Society" of New Cross took place on Wednesday evening, the 2nd of June. The orchestra was effective, and rendered more so by being reinforced by some of our most efficient players from London, among whom were Messrs. Lazarus, Rock-ro, and Hughes. Beethoven's Symphony in C and his overture to *Prometheus*, with Mozart's *Figaro* and Beethoven's *La Dame Blanche*, were capably played and were deservedly applauded. Mr. Lazarus gave a brilliant solo, on airs from *Der Freischütz*, and Mr. R. S. Rock-ro his "Coro alla Veneta," and joined Mr. Lazarus in a Duo Concertante, by Bocchi, for flute and clarinet, entitled "Dialogo brillante, which both artists played in first-rate style. Mr. Hughes, in his fantasia ophicleide solo on Handel's "Oh, ruddier than the cherry," brought down loud applause. The vocalists were Mrs. Harry Brett and Mr. Edward Lloyd. The former gave a song by Heineken and Henry Smart's "Lady of the Lea," the latter a song by Schubert and Blumenthal's "The Message." Both singers did justice to themselves and to the songs entrusted to them. Mr. N. Wedemeyer was the conductor of the orchestral music, and Mrs. H. Brett and Miss Billie accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte.

LOUGHBOROUGH.—The Conventual Home concert took place at the Town Hall, under the patronage of Mrs. Perry Herrick, who was present. The received solo were well executed, although the back part of the Hall was recently attended. The concert had a double attraction and claim upon public favour, first, because of the benevolent object to be aided by it, and second, because *The Land of Promise*, a new oratorio by Mr. Frances Howell, was performed for the first time in Loughborough. Thanks are due to Mr. Deane, sen., Mr. Frank White, and Mr. George Adcock, for kindly inviting the concert; and to the Philharmonic Band, and to the choral singers, for having prepared themselves in so short a time to render so efficiently this altogether new work. The solo parts were well sustained by Miss Gill (soprano), Mr. Jno Adcock (tenor), and Mr. Charles Lacey (bass). The instrumental parts were of the usual superior character to which we are happily accustomed in this town, and the orchestra is of such a new and varied style as to afford scope for the display of ability by both vocal and instrumental performers. We have no doubt it will grow in public favour, and take a very respectable rank in high class musical compositions. An encore was demanded and given of the beautiful trio, "There remaineth a rest," &c. The net proceeds of the concert, amounting to five pounds, has been handed over to "The Home."

RICHMOND (Surrey).—A grand concert was given here on Thursday evening, the 3rd inst., in aid of the fund for building the new Cemetery Chapel. The concert, which was under distinguished patronage, took place in the Star and Garter Hotel, and was fully attended by the élite of Richmond and its neighbourhood. The first part consisted of Sir Sterndale Bennett's cantata, *The Woman of Samaria*, performed by an efficient chorus of amateurs, from which body, also, the solo singers were selected. The cantata was ably conducted by Mr. R. J. Hopper. The Rev. H. W. Miller (Mr. Mac. Oxon) and Mr. W. Barnham Horner played the accompaniments on the piano and harmonium with judgment. Great praise had evidently been taken in the preliminary rehearsals for this performance, and it is not, therefore, surprising that the result was highly satisfactory. The choruses went with spirit and precision, especially "Therefore with joy" and "Now we believe." Among the solos we may particularly notice the recitative and air, "Art thou greater than our father, Jacob?" (Miss Frances Courtney); "O Lord, Thou hast searched me out" (Miss Penhro); "Whosoever drinketh of this water" (Mr. T. L. Robinson); "His salvation is high then" (Sir G. Innes); and the beautiful quartet, "God is in the front, Jesus is before, and there is the tenor part." The second part of the concert was miscellaneous. Miss Bartokowa sang Rossini's "Uell raglio," receiving warm applause; Miss P. Courtney, "Where the bee sucks" (encored); and Miss Prothero, "Kathleen Maureen." Mr. Oberthur, who received quite an ovation "on his entry, played (with Mr. Hopper) his brilliant duet for harp and piano on "The Song of the Sea," and afterwards his effective solo, "Clouds and sunshine." Mr. Colford Dick's recital of John PARRY's "Mrs. Rowland's evening party" gave universal pleasure;

and two part-songs, "Blanche" (Kücken), and "Good-night" (Garrett), were highly effective. Between the parts the honorary secretary, Mr. Alexander, to whose indefatigable exertions the ultimate success of the concert was mainly due, gave a statement of the result, which were received with expressions of general satisfaction.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

The first of the opera concerts of 1875, at the Albert Hall, given under the auspices of Mr. Mapleson, took place on Saturday afternoon, June 5, under the usual brilliant circumstances. The hall was full, the ladies' dresses gay, and the interest—if not, except in certain instances, strongly expressed—general. Nor could it be otherwise. The cream of Mr. Mapleson's company was in attendance, the only artist of high rank not present being Mlle Tietjens. But, then, there was Madame Christine Nilsson, who will doubtless give place to her great contemporary at the next concert, which is promised early in July. The selection, like all selections of the kind, was not characterised by novelty, the singers deriving what they sang wholly from popular opera genres, nevertheless, in their way, and always welcome. Madame Nilsson was in her best voice, and sang the Jewel Song from *Faust*, and the scena from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, "Ardon gli incensi," in her own faultless and bewitching manner. Mlle Elena Varesi met with a hardly less friendly acceptance—her delivery of Bellini's cavatina, "Qui la voce," was facility itself, and a specimen of executive art which unquestionably could not be surpassed. Another soprano of high attainment was also heard in Mlle Louise Singelli, who gave Meyerbeer's Shadow Song with pleasing dexterity, and without fear of unduly conspicuous comparison elsewhere. The new mezzo-soprano, Mlle Anna de Ilesco, was not down for "Di tanti palpiti" and "Il segreto," and acquitted herself satisfactorily, though without achieving for the latter the encore that ordinarily awaits it. Mlle Fernini was also in commission. The gentlemen singers were headed by Sig. Campanini and M. Capoul. Nothing could exceed the tastefulness of the former's delivery of Donizetti's pretty romanza, "Diserto in terra," or the impassioned tenderness of M. Capoul in Gounod's "Salve dimora" (encored), to which the airy warbling, by the same artist, of "La donna è mobile" came subsequently in graceful contrast. The other tenors, Signori Gillardi and Facelli, chose morceaux by Méhul and Donizetti, the last mentioned of these singers distinguishing himself conspicuously by his energetic reading of the aria from *Maria di Rohan*, "Alma soave." The basses were in equal force with the tenors, and consisted of Signor Galassi, Signor de Reschi, Herr Behrens, and Signor Castelnary. They, too, resorted to the well-worn, but not worn-out, tunes of the opera-house—the *Traviata*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Ernani* supplying them not only with familiar materials, but with excellent vehicles for the illustration of their several abilities. The concerted music did not, in quantity, amount to much. Donizetti's quartet, "Chi me fra me," sung with excellent effect by Mlle Nilsson, Signor Facelli, Signor Galassi, and Herr Behrens, closed the first part. In the second, "Cruel perché" was sung in good average style by Mlle Fernini and Signor de Reschi; and, by-and-by, came Balfe's famous duet from *Il Tattarum*, "Teco il serba," which, sung by Madame Christine Nilsson and Sig. Campanini, awakened all the enthusiasm which commonly befalls it upon the stage. The orchestra, a small one, was conducted by Mr. W. G. Cousins, but its performance of the two overtures, *Der Freischütz* and *La Gazza Ladra*, was by no means among the best features of the entertainment.

D. H. H.

PRAGUE.—Anton Rubenstein's *Newcastle* will shortly be produced at the Royal German Landtheater.

PARIS.—Verdi's *Aida*, with Miss Minnie Haack in the principal female part, has proved exceedingly attractive.

MUNICH.—Mad. Mallinger has appeared at the Theatre Royal as Norma, and as Frau Frän in *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*.

BRANCOVE.—The concert in which LAST took part, some time ago, for the benefit of the Bach Monument at Eisenach, brought 6,000 marks.

VENICE.—The artist who has arrived here, where, it is intimated, he will, *Requiem*, he will conduct several performances of his last dramatic work, *Aida*, at the Imperial Opera.

MUSICIANS WHO HAVE DIED AWAY.*

By JOSEPH SEILER.

III.

JOHANNES BEER,

(Continued from page 195.)

CAP. XIX.

OF GERMAN, ITALIAN, AND FRENCH SINGERS AND INSTRUMENTISTS.

The whole world hath gradually come to be of the fixed opinion that there are no better singers than in Italy, and no better instrumentists than in France. In what, however, concerneth trumpets, trombones, saxes,† the cornet muto, item flute, and such like, Germany might *pari passu* be included in the list. As regards the first, it must be known that no folk under the sun is naturally more given to music than the Italians, who are, therefore, *musici naturales*. Not to be disputed is it, however, that if the *musici* attended such a pitch among us, we should modulate much more devoutly than the Italians. For their manner, that is to say: of the Italians, are so prone unto freedom, that of twenty bars they will scarcely go through one without coloring or indulging in the *trillo*. They are, likewise, naturally more disposed to singing than the Germans, because their language is full of vocals, while ours, on the contrary, is full of consonants, which cannot well be pronounced. In addition to this, all Italy swarmeth with Castrati, so that, from their earliest years, the youth naturally inclined toward music have good and splendid opportunity for being instructed, according to the proverb: *A here maiores docuit artem minor*. In Germany, on the contrary, from the want of such, *quanti costis questis potestatem*, things do proceed in a wearisome fashion, when a youth hath to be taught by an old man. For then do they sing the *ut, re, mi, fa, sol* in tenor, which the boys have to repeat in diacant. Sometimes they introduce a squeaking falset, as pleasant as a nest of young rats. Moreover, people in Germany expend little, or, at any rate, not as much as people do in Italy, on music, so they thus everywhere stick fast. For all this, I have heard German Castrati, who did much better than the most celebrated Italian ones of the same period. But it is favourable to the Italians that they are foreign in Germany, and, in conformity to the old proverb, *alienus peregrinus* is esteemed more highly than *opus domesticus*. I will not by this overlead anyone, nor will I detract from him, and, as concerneth high voices, *cum a priori denominatio* fast, willingly leave them the rank of honor. With respect, however, to the Tenor and Bass, they are very poor potentates therein, and I shall always be of the mind that I prefer hearing a "Nisierero" sung by Germans to hearing it sung by Italians, because the latter cannot possibly refrain from taking immoderate liberties, and executing one run after another, although the piece may be: *Cor contritum et humilatum*, etc. *Sanna*: There are many Italians who sing better than Germans, and there are, also, many Germans who sing better than Italians; consequently, the Italians are superior only in as much as they possess a greater natural predilection for music, and consequently more inventive power than the Germans.

The instrumentalist, however, both French and Italian (considered man for man) must strike their colours to the Germans, and, as regards the foundation of the composition, the Germans, apart from what concerns the full movement and the purity thereof, have ever taken the lead. Their productions, partly airs and partly theatrical compositions, are pleasant to hear, but, as respects church music, the Italians so bedesired it out, that, as may already be known to the gentle reader from his *Adieu*, the late Pope, in order to mitigate the jingle jangle and to prevent it becoming too outrageous, had public letters patent affixed to all the church doors in Rome and elsewhere. For their music generally glides into dances, and they seldom compose a piece in which to a certain degree there are not the indications of a *Saltarello*. Barthalt alone hath unusual gravity in what he

doth, and in this, as far as regardeth musical pomp, he is followed tolerably well by Herand† in Dresden, so that it appears it is not till they are in Germany that Italians become quite perfect and achieve exactly that which we Germans look for in them.

Occasion of this, I must here state something, also, of a Polack whom I saw at the Pauline Collegio, Leipzig, play so fast and loose, cut about, hop and spring here and there, up and down, above and below, on his violin, that I kept thinking the fellow would jump with it through the window. But the German who fiddled with him would by no means be left behind. If the Polack led the way with a musical squib, the German followed with a half-a-pound rocket, so that one heard such a scraping and fiddling, such a *quidlet quidlet, ropellet popellet, rumpidit, pum-pidit*, that one knew what to call it, cutting or thrusting, sawing or beating, herbs or carrots, must or milk; in a word, they moved their heads so in these capers, that the peruke of one of them was like half-past eleven, and he could see his part with one eye only. I was indeed alarmed when I perceived their faces. For they bit through both lips, like the cross on a Coburg butter-cracknel, and glared out at their eyes like stake-makers, and if the bearer of his fiddle-stick had not started out of its place, I believe the Polack would not have finished even now, so bitterly incensed was the fellow with his fiddle. The end of it was that both were obliged to wipe the sweat from their foreheads, and sit puffing and blowing for half-a-quarter of an hour.

French music being of a peculiar kind, requireth peculiar tastes in those who like it. Their Suites sound bravely at table. Their mated shawms, too, together with the newly invented bassoon, are not bad, and whoever is fond of them may now enjoy much satisfaction from such compositions and instruments at many German hotels. With regard, however, to the violin *in specie*, I have up to this present date never met a Frenchman who played one of Biber's solos.† Their singers, also, are of no great importance. Their greatest glory is derived from the Brudels;‡

(To be continued.)

WAIFS.

M. Stephen Heller has received from the King of Portugal the Cross of Chevalier of the Order of Christ.

La Théâtré de Leeds (Ecosse) vient d'être complètement détruit par un incendie.—*Revue et Gazette Musicale*.

A monument is about to be erected, in Paris, to Samson, the late eminent comedian of the Théâtre Français.

It is reported that the eminent violinist, Wilhelmj, intends for the future to make London his home. So much the better for London.

Mme Teresa Stolz, one of the four artists who have been singing in Verdi's *Réquiem*, is engaged, for next autumn, at the Italian Opera, St Petersburg.

The Royal Philharmonic Academy at Rome is preparing a grand concert, at which Mendelssohn's oratorio, *St Paul*, and his famous Motet, are to be the principal features.

GEORGE ARTHUR CRUTT.—Mr Billie Porter (late organist of Brom-leigh Parish Church, Cheshire) is to be organist and choirmaster of St Andrew's, Bunsow, street, Liverpool.

Mlle Victoria Benzen was presented, after her concert (given last week), with a magnificent fan, as a testimonial, by a lady of rank, for the pleasure the singing of the fair Swede had given the donor.

The sudden death of M. Georges Bizet, the young and promising composer, whose last work, *Armen*, achieved so signal a success at the Opéra Comique, has caused an unusual sensation in Parisian artistic circles.

The *Illegionati* has recently been performed at Ravenna, for the first time, and with immense success, the libretto being Signor Carpi, who is next week to take the place of Signor Nicolini, as Lohengrin, at the Royal Italian Opera.

* This name is to be found neither in Walker nor in Gerber. Can it be meant for Cht. Bernhardt? The latter was Chapelmaster in Dresden, 1682-1692, though not an Italian, but a Poles.

† Franz Heinrich von Biber, 1650-1689, one of the greatest violin virtuosos and composers of his time, died as Chapmaster of Salzburg, after being on various occasions presented with golden chains of honour, and at length being created a Baron of the Empire.

‡ Brant, an old French dance with singing. Quick movement and strongly marked rhythm.

* From the *New Berliner Musikzeitung*.

† A sinner was a kind of rustic canon, now fallen into disuse.—J. V. B.

‡ Antonio Bertali, Imperial Chapelmaster at Vienna in 1690, and, in his day, highly esteemed as a composer. He published at Dillingen, in 1671: *Theatrum musicum trium Instrumentorum*. Folio.

Madame Elena Corani has left for Italy, where she intends remaining for some months.

The grand organ for the Palace of Industry at Amsterdam is to be built by Cavallotti-Coll, of Paris; so that England is not the only country where a man, however gifted, is no prophet at home. What will the Dutch organ-builders say to this?

M. Lichtlé, an accomplished performer on the French horn, is in London. He has already played at the concerts of the Royal Albert Hall, the Crystal Palace, and numerous private soirées of the aristocracy, where he has been highly successful.

A VALUABLE VIOLIN.—The famous Stradivarius violin, formerly belonging to Baillet, the French violinist, has been purchased by Mr G. Hladcock, of Leeds, for the sum of six hundred guineas, from Mr George Hart, the well-known connoisseur in valuable instruments.

NEWS.—Encore un théâtre devenu la proie des flammes. A l'issue du spectacle le feu a pris au théâtre royal de Londres, situé dans Hunslet Lane. La salle n'est plus qu'un monceau de cendres, si les portes, couvertes d'allumeurs par les assurances, sont évaluées à 55,000 livres.—*Le Ménestrel*.

A BOON TO FLUTE PLAYERS.—Mr John Francis Barnett, having been asked to contrive a composition to Mr Collard's new work on the flute, now in course of publication, has written a "Concerto Pastorale," which will be performed for the first time this evening (June 12th) at Mr Collard's concert at St George's Hall. The flute has, at present, so few opportunities of being heard as a solo instrument, with orchestra, that Mr Barnett's new work will no doubt be accepted as a boon by flute players.

Herr Carl Krebs—the father of the accomplished pianist, Milde Marie Krebs—completed, on June 1st, the 25th year of his appointment as Capellmeister to the King of Saxony, and his Majesty sent him a special letter of congratulation on the occasion. The esteemed Capellmeister was also "serenaded" by the Stadt-Musik-chor; and other honours were paid to him by various public and private societies. In April next Herr Krebs will have served fifty years as Capellmeister at various courts, commencing his career at Vienna, then proceeding to Hamburg, and now holding that important office at Dresden.

Mr Oberthur's *matinée musicale*, announced for the 30th inst, will be interesting to lovers of the harp. Mr Oberthur is to play his Grand Trio for harp, violin, and violoncello, in F minor, which has become a standard work on the Continent, and for which, we understand, the composer has been highly complimented by Dr Hans von Bulow and Dr Ferd. Hiller. Mr Oberthur will also play Parish-Alvarez' Fantasia on Oberon, a duet for harp and violoncello, by Zamara; his own solo, "Fairy Legend" (with violoncello obbligato by Signor Zsarnam, of Vienna); his Nocturne for three harps; and a new harp solo on old English melodies.

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SOLO (pianoforte), Sonata Appassionata, Op. 57—Master HENRY
WALKER. *Between.*
PART II.
DEUT (for two pianos), Andante and Variations in B flat, Op. 46
—Mr CHAR. HALLÉ and Master HENRY WALKER. *Schumann.*
SOLO (pianoforte) { (a) Recense Andante, Op. 51. *Chopin.*
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**SIR JULIUS BENEDICT'S ANNUAL GRAND MORN-
ING CONCERT, at the FLORAL HALL, Crown Garden, on MONDAY, June 21,**
commencing at Two o'clock, when Madame Adeline Patti, Mlle Albani, Mlle Zari
Thalberg, Mlle Benelli, Mlle Nita Capone, Korymbos, Elena Angeli, Messrs William
Shakespeare, Treseman, Federici, and Lewis Thomas. Pianoforte—Mr W. H.
Coxton. Violin—Mlle Catherine. Harp—Messrs T. H. Wright and John Thomas.
Band of Harp—Messrs J. R. Chatterton, Wright, Foster, Mlle W. Trust, Edith
Brand, and Mr Tessa Jones. Conductors—Sir Julius Benedict, Messrs W. H.
Thomas, Fiddicombe, Parker, and John Stalls, 21s.; reserved seats, 10s. 6d.; re-
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Italian Opera; Mr Austin's, 3s. Pecuniarily; the Principal Musicians and Librarians;
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M. CAPOUL will sing BALE's admired Song, "SI TU
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M. DIAZ DE SORIA will sing FAURE's Melodie, "BON-
JOUR SUZON," at Sir Julius Benedict's Concert, at the Floral Hall,
Royal Italian Opera-house, on Monday Morning, June 21.

"L. CARNAVAL DE VENISE."

Mlle ZARÉ THALBERG will sing Sir Julius BENE-
DICT'S Variations on the "CARNIVAL OF VENICE," at the composer's
Grand Concert at the Floral Hall, Royal Italian Opera-house, on Monday, June 21.

"NORAH'S MESSAGE."

Mme ADELINA PATTI will sing Sir JULIUS BENEDICT'S
new Irish Ballad, "NORAH'S MESSAGE" (Poetry by the Right Hon.
Lady Lott Manners), at the composer's Grand Concert at the Floral Hall, Royal
Italian Opera-house, on Monday, June 21.

BENEDICT'S ANDANTINO and Chorus's POSTHUMOUS
MAZURKA will be played by Mr CHARLES HALLÉ, Mr LINDSAY
SLOPER, Mr COWEN, and Sir JULIUS BENEDICT at Sir Julius Benedict's Grand
Concert at the Floral Hall, Royal Italian Opera-house, on Monday, June 21.

MR JOHN THOMAS (Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen)
begs to announce that his GRAND HARP CONCERT will take place at
St James's Hall, on THURSDAY Morning, June 24, at Three o'clock. Vocalists—
Miss Edith Wright, Mlle Nita Capone, Korymbos, Elena Angeli; Messrs William
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Coxton. Violin—Mlle Catherine. Harp—Messrs T. H. Wright and John Thomas.
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THE MUSICAL ARTISTS' SOCIETY. President.—His
Grace the Duke of BEDFORD, K.G. THE FIRST CONCERT, on FRIDAY
Evening, June 26th, at the BETHVENS ROOMS, 57, Harley Street, at Eight o'clock
precisely. Vocalists—Miss Sophie Ferrar, Miss Mary Davies (Welsh Choral Union
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Song, "Who is Sylvia?" (Schubert); Preliudium and Gavotte for violin alone
(Bach); Lied, "Die Post" (Schubert); Sonata, E minor, Op. 50, for pianoforte
(Beethoven); Lied, "Der Herrliche Tag" (Schumann); String quartet, C sharp
minor, Op. 131 (Beethoven). Executants—Messrs Franklin Taylor, J. Ludwig,
C. Jung, J. Zerbin, and H. Daubert. Vocalists—Mlle Helene Arim and Mr
T. Alcorn. Conductor—Mr J. Len Summers. Single tickets, 10s. 6d.; balcony, 5s.; admission, One Shilling; at Chappell & Co.; Stanley Lucas,
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MR J. B. WELCH has the honour to announce that he
will give a CONCERT, on WEDNESDAY Evening, 26th June, at LANGHAM
HALL, 43, Great Portland Street, W., commencing at Half-past Eight o'clock,
on which occasion he will be assisted by his Pupils—Miss Kathleen Grant, Miss Maud
Woodcock, Miss Clara Turner, Mrs Hudson May, Mr George Sylvester, Mr
David Strong, Mr Edward Watson, and Mr T. Alcorn. Vocalists—
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Mme SAINTON-DOLBY'S VOCAL ACADEMY.—
THE FIRST CONCERT will take place at WILLIAM'S ROOMS, St James's, on
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assisted by Miss Eva Levee (former pupil), Mr Valentine Fabrice, Signor Federici,
Mrs Bentley (pianoforte), M. Sainton-Dolby (violin), Mr Troubles and Signor Vassini
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Further particulars can be had at the Office of the London Academy of Music,
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MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.—FIRST SESSION, 1874-5.
The Members are hereby informed that the present Session will terminate
with a CONVERSATION, to be held at 57, Harley Street, on MONDAY Even-
ing, the 29th inst., at 8 p.m. Contributions of Manuscripts, Autographs, Rare Books,
Drawings, relating to the Art and Science of Music, will be thankfully acknow-
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MONS. HENRI LOGE will play his "PREMIERE
VALSE" in C at his Matinée, at the Bethvons Rooms, Harley Street, on
Wednesday next.

"O CARO TENEBRE."

THE MISSES ALLISTEN will sing GOLDBERG's new
Duet, "O CARO TENEBRE," on the 29th June, at Mme Stevens' Concert.

**BRIGHTON CONCERT AGENTS,
PIANOFORTE AND MUSICIANS,
LYON & HALL,
WARWICK MANSION.**

LOHENGRIN AT DRURY LANE.

(From "The Times," June 14.)

Lohengrin was produced on Saturday night at Mr Mapleson's theatre, and received by a crowded audience with just the same enthusiasm as marked its first performance at Covent Garden some time since. Commendable pains have been bestowed on the preparation of Wagner's very difficult and by no means ever-grateful work, the result being creditable to all concerned, from Sir Michael Costa and the principal singers, to the orchestra, chorus, and supernumeraries. The opera is magnificently placed upon the boards, the costumes and accessories are splendid, while the scenery is worthy the reputation of that genuine artist, Mr W. Beverly, each *tableau* exhibiting his rare inventive talent in its highest form. For the ordinary stage business, moreover, all has been contrived by Mr Stirling that could be looked for from ripe experience. In a word, the spectacle is one with which no fault can be reasonably found by the most ardent and exacting of Wagnerists. These were represented in overwhelming force, especially in that department of the house which, to employ pantomimic phrase, would be described as "the celestial regions." So powerful, indeed, and so arrogantly despotic, was this section of the house, that it was considered almost a *l'oeu* Wagner to recognise any artist appearing before the lamps, or to applaud any striking point while the action was proceeding, which, in operas coming from a less exalted sphere, might have brought down unanimous recognition. Thus neither Madame Christine Nilsson, nor Mlle Tietjens, nor Signor Campanini, much less such *sidera minora* as Signora Galassi, Behrens, and Costa, however inclined the general audience uninitiated in the mysteries of the "Zukunft" may have been to welcome their appearance, were allowed to be greeted in any form; nor, until the fall of the curtain, at the termination of each act, was any marked approval of their efforts tolerated. And yet we have rarely witnessed a performance more thoroughly deserving warm and frequent acknowledgment. On principle, we by no means complain of this new custom; any more than we complain of Sir Michael Costa's stern and persistent refusal to comply with certain "encore," whereby the no less despotic Italian paid back the Wagnerists in their own coin. Sir Michael, moreover, went beyond this. He, in addition to other by no means unwelcome curtailments, omitted at least one half of the *finale* to Act I, which, if we may be allowed to judge by the uproarious applause from the upper regions, the devotees of the lyric drama in which music is destined to play the part of (a somewhat obstreperous) Eolian harp, and thus to minister to the egotism of the "Poet," did not seem to be aware. Nor did they express any disappointment at the omission of the grand march and *fandango* in the last act, which, during the rising of the sun, brings forward no less than four Counts, with their retainers, in four different keys. As it was, however, despite the considerate foresight of the great conductor, the opera, which began at 8 o'clock, half-an-hour earlier than usual, did not come to an end till nearly midnight; so that how many of the *oi polloi* went to bed supperless, in consequence of late innovations with regard to common houses of refreshment, may be left to conjecture. Let us here add that the curtailments in the score of *Lohengrin* made by Sir Michael are decidedly to the advantage of the work, which, if unabridged, consisting as it does almost exclusively of declamatory recitative, more or less elaborately accompanied by the orchestra, would wear out the patience of any audience accustomed to, and entertaining a prejudice for, dramatic music, in which (as in Mozart, Cherubini, Beethoven, Weber, Rossini, Auber, &c.) rhythmical melody plays a necessary and conspicuous part. Wagner's avowed contempt of this must always be a bone of contention between him and those musicians who, from the time of Handel down to the present day, have held a different opinion, and looked upon music, to whatever use it may be put, as more or less an independent art. When Wagner asserts that, at the end of the third movement of his Ninth Symphony, Beethoven found that purely instrumental music had said to no obvious purpose all it could possibly say, and eagerly laid hold of Schiller's *Ode to Joy* to

avail himself of the word-poet's aid and countenance, he ignored the fact that Beethoven, immediately after this great work, had laid out in his mind the sketch of a Tenth Symphony (for the Philharmonic Society of London), in the plan of which the aid of voices was not contemplated. He must also have forgotten that Beethoven wrote instrumental works after the Choral Symphony, and, among others, certain quartets which enjoy some little renown. Take *Lohengrin* as it exists, however (not to speak of other works of its composer), as a new exhibition of art-structure, it is sufficiently interesting to create its own legitimate impression, without the aid of such fire and sword controversy as Wagner and his disciples have been so strenuously waging for a quarter of a century and more. Let it be judged according to its merits, and let things of a different kind—nay, utterly opposed to it—be judged in like manner. Wagner's choice of the *mythos*, as a means of expressing his ideas, both as poet and musician, before the artist-world, is not of itself objectionable; on the contrary, it enables him to say what he has to say, perhaps, through the most intelligible medium he could hit upon. That the outside world should feel interested in what more immediately concerns humanity, and be little disposed to plunge into the depths of an obscure mythology, is natural enough. For many reasons the simple village tales of the *Sonnambula* and the *Gazza Ladra*, the thoroughly human story of *Faust*, and even the historical reminiscences conjured up, no matter in what guise, by Scribe and Meyerbeer, in the *Huguenots*, will possess an enduring interest not to be replaced by myths of whatever kind. Ordinary people know nothing about the Knight of the Swan, or the Elixir which made Tristan and Isolde victims of Fate, like *Edipus* and his descendants in the Greek tragedies. With Wagner's musical treatment of these subjects, it is very doubtful if the world at large will ever sympathise. Even *Lohengrin* makes here and there concessions to musical phraseology, removing it from the pale of the more "absolutely perfect" works said to begin, and (as some, the *Niblungen* Trilogy notwithstanding, affirm), to finish with *Tristan and Isolde*; but there is more than enough in it to attract the willing zealot or repel the habitual sceptic. During the long hours consumed in its performance there are but few passages that may be selected from the score, to figure as abstract music on their own account. Airs, duets, trios, concerted pieces, choruses, &c., with a beginning, middle, and end, according to generally received ideas of music, even in a dramatic shape, are scarcely anywhere to be found. Nevertheless, there is a certain attraction about the whole not fairly to be questioned. What Wagner intends he has well carried out, in accordance with his own peculiar ideas of art, but that his system will ever find general acceptance we do not for a moment believe. Regarded from his point of view, however, *Lohengrin* is an undoubted masterpiece.

The performance on Saturday night amply merited the applause with which it was greeted at the conclusion of every act. As the representative of Elsa, Madame Christine Nilsson surpassed herself. She looked the part to perfection, and her first apparition on the scene brought with it the conviction that there was an Elsa of whom the poet-musician might have been dreaming all through the conception and development of his work. This conviction was fully borne out. A more ethereal embodiment of the character it would be almost impossible to conceive. From first to last Madame Nilsson was not only dramatically impressive, but—a still more trying ordeal, where music so involved and intricate is concerned—invariably true to her text. From the early scene, where she hails her anxiously expected champion, to the final duet, when Elsa, at the instigation of the envious Ortrud, has broken her vow, and asked for the secret that estranges her from Lohengrin for ever, she was irreproachable. This general verdict of approval, emphatically pronounced by the audience, must suffice; for to single out pieces from an opera like *Lohengrin* would be to little or no purpose, seeing that one piece runs into another, without let or hindrance, without, in fact, giving an ordinary hearer time to ponder what has gone before. But if we must seek out a particular passage for more than special consideration it would be the duet between Elsa and Lohengrin, in which the

fore-doomed heroine, in spite of her pledged word and implicit trust, vainly endeavours to wring from her mysterious champion and spouse the divulgence of his name and birth. In this and in the sequel, when Lohengrin departs as he came, there were traits enough to prove that even, if Malama Nilsson had not been a consummate singer, she would have been a consummate actress. In Mlle Tietjens she found an Ortrud to match. A more superb impersonation of this anything but inviting character could not be imagined. Ortrud is the Nemesis alike of Elsa and of Lohengrin, whose confidence in each other and whose ultimate happiness she destroys by her evil machinations. Thus Ortrud is the hateful figure in the plot; but by her splendid singing and acting the admirable Teutonic artist creates a part that fixes itself on the memory, and will not be blotted out. Side by side with Elsa, in this performance of Wagner's opera, must always stand Ortrud, and that through the genius of its gifted representative. Signor Campanini, the first to play Lohengrin in Italy (at Bologna), has not been praised without good reason. He has studied the part conscientiously, and made himself master of every detail. His first and last scenes are especially impressive; and throughout the opera he shows himself thoroughly conversant with the music, which, in speaking of a singer brought up and educated in a style so utterly dissimilar, is saying no little. The parts of Telramund, the King, and the Herald were sustained with ability by Signor Galassi, Herr Behrens, and Signor Costa. The chorus, though now and then a little out of tune—and no wonder, considering that they have occasionally to sing—was for the most part excellent. The orchestra was very nearly faultless throughout. The calls for the chief performers at the end of each of the three acts of which the opera consists were vociferous; and at the end of all Sir Michael Costa was twice summoned before the curtain.

MUSIC IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

(From our Correspondent.)

The Royal English Opera Company opened on Monday, the 12th April, to one of the fullest houses ever known here. Miss Alice May received a most flattering reception; indeed, she was unable to commence her first song in *Martina* (which opera, by-the-by, was partly composed in this town, and was, therefore, selected for the opening night of the season) for a considerable time. This would not have been considered remarkable, perhaps, in any other town where the *prima donna* had not appeared for some three years; but the people of Adelaide are naturally cold in their manners and applause, although quite able to appreciate talent. Mr Hallam made his *début* in opera here, and was well criticised, as all new singers are; but the verdict in his favour appeared unanimous. Since then, Mr Armes Beaumont (the Australian Sims Reeves) has joined the company, and met with a warm reception. Mr Templeton is rising to a high position, and, as Danny Mann, can hold his ground with most baritones. Mr Vernon, as Nylas-na-Coppaleen, was most favourably received. The company now possesses three first tenors, remarkably good; but the basses are rather weak, and a more powerful contralto is required. Some addition should be made in these respects. The business manager is Sig. Biacciacanti, who proposes arrangements for visiting India and China, where no regular English opera troop has hitherto appeared.

There is every prospect of success here. To-night *Satanella* is announced, and every seat in the dress circle is taken. The principal illustrated Australian paper, *The Sketcher*, is to have a portrait of Miss Alice May in the next number, with a biographical notice.

Adelaide, April 22nd, 1875.

National Training School for Music.

A School for Music! princely gift from Freake!

Is this a Royal bubble? No, a squeak!

The Duke's the head, the centre, and the tail of it,

And, may be, he may make a precious deal of it.

Ye Heavenly Powers, oh! guard this noble crotchety,

Or else the Council's Science I soon must blot it.

I. C. C.

PARIS SCRAPS.

(From our Parisian Scrapper.)

Last week I informed you that both *Faust* and *Hamlet* were in active rehearsal at the Grand Opera. I may now add that the former work will be thus cast:—Marguerite, Mad. Carvalho; Siebel, Mlle Daram; Marthe, Mad. Ecarlat-Giesmar; Faust, M. Vergnet; Méphistophélès, M. Gailhard; and Valentin, M. Caron. During Mad. Carvalho's annual holiday, the part of Marguerite will be sustained by Mlle Bean. By the way, Mad. Carvalho has been laid up for some time and unable to fulfil her professional duties, in consequence of a fall which she had in her own rooms on the day of the Grand Prix. She would not go to the races for fear the upsetting of a carriage, a sudden shower, protracted of almost as sudden hoarseness, or some other unexpected *contrepens*, might prevent her appearing at night; and, lo and behold, she was disabled without even passing the lodge of her own *cucinière*. One cannot help recollecting the story of the feeble-minded old potentate of antiquity, who counted among his other valubles a son exceedingly fond of hunting. Having dreamt that the youth would be killed by a lion, the doing—and doating—parent shut him up permanently in a fine palace, constructed on purpose, and adorned internally with representations of all sorts of wild beasts. Standing one day before the pictorial effigy of a lion, the young devotee to "*le sport*," chafing under the sense of his imprisonment, suddenly hit the said pictorial lion what schoolboys used to term: a dab in the eye. Alas! from the wall behind that eye an iron nail was sticking out. It entered the hand of the would-be Nimrod, inflicting a severe wound. The wound festered; mortification and a funeral ensued. Thus the dream of the feeble-minded old potentate came to pass. Alas! Nemesis, though not so frivolous, is quite as active as Love, and will as soon come in at the window if the door happen to be locked. Mad. Carvalho might just as well have gone to the races. She would at least have had something for her money, or, rather, her fall. However, the latter was, ineptly, not very serious, and the fair and popular artist will in all probability soon be quite restored to health. Another member of the company, Mlle Krauss, who, as I fancy I announced, was on the sick list, has re-appeared, to the great delight of her numerous admirers, in *La Juive* and *Les Huguenots*.

It has been determined to close the Opéra-Comique, after all, for the usual summer recess, and, before these lines reach you, the determination will in all probability be an accomplished fact. One of the last things worthy of note on M. du Locle's stage has been the appearance of Mlle Dalt as Juliette in M. Gonnod's *Roméo et Juliette*. There have been better representatives of the ill-starred heroine, but there have, also, been worse.

Rumour is already busy, *faute de mieux*, with what we are to expect in the future. *Aida* will, it is said, be brought out in the winter at the Salle Ventador, with the four artists now singing the principal parts in it at Vienna. At the Renaissance, *Giraffe-Giraffe* will be revived in the autumn. M. Hosten, the manager, is credited with an intention to devote this theatre more than ever to opera.

Of course, you know that M. Offenbach has been ill. I read the following in the *Figaro* about him:—

"Maestro (Offenbach) is better, and has gone to Saint Germain, where he hopes to be able to resume work in a fortnight. To make up for lost time, however, and fulfil the engagements contracted as composer, the manager of the *Gaité* has with great regret resolved on giving up management. But all the negotiations of which so much has been said for the last few days, resulting from this resolution, have led to nothing; the question is not so advanced as people pretend. Up to the present moment, there is no serious candidate; for the place is still vacant. The other day Offenbach received a visit from the manager of an English theatre, who is desirous of working the two theatres, that in London and the *Gaité*, simultaneously."

Who can this manager of an English theatre possibly be? Do you think it is —? Or is it —? the man? I am rather inclined to believe it is — "a belief I am confident most of your readers will share with me. Time will show."

Talking of time reminds me that I have none at present to dilate upon the Boieldieu centenary at Ronen. But, if you can spare me the space, I will, in your next number, furnish you with a short account of what was done.

DORN (!) ACROSS MENDELSSOHN.

(Continued from page 390.)

Klingemann, the son of the well-known composer of plays, and manager of the theatre at Brunswick, made the most agreeable impression upon me of all Mendelssohn's more intimate acquaintances. He was attached to the Hanoverian Embassy, and was therefore admitted to the higher circles of society. Both his appearance and demeanour had something unaffectedly aristocratic in them, and in his whole manner to the ladies of the house he was vastly superior to the other visitors. It always appeared to me that Klingemann was most correct in his judgment of Felix. He did not worship him, and it could never have entered into his head to rival him, for he did not compose; he was neither insensible to the great qualities nor blind to the weak points of his young friend; and that he thoroughly knew how to appreciate the strongest side of Mendelssohn's talents is shown in the words which he wrote for Felix to set to music. A great many songs which Mendelssohn has arranged have been quite as well, perhaps even better, set by other musicians, but no one has ever yet succeeded in surpassing a song of Mendelssohn's with Klingemann's words; it was like two hearts beating with one pulsation. The capabilities of the youthful Secretary to the Embassy were certainly not equal to the composition of opera librettos; this was not, however, the field on which Felix ever earned any laurels, even when master of his profession; indeed they never bloomed for him at any time, as is shown by the production of his opera, *The Wedding of Canuche*, written in the high tide of his youth (?). Klingemann was an eager supporter of the Berlin *Musical Times*, which had been started in 1824.

A great contrast in appearance with his colleague was the editor of this paper, A. B. Marx, who, although he had had a more thorough education, both as regards music and his profession as a lawyer, than either of the above-named gentlemen, and far exceeded them in cutting sharpness of intellect, yet, from his lack of polish and manner, his real scientific and dialectic superiority did not exercise the happy effect on those around that it would otherwise have done. He quickly interested himself about persons and things, and his sympathy, once aroused, there could be no warmer nor more skillful advocate than he. He soon gained a great influence over Felix, which was often annoying to the elder Mendelssohn; but he had his own good reasons for not abruptly breaking off the connection. Marx was the editor of the *Musical Times*, at that period the only critical organ, and therefore not to be despised, especially as it was supported by many gifted friends of the Mendelssohns. Moreover, the elder Mendelssohn was very fond of contradicting, and of being contradicted; and in our Abbé (as he was called, after his initials A.B.) he found the right sort of opponent.

Midway between Klingemann and Marx stood Dr. Franck, of Breslau, possessing much of the refinement of the former, with more reserve of manner, and all the liveliness of conversation of the latter; with, however, less solidity. He had a sound judgment in musical matters, and soon discovered the weaknesses in Spontini's *Cortez*; he wrote a stinging article upon that opera in 1826, which was the signal for a complete rupture between Marx and Spontini; he had only armed his party with spectacles, and had overlooked many bright spots in the opera, rejecting the good with the bad. Spontini afterwards led the whole opposition against Mendelssohn; and, as previously there had been little affinity between too such different elements, any nearer approach was now rendered impossible.

In 1849 I again met Franck—now, instead of the life-loving, exuberant man that he had been, a complete hypochondriac. He still took an eager interest in literature, and was quite imbued with the Wagner mania, and sent me that composer's *Nibelungen-Tetralogie*. What would Mendelssohn have said to this, had he been alive at that time? Franck came to an untimely end soon afterwards in London; but these are painful recollections, and the circle of Felix's friends shall be concluded with the name of Dévrient, to the truth of whose interesting book about Mendelssohn, which has lately appeared, I can vouch. I had frequent opportunities of meeting Mendelssohn at the rooms of Johanna Zimmermann, the young widow previously mentioned, who, although somewhat eccentric, possessed a thoroughly musical nature; so that Felix felt himself completely at his ease in that

unconstrained artistic atmosphere. His own home was, of course, much frequented by interesting and celebrated people, but the greater portion of them were not musicians. Foreign musical celebrities were, indeed, always hospitably received, but native talent was very weakly represented. Although Felix was by no means insensible to praise, he was not at all blind as to whether it was given with discrimination or the reverse. Marx and he were at Dehn's rooms on one occasion, I remember, and the first part of the evening we employed ourselves in all sorts of foofa' tricks, such as cutting out figures with paper and apple-parings, until Felix got up and, unasked, played on the old piano, till long after midnight, a number of his own and other compositions. This gave him more real satisfaction than on many an occasion at his parents' house, where, with a first-rate Broadwood at his command, he had a large but very mixed audience. I well recollect a lady (Rachel Varnhagen) asking him for *The minor fugue of Bach*. "If I had played some variations of Czerny's, it would have been all the same to her," he remarked to me afterwards. Such an uncongenial assembly was never to be found at Madame Zimmermann's; there all participated equally, listening and performing; and I have never heard Felix extemporise better than at this house, where he was conscious of being thoroughly understood.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTINE NILSSON AND THE HOME FOR NURSES.

(From "Sander's News Letter.")

Music is the handmaid of charity. It has accomplished more for the needy and the infirm than its sisters in the Fine Arts. Witness the sums collected for benevolent institutions by Handel's *Maria*, since it was first given in 1741. On the 23rd, Madame Christine Nilsson gives a morning concert in London in aid of the funds for "the Westminster Training School and Home for Nurses," which is patronised by the Queen, the Royal Family, and most of the English nobility. The Duke of Westminster, in a letter to the *Times*, says, alluding to the concert last season for the same object:

"Madame Nilsson had at that time generously volunteered a public concert in aid of the funds, from which the large sum of £2000 was received by the school. Now again the same generous offer has been made by Madame Nilsson with a view to assist the committee in obtaining a permanent site in close vicinity to the hospital, with adequate accommodation to enable the committee to carry out their original plan of not only supplying a staff of trained nurses, but also for the training of probationers to meet to some extent the want of superior nurses for cases of serious sickness in private families."

It is with pleasure that we present this subject to our readers, with a hope that the excellent institutions, Protestant and Catholic, established in our city for the same purpose, may be similarly assisted. The sick poor have many wants unattended to, and those in affluent circumstances, when struck down, have sore need of well-trained nurses. An educated nurse, to carry out the physician's directions intelligently and kindly, is of as much consequence as the physician himself. The carelessness and ignorance frequently displayed by hospital attendants should be rendered impossible. We do not exaggerate in stating that many lives are sacrificed for want of trained nurses, and it behoves society to support institutions for their training and instruction. The musical profession of Dublin would gladly follow the example of Madame Nilsson—an example which reflects high honour on that gifted lady. Irish artists are not wanting in generosity, and our medical men should take upon them the promotion of the object, give it a fair start, and a concert would be readily got up for its accomplishment. We need not apologise for calling their attention to the matter, as the efforts made by the musical profession will alone command respect. Madame Nilsson will be assisted by Miss Tietjen, Miss de Beloea, Madame Rebelle, Mr Sims Beeres, Mr Capron, Mr de Soria, and Signor Foli. Madame Norman Nerada will play a solo on the violin, and Mr Arthur Sullivan will conduct. This is a noble instance of music giving aid to charity. May we hope the example will be followed here, and that some one will arise, like the Duke of Westminster, to call the attention of the nobility, gentry, and commercial gentlemen of Dublin to the necessity of combination for the support of similar institutions.

RICHARD WAGNER, AND HIS *RING OF THE NIBLUNG.*

(From the "New Quarterly Magazine.")

(Continued from page 391.)

So much about the chronological growth and the immediate prospects of a work, to the closer analysis of which we now must direct our attention. But before entering upon this task I must beg leave to inform the reader what he may and what he may not expect to find in the following pages. First of all, it is not my intention to write a criticism in the ordinary sense of the word, that is, to find fault with the details of a work which, by its organic continuity, defies microscopic treatment. Such a display of critical acumen would be all the more ill-advised, as in many cases it is impossible to judge about the effects of certain scenes before the whole has been tested by an actual performance on the stage, for which it is so eminently designed. It would be equally premature to criticise, or even to analyse, in detail, the score of the *Niblungs*, the last part of which, as we mentioned before, is as yet unpublished; besides, like its poetical foundation, the music cannot be fully appreciated without a previous embodiment in sound and action. A detailed analysis, moreover, to be at all comprehensible, would require numerous illustrations in musical type. My present purpose is altogether more of an exegetical than of a critical nature. I shall attempt, as far as my space will permit, to give an idea to the reader of the grandeur of the old Teutonic type, seen through the medium of a great modern poet's recreative power; and at the same time try to show, as far as can be done in words, how, by the blending of the musical with the dramatic form, a new style of art has been produced, differing from and superior to what either music or poetry could ever achieve in their separate spheres.

The musical introduction to the *Rheingold* is founded on the chord of E flat, at first intoned in long-drawn notes, which soon dissolve into shorter rhythmical formations, rising and falling alternately from the lowest to the highest octave, like the murmuring waves of a rapid river. A gentle, melodious phrase is gradually developed, to the sounds of which the curtain rises. We see the bed of the river Rhine, amongst the scraggy rocks and cliffs of which three water-nymphs, the "Daughters of the Rhine," are disporting themselves, singing their songs, always accompanied by the gentle wavy notes of the orchestra. But soon their merry gambols are interrupted by the appearance of Alberich, King of the Niblungs, a mischievous dwarf, who, ascending from the dark regions of his nebulous kingdom, is filled with amorous longing for the lovely water-maidens. A playful scene now begins between them, the maidens pretending to yield to the desire of the gnome, and escaping his embrace just when he thinks his happiness secured. The musical accompaniment to the scene is extremely graceful, and particularly the mock-tenderness of the girls finds an expression, the sly humour of which little forebodes the grave tragical accents soon to follow. For here we are still amongst elementary beings, free and impulsive, like the water and air in which they move, unconscious of good or evil.

Suddenly a glow breaks through the waves, brightening their sombre green as with a tinge of fire. The Rhine Daughters greet it with joyful exclamations, Alberich stands aghast at the mysterious splendour. On his inquiring, the heedless girls tell him that the gleam is caused by the hidden gold which they are bound to watch. He who gained the gold would be lord over the wide earth; but no one can wield the power of the treasure unless he renounce the bondage of love, cursing its joy; a hopeless case, the girls playfully add, for the love-sick dwarf. But Alberich, smitten with the hope of boundless power, utters the fatal curse to love's pleasure, and, before the maidens can prevent it, lays hold of the treasure, with which he disappears. Night suddenly closes over the scene; the wailing cries of the Rhine Daughters are heard in the darkness. Thus the gold, which could be harmless only with the passionless children of nature, is taken from their guard to work its baneful way amongst gods and men.

(To be continued.)

LEWIS.—At a recent meeting of the Town Council, it was resolved that the Stadtholder shall henceforth be carried on by the Town itself, under the management of an Intendant.

ACORNS, SLOES, AND BLACKBERRIES.

By GIBBS GIBBS GIBBS, Esq.

No. 3.

Richard Clarke, a violinist in the band at Drury Lane in the middle of the last century, was the first that composed medley overtures.

Giovanni Paolo Cima, an eminent organist and composer at Milan from 1591 to 1610, acquired great reputation among the learned musicians of his time for his construction of perpetual fugue or canon.

James Cervo, born in Italy in 1682. He first brought the violoncello into favour in England in 1738, where he continued till 1783, and died at the great age of 101.

Johann Friedrich Dresler, a German Instrumental composer, was the first person who introduced the trombone into English orchestras.

Michael Christian Festing, a German violinist and composer. To Festing appertains the principal merit of establishing the fund for the support of decayed musicians and their families. This society took its rise in the year 1738, from the following occurrence:—Festing, then resident in London, being one day seated at the window of the Orange Coffee House, at the corner of the Haymarket, observed a very intelligent-looking boy driving an ass and selling brickdust. He was in rage; and, on enquiry, was found to be the son of an unfortunate musician. Struck with grief and indignation that the boy, before him should be the child of a brother professor, Festing determined to attempt something for the child's support, with the assistance of Dr Morrice Green. These worthy men soon after established a fund towards the support of decayed musicians and their families.

Grabat, a French musician, chapelmaster to Charles II., produced in London the first dramatic piece under the name of opera, entitled, *Africus; or, the Marriage of Bacchus*. It was performed for the first time in 1674. His second complete opera, with recitatives, was *Albion and Albanus*, performed in 1685.

St Gregory (called Gregory the Great), a Roman pontiff, born at Rome, about the year 550, instituted litanies, which were sung in procession about the streets of the city. On its arrival at the great church (during the time of the plague), it is said that the contagion ceased. He reformed the Ambrosian chant (in use for about 200 years before the period in which Gregory lived). He enlarged the former plan, by introducing four new modes or tones into the "Ante ferna," and banished from the church the "Canto figurato," as being too light; he established a singing school at Rome, which subsisted three hundred years after his death, which happened in 604. The original *Antiphonarium*, or volume of anthems of this Pope, is still supposed to be in existence, as also the bed on which his infirmities obliged him to recline, when, in the latter part of his life, his soul still led him to visit his favourite school, and hear the scholars practise. Gregory (according to ecclesiastical writers) was the first who separated the chanters from the regular clergy; for it was his observation, that singers were more admired for their fine voices than for their precepts or their piety.

John Hingstone—a pupil of Orlando Gibbons—organist to Oliver Cromwell, was appointed by him instructor of music to his daughter, at the yearly salary of £100.

MUSIC PAST AND PRESENT IN IRELAND.

(Continued from page 389.)

But we must now turn to some account of this eminent man's life. Many are the statements relative to the parentage of Sir John Stevenson. Some allege that he was the son of a weaver, others that he was the son of a violin player in the Dublin Theatre, and others that he was the son of a nobleman. We know that one of his oldest and most esteemed friends was inclined to the latter opinion. Certainly we are not surprised at this, for his appearance and bearing were aristocratic, and though he showed no traces of early education or reading in his conversation, yet his manner was well-bred. A taint of conceit and affectation certainly marred the simplicity of his manners. However, Sir John possessed talents of such pre-eminence as to make one forget these little failings. We believe that he was born in 1762, in Crane Lane, off Dame Street, and that he was the son of John Stevenson, a violin player. That Sir John played the violin there is ample proof, for when he took lodgings in Friarstown, at the foot of the Dublin hills, for the benefit of his health, having no pianoforte, he used to amuse himself by playing the violin, and he made a present of the instrument to his landlady's son when he left. He was admitted as a choir-boy in Christ Church Cathedral, 1771. He was appointed to a half-vivandage in St. Patrick's, October, 1783. He had been a stipendiary of Christ Church from May 1781, and became a full vicar in 1800. When he became a vicar of St. Patrick's he is not recorded. The degree of Doctor of Music was conferred upon him in 1791, and he was knighted by the Lord Lieutenant in 1803. He married Anne Butler, the widow of a Mr. Singleton, a spurrier or cutler who lived on Cork Hill. This lady was the daughter of Mr. John Morton, of Rohoboth, South Circular Road. Though a widow, she was only 22 or 23 years old. She was extremely handsome. Stevenson fell in love with her while she was a pupil of his, and they sealed the gates, which were locked, of Rohoboth one evening in either 1786 or 1787—for Stevenson was not considered a suitable match for the young and handsome widow—and got married.

"Here," to her who long had waked the poet's sigh,

The girl who gave to song what gold could never buy."

The families were soon reconciled, and lived together for some time after the marriage. There were music two sons and two daughters—John, who was in the army, and afterwards emigrated to Canada, is dead; Joseph, still alive, who holds a living in the Church; Anne Butler, who became the wife of Mr. Lambert, of Beauparc; and Olivia, who married the late Marquis of Headfort. The two daughters are no more, and Lady Stevenson died in 1806. Sir John was a most attached husband and fond father. He spared nothing on the education of his children. His daughters were not only beautiful but highly accomplished, and were considered ornaments to the high circles in which they moved, while his sons were equally qualified for the best society. Sir John was very eccentric. Indeed, he was so flattered and petted wherever he went that he was thoroughly spoiled. Therefore there were many allowances made for his pomposity of manner and affectation of aristocracy. Under all there was a kindly and benevolent heart. We think there can be no fear of contradiction when we assert that swearing and after dinner drinking were the vices of the better classes during the last century and the first quarter of this. It was no uncommon occurrence for Sir John and other gentlemen to sit up till daylight of a summer morning over their whiskey punch; and there was a flow of wit and soul poured forth in their cups which it would be rare to meet at the present. Among Sir John's friends and acquaintances there was a gentleman of the choir named William Mailey. He was commonly called Billy Mailey by his families. Now, though Mailey was a perfect gentleman, he appeared to like being made a butt of, as everybody almost took liberties with dear old Bill, who seldom or never showed ill-temper. Bill was sly, and not only witty in himself, but the cause of wit in others. Sir John could scarcely live without him. Yet, at the same time there was no one took so many liberties with the dear old fellow. At table he would get behind him, and tap him on the armpits, exclaiming, "You vulgar wretch, why don't you hold your knife and fork like a gentleman. Aw, by, you're a disgrace." Mailey's only reply would be "Asey, Darlin'." Then, when the whiskey, hot water, tumblers,

and sugar were laid upon the table, and Mailey would commence a story, Sir John would take a piece of sugar and throw it at him, saying, "Hold your vulgar tongue, you wretch." But Mailey was not without his moments of revenge, which he took in quizzing the knight. One instance of his sly mode of doing so we well remember. It happened that the Marchioness of Headfort was presented by the late Duchess of Wellington to William the Fourth at a drawing room. Mailey reading this aloud from a newspaper for Sir John, commented upon it by saying, "Why, Sir John, that was a grand honour—the Duchess of Wellington, think of it—why, she is a greater woman than the Queen!" to which the knight replied, "Aw, you may say that—greater than all the Cleopatras ever lived." Then Bill had his sly chuckle over this as he related it wherever he dined. Mailey used frequently to call him Sir Andy, which was anything but pleasing to him, and used to excite him to wrath.

ZARÉ THALBERG'S CHERUBINO.

(From the "Observer.")

The rôle of Cherubino was very properly given (as intended by Mozart) to a soprano; and in that rôle Mlle Zarc Thalberg made her appearance for the first time, and her ninth appearance on any stage. Under such circumstances, so youthful a *débütante* might fairly claim indulgence; but none was necessary. The Cherubino of Mlle Thalberg was a charming impersonation, combining delightful vocalization with natural and appropriate action. In "Vol che sapete" her chief success was made, and she obtained an enthusiastic encore. To speak of this young lady as already a finished artist would be incorrect; but she is gifted with such rare powers—both vocal and dramatic—and imparts so much fascination to her impersonation, by her natural grace of manner and the beauty of her voice, that she bids fair to reach ere long the highest rank in art, and, meanwhile, is one of the most attractive among the many distinguished artists of the Royal Italian Opera Company.

REVIEW.

C. LOSNDAL.

"Gemme d'Antichità." Edited by JOSIAH PITMAN.

A LARGE collection of the most famous compositions of the great masters of past ages, consisting of more than 230 numbers—interesting to the amateur, absorbing to the student. The work contains specimens of nearly all the classic composers of a high period in art, and has lately received a very careful revision at the hands of Mr. Josiah Pitman, who, after much research, has added many choice examples of the first order in ancient and modern schools. Admirers of fine bass and baritone songs may be safely advised to look at such inspirations as Handel's "Tra i caligini, di cupido," "Alma del gran Poesia," "Se non belli ardir," and "Ah, Padre deggio," "Spior," "Di miliardi cori," "Tu chi sei," and "Vol ahermando;" Righini's "Al nome tuo temio," and "All' ombra Eulalia mia;" Paer's "Agitato da smarra;" Jomelli's "Torbido mal;" Paisiello's "All' idea;" Pergolesi's "Canto del Demonio," and "Sanctus at terribile;" Haydn's "Pro peccatis;" Haase's "Fliche soles;" and Stradella's "Nerone." Tenors have splendid songs, such as Handel's ever charming "Rendi il sereno," from *Scarmine* (in the right key); Paisiello's "Io son Lindoro;" Cherubini's "No non mi cal;" Gluck's "Insieme fin dal mattino;" Pergolesi's "Euridice di dove sei;" Bononcini's "L'esperto nocchiero," and "Vado ben spesso." Sopranos can revel in songs like Spohr's "Si lo sento," "Tu m'abbandoni," "Oh! quanto vaga rosa," and "Ah! che i giorni miei;" Handel's "Falsa immagine;" "Ah! mio cor," "Mi lugnerò tacendo," "Vinto di l'amor," "L'aspetta più caro," "Dolce aurette," "Sen vola, sonmi Del," and "Tutta raccolta ancor;" Glinapp's "In laeasir si cor;" Paisiello's "Ho perduto;" Haase's "Ritornella fra poco;" Vinci's "Vo soleando;" Paradisi's "Quel ruscioletto;" Guglielmi's "Gratias agimus;" Lotti's "Fu il nome;" Handel's "Lascia ch'io pianga;" Graun's "Soleggi l'innondati profeti;" Stradella's "Medea;" Cimarosa's "Ah! parlate;" Haase's "Sorpendermi vorresti;" and Dusek's "A che conglerti." Last, not least, note the contralto songs, each a gem: Bononcini's "Se mal vien;" Gluck's "Che farò," "Chi amo il mio ben," "Deh! placati me," and "L'aspetta il mosto degli;" Handel's "Dove sei," "Vendi, vendi," "Vengo d'aspetta," "Barbaro tradito," "Suspirate, onde lacerati," "Dimmi caro," "Si caro, Piango la vostra mia," and "Nube che li sola;" Pergolesi's "Ogni pena;" Rionzi's "Ah! rendimi quel cor;" Giordani's "Caro mio ben;" Mozart's "Quando miro;" Haase's "Ricordare Joue pié;" Ariosti's "Fù benigno;" Paisiello's "Oh di che jode;" Cherubini's "O aulista hostis;" Crescentini's "Mio ben ricordati," &c. &c. Here is indeed a tempting catalogue of things that, however old, will be for ever young.

ST JAMES'S HALL,
REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.
MR CHARLES HALLÉ'S

Pianoforte Recitals.

MR CHARLES HALLÉ has the honour to announce that the Eighth and Last of his Fifteenth Series of PIANOFORTE RECITALS will take place on FRIDAY, JUNE 25, 1875.

EIGHTH AND LAST RECITAL,
FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 25, 1875.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

GRAND TRIO, in F, Op. 6, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (first time).—MR CHARLES HALLÉ, Madame NORA ALLEN, and HERR FRANK NEUDA. *Waldemar Bargyol.*
GRAND SONATA, in E, Op. 105, for pianoforte alone.—MR CHARLES HALLÉ. *Beethoven.*
FANTASIA, in C major, Op. 159, for pianoforte and violin (re-arranged by desire).—MR CHARLES HALLÉ and Madame NORA ALLEN. *Schubert.*
GRAND QUINTET, in E flat, Op. 44, for pianoforte, two violins, viola, and violoncello.—MR CHARLES HALLÉ, Madame NORA ALLEN, HERR L. HERR, HERR STRAUSS, and HERR FRANK NEUDA. *Schumann.*

Tickets at Chappell & Co's, 9, New Bond Street; Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street; Olivier's, 35, Old Bond Street; Keith, Provan & Co's, 48, Chesham Place; Hays & Co, Royal Exchange Buildings; and at Austin's Ticket Office, 25, Piccadilly.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. DUFF SMYTH.—Inquires of Mr J. V. Bridgeman, the only Englishman who ever translated any of Wagner's prose works literally. DA STRANERO.—The opera of *Cyris* in *Babilonia* was Rossini's, not Donizetti's. What on earth could Donizetti have cared for either *Cyris* or *Babilonia*!

PIANIST.—Mr Charles Hallé played the Sonata in E (Op. 109), of Beethoven, at a Pianoforte Recital given in his own residence, Chesham Place, on the 27th of May, 1875. Miss Arabella Goddard had played it five years previously.

POSTHUMUS.—The whole of Beethoven is contained in them, from his earliest flights to his latest aspirations. "Posthumus" does not seem to know that all the so-called "Posthumous Quartets" were corrected for the press by the master himself.

FANATICO.—The concert given by Madame Dotti, in Hanover Square, to which "Fanatico" refers, was on the 11th of June, 1858. The other artists were "Miss Dolly," Signor Solieri, Mr Allen Irving, Mr John Thomas, and "Miss Arabella Goddard," the accompanists being "Mr Benedict" and Signor Campana.

DE VALVE.—No. The "Réunion des Arts" was established by Herr C. Goffric, in 1851, at the Harley Street Beethoven Rooms, "by a few members of the musical profession, with the object of affording amateurs and professors a suitable place of meeting in the metropolis for friendly social intercourse, to their mutual benefit and gratification." Like every institution of the kind, of which the records of musical England speak, it was a failure.

A LOVER OF WEBER.—The pianoforte concert, in E flat, of Weber was played by "Miss Arabella Goddard," at the New Philharmonic Concert, under the direction of Dr Wyld (St James's Hall), on the 11th of March, 1861. She had already played it at the public rehearsal, two days previously. What "A Lover of Weber" says is only the strict truth; the repertory of Arabella Goddard equals that of any pianist that ever existed. But—she is an Englishwoman; and, therefore, her exploits count for nothing—or, at any rate, something little.

NAUO.—Herr Cohen, a practised pianist, played his part in Rheinberger's quartet with spirit, intelligence, and great mechanical facility. In the *fantasia* of Rubinstein he was associated with Herr Schloewer. The stringed instruments were represented by Messrs Weiser, Anor, Zerbini, and Daubert, who distinguished themselves especially in Brahms' quartet, a work of considerable importance, if not of untried originality. The other quartet of "Nemo," "no below" ("Nemo") can understand, Cherubini left three quartets—in E flat major, D minor, and C major.

DEATH.

On June 4th, suddenly, at Prince of Wales Road, Mr ALGERNON SUDNEY LEMAY, aged 64.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co's, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1875.

SUR UN PARAPLUIE.

Ami commode, ami nouveau,
Qui, contre l'ordinaire usage,
Reste à l'écart quand il fait beau,
Et se montre les jours d'orage.

Eugène Scribe.

STERNDALÉ BENNETT.

JUST now, everything that bears any relation to the great English musician who but recently passed from among us must have an especial interest. We have, therefore, much pleasure in presenting to our readers a letter from the Direction of the famous Gewandhaus Concerts at Leipzig, offering the post of conductor to our compatriot for the series of concerts during the season 1875-1876. The letter is given in English, according to the text of its author—Dr Wendler.

THE CONCERT-DIRECTION AT LEIPSIK.

To MR WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT.

The undersigned concert-direction remembers still with pleasure the period of your long residence in Leipzig, and your deserving efficacy for the benefit of the "Gewandhaus-Concerts," well-beloved by you also. For these concerts, the conductorship of which up to this time Herr Capellmeister Rietz, and Herr Concertmaster David, and the Herr Capellmeister N. W. Gade, from Copenhagen, had undertaken, are we anxious, during next winter, to engage an able conductor. Your well-known name which you, honoured sir, enjoy in the musical world, and the lasting favours of the public here, continually turned towards you, make us here also wish to announce our entreaty, that it may please you to undertake, in the approaching winter, the direction of our 20 "Abonnement Concerts," of which, of course, you may still remember, extra-concerts of long-standing with us—i.e., that for the benefit of the poor here—and that for the established pensioning fund for needy musicians. As an honorary compensation amongst the sum of * * *.

Although we do not conceal the fact, that the yielding to our prayer will impose upon you manifold sacrifices, amongst which the exchange of your home for Leipzig, during many months, would not be the least, we hope, however, that friendly remembrance of your time spent here, and the conviction that we in our concerts even now, as formerly, approve the use of the pure Art for our profession, will peradventure turn you to lend an ear (willingly to our entreaty). Elated with this hope, we would accordingly reckon thereupon to see you from the middle of next September until the end of March or beginning of April, 1876, at the head of our orchestra. We look forward to receive your favourable and speedy declaration hereupon; and allow us to enquire whether you can, perhaps, recommend a "Sängerin" in England, who might be brought over for the whole or a part of our next concert season. It would be particularly agreeable to us to enquire of you whether Miss Louisa Pyne, whom we had before invited to Leipzig, could be prepared next winter to afford us the opportunity of hearing her, and whether you think she would obtain applause here.

Accept the assurance of our highest respect and attachment, with which we remain,

THE CONCERT-DIRECTOR,

In whose name, and by whose commission,

Leipzig, July 29, 1875.

(Signed) DR WENDLER.

Sterndale Bennett's reply is subjoined:—

To DR WENDLER, CONCERT DIRECTOR, LEIPSIK.

DEAR SIR,—Being from home on a journey, I did not receive your kind and flattering letter of the 29th July until yesterday. It is difficult for me, even in my own language, to thank the Concert-Director of Leipzig for the very high compliment they have paid me in inviting me to conduct their concerts of next season. Would my arrangements

allow me to accept the invitation, I feel that such a circumstance would give me a new existence; and, independently of the opportunity afforded me of mixing myself more with the poetry of my art, it would again enable me to enjoy the satisfaction of renewing those friendships which I had the good fortune to enjoy in former times. I have always looked back upon Leipzig as a second home; and, indeed, how could it be otherwise, when I found such kind friends, and amongst all enjoyed the protection of the illustrious man, whose removal from this world we all alike deplore?

Your invitation must, however, remain unanswered for two or three days. I will write again on Wednesday next; and if I am obliged to forego the greatest wish of my heart, be assured that I shall regret it all my life, in many respects. I will not forget to give you my best advice about a singer. I shall go to London on Wednesday to make enquires. Believe me, dear Sir, yours very truly,

(Signed) WILLIAM STERNDALL BENNETT.

13, Hanover Buildings, Southampton, August 8, 1853.

So that here we find a man, not only a prophet in his own country—as Bennett unquestionably was—but also a prophet in another.

D. P.

WILLIAM DORRELL.

MR DORRELL, one of our very best and most experienced musicians, and, as all those who have followed his career know well, one of the most skillful, well-informed, and variously accomplished of English pianists, educated in an institution whence pianists of the highest mark have come, has resigned the position which he has held for so many years, with credit to himself and advantage to his pupils, as one of the chief professors at the Royal Academy of Music and Queen's College, London. Such an event was not likely to pass without some recognition from those whom his counsels have long and materially benefited. That this recognition should take the form of a valedictory letter, expressing the sense of the loss of such a teacher, and proceeding from his pupils at each establishment, was only natural. But the terms in which the respected Professor is addressed are so delicately worded, and reveal so much genuine warmth of feeling, that they deserve being put upon record.

Subjoined is the letter addressed to Mr Dorrell, by his pupils at the Royal Academy of Music:—

Royal Academy of Music.

DEAR MR DORRELL,—We, the undersigned, cannot but express our sincere regret at your retirement from the Academy. Your patience, kindness, and valuable advice at the lessons can never be forgotten. It to-day we have joined to offer you a trifling souvenir, accept it kindly, and do not doubt that the name of our beloved master will live for ever in the hearts of his grateful pupils.

SIGNED BY THE PUPILS OF HIS CLASS AT
THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Mr Dorrell's pupils at Queen's College address him in a similarly hearty and congenial manner:—

Queen's College, London.

DEAR MR DORRELL,—On behalf of many pupils of Queen's College, who have had the privilege of coming under your instruction, we beg leave to request your acceptance of the accompanying testimonial of our regard, and of the gratitude we feel for the benefits we derived from your teaching, as well as for your many acts of kindness. We regret that you should have found it necessary to withdraw from the office you have occupied for many years so honourably, so usefully, and so profitably to your pupils; and we desire to assure you that you will carry with you the esteem and regard both of those whom you have taught and of those with whom you have been associated in the work of teaching, and their best wishes for your health and happiness for the future.

SIGNED BY BETWEEN 40 AND 50
OF HIS FORMER PUPILS.

Nothing, in either case, could be more simple, earnest, and unaffected; and, therefore, nothing, on such an occasion, more entirely and gracefully to the purpose.

* Mendelssohn.

THOSE amateurs who may not have forgotten that there was, once upon a time, an English pianist among us called Arabella Goddard, will not read without interest the following, from a series of letters under the head of "The London Musical Season," supplied by a German writer to the late *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung* (Cologne), in 1866-7. The letter was translated and printed in the *Literary Gazette*, then edited by the much-regretted Shirley Brooks, who headed it:—

A German Critic in London.

The fifth and last New Philharmonic concert was far more interesting and satisfactory than the fourth. The orchestral pieces, the overtures to *Medea*, to *Ruy Blas*, and to *Oberon*, and the *Sinfonia Eroica*, were really very well executed, and, above all, the names of Miss Arabella Goddard and Joachim gave especial lustre to the programme. These had both brought to light from the obscure stores of an earlier epoch the material for the display of their genius. [Fashion no doubt had its share in the reusciation; but this is a good fashion, if not carried too far.] Bach's sonata, No. 5, with the splendid fugue for the violin alone, and Dussek's concerto, No. 6, in G minor, rose from oblivion as dazzling novelties before the eyes of the astonished public. Joachim's truly marvellous rendering of Old Bach's contrapuntal master-piece excited the most extraordinary demonstration of applause, although it cannot be denied that the majestic tones produced by this hero of the strings did not make us quite overlook the desolate position of a single violin in a large hall. In the second part he played the Romanza in F, with orchestral accompaniment by Beethoven.

Dussek's concerto for the piano was even less known than Bach's sonata for the violin. We all heard it for the first time, and very few of us could either have seen it or played it. It is a genuine concerto of its kind, with the first movement broadly designed and brilliantly worked out. The slow movement in E flat is melodious, though it displays no extraordinary invention. But the finale—a rondo in G minor, like the first movement—is a magnificent piece, composed in that characteristic, we may say genial, style that distinguishes the bravuras of Dussek. The execution of this concerto is the reverse of easy; but Miss Goddard is no longer conscious of difficulties on her instrument. She is, moreover, an artist in the true sense of the word, and the extraordinary success which she has recently achieved in England is not to be ascribed to the patriotism of her countrymen. Even the severest critics among the modern Germans have awarded to her the palm among all the lady pianists of the present day, not even excepting Mad. Schumann and Mad. Starvedy-Clausen.

What is effected by this young lady by dint of industry and perseverance, combined with genial intelligence and technical skill, is really incredible.

She gave the first series of *soirées* at her own residence; for the second she selected Willis's Rooms, which on each occasion were filled with an audience comprising every one who could lay claim to any rank in the domain of music. Most justly were these *soirées* termed "classical." Neither the wishes of titled ladies, nor the homage of worshippers, can lure this, in every respect, gifted lady from the true path of art; she never stoops to the mere amusement of her hearers. Look over her programme, and you will be astonished when I tell you that all this has been mastered by a girl in the bloom of youth. There you will find Hummel's grand sonata in D major (Op. 106)—the last that he composed for the piano solo; Beethoven's sonatas in a major (Op. 101), and B flat major (106); Wolf's sonata, *Non Plus Ultra*, in F, and Dussek's sonata, *Plus Ultra*, in A flat (Op. 71), both in one evening; C. M. von Weber's sonata in E minor (Op. 70); S. Bach's *Fuga scherzando*, fugue in A minor, fugue in G major; for the "Well-tempered Harpsichord;" Scarlatti's fugue in G minor; Mozart's sonata in E flat and B flat, with violin (M. Salomon); Mendelssohn's quartets in F minor and B minor; a duet with violoncelle and the fugue in D major from the "Character-stücke," for the pianoforte, by the same composer. Add to these several others, as, for instance, Beethoven's concerto in E flat major, Dussek's concerto already mentioned, Sterndall Bennett's concerto C minor (No. 3), &c., and you will form some

notion of Miss Goddard's studies. Those who have heard her performance of Beethoven's Op. 106 and Dumek's *Flute Ultime* can declare that there is no flattery in the title "Queen of the pianoforte." The terribly long and almost impracticable sonata (Op. 106) she first played before the public in 1853, when she was scarcely 17 years of age, and even then excited admiration. In the course of the last two seasons she had played it three times, and now, in her 22nd year, she so completely rules the spirit of the masters of all schools, that she can evoke it for our benefit from the greatest and most difficult of their works.

Since the period at which the German critic wrote, had he been living now, he might have almost multiplied the repertory of the young lady who so delighted him by ten—and even then not have exceeded the mark.

VERDI'S MANZONI REQUIEM.

The first production of Verdi's *Requiem* at the Opera-house has been a great success. The House was full, and the composer at his entrance was received with stormy applause, such as has never been witnessed in the Opera-house since its opening. The enthusiasm, instead of diminishing, went on increasing. With such an orchestra and chorus as the Opera-house boasts of, and with such singers as Mesdames Stolz and Waldmann, and Messrs. Madini and Medini, who had studied their parts under Verdi's guidance, the representation was all but perfect. Had the calls been attended to, almost every number would have had to be repeated. This success is the more flattering to Verdi, as the taste of Vienna inclines very much to the music of Wagner. At the end of the performance the Director of the Opera-house presented the composer with a laurel wreath.

Vienna, June 14.

OCCASIONAL NOTE.

The assembly of German Theatre-Intendants and Theatrical managers at Eisenach have adopted a resolution no longer to acknowledge different "lines of business." "Walking Ladies" and "Gentlemen" are doomed; "Heavy Fathers" and "Singing-Chamber-maids," "Leading Tragedians" and "General Utilities," are banished from the nomenclature of the German stage. Henceforth, the artists of Fatherland are to be engaged under the general designations of "actors, singers, and dancers."

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

THE familiar name of Signor Ardit, associated as it is with a long list of operatic triumphs, cannot fail to strike home to the warmest sympathies of the musical public; therefore it is not surprising that the annual concert of the celebrated *soprano* should be a rendezvous for artists and amateurs, both gentle and strong. On Monday afternoon the brilliant audience that assembled to applaud and welcome so great a favourite was no exception to the rule of past seasons, and the applause with which everything in the programme connected with the name of Signor Ardit was received, showed that absence had by no means lessened his hold upon the affections of his admirers. In a programme of considerable length (the execution of which was allotted to Mesdames Sinico-Campobello, Trebelli-Bettini, Nigelli, Pernini, José Sherrington, Fairman, Carnieli, Signors Campobello, Caponi, Brignoli, Urio, and De Soria, Messrs Shakespeare and Santley, M.M. Pagni and Paque) only five of Signor Ardit's compositions appeared, but these five were mostly well known and appreciated in the musical world. His romance, "Le Chevalier noir," sung by M. Caponi (violinello *obbligato* by M. Paque), was, perhaps, the most effective number in the programme; and this, not from the style with which it was given by the French tenor, which was affected to a degree, but from the *timbre* of his voice, which rang out bright and true (in spite of the acoustic defects of the hall, that so greatly detracted from the effect produced by the other singers), and gave full value to every note of a composition right worthy of the pen from which it emanated. Encores were obtained by Madame Sinico for the *bolero* "Leggero invisibile," and the duet "Ever present in prosperity," which she sang with Miss Alice Fairman. A genuine success was obtained by Mlle. Carnieli, a very young singer, in two canzonette by Galignani, "Colombella," and "O rosa delle Rose. Her voice is thin and unsteady, her style as yet unformed, but there is a freshness and charm, an almost touching ingenuousness about everything she does, that will be certain to afford gratification

whenever she may appear. With these exceptions, the vocal pieces however no further concern us. An amusing instance of boldness was given by Signor Pagni, an Italian violinist of repute, by his appropriation of the melody of Chopin's Nocturne, "Murmures de la Seine," No. 2 (Signor Pagni's own composition, according to the programme). Signor Ardit's labours as accompanist of the vocal music were lightened by the aid of Mr Cowen and Signor Tito Mattei—Z.

SIGNOR AND MADAME GUSTAVE GARCIA gave their concert, at St George's Hall, on Wednesday afternoon, June 16th, when they were assisted by Miss Alice Fairman, Mlle. Thekla Friedländer, their pupils, Miss Thorncliffe and Miss Waters; Herr Werrenrath, Mr Thorncliffe, Mr Santley, Signor Foli, and a select choir of ladies, who sang with effect Benedict's "Sweet Repose," a part-song by Schubert, and the same composer's setting of the twenty-third Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd" (the latter capably). Signor Garcia's accomplishments as a vocalist are well-known; but Madame Garcia, whose beautiful voice gave such pleasure to concert-goers when she appealed to their sympathies as Mlle. Linas Martorelli, has but rarely appeared in public of late although she is in the zenith of her powers; great interest was, therefore, centered in her single contribution to the programme—"Morceau." "Il est assés" (violinello *obbligato*, M. Jules de Swert)—and the result was highly gratifying to her friends and admirers. The instrumental performances of Herr Dannreuther, Mr Aptommas, and M. Jules de Swert, were received with favour, and Signor Garcia's pupils—especially Miss Thorncliffe, who has clear and sympathetic manner—bore witness to the excellence of their instructor's method. Mr Santley sang Gounod's "Maid of Athens," and, on being recalled, "To Anthea;" Herr Werrenrath gave some Danish Lieder; and Signor Foli, though he appeared late in the concert, produced the usual effect with "Se il rigor" (*La Jure*). Some may suggest that Signor Foli leans to the solemn in his choice of *aria*, but, in reality, he shows discrimination. By his constant success in such *morceaux*, his noble voice and broad style of singing are heard to eminent advantage. It must be agreeable to Signor Foli to feel that there is no *aria* that an audience would not willingly hear from him again. As usual, he was unanimously encored, but would only return to the platform and bow his thanks. We cannot help wishing that this mode of acknowledging applause was more in vogue among artists, and that they would be less voracious for the now doubtful honour of an encore. Not alone does this reprehensible practice lengthen the nearly always too lengthy programmes, but it is unfair to those who calculate upon their performances being over at a certain time, or who have their names placed so late in the programme that many fatigued listeners have departed, and others are moving off while the unfortunate artist is on the platform. Are we never to hope for reform in musical matters?—R. W.

MR ALFRED GILBERT AND MADAME GILBERT gave the third of the ninth season of the series of concerts they have entitled "Classics of the Pianoforte and Vocal Music," at the Gallery of the Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall. Haydn's Trio in E flat, for violin, violinello, and pianoforte, and Beethoven's Trio (Op. 97), for the same instruments, was performed by Herr Straus, Signor Pezzi, and Mr Gilbert. Mr Gilbert and Signor Pezzi played Mendelssohn's Duo (Op. 45), for pianoforte and violinello; Herr Straus, Beethoven's violin romance in F; and Mr Gilbert, Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 26 ("by desire"). The vocalists were Madame Gilbert, Miss Alice Askew (a pupil of Madame Gilbert, who made a successful "first appearance" in the "Ave Maria" of Cherubini), and Messrs Cooper, Cosby, and Smith. Mr Charles E. Stephens presided at the pianoforte.

MISS JOSEPHINE LAWRENCE gave her annual evening concert on Tuesday, June 15th, at St James's Hall, under the patronage of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, the Baroness de Rothschild, Lady Phillips, and Mrs Graham. Miss Josephine Lawrence was assisted by Herr Ludwig Straus, Herr Louis Ries, Mr W. H. Hann, and Herr Danbert, as instrumentalists; and as vocalists by Miss Mary Davies (Welsh Choral Union scholar, Royal Academy of Music), and Signor Campobello. The programme, which we subjoin, was varied and interesting, and reflects credit to the young pianist's judgment:—Quartet, in C minor, Op. 18, No. 4, for two violins, viola, and violinello—Beethoven; Song, "Dawn, gentle flower" (Miss Mary Davies, Welsh Choral Union scholar, Royal Academy of Music)—W. S. Bennett; Fantasia, in F minor, Op. 49, for pianoforte alone—Chopin; Song, "Hesper and Selene" (Signor Campobello)—Händel; Song, "Hesper and Selene," No. 1, for pianoforte and violinello—Berthoven; Solos, pianoforte, Frühlingslied, A. Henselt, and Toccata in C minor—W. S. Bennett Songs, "Zuleika," Mendelssohn, and "Wohin"—Schubert (Miss Mary Davies); Quintet, in E flat, Op. 44, for pianoforte, two violins,

viola, and violoncello.—Schumann. Miss Lawrence's playing was that of an accomplished pianist, and the good impression she made at her previous concerts was, if possible, heightened on the present occasion. The fair *béatrice* was well supported by her conjunctors, and her concert must have given unqualified satisfaction to her numerous friends. The "conductors" were Signor Randegger and Mr. Ganz.

MIDDLE KUGENIE BEARD gave a concert at 19, Seymour Street, Portman Square, by permission of Mrs Owen Lewis, in aid of Lady Felt's Cribbs. The concert was conducted by the Chevalier Campan and Signor Alberto Vianna. The well-known artist who volunteered their services were Mrs Lemmens-Scherbington, Miss Alice Roselli, Charles Hallé, &c. These all did their best, and were applauded accordingly. Middle Eugénie, a juvenile pianist, who has been frequently heard with pleasure in London concert-rooms, and is well known and admired as a little "prodigy" at the concerts of the Establishment, at Bonington-Mer, played a selection of Irish airs with taste and feeling, and the applause received was as hearty as it was merited.—(From a Correspondent.)

A CONCERT was given on Tuesday, June 15th, by the pupils of the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind (Upper Norwood), of which his Grace the Duke of Westminster is president, under the patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, and the following noble vice-patrons—their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Edinburgh, in the picture gallery at Dudley House, by the kind permission of the Earl and Countess of Dudley. The following is the programme:—

Grand Duo, for two pianos, Weber; Cantata, "Spring's Message," Gade; Air, "But the Lord is mindful of his own," Mendelssohn; Solo, piano Prelude in E major, Bach; Quartet, "God is a Spirit," W. Sterndale Bennett; Canonet, "She never told her love," Haydn; Chorus of Madama, Beethoven; Duo, for two pianos, Andante from Sonata in D, Mozart; Trio (for three female voices), "The Prayer," Weber; Song, "The Walnut Tree," Schumann; Duo, for two pianos, Etudes in E minor and G major (arranged for four hands by Henelt), Crasner; Part-song, "O, hush thee, my Baby," Sullivan.

During the interval, an experimental class of young children was shown, having been under tuition only two months. Various questions of geography were answered, and places found by the pupils on a globe; then various questions referring to the coast, its character, and the objects found there. A vote of thanks was passed to Lord and Lady Dudley, and an appeal made by the Duke of Westminster for funds (£5,000) to complete certain buildings in course of erection.

MR AND MRS BEBINGTON'S evening concert at the West End Lecture Hall, Hammermith, took place last Thursday week, and was attended by a select and appreciative audience. The concert given was assisted by Miss Ellen Glenville, who was highly successful in "Una voce poco fa," and a song by Herr Ganz, "Sing, sweet bird." MRS BEBINGTON sang Mr Barbey's "When the rolling tide comes in," Rossini's "Di tanti palpiti," and some Scotch songs. MRS BEBINGTON'S fine voice was also heard to advantage in the trio "The Troubadour" (Macfarren), and Cimarosa's "My lady the Countess," being assisted in the latter by Miss Glenville and Miss Beesie Leaker. The trio was repeated by general desire. Miss Leaker was applauded in songs by Offenbach and Signor Barri. Mr Penna was encored in "The Friar's Ditty," by Herr A. Gollinick, and Kelly's "Woodpecker;" and Mr Selwyn Graham (who sang in the place of Mr Fred. Walker), had great success in Blumenthal's "The Message." The instrumental part consisted of two piano duets (Mozart's Overture, *Le Ciel nous a fait*, and Beethoven's *Fidèle*) capably played by Miss Tolkein and Mr. Burdington. The latter also gave his effective piano solo, "Waving Leaves." The name of Mr Pague, the accomplished violinist, was in the programme, although he was not present; his absence was, however, explained by MRS BEBINGTON, who announced that Mr Oberthur would introduce his Harp Fantasia on "The last night of summer," which promise this gentleman redeemed with his usual success, having previously played, with Mr Burdington, his duet on *Il Trovatore*, and was unanimously "recalled" after his brilliant Harp Solo, "Clouds and Sunshine." The vocal pieces were accompanied by Mr Burdington, on the pianoforte.

MR A. COLLARD gave his sixth Annual Concert, on Saturday, June 13th, at St George's Hall. The vocalists were MRS LEHMENS-SCHERBINGTON, Miss Marie Duval, Mr Vernon Nigby, and Mr Wadmore; the instrumentalists—pianoforte, Messrs J. Francis Barnett, H. B. Bird, and Lindsay Stoper; violin, M. Jaquinot; violoncello, Mr Ruderdorff; and flut, Mr A. Collard. The programme is as follows:—

Trio, for flute, violoncello, and pianoforte (written for Mr Collard's last concert)—G. A. Macfarren; Song, "Madam's Thoughts"—Mendelssohn; Solo Violoncello, "Serra Ball," D. Garrett; Duet, "The Prayer," "The Message"—Blumenthal; Solo Violin, "Andante and Polka"—(written for this concert)—C. Gordon Hall; Song, "Dresden China"—Molloy; Solo

Flute, "Concerto" (written for No. 4 of Collard's "Method of Practising the Flute")—J. Francis Barnett; Song, "Hail to Athens"—Gounod; Song, "La servante"—Braga; Solo Pianoforte, "Ronde des fleurs"—Sterndale Bennett; Songs, "Through the Night" and "Sun of my Soul"—Schubert and Schumann; Solo Flute, "Moto perpetuo" (written for No. 3 of Collard's "Method of Practising the Flute")—Arthur Sullivan; Song, "Bird of Livia"—Lemmens; Solo Violin, Romance in G—Beethoven; Song, "To Anthea" (by desire)—Hutton; Trio, for flute, violin, and pianoforte—Sebastian Bach. One of the principal features of the programme was Mr John Francis Barnett's new concerto for the flute, which was performed for the first time by Mr Collard. There being no orchestra, the accompaniments were arranged for the pianoforte, and it is hardly necessary to state, capitally played by the composer. The concerto was received with great favour by the amateurs and professors of the flute, who mustered strongly on the occasion, and both composer and performer were recalled at the end of the performance. The concert, altogether, gave general satisfaction.

The fourth and last subscription concert of Mr Henry Leslie's Choir took place under his direction on Friday evening, the 11th inst., when St James's Hall was filled to overflowing with an appreciative audience. The first part consisted of sacred music, commencing with Bach's beautiful motet for double choir, "The Spirit also helpeth us," and containing Gounod's "Nazareth," sung by Mr Santley, and Mr John Francis Barnett's new concerto for the flute, which was performed for the first time by Mr Collard. There being no orchestra, the accompaniments were arranged for the pianoforte, and it is hardly necessary to state, capitally played by the composer. The concerto was received with great favour by the amateurs and professors of the flute, who mustered strongly on the occasion, and both composer and performer were recalled at the end of the performance. The concert, altogether, gave general satisfaction.

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Madame MAXWELL'S recent gave a *matinée* at Dudley House (by permission of the Earl and Countess of Dudley) on Saturday afternoon, June 12th, when she was assisted by Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Pully, Madame Paley, Mr W. H. Cummings, Mr Santley, and Signor Fall (vocalists); Mr Carrodus, Messrs Laserré, Reynolds, and Mangold (instrumentalists). Some young ladies, pupils of Madame Diel, also assisted in the instrumental part of the performance, which, the *béatrice* being a pianist, was naturally to the "fore." Her performance (arranged as a quintet for strings), admirably played by Mr Mangold, Messrs Carrodus, Laserré, Zerbini, and Reynolds, was first on the programme; the second piece of magnitude being Bach's Triple Concerto, in D minor, played by Madame Diel and her pupil, Misses Parise and Lawford. On most of the occasions that we have heard this elaborate and majestic work, the performance has been equally satisfactory by reason of the seeming want of uniformity in the reading accepted by the trio of artists; but in this instance, doubtless through the predominance of a single mind, the conceptions of the three pianists fitted with a remarkable exactitude, and the delicacy of the quintet accompaniment left nothing to desire. Miss Edith Wynne sang a new song, entitled "Wearied Well" (Louis Diel), with even more of her usual charm. The song has a sweetly simple melody, whose full value was rendered by the purity of the fair singer's delivery. Madame

Patey's contributions to the programme were "Almost" (Cowen), and the well-known "Caro mio ben," which can hardly be more attractive than when enunciated by the mellow tones of our celebrated contralto. Miss Elizabeth Philip gave two *morettes* of her own composition, and Mr. W. H. Cummings sang "O malincore" with a gentle, still which also greatly enhanced the beauty of Herr Diehl's ballad, "The buried flower." Mr. Santley showed his accustomed vigour in Wagner's "O du mein holder Abendstern," and the new song, "Absent, yet present" (Diehl); and Signor Foli, whose magnificent voice seems to adapt itself with equal ease to every variety of concert-room, was never heard to greater advantage than on the occasion under notice. In Herr Diehl's "Dear England," the volume and richness of voice with which Nature has endowed Signor Foli was shown in its full proportions; the melody has a stately movement, eminently suited to the fine quality which characterises his voice. "O tu Palermo" was also given by Signor Foli, with which the audience were evidently delighted. The vocal pieces were interspersed with soil for violin, violoncello, and piano &c, the most notable of which were Chopin's *Polonaise Brillante*, in E flat, played with brilliancy and point by a very young lady, Miss Céline Laroze (pupils of Mme Diehl), who made her debut; and selections from the works of Chopin, Henselt, and Schumann, which Madame Mangold Diehl performed with her usual delicacy and grace. The concert concluded with Brondet's charming arrangement for four performers of the pianoforte of Chopin's *Posthumous Mazurka*, preceded by an *Andante* of his own, played by the Misses Parize, Lawford, Minton, and Madame Diehl. The accompanists of the vocal music were Mr Louis Diehl and M. Zerbini.—R. W.

MR KUHE'S CONCERT.

One of the "monster" concerts of the season is that annually given by Mr Kule, whose friends filled the huge Floral Hall to its utmost capacity on Monday last. The vocal artists were exclusively selected from the Royal Italian Opera company, M. Faure being the only absentee amongst the prominent members of Mr Gye's troupe. The instrumentalists were Mr Kuhe, M. Paque, and Herr Wilhelm; Sir Julius Benedict, Signora Vincini, Berigiani and Herr Gaze dividing the duties of accompanists. Madame Patti, who was at her best, sang five times, and received two encores, "Within a mile of Edinboro' town" being most rapturously received. Middle Albaui appeared three times; she sang the "Scène de folie" from *Hamlet* with extraordinary brilliancy and pathos, and created a genuine *furore* by a graceful delivery of the undying "Last Rose of Summer." Middle Marimon's brilliant *tours de force* in the "Carneval de Venise" led to an irresistible encore, an honour which was also awarded to M. Maurel and Middle Thalberg in the duet "La ci darem." The pretty and youthful *prima donna* also received most flattering marks of approval for a careful rendering of "Voilà ça s'apete." The contralto music in the programme was allotted to Middle Scalchi, but her glorious mellow voice did not seem so effective as usual, though her singing both in "Nobil donna" and the quartet from *Rigoletto* was irreproachable. The chorus were encored in the "Bridal Chorus" from *Lohengrin*, but none of the male vocalists created any special effect.

The *beneficitaire*, who was received with marked recognition from the vast audience, appeared very little in his lengthy programme. With M. Paque he played Mendelssohn's "Tema con variazioni," both artists doing full justice to this lovely composition, and, as a solo, his own delicate adaptation of Ballo's "Rose song" from the *Talisman*. Mr Kuhe does not affect the airs of a "showy" pianist, but his exquisite touch and "singing" style proved him to be well worthy of his high professional position. Herr Wilhelm chose for his solo his own "Paraphrase of the Romance from Chopin's Concerto in C minor." Those who know with what finish and brilliancy Herr Wilhelm always executes this difficult composition will not be surprised to hear that he was rapturously encored, a compliment not often paid to violinists at fashionable morning concerts, where popular *prima donna* or fascinating tenors (a nearly extinct race) generally carry off all the honours.

MENTION.—The next novelties at the Theatre Royal are to be Méhul's *Uthal*, and Gounod's *Médée malgré lui*.—The business of the musical publishing firm of Filler and Son, celebrated for possessing one of the best musical circulating libraries in the south of Germany, and for the largest stock of compositions for the altar, has been sold.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I shall feel much obliged if you will permit me to state, in reference to the notice of my "The Last Rose of Summer" Musical, in a recent number of the *Musical World*, that my authority for saying "The Last Rose of Summer" is an ancient Irish melody is "Hall's Ireland," vol. 1, page 49, where it is described as the "ancient melody to which Milikin wrote 'The Groves of Blarney.'" &c.; and in the same page it is also stated that the words (not the music) were written in the year 1758, or 1759, by Richard Alfred Milikin, an attorney, of Cork.

Your correspondent alludes to my obligations to Mr Chappell's "Music of the Olden Time." He is perfectly correct; I am not only greatly indebted to that important work, but also to the kindness on various occasions of the editor himself. But, highly as I value Mr Chappell's work, I still protest against some of his remarks concerning Welsh music. I remain truly yours,

St Mary Abbots Terrace, Kensington, June 8th.

WAGNER.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—It is amusing, though sometimes painful, to hear some delighted old Fogey prattle of the decline of the opera. "Ah! my dear boy," he will say, "the days of opera are gone! that charming art is lost as hopelessly as the winking link; a deluge, with a mighty roaring sound, is wellowing up all that is beautiful." Poor darling antiquarian! the beauties that thrilled his soul, when the leaves of his youth were green, are to my only interesting relics. Can I feel rapture at the shrunken, wrinkled, withered objects? No, I cannot; any more than I can wear the top boots, the high stock, and the blue coat with the brass buttons with which he decorated himself when he enacted the part of Adonis. Another such an old Fogey will solemnly avow to me life has no pleasures since the days-of-age coaches; he will tell me, with his old eyes fixed on the distant hat; and in his cracked voice, of the wild delights of ancient travelling; of the jaunty coachman, the flying steeds, and the springy coach rattling over hill and dale, along roads shady and open; now passing villages and towns, then stopping at cozy inns, and finally arriving at the *Bull and Mouth*, in the heart of the city. "Ah! young art, those were happy days," he will exclaim. "I wish I had it!" It is something to puffing and blowing, and under the bowls of the earth. A fiery steed, stolen from Plato's stables, is dragging us all to the devil." Are not both these Fogies blind to the fact that they are leggers in the march of events? The world in its need cried aloud, and science has unlocked Nature's treasures. The steam engine has rocked the stage coach into the dust; the telegraph, and harmony, with its glorious thundering, is silencing the feeble whisperings of melody. Operatic stars will soon become extinct as is the elder Waller. The time has come. Singers can no longer express the mighty thoughts of modern composers. True, the age of great singers is passing away. Lubische and Mario, Grisi and Aloui, are heard no more; and, if they were, even they would prove unequal to the Titanic task. Certain it is that other means than singers are needed to reveal to the listening world ideas so sublime. The orchestra is invading the singer's province; in effect they are scrambling over the footlights on to the stage, and sweeping away the throne of the tyrant singer, as the revolutionary mob swarmed into Versailles and drove thence the feeble monarch. Gounod has no longer to shape its music to fit some effeminate figure; it is not tied hard and fast to the frame work of cavatas with high notes, or an aria with low tones; it is not forced to pay homage and sacrifice itself to the poverty of a singer's mind and means. Another and a mightier power is ready at hand capable of expressing and developing the highest aspirations of the loftiest genius. Behold! a nuclear Pentecost is come. In the orchestra is found the gift of tongues, by which art truths are spoken freely and publicly to all mankind. The apostle Wagner is chosen first to exert these miraculous powers. Apostles, when going forth to break down error, are not usually diffident and modest men; and happily neither Wagner nor his disciples (amongst whom I have the honour of being enrolled), are so unconfident of the dignity of their glorious mission as to feel they need reserves or timidity. Wagner tried on old arduous when he first essayed to fight Gullath; he used the ancient weapons of melody and form at the beginning of his warfare. Since then, however, he has learnt to wield "primal forces," and now crushes his antagonists by rocks as huge as those thrown by Polyphemus. In *Lohengrin* he is even just as he was passing the Rutenbock, but now he has burnt his boats. He has no more need of boats than Captain Boyton. He is not self-supporting; he has not within him every resource? Is he not, in fact, poet, critic, and musician in one? "Music married to immortal verse" is, alas, a rare union; often the two are unequally yoked together, and sometimes the alliance is that of a live body with a corpse. The quickening genius of Mozart could not animate the lifeless poetry with which it was often associated. Unhappily Mozart was only a musician, whereas our Wagner is more

than musician. He has not to grope and wander to and fro, lantern in hand, searching for any wise man; his many-sided nature supplies the want; Minerva-like he sprang, fully equipped, from the brain of the God of Music, and stands before the astonished world, unique and sublime, the Philosopher-Poet-Musician.

Of his philosophy I cannot speak in this short letter, the *Musical World* itself could not contain a bare outline of it. The quality of his poetry can easily be tested by referring to the libretto, or rather book, of the opera *Lehrjahre*. I may, with propriety give quotations in its original language; for, like Sir Andrew Agnecbeck, "I speak three or four languages word for word without book," but I forbear. I will only draw attention to the frame work and the marvellous structure of the story, and then proceed to note the bauls and marvellous revelations of its musical treatment, for which I crave space for another letter. Yours obediently,
JOWATT JONES, Jnr.

Musical Studies, and Nephews of the Order of St Wagner.

ALVINA VALLERIA AT BOLOGNA.

The above name will always recall to our mind a perfect school of singing, a sympathetic actress, and a vocalist of the first rank. Signora Valleria's master was the Cavaliere Arditi, and he has a right to be proud of his pupil, who, though born in America, represents art with genuine Italian sentiment.

The benefit of this most favourite artist took place on the 5th May, at the Teatro Brunetti, and the public of Bologna overwhelmed the lady with marks of their favour. The house was filled with the pick of Bolognese society, and the fair sex had flocked to the performance in crowds. There was an extraordinary profusion of flowers, made up in the most elegant and the newest combinations. I remarked one enormous bouquet, whence hung a rich white silk scarf, on the end of which were the words: "To his favourite pupil; Luigi Arditi." The Cavaliere Arditi was in the theatre; and, being a more competent judge than any one else, did well in joining the general public, and rewarding Signora Valleria. In addition to flowers, there were pieces of complimentary poetry and various other offerings, the whole accompanied by the greatest enthusiasm. The performance consisted of the second and third acts of *Lucia*, of the third act of *Fuasi*, and of the Cavaliere Arditi's most popular waltz, "L'Estasi." As usual, the *finale* of *Lucia* had to be repeated. Signora Valleria sang with the most agreeable tenderness and finish. It is very seldom that we hear any one who can interpret with such elegant distinction the *largo* of the *roondo* of *Lucia*, or the *amante* and "Jewel Air" in *Fuasi*. In the waltz, "L'Estasi," also, the lady was splendid, and the whole evening was, in a word, delicious. Signora Valleria will shortly leave for London. When she looks back at the events in her career, one of her dearest recollections will be her recollection of Bologna, which rendered the most impartial justice to her merit.—S.

P.S.—At the last performance of *Lucia*, Signora Valleria treated the public to an agreeable surprise. She sang a new waltz, by her master, the Cavaliere Arditi. It is entitled, "L'Incontro." This piece, which is something quite fascinating, and the perfect manner in which it was sung, excited general enthusiasm. The public insisted on hearing it again, and likewise called on the distinguished composer several times, Arditi went "L'Incontro" expressly for Signora Valleria. It is a most happy conception, and does honour to the celebrated conductor.—L'Argo.

After the opera, Arditi's henceforth famous waltz, "L'Incontro," was given by Signora Valleria with great success. This excellent singer, a pupil of Arditi himself, was repeatedly called on before the footlights. On its being known, moreover, that the composer was in the house, the audience called, shouted, stamped their feet, and went on in such a manner, that he was obliged to appear four times. A few evenings previously, on the occasion of her benefit, Signora Valleria sang with equally triumphant success, "L'Estasi," another waltz by the same composer.—Gazzetta Musicale di Milano.

MILAN.—A new opera, *Un Matrimonio sotto le Repubbliche*, has been produced with success at the Teatro dal Verme. The composer is Sig. Podesta. The principal parts were sustained by Signore Belaviera and Lamley; Signori Byrne and Lalloni.

MANCHESTER.—The eighth Musical Festival of the Middle Rhine is to be held here, on the 4th and 5th July, in the Fruit-Hall, fitted up for the occasion. It will be under the direction of Herr Friedrich Lenz. The first day will be devoted to Mendelssohn's *St Paul*. The chief features on the second are to be Schumann's *St Paul* music and the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven.

GENOVA.—A short time since, Paganini's violin was removed—for the purpose of being photographed—from the glass case in the grand hall of the Municipal Palace. Giuseppe Baggiolo, the violinist, played the prayer from *Mosé* and Paganini's own "Carnovale di Venezia," upon the instrument which had so long been mute. The last artist who performed on it was Sivori.

THE YORKSHIRE EXHIBITION ORGAN OPENING.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I am glad that my guess regarding the identity of "Veritas" is altogether wrong; though we have only the veiled assertion of "Veritas" for this. My gladness is due to the fact that "Veritas" is likely to be a less reputable person than he of whom I wrote in my last. Your anonymous correspondent may say anything under the mask of "Veritas," and if he be bowed out he cares not a jot, because no one knows him. "Men love darkness rather than light, when their deeds are evil."

It is not my intention to notice any further remarks of the insulting, lying character, written by "Veritas"; but, to prove his untruthfulness, and yet more to show your readers that I am not the official letters of engagement under which I played the organ at the Exhibition:—

"YORKSHIRE EXHIBITION OF ARTS AND MANUFACTURES."

Leeds, April 20, 1875.

"DR SPARK.—Dear Sir,—Will you provide music on the grand organ on Friday, May 14th—namely from 12 to 1, and 3 to 7."

"This will be the first half-crown day, and will, in point of fact, be the opening of the organ."

"Please to let me know your fee, and also what programme you propose to play.—I am, yours respectfully,

"J. O. DAYSON, General Manager."

To this I replied on the following day, and immediately received this answer:—

"YORKSHIRE EXHIBITION."

Leeds, April 29, 1875.

"DR SPARK.—Dear Sir,—The committee have much pleasure in accepting your terms for performance on the grand organ on Friday, May 14th; and I am desired to express the committee's thanks for your kindness in accepting a reduced fee of five guineas for the occasion. Please send programme soon as possible.—I am, yours respectfully,

"J. O. DAYSON, General Manager."

Here also is an extract from the advertisement which appeared in all the local papers, inserted by the committee:—

"The committee have made arrangements with Dr Spark (Borough organist) to

"INAUGURATE THE ORGAN

on Friday, May 14th," &c.

If these do not satisfy "Veritas" that he is egregiously wrong, they will, no doubt, satisfy your intelligent readers, and that will also satisfy me.—I am, yours faithfully,

Leeds, June 16, 1875.

WAIFS.

We are informed that His Grace the Duke of Beaufort has consented to become President of the Musical Artists' Society.

Sig. Ferri, who succeeded Herr Pollini as the *regisseur en chef* of the Imperial theatres of Russia, has engaged Sig. Berignani as conductor for the next winter season.

Millie Marie Krebs gave a pianoforte recital at the Pavilion, Brighton, last week. There was a numerous and attentive audience, who, at the conclusion of her performance, unanimously recalled Millie Krebs to the platform, and warmly applauded the fair artist.

ETON COLLEGE.—It is stated that the post of Succentor and Director of Musical Instruction at Eton College, said to be of the value of £1,500 a-year, has been offered to Mr Barnby, and that his acceptance of this appointment will not interfere with his public duties in London.

WESTMINSTER PALACE BELLA.—A correspondent has requested us to state that it should be remembered that the illustrations in musical type, which appeared in our last number, page 675, were of the pitch of an ordinary peal of ten bells, given thus with a view to explain the arrangement for the chiming to the greater number of readers. The pitch of the Westminster bells will, of course, be an octave lower, the hour bell being E, first time below the octave in the bass.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—The attractions for the evening week will include a special display of fireworks on the Monday; the great Rose Show on the Tuesday and Thursday and Friday; and the third of the Italian Concerts, by the artists of Her Majesty's Opera, on Saturday. On Tuesday and Thursday, "Creatures of Impulse," by W. S. Gilbert, with Randleger's music, will be performed in the theatre; on Friday, "Our American Cousin" will be performed, with the entire Haymarket company, including Mr Southern, as Lord Dundreary, and Mr Buckstone, as Asa Trenchard.

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MR RICCARDI (the new Bass), who made so successful a debut at St James's Hall, March 11, begs to announce his Return to London for the Season. All applications for ENGAGEMENTS to be addressed, Care of DUNCAN DAYTON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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CONTENTS

1st Sunday in Advent	Ad te levavi	Da Solo or Qrit. Webbe	37 14th Sunday after Pentecost	Humana	Solo or Chorus W. M. Lutz
2nd Sunday in Advent	Deus in conversione	Qrit. or Chorus Henry Smart	38 1st Peter and St Paul	Romana felix	Dust or Chorus Webbe
3rd Sunday in Advent	Deus in pie vivamus	Dust or Chorus Webbe	39 5th Sunday after Pentecost	Ad hymnum	Solo & Chorus Webbe
4th Sunday in Advent	Deus in pie vivamus	Chorus & Solo Webbe	40 1st Peter and St Paul	Humana felix	Solo & Chorus Webbe
Christmas Day	Horate	Chorus & Solo Webbe	41 1st Sunday after Pentecost	Signt in holocaustis	Qrit. or Chorus Monart
1 Sunday within Octave	Adesse Fideles	Solo & Chorus Webbe	42 4th Sunday after Pentecost	To e gloria	Daas Solo Chorus Webbe
Christmas	Attollite	Solo & Chorus Webbe	43 1st Sunday after Pentecost	Ad te levavi	Solo or Quartett Webbe
Christmas Eve	Tu sentent	Tom. Sol. & Chor. A. Sullivan	44 11th Sunday after Pentecost	Agnes Despa	Chorus
1 Sunday within Octave	Beata Thamar	Chorus W. M. Lutz	45 12th Sunday after Pentecost	Benedicam	Solo & Chorus Webbe
2nd Sunday after Epiphany	Jubilare	Qrit. & Chorus Beethoven	46 13th Sunday after Pentecost	In speravi	Solo & Chorus Webbe
3rd Sunday after Epiphany	Rebenedict Dominum	Qrit. & Chorus Beethoven	47 14th Sunday after Pentecost	Protector	Dust Chorus Webbe
4th Sunday after Epiphany	Rebenedict Dominum	Solo & Chorus Beethoven	48 15th Sunday after Pentecost	Protector	Dust Chorus Webbe
5th Sunday after Epiphany	Rebenedict Dominum	Solo & Chorus Webbe	49 16th Sunday after Pentecost	Dominus in altissimis	Solo & Chorus W. M. Lutz
6th Sunday after Epiphany	Rebenedict Dominum	Solo & Chorus Webbe	50 17th Sunday after Pentecost	Oravi	Solo & Chorus Dr Crookall
7th Sunday after Epiphany	Rebenedict Dominum	Solo & Chorus Webbe	51 18th Sunday after Pentecost	Oravi	Solo & Chorus W. M. Lutz
8th Sunday after Epiphany	Rebenedict Dominum	Solo & Chorus Webbe	52 19th Sunday after Pentecost	St Ambrose	Solo & Chorus Webbe
9th Sunday after Epiphany	Rebenedict Dominum	Solo & Chorus Webbe	53 20th Sunday after Pentecost	St Ambrose	Solo & Chorus Webbe
10th Sunday after Epiphany	Rebenedict Dominum	Solo & Chorus Webbe	54 21st Sunday after Pentecost	St Ambrose	Solo & Chorus Webbe
11th Sunday after Epiphany	Rebenedict Dominum	Solo & Chorus Webbe	55 22nd Sunday after Pentecost	St Ambrose	Solo & Chorus Webbe
12th Sunday after Epiphany	Rebenedict Dominum	Solo & Chorus Webbe	56 23rd Sunday after Pentecost	St Ambrose	Solo & Chorus Webbe
13th Sunday after Epiphany	Rebenedict Dominum	Solo & Chorus Webbe	57 24th Sunday after Pentecost	St Ambrose	Solo & Chorus Webbe
14th Sunday after Epiphany	Rebenedict Dominum	Solo & Chorus Webbe	58 25th Sunday after Pentecost	St Ambrose	Solo & Chorus Webbe
15th Sunday after Epiphany	Rebenedict Dominum	Solo & Chorus Webbe	59 26th Sunday after Pentecost	St Ambrose	Solo & Chorus Webbe
16th Sunday after Epiphany	Rebenedict Dominum	Solo & Chorus Webbe	60 27th Sunday after Pentecost	St Ambrose	Solo & Chorus Webbe
17th Sunday after Epiphany	Rebenedict Dominum	Solo & Chorus Webbe	61 28th Sunday after Pentecost	St Ambrose	Solo & Chorus Webbe
18th Sunday after Epiphany	Rebenedict Dominum	Solo & Chorus Webbe	62 29th Sunday after Pentecost	St Ambrose	Solo & Chorus Webbe
19th Sunday after Epiphany	Rebenedict Dominum	Solo & Chorus Webbe	63 30th Sunday after Pentecost	St Ambrose	Solo & Chorus Webbe
20th Sunday after Epiphany	Rebenedict Dominum	Solo & Chorus Webbe	64 31st Sunday after Pentecost	St Ambrose	Solo & Chorus Webbe
21st Sunday after Epiphany	Rebenedict Dominum	Solo & Chorus Webbe	65 32nd Sunday after Pentecost	St Ambrose	Solo & Chorus Webbe
22nd Sunday after Epiphany	Rebenedict Dominum	Solo & Chorus Webbe	66 33rd Sunday after Pentecost	St Ambrose	Solo & Chorus Webbe
23rd Sunday after Epiphany	Rebenedict Dominum	Solo & Chorus Webbe	67 34th Sunday after Pentecost	St Ambrose	Solo & Chorus Webbe
24th Sunday after Epiphany	Rebenedict Dominum	Solo & Chorus Webbe	68 35th Sunday after Pentecost	St Ambrose	Solo & Chorus Webbe
25th Sunday after Epiphany	Rebenedict Dominum	Solo & Chorus Webbe	69 36th Sunday after Pentecost	St Ambrose	Solo & Chorus Webbe
26th Sunday after Epiphany	Rebenedict Dominum	Solo & Chorus Webbe	70 37th Sunday after Pentecost	St Ambrose	Solo & Chorus Webbe
27th Sunday after Epiphany	Rebenedict Dominum	Solo & Chorus Webbe	71 38th Sunday after Pentecost	St Ambrose	Solo & Chorus Webbe
28th Sunday after Epiphany	Rebenedict Dominum	Solo & Chorus Webbe	72 39th Sunday after Pentecost	St Ambrose	Solo & Chorus Webbe
29th Sunday after Epiphany	Rebenedict Dominum	Solo & Chorus Webbe	73 40th Sunday after Pentecost	St Ambrose	Solo & Chorus Webbe
30th Sunday after Epiphany	Rebenedict Dominum	Solo & Chorus Webbe	74 41st Sunday after Pentecost	St Ambrose	Solo & Chorus Webbe
31st Sunday after Epiphany	Rebenedict Dominum	Solo & Chorus Webbe	75 42nd Sunday after Pentecost	St Ambrose	Solo & Chorus Webbe
32nd Sunday after Epiphany	Rebenedict Dominum	Solo & Chorus Webbe	76 43rd Sunday after Pentecost	St Ambrose	Solo & Chorus Webbe
33rd Sunday after Epiphany	Rebenedict Dominum	Solo & Chorus Webbe	77 44th Sunday after Pentecost	St Ambrose	Solo & Chorus Webbe
34th Sunday after Epiphany	Rebenedict Dominum	Solo & Chorus Webbe	78 45th Sunday after Pentecost	St Ambrose	Solo & Chorus Webbe
35th Sunday after Epiphany	Rebenedict Dominum	Solo & Chorus Webbe	79 46th Sunday after Pentecost	St Ambrose	Solo & Chorus Webbe
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37th Sunday after Epiphany	Rebenedict Dominum	Solo & Chorus Webbe	81 48th Sunday after Pentecost	St Ambrose	Solo & Chorus Webbe
38th Sunday after Epiphany	Rebenedict Dominum	Solo & Chorus Webbe	82 49th Sunday after Pentecost	St Ambrose	Solo & Chorus Webbe
39th Sunday after Epiphany	Rebenedict Dominum	Solo & Chorus Webbe	83 50th Sunday after Pentecost	St Ambrose	Solo & Chorus Webbe
40th Sunday after Epiphany	Rebenedict Dominum	Solo & Chorus Webbe	84 51st Sunday after Pentecost	St Ambrose	Solo & Chorus Webbe
41st Sunday after Epiphany	Rebenedict Dominum	Solo & Chorus Webbe	85 52nd Sunday after Pentecost	St Ambrose	Solo & Chorus Webbe
42nd Sunday after Epiphany	Rebenedict Dominum	Solo & Chorus Webbe	86 53rd Sunday after Pentecost	St Ambrose	Solo & Chorus Webbe
43rd Sunday after Epiphany	Rebenedict Dominum	Solo & Chorus Webbe	87 54th Sunday after Pentecost	St Ambrose	Solo & Chorus Webbe
44th Sunday after Epiphany	Rebenedict Dominum	Solo & Chorus Webbe	88 55th Sunday after Pentecost	St Ambrose	Solo & Chorus Webbe

APPENDIX

67 Magnificat	Solo & Chor.	Webbe	11 Salve Regina (from Trinity Eve till Advent)	Solo & Chor.	Webbe
68 Alma: from 1st Sunday in Advent till the Purification	Solo & Chor.	Webbe	12 Salutaris	Chorus	Webbe
69 Ave Regina (from the Purification till Maunday Thursday)	Solo & Chor.	Webbe	13 anacron convivium:	Dr. or Chor.	Webbe
70 Reges Cant. (from Holy Saturday till Trinity Eve)	Solo & Chor.	Webbe	14 Tantum ergo	Chorus	Webbe

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3	" " " " " "	"	In B flat.	9 Dumont's Mass	"	In D minor.
4	" " " " " "	"	In F.	10 Nissen in Dominiele <i>diesus per annum</i>	"	In D minor.
5	" " " " " "	"	In C.	11 Misses pro defunctis	"	In F.
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VOL. 53—No. 26.

SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1875.

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On MONDAY Evening next, June 29 (last time this season), "SEMIRAMIDE." Arsace, Mlle Trebelli-Bettini; Assur, Signor Rota; Oroon, Herr Rehner; Idreno, Signor Rinaldi; L'Omra, Signor Costa; and Semiramide, Mlle Tietjens.

Christine Nilsson.

On THURSDAY next, June 25 (first time these two years), THOMAS'S admired Opera, "MIGNON." Guglielmo, M. Capoul; Federico, Mlle Trebelli-Bettini; Leonardo, Signor Castelnary; Laerte, Signor Rinaldi; Antonio, Signor Casanovi; Glarso, Signor Romani; Filini, Mlle Louise Stagnoli; and Mignon, Madame Christine Nilsson. The incidental Displacement, arranged by Mr J. Cormack, will be danced by Mlle Rosina Vale and the Corps de Ballet.

On FRIDAY next, July 1—Extra Night—will be performed "LOHENGRIN." The Music and original Text by RICHARD WAGNER. The new Sonnets by Mr William Hervey. The new score by Mr Edward Strilling. Elsa di Brabant, Madame Christine Nilsson; Lorenzino, Signor Campanelli; Foleroio di Trolamondo, Signor (Giulio) Gastone; Enrico, Herr Rehner; Arrado, Signor Costa; and Ortrude, Mlle Tietjens. Director of the Music and Conductor—Sir Michael Costa.

Special Notice.—"Lohengrin."

On Thursday Evening next, July 1, the Opera will commence at Eight o'clock precisely, the doors opening half an hour previously.

On SATURDAY, July 3 (third appearance of Mlle Marguerite Chapuy), "IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA." Rosina, Mlle Marguerite Chapuy (her third appearance in England).

Doors open at Eight o'clock. Commencement at Half-past Eight, except on the occasion of the performance of "Lohengrin" on Thursday next, July 1, when the Opera will commence at Eight o'clock. Amphitheatre stalls, 7s. and 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. Box-office open daily from Ten till Five, under the direction of Mr Bailey.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THE NATIONAL MUSIC MEETING. (1875) will commence on THURSDAY next, July 1st, and continue till the 10th. They will comprise Competitions for Large and Small Chords, Military and Brass Bands, and Solo Vocalists. For particulars of each day's proceedings, see announcements in daily papers.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.

THE GRAND CONCERT OF THE INTERNATIONAL MOZART INSTITUTION

Will be held at the GREAT CENTRAL HALL, on THURSDAY next, June 25th. Artists Vocalists.—Mlle Louise Stagnoli, Mlle Virelli, Mlle Desnoire-Lalliche (by kind permission of J. H. Mapleson, Esq.); Miss Rose Hersee, Mlle Georgina Schubert; Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr U. Santley. Instrumentalists.—Madame Norman-Neruda, Mr Charles Hallé, Herr Franz Schubert, and Herr Straus. Selected Orchestra and Choir of 1,000 performers.

Conductors.—Sir Julius Benedict, Mr Ed. Dannreuther, and Mr R. Weiss Hild. Reserved seats, £1 1s., 2s., and 3s. and 2s. can be obtained of the above, and of all the Company's Agents. Admission, 10s. Shilling, or by the Guinea Season Ticket.

Under the Immediate Patronage of Her Grace the Duchess of Wellington.

MR OBERTHUR'S MATINEE MUSICALE, WEDNESDAY, the 26th of June, at his Residence, 14, Talbot Road, Westbourne Park. Vocalists.—Miss Sophia Fernat, Signor Urti, Signor Caravaglia. Instrumentalists.—Miss Reed, Miss Dyer, Herr J. Ludwig, Signor Alberti, and Mr Oberthur. Conductors.—Signor Mazzoni, Herr Labmeier, and Herr Labmeier. Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, at the principal Music Shops, and of Mr OBERTHUR.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY, BEECHOVEN ROOMS, 27, HARLEY STREET, W. President—Sir Julius Benedict. Founder and Director—Herr BECHOVEN. THE FIFTH CONCERT will take place on WEDNESDAY next, 26th June, for the benefit of the Director, on which occasion most eminent Artists will appear. Tickets at Messrs D. DAYNES & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

MR G. W. HAMMOND'S MORNING CONCERT, 87 JAMES'S HALL, THURSDAY, July 1st, at Half-past Two o'clock. Tickets to be obtained of Mr G. W. HAMMOND, 44, Finsbury Street, Mark Lane, W.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), June 26th, MOZART'S Opera, "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO." Mlles Albani, Bianchi, Zare Thallberg; Signori Graziani, Ciampi, Pavani, Tagliabue, M. Faure.

MONDAY next, June 29, RICHARD WAGNER'S ROMANTIC Opera, "LOHENGRIN." Mlles Albani, d'Angeri; M. Maurel, Herr Seidenman; Signor Cappoul, Capri.

TUESDAY next, June 29, GOUNOD'S Opera, "ROMEO E JULIETTA." Mlle Adeline Patti, Mlle Bianchi; Signori Graziani, Cologni, Bagaglio, Sabater, Tagliabue, Cappoul, Nivola.

WEDNESDAY next, June 30, in honour of the visit of his Highness the Sultan of Zanzibar, METZGER'S Grand Opera, "L'AFRICAIN." Mlles d'Angeri, Bianchi; Signori Graziani, Bagaglio, Cappoul, Sabater, Tagliabue, Nivola. On this occasion the opera will commence at 6 o'clock, instead of half-past.

On THURSDAY next, July 1, DONIZETTI'S Opera, "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR." Mlle Albani; Signori Graziani, Cappoul, Sabater, and Capri.

On FRIDAY next, July 2, AUBER'S Opera, "FRA DIAVOLO." Mlles Zare Thallberg, Schacht; Signori Ciampi, Sabater, Tagliabue, Cappoul, and Nivola.

On SATURDAY, July 3, MOZART'S Opera, "DON GIOVANNI." Mlle Adeline Patti, Mlle Véra, Mlle Bianchi; Signori Marini, Ciampi, Tagliabue, Cappoul, and M. Maurel.

Floral Hall Concerts.

The LANT FLORAL HALL CONCERT of the Season will take place on SATURDAY, July 3.

The Opera commences at Half-past Eight.

The BOX OFFICE, under the portico of the Theatre, is open from Ten to Five. Boxes from £1 12s. 6d. to 25s. 6d.; stalls, 1s. 6d.; pit tickets, 7s.; amphitheatre stalls, 10s. 6d. and 1s.; amphitheatre, 3s. 6d.

ALFONSO RENDANO'S PIANOFORTE RECITAL, WEDNESDAY, June 26th, ST JAMES'S HALL, at Three o'clock precisely. Selections from the works of Mozart, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Schumann, W. G. Cui, Cui, Bach, Beethoven, Rendano, P. Martini, Chopin, Strauss, Stalls, 7s. 6d.; balcony, 5s.; admission, 10s. Shilling. Stables, Locke, Walker & Co., 21, New Bond Street; agent Agents; at Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall, Piccadilly; and of Signor RENDANO, 2, Maddox Street, W.

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ST JAMES'S HALL,

OR

MONDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 28,

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Artists.

MADAME NORMAN-NERUDA, MR CHARLES HALLE, AND

MASTER HENRY WALKER

(His First Appearance since his return from America).

Programme.

PART I.

DUET (piano and violin), Sonata A major—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA and Master HENRY WALKER. Mozart.
SOLO (violin), Air varie in D—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA. Paganini.
SOLO (piano), Sonata Appassionata, Op. 57. Chopin.
WALKER. Mendelssohn.

PART II.

DUET (for two pianos), Andante and Variations in B flat, Op. 46. Schumann.
—Mr CHAS. HALLE and Master HENRY WALKER. Chopin.
SOLO (piano), Op. 87. Mendelssohn.
(a) Capriccio Scherzo, Op. 10.
Master HENRY WALKER.

DUET (piano and violin), Sonata, "The Recluse"—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA and Master HENRY WALKER. Chopin.
Sofa stalls, 5s.; balcony, 3s.; admission, 2s. and 1s. Tickets at all the usual Libraries, and at the Hall.

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and
His Royal Highness the Prince CHRISTIAN.

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The next STUDENTS' CONCERT, open to Subscribers, Members, and Associates, will take place at ST JAMES'S HALL, on THURSDAY Evening, the 1st July, commencing at Eight o'clock. Conductor—Mr WALTER MATTHEWS.

Admission, One Shilling. Tickets, 2s. 6d. and 1s.; to be obtained at the Institution, or at St James's Hall.

By Order,

JOHN GILL, Secretary.

Royal Academy of Music,
4, Tottenham Street, Hanover Square.

THIS DAY.

MISS EDWARDS' ANNUAL MATINEE MUSICALE,
at the RETROUVEE ROOMS, 27, Harley Street, This Day (SATURDAY),
June 26th, to commence at Three o'clock precisely. Vocalists—Signors Bokkalt-
schur (from Milan), Miss Alice Fairman, Miss Edwards; Signor Bokkalt-Schur,
U. Werrenstath, Parera, Riccardi, Jordani. Instrumentalists—Miss Edwards,
Signor Maricci, Mr Oberbair, Mr Lazarus, and Signor Tartaglione, Campana,
and Romiti.

"FAREWELL, LOV'D VOICE."

A NEW VOCAL DUET, by A. M. EDWARDS, will be sung
at the Composer's Concert, This Day, by Miss EDWARDS and Miss A
FAIRMAN.

WELSH CHORAL UNION.—FIFTH SEASON, 1875.

Patron—H.R.H. the Prince of WALES. Conductor—Mr JOHN THOMAS.
THE THIRD INSCRIPTION CONCERT will take place at ST JAMES'S HALL, on
Monday Evening, June 26th, 1875, at Eight o'clock, when HARRIS'S Serenade,
"ACTS AND GALATEA," will be performed. Galante, Miss Edith Wynne; Solo,
Mr Henry Gyr; Duet, Mr W. A. Howells; Polyphonic, Mr Lewis Thomas.
The Choir will be assisted (by permission) by the Students of the Royal Academy
of Music, and will sing several Welsh Selections, accompanied by a Band of Harps.
Vocalists—Miss Mary Davies, Miss Marian Williams, Miss Marie Duval, Miss
Lizzie Evans, Miss Boby, Miss Reimer, Signor Tessenman, and Mr Ap Herbert.
Pianoforte—Miss Martin. At the Pianoforte—Mr Puddicombe and Mr W. Henry
Thomas. Terms of Subscription for the Season: 50s. stalls, One Guinea; balcony,
Half-a-Guinea. Single tickets, not stalls, 6s.; balcony, 2s.; admission, One
Shilling. To be obtained of the principal Musicstalls; at August's Ticket Office,
St James's Hall; and of Mr CARTWRIGHT, 11, Queen Victoria Street, City.

MR J. B. WELCH has the honour to announce that he
will give a CONCERT, on WEDNESDAY Evening, 30th June, at LANGHAM
HALL, 43, Great Portland Street, W., commencing at Half-past Eight o'clock, on
which occasion he will be assisted by his Pupils—Miss Kathleen Grant, Miss Maude
Woodcock, Miss Corie Turner, Miss Rudolph Mackay, Mr George Streeter, Mr
David Strong, Mr Edward Wharton, and Mr T. Alnsworth. Pianoforte—Mr
Franklin Taylor. Violoncello—Mr Duabert. Conductor—Mr FRANK FRENCH
and Mr J. B. ZERRINI. Family tickets (to admit four), 15s.; single stalls (num-
bered and reserved), 6s.; balcony, front row, 2s.; admission, One Shilling.
Tickets to be obtained of C. Broom & Co., No. 7, Little Argyll Street, Regent
Street, W.; Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 24, New Bond Street; Chappell & Co.,
50, New Bond Street; and of Mr J. B. WELCH, 44, Gloucester Crescent, Regent's
Park, N.W.

"ALICE."

MISS ADA LESTER will play ASCHER's popular Romance,
"ALICE" (Transcription), at the Promenade Concerts in the Rotunda,
Dublin, next week.

"THE SONG OF MAY."

MISS HELEN RICE will sing WALLACE's popular
"SONG OF MAY," on Monday Evening next, at the Concert Hall, Store
Street, Bedford Square.

"THE SPRING."

MISS EDITH SHIELDS will sing WELLINGTON GURENSKY's
admiral Song, "THE SPRING," at Madame De Romanoff's (the Russian
Vocalist) Evening Concert, June 26th.

"ALICE."

MISS LEONORA D'ARCY will perform ASCHER's brilliant
Fantasia on "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" on Monday Evening next,
at the Concert Hall, Store Street.

"MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY."

MR WILFORD MORGAN will sing his very popular Song,
"MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," on July 2nd, at the Alexandra
Palace (Dramatic College Fete).

"O CARE TENERE."

THE MISSES ALLTSEN will sing GOLDBERG's new
Duet, "O CARE TENERE," on the 29th June, at Madame Slevens' Concert.

MADAME ESTELLE EMRICK (Contralto), open to
ENGAGEMENTS for Concerts, Oratorios, Public and Private Soirées, &c.
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MR PAUL SEMLER (Pianist) begs to announce that he
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MONSIEUR ALEXANDRE BILLET begs to announce
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ful a debut at St James's Hall, March 15th, begs to announce his Return to
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WARWICK MANOR.

LOHENGRIN AT HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

(From the "Globe," June 14.)

The long-promised *Lohengrin* of Wagner, already familiar to the *habitués* of "another place," was produced at this house on Saturday night, in presence of an audience only limited by conditions which the spirited *impresario* has already taken steps to alter. Though commencing at an exceptionally early hour, every available spot on which a seat could be placed or an auditor could contrive to stand was occupied before the curtain was raised.

Such frequent and pressing calls have been made of late on the attention of musical amateurs by the disciples of Wagner, his intentions have been so thoroughly expounded, and his performances so widely advertised, that there can now be no necessity for even the briefest exposition of a theory which some hold to be new and not true, others true and not new, and others neither new nor true.

That any kind of art characterised neither by freshness nor beauty should, as the art of Wagner has apparently for some time past done, engage the attention and largely win the admiration of musical Europe, would be incredible, did we not know to what extent, and with what unerring certainty, success may be won for any cause or for anything, the advocacy of which is sufficiently loud and long continued. Such advocacy too, it is fair to say, as the Wagnerian theory has found, not merely in its birth-place but among ourselves, and even in the south of Europe, has been both honest and intelligent; nor is it possible to deny that the Wagnerian sect—for such it may now be fairly called—has drawn within its pale many who, both by their musical science and their general intelligence, have a right to hold an opinion on a musical question and to express it. But advocacy, like opposition, is, after all, limited in its action on great artists or great art. Either may incline opinion, especially in the direction it would have taken for itself. But it can only do even this for a season. Sooner or later—too often later than can be pleasant or profitable to the artist—the ultimate court of appeal, the great public, takes the pending cause out of the hands of the pleaders on both sides, and settles the question for ever. How it will settle the question of Wagnerism remains to be seen. This much is certain that, with whatever amount of extravagance it may be accompanied, the germ of truth which it contains will "live and act and breathe the future hour." The art against which it wages war may not deserve all the hard usage it has met with at Wagnerian hands; but it is not impeccable; and its practitioners are more likely to ascertain in what its peccability consists from its enemies than from its friends. The opera of Wagner may not take the place of the opera of Mozart, of Rossini, of Meyerbeer, or of Verdi, but the opera of the next musician of genius will be very different from what it would have been had Wagner never lived.

Lohengrin may be said to belong to its composer's second period; and its products, like those of another very different composer's second period, have so far proved the most acceptable to the world. *Tristan* and even *Der Fliegende Holländer*, are avowedly the work of a "prentice hand," and his more recent productions, whatever their inherent merit or attractiveness, are on too great a scale to be practicable, save in a few places, and even in these on rare occasions. But in *Lohengrin* the Wagnerian type is sufficiently developed to admit of fair investigation; and in assisting at its performance we are in a condition to judge how far in opera what has hitherto been regarded as music can to a large extent be dispensed with, and action carried by means of one only, and that the least delightful kind of music—*aria parlante*. *Aria parlante*, it should be observed, attained to an approximately perfect form long before every other kind of music. Specimens of it, which for just expression, and even musical beauty it would be hard even now to equal, abound in the writings of many musicians of the seventeenth century whose views of melody, harmony, and form were limited and uncertain. And this from the simple cause that its production demands rather susceptibility to poetical impressions than musical science or even musical feeling. Large use of *aria parlante* in an opera, therefore, is not, now-a-days progress, but regress; and the composer who uses it to the exclusion of other kinds of music lays himself open to the charge of want of ability to turn them to account. Whether this charge can fairly be laid to Wagner is not, however, the question before us. This is rather, whether in

Lohengrin he has produced a work which, when the passions which have been raised about it have subsided, will continue to give such pleasure as it seems to give at the present moment. If this question be not settled by such a performance as that of Saturday night, it is likely to remain in abeyance for many a long day. The presentation of *Lohengrin* at Drury Lane is in the highest degree creditable to all concerned in it; to the manager for having fully satisfied the rational and legitimate curiosity of his public, and to every member of his staff who has assisted him in doing so.

To the perfect presentation of a Wagnerian opera everything is important. At Drury Lane nothing has been slighted. The scenery is admirably painted, set, and lighted; the costumes are superb, and the people who wear them present to the eyes a series of the most interesting pictures conceivable. To say that the *soprani* are Mme Christine Nilsson and Mlle Tietjens, the *bassi* Signori Galassi, Costa and Behrens, and that the tenor is Signor Campanini, is to say much, though not at all enough. The greatest exultants do not, cannot, always rise to their own standard; in *Lohengrin* we fancied that they sometimes rose beyond it. Rumour had not overpraised the Elás of Mme Nilsson, or the *Lohengrin* of Signor Campanini. On no former occasion have the fervour, the sweetness, or the grace of the one been displayed to greater advantage, nor the beauty of voice or manly and touching utterance of the other. To Mlle Tietjens a double tribute of admiration is due for having undertaken what with a secondary artist would have been a secondary part, and for having made it a primary one. Ortruda is not a personage who can possibly win the sympathies of her audience, so that the triumph of her representative in extorting their admiration is all the more extraordinary. We should have thought that this great lyric artist could hardly have raised herself in our estimation. She has certainly done so in *Lohengrin*. The work of the chorus in this opera is attended by difficulties over and above those caused by the music set down for them; and the latter, of themselves, are great. The action requires often that they be much dispersed, and, stationary or in motion, at great distances not only from one another, but from the orchestra. This will account for some shortcomings on their parts in the matter of intonation, which may disappear on another occasion when use has set them more at ease in their unaccustomed circumstances. The precision, refinement, spirit, and timbre of the orchestra were, as usual, admirable. Only one momentary slip, repaired as soon as made by the presence of mind of the conductor, was observable in a performance, unusually protracted, of music which, even when familiar, must continue to try the powers of attention of its exccutants severely.

Of the opera itself, thus splendidly presented, we have left ourselves but little space to speak, even as a whole. The *libretto* is the work of the composer, whose powers as a master of language are at least as highly esteemed by many of his countrymen as his music. Every opera lover, and a Wagnerian opera more than any other by translation; and the "poet" of *Lohengrin* must not be judged by the Italian words which are made the interpreters of his thoughts, and the "vehicle" of his music. But the subject and plan of *Lohengrin* are revealed to us in the performances at Drury Lane intact; and to both of these we have to make serious objection. Whether "the old Teutonic myths," about which we have heard so much lately, and to which Wagner seems now to be exclusively devoted, can ever excite more than a national interest is a question. Whether any myth can may be doubted. A great poet, also an admirable critic—Lord Byron—has laid down a law that the basis of drama must be history. "There should always be," says he, "some foundation for the most airy fabric, and pure invention is but the talent of a liar." Then the plan or construction of *Lohengrin* violates the first law of dramatic construction. Things are told which ought to be done; and things are done which ought to be told. The long explanation, in the last scene, of Lohengrin's antecedents might have been made unnecessary by a prelude, in which the audience, though not the *dramatis personæ*, would have made acquaintance with Percival and his peers, Monsalvato and the Sangraal—personages, a place, and a thing of which they know nothing, and in which they could possibly have any interest. On the other hand, the arrival of the hero, *via* the Scheldt—usually much encumbered with craft—in a boat just large enough to contain him, and drawn by a swan, is an

incident which skilful treatment might make interesting in narrative, but which no treatment could have made otherwise than ridiculous in dramatic action. With the music of *Lohengrin* we did not of course make first acquaintance on Saturday night; but we have always hesitated even to form, still more to express, an opinion of its merits apart from the drama to which it belongs, and of which awerity it is but one element. Of the drama, *Lohengrin*, presented in music—to the splendour, spirit, and earnestness of whose presentation on Saturday we have certainly not done more than justice—we are constrained to say that, in spite of a power of realising to himself dramatic situation, in which, perhaps, Wagner is unprecedented; in spite of individual passages, here of energy, there of sweetness; in spite of orchestral effects as astonishing for their beauty as for their freshness and variety, we find *Lohengrin*—dull. It will atone for a time. The curiosity raised in respect to it—not to speak again of the manner of its presentation at Drury Lane—makes it natural and to be desired that it should do so. But that works after the manner of *Lohengrin*, which—accepting the word “music” in the sense for some centuries past given to it—may be described as *operas without music*, should take any permanent hold on the human soul, is to us simply inconceivable.

The performance on Saturday was accompanied by an unusually vehement display of enthusiasm. The performers were called on twice or thrice at the close of each act, an honour which was extended to the admirable conductor after the first act and again at the close of the performance.

“BOIÉLDIEU,” “BOYÉLDIEU,” OR “BOIÉLDIEU.”

TO M. GUSTAVE LAFARGE.

Sir,—In the *Figure* of the 23rd May, you published a letter which you referred to the Mayor of Rouen. It was addressed to you by M. Paul Boiselot, and concerns the way in which we ought to spell the name of Boieldieu, whose centenary is now on the eve of celebration. M. Boiselot has remarked that, on the plinth of the statue erected to the illustrious composer, in the Promenade de la Bourse, of his native city, his name is written *Boieldieu*, while, on a proscenium modillion, placed under his bust, in the Théâtre des Arts, we find it spelt *Boieldien*. On the other hand, the *Gazette* of the 25th ult. prints a quotation from a volume which will shortly be published from the pen of M. Arthur Pougin, a gentleman well known and appreciated among class-writers, as the *Gazette* justly observes. From this quotation it appears that, on the front of the house, No. 61, Rue aux Ours, where the composer was born, there is a slab bearing the inscription: “Boieldieu (François-Adrien) was born in this House, the 16th December, 1775.” Now, according to M. Pougin, this slab is incorrect, for, on applying to the Registrar’s office, Rouen, he obtained a copy of the baptismal certificate of the future master, and in it the name is spelt *Boieldieu*. Amid these conflicting testimonies and opinions, I remembered, Sir, that I possessed in my library—one I found it again, though not without some trouble—a work entitled: “*De l’influence de la langue, du théâtre, et du barreau dans la société civile, par Marie-Jacques Amand Boieldieu, avocat, ouvrage publié à Rouen et à Paris, chez différents libraires, l’an XIII.*”

Not only is the name of the author—probably a brother, but most certainly a near relation, of the composer—spelt as here reproduced, but the copy of the work which I possess, and which, Sir, I hasten to forward you, bears on the back of the title-page:—“*Déposé à la Bibliothèque nationale, conformément à la loi du 19 Juillet 1793.* . . . Chaque exemplaire sera revêtu de sa signature.”

Then follows the autograph signature: “Boieldieu.”

If there ever was a case for the solution of which it was necessary to be doubly careful in dotting one’s r’s it is certainly this one, since we are asked, on the one hand, to spell a diacritical, and, on the other, to replace a y by an i. You, Sir, will no doubt think as I do. The diacritical triumphs—I remain your very obedient servant.

LÉON HALEVY.

(To the Editor of the “Musical World.”)

DEAR SIR,—In your valuable paper of last week appeared a critique on Signor Arditi’s concert, wherein all the names of the singers and performers were mentioned except one, and that was the Swedish castrato, Mdlle Victoria Benzen, who sang Rossini’s “Non più mesta” too charmingly to be quite forgotten. Hoping you will kindly excuse the liberty I take, I remain, &c., A LOVER OF JUSTICE. 23rd June, 1875.

* Pour la solution de laquelle il soit nécessaire de mettre les points sur les i.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT’S CONCERT.

(From a Flying Visitor.)

If Sir Julius Benedict’s friends and patrons annually increase in numbers, as they have never ceased to do for a generation, we do not know where he will be able to receive them in future. The Hanover Square Rooms, Her Majesty’s Theatre, and St James’s Hall, in turn became too small to accommodate the “sea of bonnets” always visible at the popular composer’s annual “monster concert”; and this year the large Floral Hall was taxed to its utmost capacity. Every available spot was occupied; and even the gallery stairs were eagerly seized as coigns of vantage by those unlucky beings who had not secured reserved places. This extraordinary rush of concert-goers is not to be wondered at; for not only is the *besoufflé* the representative musician of the metropolis—“everybody’s friend”—but he always takes care to give his patrons an entertainment worthy of his high reputation. The vocalists at this year’s concert, which took place on Monday, consisted of the chief artists of the Royal Italian Opera, reinforced by such talented instrumentalists as Messrs Wilhelmj, Hallé, Emil Berger, John Thomas, Paque, Nathan, Viextemps, Libotton, Sloper, Cowen, Pittman, and Carrodus. The programme—of comparatively moderate dimensions—was also strengthened by new songs, a fresh vocal arrangement of the “Carnaval de Venise,” and some vivacious compositions from the versatile pen of Sir Julius himself, who also undertook the chief duties of conductor.

As is their wont on such occasions, the ladies carried off the chief honours of the day. Mdlle Patti secured encores for a brilliant rendering of “Una voce,” Viotti’s waltz, “La Diva,” and “Norah’s Message,” a new song by Lady John Manners, to whose lines Sir Julius has wedded a very taking melody à l’italienne, to which Mdlle Patti rendered the fullest possible justice. Mdlle Albani, who was in admirable voice, roused immense enthusiasm by her dramatic delivery of the scena from *Lucia*, with Mr Carrodus’s duty obligato. The fair singer only bowed to a spontaneous and hearty encore; but after a most graceful rendering of “O Nanny, wilt thou gang wi’ me,” the audience would not be denied, and their impatience was rewarded with an equally effective delivery of “Robin Adair.” The young and charming Mdlle Zaré Thalberg quite held her own with her elder sisters, a variation of the “Carnaval de Venise” (specially arranged for her by Sir Julius) being loudly applauded; while in the duet, “La ci darem,” with Signor Graziani, her exquisitely fresh voice and piquant expression led to an enthusiastic demand for its repetition. Mdlle Marimon only appeared once, displaying her rare vocal fluency to great advantage in a Danish air, specially arranged as “Musical Fireworks,” by Sir Julius Benedict. Mdlle Scacchi, Mdlle Bianchi, and Mdlle Proch were the other lady vocalists, all of whom received marks of popular approval. Of the male singers there is little to be said, beyond the fact that Signor Nicolini, in the famous “Rit del cielo,” from *Le Prophète*, called up regretful memories of Mario and Tambrilich. Signors Graziani, Cotogari, and Tagagiolo all sang solos, but they were coldly received, the audience having apparently no ears except for the *prime donne*.

The instrumental performances consisted of an “Andante and Finale,” for violin and piano, by Benedict, to which the composer, and Herr Wilhelmj, of course did thorough justice, and a quartet on two pianofortes “Andante” (Benedict), and a Posthumous Mazurka by Chopin, arranged by Benedict, and played by Sir Julius Benedict, Messrs Hallé, Sloper, and Cowen. There was also a quartet for four violoncellos, interpreted by M. Paque, its composer, and Messrs Nathan, Viextemps, and Libotton. Herr Wilhelmj’s exquisite and pathetic performance of an “Elegie” by Viextemps, held the audience spell-bound, and evoked a most genuine outburst of enthusiasm. A duet, and chorus from *Lohengrin* were coldly received, and so were several other items in the programme, which it would be invidious to mention. In conclusion, we must notice, with well-merited notice, the obligato playing of Mr Carrodus, in the air from *Lucia*, and a duet from *Lohengrin*, the rare excellence of which was thoroughly and warmly appreciated by the vast audience.

WIESBADEN.—Theodor Wachtel has been singing here. He took his leave as Raoul (*Inguenet*), but will return shortly.

MUSIC PAST AND PRESENT IN IRELAND.

(Continued from page 409.)

Among his many eccentricities was his affected hatred of people in trade. There was a young lad whom Sir John patronized by his friendship, and to whom he frequently gave very sensible advice. This youth was seeking the appointment of organist to a parochial church, and Sir John kindly gave him a letter of recommendation to the churchwardens, with whom it was considered the appointment rested. One of these, a respectable gentleman, who had served as sheriff of the city, kept a shop in the parish, where blankets and goods of this description were sold. He asked the youth, when he presented Sir John's letter, to come down to the church and play over something on the organ, which, of course, was complied with. The ex-sheriff was pleased, and said he would recommend him to his brother churchwardens; but in the meantime there was a lady candidate who solicited the suffrages of the parishioners—for at that time all officers of the church could be elected by the votes of the householders. The lady succeeded. Afterwards, when the young fellow called upon Sir John, the latter said, "Aw, well—you got the situation." "No, Sir John, I'm sorry to say, although I played for Mr —, the churchwarden, and he was very much pleased." The knight flew into a rage, saying, "You played for Mr —, did you?" "Yes sir." "Aw, by —, I'm devilish glad you did not get the situation, and I hope you'll never get one—to go play for blanket fellows—fellows that I'd keep waiting in my hall, and you with my letter in your pocket—the d—n's a cure to you. Aw, I'm glad you lost it." The said youth was much given to scribbling rhymes, many of which he submitted to Sir John. On one occasion the latter seemed much pleased, and exclaimed—"Aw, it's a pity I'm not a young man. If I were I'd make your fortune, for it was I made Moore a poet." Some notion of the knight's ideas of aristocracy can be formed from the following:—One night, coming out of Morison's, where the Beefsteak and Liberatorian Catch Club then used to hold their dinners, he walked into a sewer, which had been partly left open, and suddenly cried out—"Ho! ho! Is there no one to help a nobleman out of the gutter?" And on another occasion, walking home, he told a watchman—for in these days we had not come to the police—that he would report him to the Lord-Lieutenant. There was a gentleman at Oxford who had a mania for getting the autographs of eminent men, and he sent over an elegantly bound book containing many from the famous writers of the time, to a friend to get Sir John to insert something in it. The friend left the book, but what was his horror, on getting it back, to find instead of what he expected—a few staves of music—the following:—

"The Dean of Christ Church, judging right,

Told Maillay not to be right;

"My lord, the octave I only took;"

"Zounds," said the bishop, "look at your book."

Though reared in the Church he seemed to have little love for the clergy, for he said after dinner one day, "I wish I had a million a year!" "Oh Lart, oh Lart," said Maillay, "a million a year, darlin', what would you do with it?" "Hold your vulgar tongue! I'd build a Church, and I'd have the finest organ in the world in it, and the finest choir in Europe. I'd expound myself and I'd say 'Rise, gentlemen, let us sing praise and glory, and let us be thankful that we have none of those humbugging rascals of bishops amongst us.' His eccentricity was much displayed in the assignment of the house he was to reside in Dublin. It is now converted into a grocer's shop in Lower Mount Street. The rooms were small. The back parlour he had divided down the centre into two portions. The one with the fireplace was raised by a high step into a species of dais, and the other below was furnished with cushions and ottomans, to supersede the necessity of chairs. Sir John used to sit of a morning in his dressing-gown on the dais before the fire, while his visitors remained below. Maillay used to call the two portions of the room "the House of Commons

and the House of Lords." These rooms he frequently had painted by scenic artists from the theatre. The effect was pleasing, though sometimes grotesque. He would often interrupt the painters, walking in rubbing his hands, while he quoted scripture, then suddenly saying, while he pointed, "What's that, eh?" "That's a ship, sir." "Rub it out! rub it out! it's like nothing in the heaven above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth—besides, I hate ships." Outside in a small garden there was a clumsy Cupid, with his bow drawn, as it were, to send an arrow into the room. One evidence of the goodness of his heart, besides a manifestation of his love of ostentation, was his giving a home to a man whom we believe to have been an adventurer. He called himself the Baron von Hoffman. Sir John used to say at table, "Baron, the bread—Baron, a glass of beer," and he likewise sent the Baron on his messages. Nevertheless he was kind to him, supporting him for years. In his last illness he (Sir John) had him conveyed to the Maison de Sainte, on the Circular Road, established and attended to by the late Sir Arthur Clarke, where he paid for him, and where the poor German died.

The numerous anecdotes which might be told of Sir John Stevenson and his companions would make an interesting book of gossip, and we would tell many more relative to this gifted man's eccentricities did not space forbid. Ere close we shall mention two faithful domestic servants he had for some years. Hannah, his housekeeper, who seemed to look upon the knight as her sole property, and sneered up her nose at anything in the shape of a woman visiting the house. We well remember her horror of one lady, who she thought was seeking to be second Lady Stevenson, and whom she took every opportunity of speaking of in the most derogatory terms in the presence of her master; so much so that on one occasion his wrath was so excited that he ran after her as she left the room, flourishing the razor with which he had been shaving, exclaiming, "Aw, by —, I'll immolate you!" and Terence, his man servant, who attended him to the hour of his death, and who really seemed to have partaken in the eccentricities of his master. Many are the odd sayings we could record of this faithful servant, but we must close. The writer of this essay went down to Headfort to see Sir John during his last illness. We found him lying on a sofa in the library debilitated by paralysis, yet, looking nobly handsome. He appeared to find it difficult to converse. We mentioned to him that some of his music had been performed before the King and Queen—William IV. and Queen Adelaide—thinking to warm him into a little excitement. But it fell dull upon his ear. The time when earthly honour could gratify was past. Death was so near him that his shadow seemed to fall upon the grave. He died September 14th, 1833, at the residence of his daughter, the Marchioness of Headfort, county Meath. The following lines by his friend, Moore, are a fitting epitaph:—

"Silence is in our festive halls,

Sweet son of song! thy course is o'er.

In vain on the sad Erin calls

Her minstrel's voice responds no more."

There is an incomplete monument to him in Christ Church Cathedral, containing a bust which is a capital likeness of the man; and Sir Robert Stewart, to show his reverence for the great ecclesiastical composer, has done much honour to himself by giving two characteristic lectures on the works of Stevenson, the assets of which he generously devoted to putting up a stained glass window in St Patrick's Cathedral, as a memorial to his gifted predecessor in the art.

(To be continued.)

LAHMEYER NOT LEHMEYER.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Sir,—In the number of the 23rd of May, the review of *Milne Leu's* Hay's concert concludes by stating that Herr Lehmeier acted as conductor. As it is desirable to establish clearly the difference of two musical men, I beg you to state in your next number, that not Herr Lehmeier, but Herr C. Lahmeyer, was the conductor of the above-mentioned concert, and you will greatly oblige. Yours truly,

22nd June, 1875.

C. LAHMEYER.

ODessa.—The Florentine Quartet, headed by Herr Jan Becker, have been playing here.

NOTE.—Since the publication of No. 8, we have discovered that Sir John Stevenson's oratorio, *The Thanksgiving*, was performed in its integrity in London in 1826, and that Henry Phillips first made a name for himself by his singing of "The Sinner's Death," one of the most beautiful numbers in the work.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The revival of M. Gounod's *Romeo e Giulietta* on Friday night afforded general satisfaction, accompanied by the conviction that such a work should not have been allowed to rest so long upon the shelf. Although hardly to be accepted as another *Faust*, it possesses a good deal in common with that genuine masterpiece, to which, moreover, for reasons not far to seek, it bears a strong family resemblance. M. Gounod has a way of making music express the varied emotions of love which may be regarded as peculiarly his own, and, despite a certain monotony of colour, is always more or less fascinating. The lovers in *Romeo e Giulietta* and the lovers in *Faust* speak in rhythmical language that might well proceed from the lips of either couple; though in the former instance we cannot deny that the phraseology is unduly spun out, and the whole marked by a diffuseness nowhere observable in the latter. It is a curious fact that, in the exquisite pastoral, *Mireille*, the next important opera written by M. Gounod for the Théâtre Lyrique after the extraordinary success of *Faust*, and the most important between *Faust* and *Romeo*, the composer should have adopted so utterly dissimilar a style, and described the courtship of Mireille and Vincent in terms characteristically simple and baroque. This fresh effort encouraged a belief that M. Gounod had struck out a new path; and that his future contributions to the lyric stage would each continue to present an original and distinct physiognomy. But, on undertaking *Romeo*, he returned to that fountain of melodic inspiration whence he had drawn the more tender and languishing strains of *Faust*. Let us not complain, however; there is intrinsic beauty enough in *Romeo* to render it always welcome; and Mr Gye would not be unwisely in awarding the opera a permanent place among the acknowledged favourites of his repertoire.

This opera having on several occasions been described by us at length, we would simply remind our readers that, like *Faust*, it is divided by the French librettists—MM. Barbier and Carré—into five acts, or scenes. Act 1 is devoted to the fête at Capulet's house, and the first meeting of Juliet and Romeo (scene 5 in Shakespeare); Act 2 (scene 2 of Shakespeare), to what is familiarly termed among us the "Balcony scene," with the nocturnal interview between the "star-crossed lovers"; Act 3 (well of Friar Lawrence), first to a solemnization, by the "comfortable friar," of the marriage; and, secondly (outside Capulet's house), to a quarrel between Montague and Capulet, which leads to the death of Mercutio at the hands of Tybalt, and that of Tybalt at the hands of Romeo—the appearance of the Prince of Verona, to quell the riot, and the elict of banishment against Romeo, forming the climax; Act 4 (scene 5 of Shakespeare's Act 3), to the parting interview of the newly-married pair, when Romeo is compelled to leave for the place of his banishment, preparations for the intended wedding of Juliet and Count Paris, the tendering of Friar Lawrence to Juliet of the phial containing the sleeping draught, its effect, just as Paris is about placing on her finger the wedding ring, and the general dismay that ensues; Act 5, and last (the Tomb of the Capulets), to the death of Romeo by poison, the awakening of Juliet, who finds her lover dying, and, after an agonized interview, slays herself—which brings about the catastrophe, not according to Shakespeare, but according to Shakespeare's sagacious emendators.

The music to which M. Gounod has allied this *pasticcio*—not less skillfully laid out, by the way, than the libretto extracted from Goethe's great dramatic poem—is now, and has been for some years accepted as a *fait accompli*; and if *Romeo* has never achieved, and is never likely to achieve, the wide popularity extended to *Faust*, it must be because of the over-elaboration at which we have briefly hinted, and because it is modelled precisely after the same fashion as that, of its kind, unique production, to rival which would not be easy, even for M. Gounod. The manifold beauties of *Romeo*, however—beauties in the happiest vein of a composer who rarely fails, somehow or other, to charm—will speak for themselves again, as they have spoken before. If *Faust* had never been written, its successor would have flashed upon the world as a new kind of masterpiece—a distinction, surely, of itself.

The cast of *Romeo e Giulietta*, in some important instances—one instance being the most important of all—is identical with that which distinguished its first production at Covent Garden in 1867. We have once more Signor Bagaglio as Friar Lawrence, Signor Cotogni as Mercutio, Signor Capponi as the Prince of Verona, Signor Tagliabue as Gregorio, Mlle Ance as the Nurse, and, last not least, Madame Adeline Patti as Giulietta. On the other hand, Signor Nicolini replaces Signor Mario as Romeo; Signor Graziani the Capulet, in lieu of M. Petit—a manifest improvement; Mlle Bianchi represents Stephano,

of which Mlle Xan (succeeded the year afterwards by Mlle Locatelli), was the London original—the "Bery Tybalt" finding as mildly competent an exponent in Signor Salazar as was Signor Neri Baraldi his precursor. The conspicuous figure, now, as from the first, is the Giulietta of Madame Patti. A "Juliet" (to adopt our own familiar nomenclature), more completely Juliet than the Juliet of this gifted lady could not well be imagined. Paving the lively waltz of the opening scene, in which M. Gounod has exhibited one of the most gentle and attractive of our great poet's heroines in a frame of mind little suited to her idiosyncrasy, and which, however brilliantly executed, and however persistently covered, is not the less irrelevant and out of place, we come to the so-called madrigal, "Angiolina," through the medium of which, in the ball scene, Romeo and Juliet first hold converse. Here is, indeed, the beginning of the end. From Madame Patti's delivery of this it is easy to feel that Juliet's whole being has undergone a change. The "balcony scene," where her acting is as graceful, retiring, and maiden-like as her singing is expressive and perfect; the parting interview with Romeo, now her wedded husband; the scene in which the Friar describes the potion through the effects of which Juliet is to escape from the dreaded marriage with Paris, and the apparent death that usurps the place of the expected ceremony, are, however, the most picturesque and striking effects in a performance with which only hypercriticism could easily find fault. Never did Madame Patti, who has made so many parts her own, embody with more entire success a character of the highest poetical significance, or stamp it more emphatically with her own engaging personality. Her dramatic sense, by the way, is equal to the rest; and her singing, it need scarcely be added, is quite on a par with her dramatic conception. As such the whole was understood and accepted by the crowded audience, who were not the more persuaded of the sterling excellence of what they had witnessed by the throwing of bouquets, to which, in this country at least, little or no importance is attributed. An artist like Adeline Patti stands in no need of such demonstrations.

The other performers did their best. Signor Nicolini showed real earnestness in the part of Romeo, and, by his intelligent acting, was an excellent support to his accomplished partner. This gentleman's singing throughout was impressive and artistically good, and in each of the three long duets which lead, step by step, to the catastrophe, proved him equal to the occasion. With a likelier Romeo than Signor Nicolini, it might be asked, so far as personal appearance is concerned, it would be difficult to meet. Signor Cotogni is excellent as Mercutio, although the laboured description of Queen Mab ("Mab, regina di Menage") could as cheerfully be dispensed with as the soliloquy of Romeo in the "Balcony scene," or the marriage ceremony at the beginning of Act 5, for which the organ pealed, performed as admirably by Mr Pittman, would amply suffice, even at the loss of the quartet for Romeo, Juliet, the Friar, and the Nurse, which constitutes the somewhat shabby but by no means impressive climax. Nothing could well be better than the Friar of Signor Bagaglio, whose deep and sonorous bass voice gives proportionate effect to the recitatives and concerted music upon which he is engaged.

The general execution of the opera leaves very little to desire. The *mise-en-scène* throughout, and the arrangements of the stage business, are quite up to the Covent Garden standard. The chorus, in what it has to do, which can hardly be called much, so long an opera, is always effective, except in the "Balcony scene," where the singing off the stage can hardly be praised for correctness of intonation. The orchestra, under the direction of Signor Berghini, does its duty with spirit and precision throughout.

Now that *Lehargin* has been for some time before the London public, it is interesting to hear the remarks made by amateurs and connoisseurs on the evident influence which Wagner has exercised upon M. Gounod, as shown in certain recent compositions—*Romeo e Giulietta* in particular. We noticed this when speaking of its first performance at Covent Garden eight years ago, with especial reference to the final scene; and a new hearing has strengthened our impressions. M. Gounod should compose another *Mireille*, and thereby quit the apprehensions of his admirers. Fancy a Galle Wagner!

PERN.—Here Carl Hugo, the well-known, but—to use a mild qualification—exceedingly eccentric author, recently gave a concert he was announcing himself as the "Prince of Poetry and Canto-Mimic." The local public, who were not acquainted with Herr Hugo, and had never previously heard of a "Canto-Mimic," flocked in crowds to the concert room. The performance, consisting of a series of grotesque facial contortions accompanied by a sort of vocal growl, made the audience laugh and filled the pockets of the proprietor, but was not calculated to increase the fame of anyone either as a literary man or an artist.

M. AUGUSTE WOLFF'S "TONAL PEDAL."

(From the "Revue et Gazette Musicale.")

Should the house of Érard and that of Pleyel ever think of adopting motto each, we would recommend: "*Van plus ultra!*" to the former, and "*Exceller!*" to the latter. The successors of Sébastien Érard have, indeed, long since declared the era of improvements closed as far as they are concerned; and we can, after all, understand this absolute and religious respect for the magistral type established, after countless experiments in the dark, by the illustrious founder of the manufacture of pianos in France. The Pleyel-pianos, likewise, might always have remained what they were, after Ignace and Camille Pleyel had introduced in them the admirable fundamental qualities for which they are always distinguished, such as exquisite sweetness of sound; ease in fashioning the sound to every degree of intensity; a mechanism of great delicacy, calculated to reproduce the entire gamut of light and shade, etc. But the manufacture of these instruments is now-a-days in the hands of an ingenious artist, as fond of progress as he is experienced and accustomed to take a high view of things. M. Auguste Wolff, never tired of experimentalizing and ameliorating, has greatly increased the merits of his fine instruments. It is to him, for instance, that we owe a new and extremely remarkable system of double escapement, constituting one of the details in which Pleyels are superior to other pianos; a very well contrived and easily worked pedal-board; the plan, which he was the first to introduce into France, of crossing the chords of grands; the reduction of the latter to the smallest size compatible with the advantages resulting from their form; and an excellent transposing key-board. These are a few of his improvements. We will now mention another quite recent one, the importance of which, we fancy, artists will not be long in recognizing. We allude to the *Tonal or Harmonic Pedal*.

This new invention agrees well with the Pleyel traditions. It is the sonorous power of the piano purified and rendered intelligible so to speak; it is a means of producing very artistic effects, the investigations which led up to it, being calculated by their very object, to possess an especial attraction for the head of the house.

The object of the Tonal Pedal is to substitute for the prolonged resonance of all the chords indistinctly, which is produced when the dampers are raised, the resonance only of certain notes at the will of the pianist. The latter thus spares us the frightful confusion of sounds which results from his playing, with raised dampers, a passage containing several notes not belonging to the chord; a diatonic scale; and, especially, a chromatic scale or passage. This is an advantage that cannot be too highly appreciated in interesting works relying for most of their effect on the delicacy of nice gradation and the charm of sonority. Henceforth, free vibration may be harmonically correct without ceasing to be powerful; it will please instead of offending the ear, and heighten instead of marring the effect the composer had in view.

The following is a cursory explanation of the working of the apparatus, which may be adapted to pianos of all forms. The pedal, placed under the piano, and near the two others, is connected with a small key-board of an octave, fitted behind and above the large one, after the fashion of a swell key-board. Every one of its keys, when rapidly pressed by the finger, instantly raises the dampers from the notes of the same name throughout the instrument. Several keys, such as C, E, G, may be pressed down at once, so as to be ready to vibrate freely together in all the octaves. It is here that the new pedal is brought into requisition; it must be pressed down to produce the desired effect, which ceases when the pressure ceases.—For instance: Having a piece in C major, I am desirous of executing a chromatic scale, marked by great sonority and prolonged vibration. I press down the C, or the C and the D, or the C, the E, and the G, of the little key-board, and, pressing, also, the Tonal Pedal, I play the passage, which is then dominated, not by a nameless medley of sounds, but by the powerful and exclusive resonance of all the C's or of all the G's and E's of the instrument, etc., according as I have pressed on the C alone, or on the C and the E, etc., of the little key-board. The same holds good of all the keys and of every possible combination of sounds. All this is done in a moment, without the slightest difficulty, and, indeed, with less trouble than that experienced by an organist in pulling out or returning his stops.

By pressing a small white knob at the right hand end of the small key-board, the player restores everything to its original condition, and can begin afresh, either in the same key or another.

No doubt this pedal cannot always be used in passages where the harmony changes rapidly, but it is in such passages that it is least wanted. Besides, the ordinary pedal is not abolished, and will suffice in all passages not containing notes foreign to the harmony. The alternate use of the one and the other, a practice to which the performer will soon become familiar, will leave very few gaps in the series of combinations.

It was, therefore, in the interests of purity of harmony and of tonal sentiment that M. Wolff was working, when he supplied the piano with this new mechanical contrivance, which he did well to call *Tonal*, or *Harmonic*, Pedal (we prefer the latter epithet as more exact, and more generally characteristic). In what he effected, M. Wolff was more of an artist than an inventor.

It is superfluous to dwell upon the advantages which virtuosos and composers will be able to derive from the Wolff-Pedal. The latter will be employed in a thousand passages which it would not be a difficult task to point out in the classic composers. As for contemporary authors, they have cultivated too assiduously the art of nice gradations and sonorous effects, not to welcome such an invention, one merit of which consists in its easy practicability. Beethoven, Weber, Schumann, and, above all, Chopin, would have laid great store by such an auxiliary of musical expression.

C. B.

WEIMAR.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

The admirers of R. Wagner and his father-in-law, Franz List, have been in a state of great excitement for some time past, those who are resident here having been largely reinforced by others who have flocked in from far and near. The attractions were the production of *Tristan und Isolde* on the 19th, and a grand musical festival, directed and arranged by the Abbate himself, in memory of Mad. von Muehlfeld. This lady, to whom R. Wagner dedicated his pamphlet entitled: *A Communication to his Friends*, was one of the most prominent of the high born dames who, in various parts of Europe, have battled so bravely for the Music of the Future. It may not, however, be so well-known that she was the original of the "Countess Bank," whose white skin was besung in Heinrich Heine's poem of *The White Elephant*; that she was the ideal who found her way in a dream into the heart of the Elephant in far off Siam, inspiring that venerated member of the animal kingdom with such a W.-ish-like passion for "a Lotte in the North," that the Court at Arolingen proclaimed a journey to Paris absolutely necessary to save his life. She was renowned for this outrageous peculiarity to the last.

VIENNA.

(From an old Correspondent.)

Mad. Mallinger commenced her engagement at the Imperial Opera as *Elsa*, in *Lohengrin*—receiving 500 florins a night. The papers are not very favourable. *The Neue Freie Presse* says:—

"Mad. Mallinger, one of the most popular Wagner-singers in Germany, formerly member of the Theatre Royal Munich, and now engaged at the Royal Opera-house, Berlin, has commenced a short engagement here as *Elsa*, in *Lohengrin*, but has not come up to public expectations. Her majestic bearing, feminine gracefulness, intelligent elocution, and well considered, though, at times, exaggerated acting, could not always compensate for the ravages made in her voice. She had moments of true poetry and feeling, but the impression was that she has visited us some years too late."

A German version of a popular Hungarian opera, *A falu Ruzsca* (*The Village Hebrébois*) has been accepted, and will be produced in the autumn, at the Carltheater.

A correspondent writing from Pesth to the *Neue Freie Presse*, says:—

"In musical circles here, everyone is talking of a misunderstanding which is reported to have arisen between Wagner and Hans Richter. It is even asserted that Richter may refuse to conduct the performers at Bismuth."

That *Il n'y a pas de fumée sans feu* is true; but equally true is it that there are reports without foundation. The admirers of Wagner protest.

YANTON LANT.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Dr BRANDER.—Yes. *Lohengrin* was composed long before *Romeo et Juliette*, and even long before *Faust*.

A YORKSHIRE MUSICIAN.—The late Sterndale Bennett composed an overture to *The Merry Wives of Windsor* shortly before his overture to *Parisina*. The latter has been published, but (unhappily) not the former. Bennett wrote two pianoforte concertos in F minor, the last of which only is published.

DEATH.

On June 19, at his residence, Finchley, Mr B. WILLIAMS, of Pater-noster Row, Musician, aged 68.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the Musical World is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1875.

Sound and Adeline Patti.

ALTHOUGH naturally proud of the artistic distinction he has so deservedly obtained, the composer of *Faust* is a gentleman instinct with magnanimous courtesy. No sooner was he informed by the flashing of electric wires of Adeline Patti's splendid success at Covent Garden, as the heroine of his *Romeo et Juliette*, than he addressed to the gifted cantatrice the subjoined modest and amiable letter:—

* Saint Cloud, Dimanche, 20 Juin, 1875.

"MADAME, — Je reçois à l'instant la nouvelle du très grand succès que vous venez d'obtenir à Londres au Théâtre, Covent Garden, dans mon opéra de *Romeo et Juliette*, succès que viennent de partager avec vous autres interprètes, MM. Nicolini, Bagaglio, &c., . . . et M. Bevilacqua, chef d'orchestre. Oserai-je vous prier, en vous adressant personnellement mes plus vifs applaudissements de vouloir bien aussi transmettre mes félicitations et mes remerciements à tous aux soins et au talent desquels mon œuvre est redevable de sa brillante exécution? Recevez, je vous prie, Madame, l'assurance de ma plus respectueuse considération.

"Ch. GOUNOD."

This is the right way to encourage an aspiring artist, and urge her on to fresh exertions. Charles Gounod and his Juliet are worthy of each other. A composer, too, who himself sings with such refined perfection might, indeed, be his own Romeo. Fancy such a Romeo consorting with such a Juliet! *O Geminis!* (Castor and Pollux—"Lucida sidera") All the world would flock to see it. *Be cheus!*

OTTE DEARS.

THE BOIELDIEU FESTIVAL.

(From our Paris Correspondent.)

I PROMISED in my last to give you some details concerning the Boieldieu Centenary, at Rouen, and I now proceed to fulfil my promise. The composer was born on the 16th December, 1775; but, as December is not a month calculated for a public out-door festival, the Corporation of Rouen determined to sacrifice chronological exactitude for the sake of fine weather. They selected, therefore, the 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th of this month on which to honour the memory of their great fellow-townsmen.

An immense number of persons had come from all quarters, and the usual population of the city was at least doubled when the proceedings commenced. The thoroughfares presented a most animated and fairy-like aspect. Gigantic triumphal arches had been erected almost everywhere; everywhere, too, might the

visitors behold Boieldieu's name, his bust, and the names of his works. His Statue near the Exchange was decorated with flowers, while, in the evening, the illuminations had, for the most part, reference to the leading events in his life. A grand military concert was given, on the first day, before the Statue, and was to have been followed by a grand torch-light procession, which, starting from the Hôtel-de-Ville, and, passing before the house where Boieldieu first saw the light, was to traverse the leading streets. But the rain prevented the realization of this latter part of the programme.

On Sunday morning, the 13th inst, the Cantata, *Hommage à Boieldieu*, written by M. Arthur Poëgin, and set to music expressly for the occasion by M. Ambroise Thomas, was performed in the same locality as the concert of the previous day. All the civil and military authorities; the deputation from the Institute, including M. de Laborde, Perpetual Secretary of the School of Fine Arts; M. Ambroise Thomas, Director of the Conservatory; M. Charles Garnier, architect of the New Grand Operahouse; all the representatives of the Paris press; and the other guests of the Corporation, were present in a grand stand facing the Statue. M. Nétien, Mayor of Rouen, and Deputy for the Department of the Seine-Inférieure, opened the proceedings by a speech, in which he gave a rapid sketch of Boieldieu's life. All the musical societies—which were to take part in the Orpheonic competition at a later hour of the day—then defiled past the stand, and deposited a laurel wreath each at the foot of the Statue. A heavy rain now began pouring down, but it could not damp the ardour of the vocalists and instrumentalists, who, under the direction of M. Charles Colin, bravely performed their allotted task of executing the Cantata. This was succeeded by the overture to *La Dame Blanche* and the "Beniowski Chorus." About noon, some 250 societies, numbering about 8,000 members, engaged in harmonious rivalry. The distribution of the prizes came off on the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, in presence of more than 20,000 spectators. There was also a grand official banquet, at which a number of appropriate toasts were proposed, and, in the evening, the town was again brilliantly illuminated.

On Monday, the 14th, there was, at noon, a grand regatta, and various other amusements of a nautical character. These were followed by a *carrousel*, or kind of tournament, the actors in which were men belonging to the 12th Regiment of Chasseurs. In the evening there was a grand gala performance at the Théâtre des Arts. The pieces selected were the *Nouveau Seigneur du Village*, with Mlle Ducasse, MM. Baré, Barnoit, Nathan, Lefèvre, and Neveu, followed by the first two acts of *La Dame Blanche*—Mesdames Brunet-Laffeur, Ducasse, Révilly; MM. Achard, Barnoit, Neveu, and Nathan, sustaining the leading characters. Between the two acts of *La Dame Blanche*, M. Maubant, of the Théâtre Français, recited some eulogistic verses, written by M. Frédéric Deschamps, a local poet; and then the bust of Boieldieu was crowned by the artists, each one contributing his floral tribute. A great effect was produced when MM. Duprez and Roger, the guests of the Corporation, were discovered among their brothers and sisters in art, advancing, like the rest, to pay homage to their famous countryman.

On the morning of the 15th, a Grand Mass, from the pen of M. Adrien Boieldieu, jun., was executed in the Cathedral, by the members of the Harmonie Sacrée, under the direction of M. Charles Lamoureux; and, in the evening, there was a grand "Festival"—*adieu*; concert—at the Saint-Séver Circus, the programme being made up exclusively of compositions by Boieldieu, excepting a repetition of M. Ambroise Thomas's Cantata.

Such is a short account of a solemnity now in France, which does as much honour to those who conceived it, as to him in

whose memory it was got up. Everything went off admirably, and the Boicidien Centenary will constitute a bright fact in the annals of French Music and French Musicians.

MILDE ANNA HOFMEISTER is permanently engaged at the Royal Operahouse. Some time must elapse, however, before she can appear, as her engagement at the Stadttheater, Frankfurt, has not yet expired. Madlle Reinmann is also engaged. Herr von Hülsen has had the Grand Cross of the Order of the Polar Star conferred on him by the King of Sweden.

The operatic season at the Royal Operahouse was brought to a close with R. Wagner's *Lohengrin*. The credit of the following statistical returns, published in the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*, is due to Herr Ferdinand Gumbert, the well-known critic of that journal. The series of 208 operatic performances given in German, from August 17th, 1874, to June 11th, 1875, comprised 41 different works, by 23 different composers. The novelties were—*Cesario* (three acts), Wilhelm Taubert; *A-ting-fo-ki* (three acts), Richard Wüerst; and *Die Mucabier* (three acts), Anton Rubinstein. Of the stock operas, *Oberon* was played 11 times; *Cesario*, *A-ting-fo-ki*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin*, 10; *Der Freischütz*, *La Dame Blanche*, and *Il Trovatore*, 9; *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, *Aida*, and *Die Zueherfeste*, 8; *Les Huguenots*, 7; *Il Barbiere* and *Guillaume Tell*, 6; *Fidelio*, *Desmonde* and *Constance*, *Don Juan*, *Iphigenia in Tauris*, *L'Africaine*, *Le Prophète*, and *Fluist*, 5; *Die Meistersinger*, *Rienzi*, and *Martha*, 4; *Robert le Diable*, *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, *Das Nachtlager in Granada*, *Le Lac des Fées*, *Mignon*, and *L'Elisir d'Amore*, 3; *Stradella*, *Joseph en Egypte*, *Fra Diavolo*, and *Hernani*, 2; and *Der Fliegende Holländer*, *Euryanthe*, *Csász und Zimmermann*, *La Muette*, *Jessonda*, and the *Finale from Loreley*, once. Moreover—Richard Wagner was represented on 28 evenings, by 5 works; Mozart on 26, by 4; Weber on 21, by 3; Meyerbeer on 20, by 4; Verdi on 19, by 3; Rossini on 12, by 2; Tanbort on 10, by 1; Wüerst on 10, by 1; Boicidien on 9, by 1; Nicolai on 8, by 1; Anber on 6, by 3; Flotow on 6, by 2; Beethoven on 5, by 1; Gluck on 5, by 1; Gounod on 5, by 1; Rubinstein on 4, by 1; Kreutzer on 3, by 1; Ambrose Thomas on 3, by 1; Donizetti on 3, by 1; Mchul on 2, by 1; Spohr on 1, by 1; Mendelssohn on 1, by 1; Lortzing on 1, by 1.

The above list does not include five performances given in Italian by the company under Sebor and Mad. Padilla, of Flotow's *Ombre* (twice), Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto* (twice), and Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*; nor does it include Göthe's *Faust*, with music by Lindpaintner and Prince Radziwill; Göthe's *Egmont*, with music by Beethoven; Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, with music by Mendelssohn; and Rainaud's *Verwunderer*, with music by Conradin Kreutzer. Apropos of Göthe's tragedy, it was exactly one hundred years on the 13th instant since the birth of Prince Heinrich von Radziwill. The Prince was very fond of music, and a good violinist. Though his "*Faust* Music" no longer boasts of the exaggerated reputation it enjoyed in a past generation, it is still frequently heard, and its performance on the 12th of this month may be regarded as a sort of centenary memorial in honour of its aristocratic composer.

After the conclusion of the operatic season, the theatre remained open a week longer for ballets, but closed finally on the 18th instant, and will not be re-opened before the 15th October. During the time it is shut, a new electric-pneumatic method for lighting the gas is to be prepared. This method, which diminishes the chances of explosion, is the invention of Herr C. Barrot, master-carpenter at the Stadttheater, Vienna, who will himself superintend its application.—Herrn Niemann, Betz,

and Fricke, before returning to this capital, proceed to Baireuth, to take part in the rehearsals of Wagner's *Ring der Nibelungen*.

At Kroll's Theatre we have had *Der Freischütz*, *Don Giovanni*, *Martha*, and *Il Trovatore*. This favourite resort appears to have lost none of its attraction. The first novelty will be *Les Dragons de Villars*, by Maillart.

The Berlin *Echo* denies a report, lately circulated that Albert Lortzing's grave in the Neuer Sophien-Kirchhof was in a dilapidated condition. Whatever may have been the case formerly, the resting-place of the composer is now scrupulously kept. Very different is the state of Otto Nicolai's grave, in the Dorotheenstädtischer Churchyard (Liesenstrasse). Here neglect and desolation reign supreme.

ZARE THALBERG'S CHERUBINO.

(From the "Morning Advertiser," Thursday, June 13, 1875.)

Great curiosity was naturally felt as to Madlle Thalberg's new venture in the character of Cherubino. She has not been many weeks in winning the good opinion of the public, and her latest assumption has rattled all her previous successes. Madlle Thalberg had done so well as the two Zerlinas in *Don Giovanni* and *Fra Diavolo*, that no doubt as to her being able to get through this part in a creditable manner could be felt. The young lady did more than this. She sang the music in the proper spirit, and acted the part with a *naïveté* quite charming. Her fresh young voice, properly produced, and under perfect control, with an elegant simplicity of style, gave effect to the first air "Non so più cosa son," and the purity of her method was again noticeable in the lovely melody "Voi che sapete," which she sang twice, each time receiving a tribute of enthusiastic applause. Madlle Thalberg sings with an ease and absence of effort that many artists are years in acquiring. Her byplay was really excellent, and whether discovered hiding in the high chair, listening to Figaro's banter in the "Non più andrai," or kneeling on the footstool to be dressed in a woman's cap, Madlle Thalberg acted up to the situation. She makes up admirably for a boy, and looks the mischievous little Page as well as she sings and acts the part—which is saying a great deal. There is a grace, a charm, and a completeness about this performance which would hardly be expected from one so young as Madlle Thalberg, who has clearly a bright future before her.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

Mr Gave gave his *soirée musicale* on Tuesday evening, June 22nd, at his new residence, Harley Street, when a varied programme was gone through by the following artists, before a numerous and appreciative audience.—Miss Josephine Sherrington, Miss Alice Fairman, Mr Trelawny Cobham, Madlle Friedländer, Miss Josephine Sherrington, Herr Jules de Sweet (solo violinist) to His Majesty the Emperor of Germany, Signor Folt, Miss Edith Wynne, Madlle Breton, Mmes. Jaquinot (violinist), Madame Liebhart, Signor Caravoglia, Madlle Marie Rose-Perkins, Mr W. Shakespeare, and Madlle Victoria Busen. The conductors were Signor Randegger, Herr Lehmeyer, and Mr Wilhelm Gauz.

Mr FREDERIC H. COWEN gave his annual concert at Dudley House, Park Lane, under the patronage of the Earl and Countess of Dudley, on Friday afternoon, June 18th. As usual, a host of operatic celebrities assisted. The vocalists were Madlle Tietjens, Madlle Louise Singelli, Madame Marie Rose, Madlle Victoria Busen, and Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Signor Gillandi, Signor De Reschi, and Mr Santley; violin, Madlle Theresia Castellani; and pianoforte, Mrs Beesley. The handsome picture-gallery of the noble Earl was neatly filled by an elegantly dressed audience, who, to prove their right to be called, as it were, aristocratic, also, were singularly cold and reticent of their "applause;" but the rustling of fans and the "nodding" of heads took the place of noisy demonstrations, and the artists were satisfied accordingly. "Non più mesta," by Madlle Victoria Busen (Rosini); "Amor che fu," by Signor De Reschi (Bergrain); Song, "If every lute on earth were mute," by Mr Santley (Cowen); "Bel ragio," by Madlle Tietjens (Rosini); "Ombra leggera," by Madlle Louise Singelli (Meyerbeer); the *Terzetto*, "Le facci un inchino," from *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, by Madame Marie Rose, Madlle Singelli, and Madame Trebelli-Bettini (Cimarosa); some Swedish Melodies, by Madlle Victoria Busen; "It was a dream," by Madlle Tietjens (recalled) (Cowen); and "Marguerite," by Madame Trebelli-Bettini (Cowen), were the "novelties" that elicited the strongest marks of approbation. Mr Cowen's per-

performances consisted of his own "Valse Caprice," No. 2, a "Land Coquette" (Hondino), Moscheles Duo for two pianofortes, "Hommage à Handel," with Mrs. Beesley, and a "Pensée fugitive" (by Heller and Ernst) with Mlle. Therese Castellon. Mr. Cowen was "on his mettle," and, in consequence, ample justice was done to the works of the composers he selected for "interpretation." The concert concluded with the *Trezzetto*, "Zitti, zitti," from *Il Barbiere* (Rossini), capably sung by Mlle. Louise Singlet, Signor De Becchi, and Signor Gillardi, Sir Julius Benedict, Mr. Gustav Stoecker, and Signor Ardit assisted. Mr. Cowen in accompanying the vocal music on the pianoforte; Signor Sanderi, also, accompanied on the guitar a Romance of his own composition.

Mr. ARTHUR WILFORD gave an evening concert at the Beethoven Rooms on Thursday, the 17th inst. Mr. Wilford, in conjunction with Messrs Franke (violin), and Schubert (violinello), gave Mlle. Clara Schumann's Trio, Op. 17, for pianoforte, violin, and violinello; he next played Schumann's, Op. 78, and then solos by Robert Schumann, Mendelssohn, etc., finishing with Beethoven's Polonaise in C major (Op. 69), which, by the bye, Mlle. Maria Krebs has made so popular in this country. In his performance of the pieces we have named, Mr. Wilford exhibited decided artistic feeling, and was applauded accordingly. Herr Franke gave a violin solo by Viennese, and Herr Wilhelm's arrangement of an air by Bach, followed by Krüger's "Klänge," in all of which he evidently pleased his audience. Herr Schubert, the violinellist, played a piece of his own composition, entitled, "Elinemkelt," and was, as usual, highly applauded. Mlle. Friedlander sang several *Lieder* with effect; and Madame A. Roche displayed a fine voice to advantage in Molière's "Où, that any were distant," and in Felice Mariani's romance, "L'Ultimo Pensiero." Herr Schubert conducted.

MESSES J. LEWIS and H. DAUBERT gave the fourth and last (we regret to say) of their excellent series of "Classical Chamber Concerts," on Thursday, at the Langham Hall, Great Portland Street. The programme was an excellent specimen of a classical concert, although possessing no absolute novelty. The concert began with Mendelssohn's Sonata in B flat (Op. 45), for pianoforte and violinello, excellently played by Mr. Franklin Taylor and Herr Hugo Daubert. It was attentively listened to by an intelligent and appreciative audience. Mr. F. Taylor gave a perfect interpretation of Beethoven's Sonata in E minor (Op. 90), for pianoforte alone; and Herr Joseph Ludwig played the Prelude and Gavotte from S. Bach's Sonata in E major for violin alone, with so much effect that he was unanimously "recalled." Beethoven's Quartet, for strings, in C sharp minor, received every justice from Messrs Ludwig, Carl Jung, Zertini, and Daubert, each movement being received with applause. Miss Helen Armin sang two *Lieder* by Schubert and Schumann, which were hardly appreciated as they deserved by the audience; and Mr. Als-worth gave Schubert's "Who is Sylvia?" M. Zerbini accompanied the songs on the pianoforte with his usual care.

MISS FLORENCE MAY's pianoforte recital, at Willis's Rooms, under the patronage of his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, took place on Saturday afternoon, May 8th. The fair young artist will, we trust, accept an apology for our delay in recording it. We attended the programme, in the "interpretation" of which Miss Florence May had the assistance of Signor Guido Papini (violin), and Mlle. Sophie Löwa as vocalist.—Prelude and Fugue, in C sharp major, and Prelude and Fugue, in D minor (from the Wohltemperirten Klavier, part 3, for pianoforte alone)—Bach; Fauchengschwank aus Wien (Fantasie-bilder), Op. 36, for pianoforte alone—Schumann; Song, "Erstehet, ihr Töchter," Sullivan's Sonata, in A major, Op. 47 (dedicated to Kreutzer), for pianoforte and violin—Beethoven; *Lieder*, "Stille Liebe," Schumann, and "Sonntag"—J. Brahms; Solo, violin, with pianoforte accompaniment—Papini; Solos, pianoforte—Scarlati; Romanza, in B major, "Geneviève," and "Toccata in C minor, Op. 38—W. Sterndale Bennett. Miss Florence May, it will be noted, did not spare her exertions on this interesting occasion, and the applause awarded to her after each piece was as well merited as it was discriminatingly bestowed by the large assembly of her friends and admirers. Miss May was congratulated on the success of her "recital."

MISS ELIZABETH BEESLEY gave a *matinée musicale*, at Queenberry Place, Grosvenor Road, by kind permission of George, in the Leverston, Eps., on Wednesday, June 16th. Miss Linda Kaiser was the vocalist, the violinist, Mons. Sainton, and the violinellist, Mons. Lasserre. The following is the programme:—Sonata, for pianoforte and violin, Op. 77 (Mrs Beesley and Mons. Sainton)—J. Rheinberger; Songs, "First Violat," and "Parting" (Miss Linda Kaiser)—Mendelssohn; Solos, violinello, "Arlequin," Popper, and "Am Spingenschen" (violinello, Mons. Lasserre, accompanied by Mrs Beesley on the pianoforte); Davidoff; Trio, in D, Op. 49, for pianoforte, violin, and violinello (Mrs Beesley, Mons. Sainton, and Mons. Lasserre)—Mendelssohn; *Impressions*, "Und ob die Wolke" (*Der Freischütz*) (Miss Linda Kaiser)—Weber; Solos, piano, "Gondoliera," Liszt, and "Grand Polonaise," A

flat (pianoforte, Mrs Beesley)—Chopin; Romance, "Connaître le pays" (*Mignon*) (Miss Linda Kaiser)—Thomas; Adagio and Rondo for pianoforte and violin (Mrs Beesley and Mons. Sainton)—Dussek. We need hardly say that the audience were highly pleased with the selection of pieces chosen, and that the fair *brilliantista* fully sustained the reputation she made by her performance of a concerto by Liszt, at one of the New Philharmonic Concerts a short time since.

HEAR ENNER STOEGER's annual concert took place on Thursday morning, June 24th, at 7, Buckingham Gate (by the kind permission of Sir R. Gore Booth, Bart., M.P.), with Miss J. Sherrington and Mr. Lionel Levy as vocalists; and Signor Papini as the solo instrumentalists. Herr K. Stoecker was the pianist, and he fully sustained his reputation as an artist of the first rank. The programme will, no doubt, interest many concert-goers; we therefore subjoin it:—Trio in G major, for pianoforte, violin, and violinello (J. Raff), Herr Stoecker, Signor Papini, and M. Lasserre; Rode's Air with Variations (accompanied on the pianoforte by Signor Ardit, Mlle. Sherrington, Toccata in E minor (Bach), 2nd Hilarite (M.S.), Etude dans la forêt, and Chasse fantastique (Stoecker), pianoforte, Herr Stoecker; La Fontaine (Davidoff) and Arlequin (Popper), violinello, M. Lasserre; Le soir et Le matin (Stoecker), Miss Sherrington; Solo de Violon (Papini), Signor Papini; Sonata in D major, for pianoforte and violinello (Bütheim), Herr Stoecker and M. Lasserre; *Lieder*—Margaretha and Helmholtz (Stoecker), Mr. Lionel Levy; Duo and des thèmes de Don Giovanni, for pianoforte and violin (Wolff and Vieuxtemps), Herr Stoecker and Signor Papini. Herr Stoecker, who is an exceedingly clever pianist, as well as an accomplished composer of morcean de salon, was received with marked approval, and his conjugal partner, Signor Papini (violin) and M. Lasserre (violinello)—fully deserved the praise they received on all sides for their solo performances. Miss Josephine Sherrington's facile execution had ample opportunity of showing itself in Rode's air, and in Herr Stoecker's two quiet little *chansons* she was quite at home. Mr. Lionel Levy, whom we do not recollect having heard before the present concert, possessed a baritone voice of freedom and charming quality. Although somewhat nervous at the commencement, he soon obtained command over his resources, and was warmly applauded at the conclusion of two charming *Lieder*, the composition of Herr Stoecker.

MISS MARION BEARD's harp concert, last Tuesday evening, at the Beethoven Rooms, was fully and fashionably attended, and Miss Beard may be congratulated on the success so deservedly achieved. Her study of tone combined with brilliant technique a good deal of interest at the harp, were the theme of general admiration. It is in itself commendable that a young lady should devote her talent and energy to the cultivation of an instrument which at the present time meets with not overmuch encouragement. This certainly is not the fault of the instrument itself, which has plenty of "life-sustaining resources," nor is it the fault of its professors, most of whom struggle hard enough for its advancement. Whether there is not sufficient "esprit de corps" among the latter, we cannot tell, but certain it is that the harp being denied any opportunity to assert its power at our orchestral concerts, it is no wonder that jealousy is engendered fatal to the poor "Cinderella." In addition, it seldom obtains at our ladies' schools a good word from the ruling piano-master, but more frequently receives a more friendly kick. Generally pining away in an obscure corner, it is not surprising that harp more favoured sister, the piano, prays, like the Phœnix, "I thank thee that thou hast made me a piano, and not like that wretched thee, a harp." No one can deny that the literature for this instrument, as regards compositions of merit, is limited, but there are certainly works extant which deserve respect, and the memory of the celebrated Englishman, Parish-Altair, who left so many valuable works of the highest order, should alone insure more tolerance towards the instrument of his predilection. To resume, Miss Beard was assisted by Mlle. Rosita, who sang Gounod's "Ave Maria," with harp and violin accompaniment, beside a two other songs with much effect; Miss Helen Armin, who was much applauded in Blumenthal's "The sailor boy's farewell," and "Ja voudrais être," a romance with harp accompaniment, by C. Oberthur, and Sig. Caravaggio, who sang "Largo al factotum" with his usual spirit and success. The instrumentalists were Mrs. Kate Dyer, who took part with Miss Beard and Mr. Oberthur in a Nocturne for three harps, which received such a flattering reception that the artists were unanimously recalled. Mr. F. H. Cowen and Sig. Tito Mattel contributed each some brilliant piano solos. A violin solo played by Mr. Kummer, was much admired, and equally so Mr. Schubert's violinello solo. The fair concert-giver played also "La Cascastra," by Oberthur, in such perfection that this gentleman, who is a pupil Miss Beard is, may indeed be proud of her. The concert came to a conclusion with C. Oberthur's grand Duo for two harps, on the *Impressions*. In which Miss Beard played the first harp part. Mr. Cowen, Herr Lehmann, and Herr Schubert were the conductors, and ably fulfilled their duties.—A. B.

RICHARD WAGNER, AND HIS RING OF THE NIBELUNG.

(From the "New Quarterly Magazine.")

(Continued from page 408.)

From the depth of the Rhine we are transferred to a high ridge of mountains. Wotan, the supreme god of northern mythology, lies asleep in a flowery meadow, Fricka, his wife, sitting by his side. The rays of the rising sun are reflected from the battlements of a splendid castle, which stands on a high rock in the background. A solemn melody, expressive of divine splendour and dignity, is played by the orchestra. Wotan speaks in his dream; he tells of the palace built for him by the giants, as at once the symbol and safeguard of his power. But Fricka wakes him from his fond delusions; she reminds him that her sister Freia, the goddess of youth and love, has been given to the giants as security for the payment of their labour; unless ransom can be found, the goddess will become the slave of the clumsy monsters. Freia herself now appears, followed by Fafner and his brother Fasolt, who claim her as the price of Walhall, the castle they built for Wotan. In vain the god resists their demand. The giants stand on their bond. Wotan has to admit that his own power rests on the inviolability of his pledged promise. His duty it is to watch over oath and bond; to break his word would be suicidal. So he has to devour his wrath, and even to protect the giants from the interference of two other mighty gods, Donner and Froh, who have hastened to the assistance of their sister. At this juncture a new god appears on the scene. It is Loge, the god of fire, transformed by Wotan into permanent shape, but still full of the wildness of his native element; the other gods view him with ill-disguised suspicion. Loge has been called the Mephistopheles of northern mythology, and some features of his negative, sarcastic nature of the latter may undoubtedly be recognized in Wagner's conception of the northern god. It is by his advice that Wotan has entered into the fatal treaty with the giants, and to him, therefore, the gods look for a means of finding ransom for their threatened sister. Urged by Wotan, he at last discloses the secret of the Rhine treasure, which Alberich has in the meantime fashioned into a ring, the symbol and source of unlimited power. This ring alone, Alberich adds, can compensate the heart for the loss of love's pleasure. Gods and goddesses listen eagerly to his description, the magic power of the gold and its splendour moves their innermost desire; even the giants cannot resist its temptation, and they declare their willingness to release their lovely prey for the possession of the gold. But Wotan's pride revolts at the thought of his becoming the tool of the giants in depriving Alberich of his spoil. Indignant at his refusal, Fafner and Fasolt carry off Freia, anxiously watched by the gods as they heavily tread their way over stock and stone, down to the valley of the Rhine. Suddenly a change comes over the scene; mists rise on all sides, which give a pale elderly appearance to the gods; Loge reminds them that they have not tasted the apples of Freia's garden that day, the fruits of the goddess of youth, which alone secure the gods from the influence of time. This at last decides Wotan; to preserve his eternal youth he waives his dignity. The giants are recalled, and Wotan and Loge set out on their journey to Alberich's kingdom, to gain the ring by force or cunning. We here touch upon one of the keynotes of the whole drama. The gods, by their desire of splendour, have incurred a debt to their enemies the giants; to pay this they now are intent on depriving a robber of his spoil, their motive being not to return it to the lawful owners as becomes their office, but to buy back their forfeited youth. In this act of wilful selfishness lies the germ of their doom.

The next-following scene, in its broad touches of primitive coarseness, reminds one of the satyr drama of the antique tragedy. The prelude, with its strong rhythmic accents in the orchestra, accompanied by the noise of hammers and anvils behind the scene, indicates that we are approaching the country of Alberich the King of the Nibelungs, whom, by the power of his ring, he compels to find new treasures in the bowels of the earth, and work them into splendid ornaments for his pleasure. His brother Mime is one of the chief sufferers, particularly after he has been found out in trying to conceal for his own benefit a magic cap of

helmet wrought of the Rhine treasure. This is the well-known Tarn-cap, the northern equivalent of Perseus' helmet, which makes its wearer invisible, and also enables him to take the semblance of any living thing. 'Cruel flagellations, alternating with the awful cries of the victims, are depicted by the music in the most realistic manner, the grotesqueness of the whole scene being in exquisite contrast with the passionate but aristocratic bearing of the upper gods.

(To be continued.)

SIR J. BENEDICT'S CONCERT.

(From the "Daily Telegraph," June 21st.)

For more than a century in a generation the concert annually given in the name of Sir Julius Benedict has held a distinguished place among its kind, and yesterday afternoon the aspect of the Floral Hall by no means indicated a decline in popularity. The extensive area and galleries of Mr Gye's glass house were so crowded with a fashionable assembly that, had the accommodation been far greater, there is reason to believe it would not have proved too much—a result due partly to the esteem in which the *beneficence* is held, partly to the attraction which a very of popular artists always presents. Even when Sir Julius Benedict is the concert-giver, we are not disposed to exaggerate the importance of a lot of familiar selections from operas sung by favourite singers, and had yesterday's programme contained only such things, it would now call for slight notice. But Sir Julius, mindful of the maxim, *noblesse oblige*, never fails to make his "annual" more or less interesting to those whose tastes are somewhat above the level of fashionable amateurism. This he did, on the present occasion, by introducing several pieces of high artistic interest, beginning, for example, with the Andante and Finale from his own pianoforte and violin sonata. In the execution of these movements the composer was associated with Herr Wilhelm, the result being a performance of finished excellence, none the less worthy of applause because it received very little. The music itself is a capital example of Sir Julius in his freest and most spontaneous mood. Another important feature in the scheme was a quartet for performers upon two pianos, consisting of an Andante and Transcription of Chopin's Posthumous Mazurka, composed and arranged by the concert-giver. This, if we mistake not, had been heard before in the Floral Hall, but, as played by Sir J. Benedict, Messrs Hallé, Cowen, and Lindsay Sloper, it met with unanimous favour. A "melodie" well laid out for four violoncellos, by M. Paque, and performed by him in conjunction with MM. de Swert, Labonte, and Vieuxtemps, also gave much satisfaction, while for his masterly execution of a solo by Vieuxtemps, Herr Wilhelm obtained a hearty recall. It might have been expected that on such an occasion Sir Julius would see himself well represented as a composer for the voice. From his pen proceeded some variations on a Danish air, which exhibited Mdlle Marion's facility in a very effective way. His arrangement of the "Carnival of Venice" was also sung, the executant being Mdlle Zari Thalberg, whose charmingly fresh, bright voice appeared to great advantage in "La ci darem" (encored). But Sir Julius's most popular contribution to the programme consisted of a new Irish song, "Norah's Message," sung by Mdlle Adelina Patti, to an accompaniment for pianoforte and harp (Mr J. Thomas). The concert-giver has often shown rare tact in imitating the genius of Irish national music, and it was a matter of course, in the present case, that he should produce a song full of beauty and character. Nothing can be more simple than "Norah's Message," but its simplicity is a element not to be dispensed with in works of the kind, the difficulty being to blend with it the charm of true and just expression. This Sir Julius Benedict has surmounted with ease, and, as perfectly sung by Mdlle Patti, the song made a real success; having to be repeated in answer to continued applause. Mdlle Patti was encored in "Una voce" and in Viesetti's waltz "La Diva," honours being also liberally bestowed upon Mdlle Albani, Mdlle Thalberg, Signor Nicolini, Signor Cologni, and others of the *élite* of Mr Gye's company. The accompanists were, beside the concert-giver, MM. Vianesi, Bervignani, Randegger, and Ganz; Mr Pittman ably presiding at the harmonium. Upon the success of the entertainment as a whole we need not dwell.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON'S CONCERT.

In the summer of last year Madame Nilsson gave a concert in aid of the Westminster Training School and Home for Nurses, the objects of which are—quoting the language of the directors—"first, to train and supply a staff of nurses for the hospital; secondly, to provide efficient nurses for private families and institutions." Such a scheme speaks for itself, and stands in little need of verbal pleading. Let the "Managing Committee" set forth the case they are advocating to such excellent purpose:—

"The pressing want of good nurses for rich and poor need now scarcely be dwelt upon, and it is acknowledged on all sides that to raise the quality as well as to increase the number of our nurses is the greatest desideratum. The Committee feel that they have it in their power to do much towards this good work, in offering great advantages to those entering their service—viz., an excellent training, a well-organized and healthy home, fair remuneration, and a provision in case of ill-health or retirement after long service. They are therefore anxious to transfer the Nurses' Home to a larger house, and appeal to the public to help them in carrying out this important work."

"More accommodation," however, seems to be essential, and for the reason subjoined:—

"In order to carry out the latter object, and to make the Home self-supporting, more accommodation is absolutely necessary. The present house at 4, Broad Sanctuary (rented by the year), can receive only 12 probationers, a number scarcely larger than is necessary to supply the vacancies which occur in the staff of 25 nurses who reside in the hospital itself."

It is but just to append the names of the committee who have so strenuously promoted the welfare of the Institution:—

"Chairman, His Grace the Duke of Westminster; vice-chairman, Sir Ruford Alcock, K.C.B.; hon. treasurer, Mr. G. Helmer, Millbank, S.W.; hon. secretary, Mrs. A. Dwyer, 107, Victoria Street, N.W.; Constancy, Marchioness of Lichfield, Lady Augustus Stanley, Mrs. Russell, Grosvenor Gardens, M.P.; and Mr. W. Gilbert. Lady Superintendent, Miss Neelys, rather, from whom the regulations may be obtained."

Miss Merryweather, Superintendent of the "Home" and the whole nursing department, was for thirteen years at the head of a similar institution in Liverpool, and performed her duties with the same zeal and ability she has since exhibited in London.

If the title "Swedish Nightingale" of the actual hour was only awarded to Madame Nilsson on the strength of her artistic ability and vocal charm, her claim would pass without dissent. But she has a further quality in common with the great artist who first bore that designation among us. She thinks of others besides herself. In the cause of charity (to which Norwich and various places can bear testimony) she is always ready with her invaluable aid, and this, quite as much as her unquestionable genius, endears her to the English public. The choice of a programme for the exceptional occasion of yesterday—when hundreds who came from far and wide were inevitably denied admission, seeing that St James's Hall was so crowded that even standing room was looked upon as a favour—showed her excellent taste. The singers who co-operated with Madame Nilsson were of the first class, and such had something to do, bringing with it assured success. Madame Nilsson's own contributions were few but of the best.

"Let the bright Seraphim" (with Mr. T. Harpur's trumpet obbligato), a new and charming song by Mr. Arthur Sullivan ("Let me dream again"), and two of the Swedish national airs, which she sings in such absolute perfection, were her solo exhibitions; and these last brought the concert to an end with appropriate spirit. Madame Nilsson took part in only one concerted piece—the famous trio, "Le faccio un inchino," from Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*, her associates being Mlle Tietjens and Madame Trebelli-Bettini. Both this and the new song of Mr. Sullivan's, accompanied on the pianoforte by the composer, as chosen *maestro* on the occasion, were encoored and repeated. A similar compliment was awarded to Mr. F. H. Cowen's graceful "Aubade," sung (to the author's own accompaniment) by Mr. Sims Reeves, who had already distinguished himself in "Refrain thy voice from weeping," one of the most expressive and beautiful airs in Mr. Sullivan's *Light of the World*. Upon M. de Soria, too, a singer of French romances, now with scarcely an equal, devolved the same task of repeating what he had already given well enough—an air entitled "Alcaldia d'Amour," the composition of M. Faure. Mlle Anna de Beloeux could equally have assented to an evident wish to hear her again in the plaintive and engaging romance by Madame Willie de Rothschild, "Si vous n'avez rien à me dire,"

her singing of which has earned her golden opinions on the other side of the Channel. The other vocalists were M. Capoul, who gave Balfe's "Si tu savais," Signor Foli, who came forward with a song entitled "The Shadow of the Cross," the composition of M. O. Barri, who himself accompanied it on the pianoforte; and Miss Gertrude Ashton, who joined M. Capoul and Signor Foli in the familiar trio from the second act of *Lacrin Bergha*. Among the chief attractions of the concert were the "Bal ragito" (*Semiramide*) of Mlle Tietjens, the "Non più mesta" of Madame Trebelli, and two solos on the violin by Herr Wilhelm, greatly and deservedly applauded.

To a more attractive entertainment of its kind we have rarely listened. The performance occupied scarcely two hours, and during those two hours there was not a single moment of *ennui*. The exceptions to which we have referred allowed for, Mr. Arthur Sullivan accompanied the concert from beginning to end. That after her Swedish melodies, which brought the performance to a close, Madame Christine Nilsson was greeted with hearty manifestations of sympathy may be taken for granted. Never was sympathy more worthily bestowed.

DORN (!) ACROSS MENDELSSOHN.

(Continued from page 407.)

Before I left Berlin in March, 1878, I was present at the first performance of the overture to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, conducted by Mendelssohn himself, with a full orchestra, at his father's house. This work certainly contains the germ almost of all Mendelssohn's compositions, and the grand old man of the "Mache dir an, werde Licht," alone deserves to be put by its side.

In May, 1839, Mendelssohn visited me in Leipzig, where I was officiating as director of music, at what was then the Theatre Royal. He had just returned from London, and, having attained his one-and-twentieth year, was about to commence his travels through Italy, to which we are indebted for that interesting collection of letters, which afford so deep an insight into a real poetic and musical nature. I invited him with Marschner, who was then busy on his latest work, *The Templar and the Jewess*, to come to my house the following evening, and I quickly asked a few other celebrities to meet him; in spite of the party being of the ill-omened number of thirteen, we were most animated, and everything went off admirably until the time arrived for my grand finale. A present I had received some time back of some rare old wine of a celebrated vintage, all covered with cobwebs and dust and dirt of half a century, was to be brought forward on a certain sign from me. The auspicious moment arrived, the maid put fresh glasses on the table and disappeared, and I prepared the minds of my guests for the monstrous sight they were about to see by drawing an exaggerated picture of its horrors. In the midst of my doleful address the maid walked in, and placed on the table four brightly-scoured, shining bottles, exactly resembling those containing that agreeable *vin ordinaire* called "Kutscher;" mark, seal, label, all had disappeared, and fallen a sacrifice to the principle, "Cleanliness is next to godliness." My disgust can be well imagined. Fortunately, our palates bore testimony to the excellence of the wine, and so my friend Kistner's honour was retrieved.

On the 2nd of June, 1839, I received the following letter from Mendelssohn, dated from Weimar:—

"DEAR DORN,—Herewith follows my symphony, very punctually, and still in time, I hope, to be copied out, studied, and performed by the end of tomorrow. Seriously, however, I am very sorry that I could not fulfil my promise. You always declared how it would be, and I can assure you I had quite made up my mind to do it, and the very first day of my arrival here I began the necessary corrections in the score, which soon became so numerous that I had to take away much of the old part, and add to the last portion. If the copyist recommended to me had kept his promise, you would even then have had the symphony in time, but he put me off from day to day, and here I have been fourteen instead of four days. It comes at last, you see, and perhaps you will look through it and communicate with Marschner as to the sufficiency of the abbreviations in the last part; when you have done enough of it, which I am afraid will be very soon, will you kindly forward it to Madame Hensel. Perhaps it is as well for some reasons that the performance has been post-

poned, for it occurred to me afterwards that the choral part and the other Catholicisms would have a strange appearance in a theatre, and that a Reformation song would not sound very well at Whitnitude. In short, I am an optimist. Remember me very warmly to Marschner, and thank him for his many kindnesses, and for the enjoyment he has afforded me by his beautiful compositions. I mean to write him a long musical letter as soon as I get to Munich. Farwell, and think of me always kindly.—Yours, &c.,
FELIX MENDELSSOHN."

That I have never ceased to do.

(To be continued.)

ACORNS, SLOES, AND BLACKBERRIES.

By GIBBS GIBBS GIBBS, Esq.

No. 4.

Johann Christian Hinrichs, a professor of statistics at St Petersburg, who was born at Hamburg, published in the former city an extremely curious work on the origin, progress, and actual state of the music of the chase in Russia. The author was a friend of the March, who invented the style of music for the hunting horns, which has been brought to such perfection in Russia, as to produce effects, of which no other music can give an idea.

Jacob Holbrecht, a Fleming, was the preceptor in music to Erasmus. He is said to have had so great a celerity of invention, that he composed in one night a whole mass, to the admiration of all who knew him. Glareanus asserts that the compositions of Holbrecht are grand and majestic.

Hochbrucker, an inhabitant of Donawert in 1700, who was an excellent performer on his father's newly-invented *pedal harp*, played a concerto with great success before the Imperial Court at Vienna, in 1729.

Madame Hoffer, a celebrated female singer at Vienna, was the sister-in-law of the renowned Mozart, who composed especially for her the two airs sung by the Queen of the Night in the *Zauberflöte*.

Jacopinus, a monk who lived probably in the fourteenth century, the author of the text and first melody to the "*Salut Mater Dolorosa*," which has since become so celebrated by the compositions of Palestrina, Pergolesi, Haydn, and Rossini.

John Immyas was the founder of the Maltrigal Society in London, in 1741. This celebrated musical amateur died in 1764.

Ismenias, a pupil of Antigones, was a celebrated musician of Thebes, who, according to Lucian, gave three talents (£518 10s) for a flute, at Corinth. He is recorded by Pliny, as a profuse purchaser of jewels, which he displayed with great vanity. Plutarch also relates the following story of him:—Being sent for to accompany a sacrifice, and having played some time without the appearance of any good omen in the victim, his employer became impatient, and, snatching the flute out of his hand, began playing in a very ridiculous manner himself, for which he was reprimanded by the company; but, the happy omen soon appearing, "There," said he, "to play acceptably to the gods, is their own gift." Ismenias answered, with a smile, "While I played, the gods were so delighted, that they defied the omen, in order to hear me longer; but they were glad to get rid of your noise on any terms."

Justinian, a Greek emperor in the sixth century, celebrated for his body of laws, was an excellent musician; and in the Greek church they still sing a troparius, or hymn on the divinity of Jesus Christ, of his composition. He died in 565.

WAIFS.

Madame Annie Esipoff, the Russian pianist, it was understood, engaged by Mr S. Arthur Chappell for the Monday Popular Concerts, and will appear early in the autumn.

Dr Wm Spark, the town-organist of Leeds, played his "New Festival March" on Wednesday, on the Bloomsbury Parish Church organ, which has just been enlarged and thoroughly repaired.

Miss Marie Krebs left London for Dresden on Tuesday. Her return, next winter, will be looked forward to with real interest by every amateur of the instrument of which she is so accomplished a mistress.

"What says Dr George Alexander Macfarren to the new South Kensington scheme?" This is the question uppermost in the mind of every amateur of music. One would imagine that no one had ever been taught the *Battle of Prague* in this country!

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—The attractions at the Alexandra Palace and Park during the coming week will be varied from day to day. On Monday the first trotting match will be held in the ring, which has been specially prepared. The entries are numerous. The first prize will be a silver cup of the value of 100 guineas, and there is no doubt there will be a spirited competition for it. On Tuesday there will be a grand concert in aid of the International Mozart Institution, when the orchestra and chorus will comprise 1,000 selected performers; and on this occasion the conductor will be Sir Julius Benedict. Mr Wm Hill, and Mr Edward Dannreuther. On Thursday the comedy of *Brighton* will be performed in the theatre; and a grand display of fireworks will be given. On Saturday the fete of the Royal Dramatic College will take place, at which all the principal artists of the day will appear.

The list of prizes and certificates in music, granted by Mr John Hallé, at the Society of Arts examinations, has just been published. The first prize is taken by Mr. D. McGhie, and the second by Mr. Wm. Millar, both of Glasgow. The ladies' prize is awarded to Miss Louise Dicks, of London. The total number of certificates granted is 131, as against 102 last year. The two prizemen are both tonic sol-faists, as are also 78 out of the 131 who receive certificates. During the past nine years tonic sol-faists have taken eight first prizes at these examinations. The total number of certificates granted during that period is 707, and 438 of these have been taken by tonic sol-faists. The examination is, of course, conducted strictly in the old nomenclature and notation. A large proportion of the tonic sol-fa students who have obtained certificates have been trained at Anderson's University, Glasgow.

A new, and in many respects a peculiarly original and interesting, musical instrument, has been brought to England by its inventor, M. de Furtado-Coeelho, and is likely soon to be submitted to the appreciation of the London public. Its appearance is quaint, and the manner in which musical sounds are obtained is still more curious. The "Coppophone," as it is styled, consists of thirty-two drinking glasses, of all kinds, tumblers, hock and claret glasses, selected without regard to shape or kind, but in view of purity and accuracy of sound. All these glasses are set with the greatest care on a sounding-board; a round of gutta-percha is placed under each glass so as to isolate it from the wood, and likewise the screws which make the glasses fast to the board are garnished with felt. These precautions are taken with the view of preserving the crystalline purity of the notes which can be obtained from the glasses by the player. On each side of the instrument are two small basins filled with water for the executant to dip his fingers in during the execution of a piece. Seen as a whole, it is difficult to imagine how concerted pieces can be played on an instrument so quaint, and in appearance so incomplete. The notes of each of the glasses are, however, beautiful, and possess enough acoustic force to fill a concert hall. M. de Furtado-Coeelho, who plays on the "Coppophone" which he has invented, obtains each note by turning a wet finger with more or less rapidly around the edge of each glass; thus he can increase and prolong the note at pleasure, and give it almost every shade of expression. In power of expression the notes of the "Coppophone" bear much resemblance to those of the violin; as also in the latter instrument, double notes can be obtained, and, in the hands of the inventor and executant, every description of rapid and difficult execution seems to be within the scope of the "Coppophone." This, of course, is not the first instrument that has been hitherto invented in which glasses are used as a medium of sound; but none are to be compared to the present one, being, in fact, rather curious than real musical instruments. The inventor of the "Coppophone" seems to think that it could become an important instrument, not only in the concert room, but also in the orchestra, and his claim certainly appears worthy of the consideration of competent judges. M. de Furtado-Coeelho's greatest difficulty in constructing his instrument has been the selection of proper and fit glasses; very few, it seems, possess musical resonance, and when they do it is only by a mere chance.

Mr Michael Costa is said to be diligently pursuing the score of Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*.

M. Georges Heiffer, a composer and pianist of repute, and member of the well-known house of Pleyel, Wolff and Co., pianoforte manufacturers of Paris, has arrived in town.

Dr Grunt writes to us, from loggymmmg, that "the Akhoond of Swat is said to be a Dr. Grunt, Dr. Shipping and Dr. Root, accompanied by their interpreter, Mwang, have gone to Swat, to see if anything can be done. Luck go with them, if only for the sake of the Akhoond.

Mr Thomas Armstrong, who for many years has conducted the performances of the *Societa Armonica*, of Liverpool, has been presented with a handsome silver tankard. Mr W. Laidlaw, the President of the Society, gave the testimonial to Mr Armstrong, in presence of a large number of the members. Prior to doing so he alluded to the objects of the Association, and eulogised the conductor, holding up Mr Armstrong's punctuality and zeal as virtues to be imitated. Mr Armstrong, having acknowledged the gift, spoke of the work of the Society, and pointed to the fact that within a comparatively short period it had introduced to Liverpool for the first time nine symphonies, six or eight overtures, and a similar number of marches, all of a very high order. His labours were unattended by any pecuniary gain, being solely for the furtherance of the cause of music.

BAIRNTH.—Wagner has begun a new opera, to be entitled *Perceval*. MAYENCE.—The business of the well-known musical publishing firm of B. Schott's Sons has been bequeathed by Mad. Betty Schott, who died a short time since, to her two nephews, Peter Schott and Franz von Landwehr, who are still minors, and Dr Ludwig Strecker. It will continue to be managed as usual by Herlen Ph. Hehn and A. L. Meisner, who have been connected with it for many years.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED.

ASHBURN & PARRY, 14, Hanover Square.—"Glee," "Cavatine," composed by Corvelli, transferred for the pianoforte by Jules Rütimey.
CHAPEL & CO., 56, New Bond Street.—"Her Voice," ballad, composed by Archibald J. Macdonald.
ROBERT COOK & CO., New Burlington Street.—"Dear England," song, by Louis Field.
J. B. Cramer & Co., 201, Regent Street.—"Eight Characteristic Pieces," by Wolfermar Bargiel—(1) Minuetto, (2) Preludio, (3) Air, (4) Album-Blatt, (5) Barcarolle, (6) Polka, (7) Scherzo, (8) Capriccio.
"Glee," song, by Mrs Mary Smith; "Good bye, dear love," song, by Ciro Pissini; "The Mountain Church," vocal duet, by Franz Abt; "Fair, but feeling," song, Francesco Berger; "Constancy," song, Charles Giraud.
ENOUR & SONS, Hollies Street.—"Fragrant," value, by Henry Litolff; "Marche Circassienne," pour piano, par Renaud de Villanc; "La Malle des Indes," galop brillant, par Georges Lamoignon; "Red as a rose in the sea," ballad, by Gustaf Dick; "Gentle sleep," song, by Arthur C. Thomas; "Then think of me," song, by Louise Urry; "Les Fils St Germain," by Kuhn; "Valse du printemps," valse chantée, pour piano, by Renaud de Villanc; "Ballade" pour piano, par Ignace Ghibone; "Romance," pour piano, par E. Sikas; Haydn's "Celebrated Gipsy Rondo," arranged by Sir Julius Benedict; "Chaconne," for the pianoforte, by Gustaf Dick; "Origine du Cokhar," song, by R. H. Hunter; "Les Fils St Germain," No. 4, song.
GORDON & CO., Argyll Place, Regent Street.—"La Poste du village," galop brillant, by Lillie Albrecht.
W. GOSWELL, 114, Leicester Place, Leicester Square.—"Daybreak," song, by Augustus I. Tampion.
HUTCHINGS & BAKER, 9, Canalside Street.—"Fair O'ber," song, by Ignace Ghibone.
HURD & CRAW, 42, New Bond Street.—"The Festival March," by J. C. Dunser.
LOCKWOOD & CO., 3, Stationers' Hall Court.—"A Bachelorette and Practical Treatise on Music," and "The Art of Playing the Pianoforte, with numerous Exercises and Lessons," by Charles Child Seymour.
LAMBORN & CO., 63, New Bond Street.—"Northern," song, by O. A. Banken.
B. MILL & SONS, 146, New Bond Street.—"Andantino Grazioso," for the organ, with pedal obbligato, by Catherine Emma.
METZGER & CO., Great Marlborough Street, W.—"She and I," song, by Louise Gray; "The Yorkshire Exhibition March," for the organ, by William Sparks, Mus. Doc.
METZGER, SUTTON & CO., 122, Nethergate, Dundee.—"Homeward Bound," song, by W. N. Watson; "A Wreath for my Queen," and "Waiting," sacred song, by Matine Douglas.
NOTTOLLO, EWES & CO., Berners Street, Oxford Street.—"The Congregational Psalmist: a Companion to all the New Hymn Books," edited by Henry Aldrich, D.D., and Henry John Gannett, Mus. Doc.; "Sonata," for the pianoforte, by Charles F. Spier; "The Rainy Day," song, by Wm. Fossey Bradshaw.
F. PITMAN, 29, Paternoster Row.—"Holy, holy, holy," short anthem for Trinity Sunday; "If ye love one another," short anthem for Whit Sunday, composed by Jacob Bradford.
PATERSON & SONS, 152, Buchanan Street, Glasgow.—"The Children's Dance," polka facile & quater mains, and "The bonnie Brava's Airie," song, by Alfred Biddle; "The Trunk," galop, and "The International Dance," quadrille, by William E. Frost.
PHILLIPS, HART & CO., Church Street, Liverpool.—"Alycane Waltzes," for the pianoforte, by George L. Miller.
SHIMPO & CO. (late WHIFFERT), 14, Argyll Street, Regent Street, W.—"Marche des Fantaisies," pour le piano, par Guillaume II. Wall; "Moonraker" (A Dream by the Sea), for the pianoforte, by Richard F. Harvey; "The Ripping Stream," value, by James Dunstony; "I saw thee weep," song, by John Chisholm; "Hudson's Bay," song, composed by J. L. Hutton; "The Lover and the Star," ballad, by Uiguelletto.
J. SEARTELL (from Cramer & Co.'s), Little Marlborough Street, Regent Street.—"The Festival King," new song, by James F. Simpson.

SWAN & PENTLAND, 3, Great Marlborough Street, W.—"An Old Story," song, by L. Zervaval.
WARRICK & CO., 16, Hanover Street, Regent Street, W.—"Taratulle," pour piano, par William Wansinger.
JOSEPH WILLIAMS, 21, Berners Street.—"Transcriptions caractéristiques," by Ch. Newell—(1) Flauto morganico, (2) Psa à cello, (3) Sérénade espagnole; "Nati estote," Révérite pour piano, par Auguste Durand; "The Children's Voice," duettino, and "From Distant Lands," composed by Fabio Campana; "Shall I wear a White Rose?" song, by Emily Barclay Farmer; "To the North-East Wind," song, J. L. Hutton; "Summer time with me," ballad, by J. O. Calcutt.

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VOL. 53—No. 27.

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HER MAJESTY'S OPERA, THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Third Appearance of Mdlle Marguerite Chapuy.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), July 3rd, will be performed **ROBERTINO** Opera, "IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA." Il Conte Almaviva, Signor Panzetta; Figaro, Signor De Besseli; Il Dottore Bartolo, Signor Zebelli; Don Basilio, Signor Costa; Florio, Signor Rinaldi; Usciale, Signor Cambelli; Berta, Mdlle Dumeric-Labache; and Rosina, Mdlle Marguerite Chapuy (her first appearance in that character and third appearance in England). Director of the Music and Conductor—Sir Michael Costa.

On **MONDAY** Evening next, July 5 (Fourth appearance of Mdlle Marguerite Chapuy)—Extra Night—"LA TRAVIATA." Alfredo, Signor Fancelli; Germont, Signor Galsani; Il Barone Duplo, Signor Zebelli; Marchese d'Obigny, Signor Cambelli; Annetta, Mdlle Dumeric-Labache; and Violetta Valery, Mdlle Marguerite Chapuy (her fourth appearance in England).

Sixth Night of "Lohengrin."

On **TUESDAY** next, July 6, WARREN'S Opera, "LOHENGGRIN." Elsa di Brabant, Mdlle Christine Nilsson; Lohengrin, Signor Campanini; Fierrolo di Telramondo, Signor Galsani; Erano, Herr Behrens; Arado, Signor Costa; and Ortrude, Mdlle Tietjen.

On **THURSDAY** next, July 8—Extra Night—Fifth appearance of Mdlle Marguerite Chapuy.

On **SATURDAY**, July 10—Mdlle Christine Nilsson (for the last time this season)—**FAUST.**

Doors open at Eight o'clock. To commence at Half-past Eight, except on the occasion of the performance of "Lohengrin" on Tuesday next, July 6, when the Opera will commence at Eight o'clock. Amphitheatre stalls, 7s. and 1s.; amphitheatre, 2s. Box-office open daily from Ten till Five, under the direction of Mr Bailey.

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ALEXANDRA PALACE.—**THURSDAY** next, July 8, **GRAND ITALIAN CONCERT**, by the Artists and Chorus of the Royal Italian Opera Company.

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MONDAY next, July 5 (first time this season), METASTASIO's Grand Opera, "L'ETUILE DU NORD." On this occasion the Opera will commence at Eight. Caterina, Mme Adolina Patti; Mdlle Smer-wich, Cottino, Bianchi; Signor Nordin, Campi, Sabater, Capponi, Tagliafico, and M. Faure.

TUESDAY next, July 6, RICHARD WAGNER's Romantic Opera, "LOHENGGRIN." Mdlle Albani, D'Angeri; M. Maurel, Herr Seidelman, Signor Capponi, Campi. **WEDNESDAY** next, July 7, BOISSIER's celebrated Opera, "SEMI-RAMIDE." Mme Vilda, Mdlle Bianchi; Signor Paval, Capponi, and M. Faure.

THURSDAY next, July 8 (first time these three years), BEETHOVEN'S Opera, "FIDELIO." Leonora, Mdlle D'Angeri (her first appearance in that character); Mdlle Bianchi; Signor Capponi, Cottino, Solari, Sabater, and Martini.

FRIDAY next, July 9, MOZART's Opera, "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO." Mdlle Albani, Bianchi, Zaro Thalberg; Signor Ursatini, Campi, Paval, Tagliafico, and M. Faure.

SATURDAY, July 10, GOTTSCHE'S Opera, "ROMEO E GIULIETTA." Mme Adolina Patti, Mdlle Bianchi; Signor Graziani, Cottino, Baggiolo, Sabater, Tagliafico, Capponi, and Niccoli.

Floral Hall Concerts.

THE LAST FLORAL HALL CONCERT of the Season will take place **THIS DAY (SATURDAY), July 3.**

The Opera commences at Half-past Eight.

The Box Office, under the portico of the Theatre, is open from Ten to Five. Boxes from £2 12s. 6d. to 25s.; stalls, 1s. 1s.; pit tickets, 7s.; amphitheatre stalls, 10s. 6d. and 1s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

MR G. W. HAMMOND'S MORNING CONCERT, St JAMES'S HALL, THURSDAY, July 8th, at Half-past Two o'clock. Tickets to be obtained of Mr G. W. HAMMOND, 44, Finsbury Street, Middle Lane, W.

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Look upon this Picture and on this.

THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

(A few Happy Thoughts about Herr Wagner's "Lohengrin.")

"Cost what it may! I must hear Lohengrin!"

I was reckless. Not to know—or rather not to be able to talk about Wagner's *chef d'œuvre*, argues oneself unknown. So, regardless of expense, for this occasion only, I determined on doing the thing well, and laying out a guinea, at the least, on the evening's instruction and amusement.

Happy Thought.—Instead of "doing it well," do it better, and see if I can't get a Stall given me.

I call on Milburt. Although married, he has not given up joking on serious subjects (by "serious subjects," I mean anything one happens to be personally interested in at the moment), and he says, "My dear boy, since I've been married I don't afford such expensive luxuries. But stay"—I stay, and he adds—"I think I can manage you a Stall at Covent Garden; if you don't mind particularly where it is!"

"O no!" I reply joyfully (for a guinea saved is a guinea gained)—"O dear no!"—this last enthusiastically. [I mentally note down as a manual much required, *Hints for Economical Amusement; or, How to Enjoy Yourself on Nothing a Year.*]

Milburt writes out something on a card, and encloses it in an envelope.

"You just present that at either Covent Garden or Drury Lane, and it will do the trick."

Thanks! Thanks! Thanks! I would jump with joy, but my gastritis knows no bounds.

Happy Thought.—Open the envelope, and see what Milburt has written. I did not, on consideration, like the way in which he said, "it will do the trick." He has done the trick, and I have found out how it's done.

He has written on a card, "Please admit the Bearer to a Stall in Covent Garden. Flower-stall preferred, but Fruit-stall not objected to. Or an Apple-stall in Drury Lane." (Signed) MILBURD.

Now how fortunate I didn't wait till the evening, and then, after expending money in a dinner at the Club, and more money in cab, present myself on this Tomfool's errand at the door of either Opera House.

I've a great mind to cut Milburt.

Happy Thought.—Don't cut Milburt, but send him an order for admission for himself and friends to the Brighton Aquarium on Sunday.

Cassell used to have a Stall. I call on him. He is away yachting. What a fellow, to be away yachting, when there's such a chance of hearing the Music of the Future! Just like him.

Twinton Vick is my man. He is always full of dodges (as I have before mentioned in regard to cheap furniture), and, if he hasn't got a Stall himself, he can tell me how to get one for nothing. I call on him. Yes, he has a Stall. Bravo! and can he let me—"No, he can't. The Stall is not transferable." And it isn't exactly a Stall, he explains, but a Renter's Ticket. That's the thing for you to do," he says, knowingly; "buy a Renter's Ticket! You can get it, if you look out, for about seven pounds, and it gives you a seat for every performance, throughout the year, at Drury Lane, including the Opera. On the most crowded nights they can't refuse you admission, even if you stop in the Lobby; and in the winter you can go to the Pantomime every night of your life!"

Seven pounds! Evidently a bargain. Why the Pantomime alone would be—I'll go and buy one at once. Where are they sold?

"Ah," says Twinton Vick, "you'll have to bide your time. You might have to wait for another year; and, at all events, you can't get one for this Opera season—" He sees my sudden and utter despondency, and hastens to add, by way of consolation, "But you look out—a Renter may die, or become bankrupt, or go abroad, and be glad to take anything for his Stall."

LOHENGRIN.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR.—To the student a volume of opera librettos is a curiosity and marvel; for it is a literary museum crowded with monstrosities; a chamber of horrors, without rival or parallel. A painter finds subjects other than crime for his art: why is the musician permitted, in his art, to revel in vice and filth? Assuredly his exalted mission should be—

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow!"—

and not to galvanize, with musical life, the person of some wretched murderer, or throw a halo of sentiment and romance around the perpetrators of loathsome villainies. Let the fact be proclaimed, the story of *Lohengrin* is fit to be played before a wife, sister, or child. It is founded on a Teutonic legend of the medieval times, the age of fantastic superstition; when saints and witches were common; when every hill and plain, well, wood, stream, and river had its visitant from unseen worlds; when every good action was traced to an angel or saint, and every evil deed to fiend or sorcerer. The German Wagner and our English Tennyson have selected this era for poetic illustration; and the Knight of the Holy Grail is a worthy companion of the Laureate's *King Arthur* and the Knights of the Round Table. The scene, laid on the banks of the Scheldt, when King Henry of Germany held his court at Antwerp, affords fine opportunities for stage displays. Processions of knights and ladies, in all the stately, picturesque pomp, and gorgeous paraphernalia of chivalry, form, at intervals, sights as magnificent as those seen on the far-famed "Field of the Cloth of Gold." The story is clearly defined, and the unities of time, place, and action, are well observed. The materials of which it is built are both natural and supernatural. Ambition, by sorcery's aid, secures temporary triumph, to be eventually checkmated by the spirit of good. Telramund, afflicted with ambition—that disease of noble minds—meets with a powerful helpmate in Ortruda, a Lady Macbeth and three witches rolled into one. The Thane of Cawdor liked witches, but not for wives; his lady was a woman of flesh and blood, particularly the latter. Ortruda, however, has a dual nature: human and devilish; and both are put under requisition for the prosecution of her husband's schemes. Elsa, the heroine of the drama, a pure and innocent maiden, is brought to grief by her relentless enemies, but rescued by the Knight of the Holy Grail, whose sacred office invests him with miraculous powers. Enduring happiness is lost by that same weakness, fatal curiosity, which cost Eve paradise. The mother of mankind, however, tasted of forbidden fruit; Elsa erred only in seeking to know a forbidden name. Alas! why did not Lohengrin equivocate? Why did he not plead to her "What is in a name?" The lady had her will, but the disclosure brought divorce and separation to our hero and heroine. In these prosaic days, the registrar of marriages performs that enquiring office, and journals publish the intelligence. The moral of the story clearly is a warning to all confiding maidens not to neglect to learn the name and conditions of their betrothed before things go too far.

The poem *Lohengrin* is but the structure of that lyrical drama, the being formed and fashioned, yet without the breath of musical life. How interesting to the musical student it is to watch the means by which each part and function is kindled into life! How absorbing to see the whole framework animated with the breath of musical genius, and appear before him glowing with all the vigour and warmth of perfect and passionate life! Assuredly few studies are to be found so improving. Wagner's enemies deny not the miraculous life throbbing in his works, but object to the means by which that life is imparted. "*Lohengrin*," say they, "is a work of genius, but it has no melody." Is melody—so called by you—

I ask him if he happens to be acquainted with any Renter who is likely to die, or be bankrupt, or be going away, and glad to take anything for his Stall, before next Thursday—to-morrow, in fact.

No, Twinton Vick cannot speak with certainty as to this. A Renter was very ill the other day, but that was not on an Opera night, and he is all right again now. He runs over the names of some Renters he knows, but they are as well as can be expected, in spite of age and other disabilities, and, generally speaking, prosperous, and likely to remain in England. "There was," he adds, meditatively, and with a tinge of regret in his voice, "a fellow the other day—Whimpfen Jesop—"

"Yes," I say, anxiously, noticing his pause.

"And," continues Twinton Vick, slowly, "he certainly *did* say that he wanted to dispose of his Renter's admission."

"Where does he live?" I ask, prepared to rush off to Whimpfen Jesop, and do business on the spot.

"Ah! I don't know. But I'm afraid it's no use, as I saw him yesterday, and he said now that they were going to give *Lohengrin*, he had made up his mind not to part with it on any account."

I rise to go, and Vick, shaking me by the hand, says, cheerfully, "You look out, and so will I; and, if I hear of a chance, I'll let you know at once."

We grasp each other's hands with the fervour of men united in a common object, and so part.

Three failures, up to now. I try several men. Some said they thought that I always had a Stall, and were coming to ask me.

Thursday morning.—I rush off to the Theatre. No Stalls. To the Libraries. No Stalls. Call in at Mump's the Librarian. Mump's managing man says, that by four o'clock he can get me a Stall, as there is sure to be a lot returned. Why a lot returned? *Because they don't give Lohengrin to-night. It's put off till Saturday.* And on Saturday I am bound to be *chez moi* tanté by the sad sea wave.

The state of the case is *Lohengrin v. Aust*. There will be more *Lohengrins*, but no more Annts—that is, with Solicitors, and important business which concerns me.

Again the papers announce *Lohengrin*. I am cooling a little towards *Lohengrin*. I don't like the notices, which I have read carefully. I meet Alfred Sharp, a well-known in amateur musical circles, and having the reputation of being able to dine with professional artistes whenever he likes, and even sing duets with them, and he pooh poohs *Lohengrin*. "You won't care about it," he says.

I begin to question whether *Lohengrin* is worth a guinea.

Another friend (also musical) exclaims, "Not heard *Lohengrin*! O, you ought to hear *Lohengrin*. You'll find it rather dry; but he there for the overture."

Has he got a Stall? I ask.

No he hasn't, but he had a Stall in Germany, for two shillings a night, and heard *Lohengrin* over and over again. "There," he adds, "of course they understand how to give it. Still," he admits, "you can form a very fair notion of it here."

It is now *Lohengrin v. Guita*, or, to put the equation in full, it is *Lohengrin*—a guinea, a book, fees to the Stall-keeper, a dinner at the Club, cab, refreshment after *Lohengrin* (and during *Lohengrin*, if, as my friend said, *Lohengrin* is "dry"), and I rather think, a new pair of evening boots. Still, as I must have these last,—(made on my "last"—this would do for Sydney Smith),—I cannot exactly charge them on *Lohengrin*. I can hear *Lohengrin* without boots—I mean, without new boots.

Happy Thought.—Give *Lohengrin* another week, and go somewhere else for a third of the money; or, on further consideration, and, as it's sure to be hot and stuffy everywhere, dine comfortably, and go nowhere. This last resolution is carried.

It is Thursday evening; after dinner. I am beginning to forget *Lohengrin*—I am ceasing to care about the Music of the Future, when I hear a voice in the hall, apparently issuing from the coats and hats which are hung up helplessly in the shadow, saying, potently, "I wish he'd come."

As this can't be the expression of a neglected overcoat, left there

capable of nullifying genius? No, certainly not. You may as well try to force back the north-west wind by whistling a tune against it. Geniuses can, does, and will exist in Wagner's works, without the support of that parasite. When Music, heavenly maid, was very young, she assumed the form, and was called Melody. In time the fair one came in contact with Harmony, a hundred-handed giant, and was placed by him under gradual restraint. The poor damsel tries to still retain her sway and hold her empire, but in vain. She must soon settle down to her proper place—to be allotted subordinate duties. What pranks has she, hitherto, in company with her partner, the opera-singer, played before wondering gods and grinning men? Melody, once called divine, has been debased and dragged from her high estate, by allowing herself to become the property, agent, and tool of the being called "The Operatic Star." This said "Star" has grown too big of late—has, in fact, swallowed up not only the sun and moon, but the entire operatic universe. For him composers work and managers toil; for him theatres are built and orchestras formed; for him critics write and *claqueurs* are hired; for his service, Melody—poor frail one—exists. And how does he serve her, without whom he is nothing? He drags her on to the stage, without need or warning, to bark at her, simpler to her, howl at her, and, with his cursed *ribato*, to shake her as a dog would a rat. Wagner, wisely, will not entrust himself to this precious pair. Other amateurs he sends with his messages to the Court of Public Opinion.

To most persons music is limited to a tune. Some few recognize, in fact or fancy, varying sounds, that fill the universe from lowest earth to highest heaven. The motion of all material bodies discourses music, from the rustle of the tiniest leaf to the roll of the mightiest orb. The emotions of the mind have also their equivalents in sound. Every feeling of the heart has its natural utterance, and every passion of the soul its voice. A feeling or passion, when partially and moderately excited, imparts to speech an appropriate colour and force of sound; but, when unduly excited, it breaks down the artificial barrier of words, and expresses itself by sounds such as those used before the alphabet was invented. The soul, maddened by grief, vents itself in shrieks and groans; and, when delirious with joy, in shouts of boisterous mirth. The musical poet is he who can realize the grades of passion, and has the Prospero-like power over the realms of sound to express them. With him Pope's idea is more fully carried out than by any mere word-poor:—

"The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother number flows;
And when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like a torrent roar."

Herein is Wagner's excellence. Unlike the composers of past times he builds up opera, not with the artifices of melodies and fugues, but gives each phase of the mind, each individual character, and each action its appropriate musical utterance.

The prelude of the opera, amongst many characteristics, has notably that of intensity. The mind of the listener thereby is worked up to an eager expectancy, corresponding to the attitude of the screwed up fiddle strings, the tones of which, reaching their topmost height, cause a fear and trembling lest they should topple over the bridge of the violins; and by that means they produce an anxiety of mind so necessary and beneficial as a preparation for the coming feast. The prelude is an appetizing sauce, taken before a meal when in a hungry state. The curtain rises on a scene of courtly grandeur. The eye is gratified; but that sensation soon gives place to one of admiration for the dignity of the orchestral themes, and their stately deportment. Attention is brought back to the stage by sounds from many trumpets, and a bass herald gives forth message after message, in a stentorian monotone, so natural and pleasing as to make one regret there are not as many heralds as trumpeters. The king enters, welcomed by his vassals, in a chorus of seven bars. If he were a king of the old opera, he would have been shouted at for half-an-hour, and then come down

by its owner, I look in the direction of the voice, and decry a bad one. He asks me how I see Daddemus, as he has a Stall for him at the Opera. It'll be worth hearing. It's *Lohengrin*.

"Will you have it?" asked friend, desperately, for he can't wait for Daddemus.

I jump at it. Done! Hoorsy! *Tout vient à celui qui attend!* Again I am enthusiastic! Never was such a friend! Never was such an Opera! Never was such a composer! My boots would scarcely hold me, I am so buoyant! Never were such boots, or never wear such boots! [Another for Sydney Smith or Sheridan.] Ho there! a cab! The handsomest and the fleetest! *Amis amis!* do you not envy me? I am off to *Lohengrin*!! Away!! Thank goodness, I'm dressed and ready!

Happy Thought! [For Mrs about Town, —to be added to my *Manuscript for Economical Amusement*.] —Always be in your dress clothes by 7.15 p.m., and at your Club. You never know what may happen. Let an Englishman's motto ever be, "Ready! Aye Ready!" And it can't, if you haven't got on your dress clothes at 7.15 p.m. at latest.

Ho there! a cab! What is a shilling! bah! I might have had a more expensive dinner, in view of *Lohengrin* for nothing; but it's no use crying over spilt claret-cup.

At the Opera. —Don't get into the line; only unhappy men hampered by dowagers, or daughters, get into the line. These men never hear an overture. No, I am free! Free as the air I'm going to hear. I am set down (after the usual falsehood of the policeman to the effect that you are not going to the Opera, O dear so, but going to call, on a matter of life and death, on your doctor in Bow Street—when the official is obliged to let you pass). I skip—skip is the word—through the gates, I enter the vestibule with the air of an *habitué*—I know my road—I show my ticket (just the slightest tremble at this supreme moment, lest it should be a practical joke), it is acknowledged, and I pass on down the passages to the lobby, all among the hat and coat-takers, whom, though I do not love, for they are extortioners and tormentors, I could now embrace. Take it—take my coat! Take my hat! Give me a number. And a book —a book by all means!

I am in my Stall as the Conductor gives the last tap of his *bâton*, and I shall have my full glorious worth, for nothing! I shall hear *Lohengrin* from the first note to the last! For music will induce me to quit this Stall to-night, even during an *entr'acte*, lest I lose the fraction of a demi-demi-semi-semiquaver.

My pencil! my book! I am nothing without notes, any more than is the great Composer himself. I am about to make notes on my book! Ah! Here my spirits! here's a buoyancy! Gee up, my Warbling Wagner! Go it, band! They do! With one movement the pack (to speak sportingly), is "away" Tallyho! Yeicks.

The pack is in full cry, and *Lohengrin* will be before us in another five minutes, Yoicks! Into him, Fiddler! Hark the Violoncello! Good Bassoon then! Tallyho!

Ah! here's an overture!

This is music! —descriptive of course. Descriptive of *Lohengrin*. Who was *Lohengrin*? What is *Lohengrin*? Wagner is describing *Lohengrin* in his overture! But though, with the pack I am following the air, I do not catch it. Let me consult my book.

Happy Thought.—Consult my book.

I open it. I make a note. O, who is *Lohengrin*? Let me look in the *Dramatic Personae*. What is this? What do I see? "*Count Amelric*"—pooh! he can't be in *Lohengrin*. Next, "*The Countess* (his lady);" then "*Susanna*"—hallo!—then "*Figaro*!!!"

This settles it. Those Coat-takers have palmed off on me a wrong book, and I gave the man sixpence extra for himself. Will they take it back, now that I have been pencilling on it? I will dash out before the opera begins; for I will hear *Lohengrin* from first to last.

"Here! hi! look here! You've given me a book of *Nozze di Figaro*, and the opera to-night is—"

He finishes my sentence for me.

"Is *Nozze di Figaro*, Sir, —it's been changed."

"What! got *Lohengrin*?"

"No, Sir." And he turns to attend to another coat.

I am as angry as if I'd been done out of a guinea. For me, *Lohengrin* is still the "Music of the Future." But, as I am very fond of *Nozze*, I must grin and bear it,—or,

Happy Thought.—I must *Lohengrin* and bear it.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Sir,—I should feel obliged if you would kindly inform me, in your next, about how many years W. Kirby has been dead, and oblige yours respectfully,

289, Southampton Street, Cambridge.

[Can any of our readers supply the information asked by our correspondent?—Ed.]

to the footlights to sing a song, accompanied by a sycophantic orchestra, playing *pianissimo* to his loud voice, and thundering forth, in slavish refrains, his best hits. Instead of which flattering pastime he has to be careful to keep his time, and watchful of the change of keys to avoid speedy grief, for his kingship is not unduly studied. In fact, the Wagner stage is as Republican as the knife-board of a London "buss." Everyone has his share of attention—some more than they like, others have only niggardly regard. Look at the lady in front of the stage, a mimic duchess, and in reality a *prima donna*; see how quiet she sits, without word or heed. Once only she essays to sing, and then she is hushed to silence as quickly as an old bore telling a stale joke. What self-restraint, humility, and patience in an operatic star! Wagner has worked a miracle in such a subjugation, comparable only to that wrought on lions by the prophet Daniel. The highly-dramatic music allotted to the King, Herakl, and Telramund, is carried on with resistless force—no halt to let one of them sing a song. Wagner, like the ancient orator, insists upon "action—action—action." Occasionally the King tries a doubtful phrase, but it is stopt in time; he only succeeds in getting a tune to himself when engaged in prayer. Of all things keep me from a melodic bass. —The character of Elsa the great master has departed from his theory. Melody is used abundantly. In this, I am bound to say, inconsistency is shown. Was he desirous of proving he could exceed within the ancient limits; or did he weakly look back, with longing eye, on the flesh-pots of Egypt?

Had he the frailty to sacrifice his art to please a *prima donna*? Alas! I know not; I only regret the error. Would, however, it stopt with the heroine; unfortunately the hero has too much of the old singing "star" about him. But I will not dwell upon the sins of Wagner's youth; his later works contain no such weakness or blemish. For descriptive music I know none so realistic as in the duet scene. Orchestral passages present to the mind the lunge and parry, the ennet and retreat, with wondrous vividness. I never before felt like fighting so much. The grandest music in the opera is certainly to be found in that which heralds the approach of *Lohengrin* in his fairy land; not only is the orchestral treatment magnificent, but the singers, high and low, *soli* and *cori*, are at their very best. In hearing them one cannot but enthusiastically cry with the old poet—

"Let the singing singers,
With vocal voices, most vociferous,
In sweet vociferation, out-vociferize
E'en sound itself."

In the second act, Wagner gives free vent to his genius. No ballad-like phrase intrudes; the passions of the characters and the action of the drama alone find utterance. Solo singers do not like it; a good sign. It is delightful to see those despots knocked about by the orchestra, as if they were being tossed in a blanket tick with chromatic spikes. The first visible effect of the revolution Wagner is working is in their dethronement and reduction to the ranks. I am planning an opera-symphony, in which the singers shall be put in the orchestra, and the instrumentalists enact the characters on the stage. For the propounding of this scheme I crave space for another letter. I am, yours obediently,

JONATHAN JONES, JUN.

(Musical Student and Neophyte of the Order of St Wagner).

FESTH.

(From a Correspondent.)

In consequence of his approaching tour through the United States, Dr Hans von Bülow has been compelled to decline a place as Professor offered him in the projected National School of Music, by Herr von Treutler, Minister of Public Worship and Instruction. Limit is to be President of the new institution.

Verdi has been prevented by previous engagements from complying with a request to give a performance of his *Requiem* and one of *Aïda*, under his personal direction, at the National Theater.

Mdlle Hamaker, from the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, has been singing in Lucia and Les Huguenots.

MUSIC IN AUSTRALIA.

TO MESSRS HENDERSON, RAIT, and FENTON.

Gentlemen,—This will sound to you like an almost unknown "voice from the Antipodes," and I reproach myself with having kept you so long in ignorance of our "transliterated" wanderings. During this lengthy silence we have travelled thousands of miles by sea and land, by coach, on horseback, and on rail—over every variety of road that the eye of man ever saw. A genuine Australian road is a curiosity, and is only called "road" by the greatest stretch of contresy. We have made an exhaustive tour of the Australias, through the wide extent of Victoria, through the vast territory of New South Wales, up to Queensland, that hot tropical colony—"roughing it," as the saying is, but enjoying the change of scene and the interesting features of the different countries. At the same time, our eyes have almost got surfeited with landscapes, and we are anxious to see home once more. We had a glimpse of "home" in that "other Britain," the beautiful islands of New Zealand, with their fine climates, ranging from, say the climate of Orkney to that of the Isle of Wight. New Zealand must surely be the most picturesque and lovely country under the sun. Otago has ponderous mountains, grand lakes, surrounded by ranges of from 3,000 to 9,000 feet high, and continuous, with hill and dale, and the richest agricultural country. Canterbury boasts eye-wearying stretches of plains; and, to the westward, mountain ranges, that tower away up to Mount Cook and its glaciers, 13,000 feet high. Wellington, the capital, is the seat of rain, wind, and occasional "shogs" of earthquakes. Nelson, a little town, dull, but pretty, nestling amongst hills, and looking upon a beautiful bay, we saw, flaunting in all the chromatic glories of autumn. Taranaki, the Cornish settlement, as seen from the steamer, was snapper—the little town rimming an open roadstead, with beach of iron-sand, white with mighty rollers, and lying, as it appeared, at the foot of the majestic Mount Egmont, snow-capped all the year round, 9,000 feet high, and the most perfect cone in New Zealand. It was a spectacle to be remembered. Auckland is a dull town, but has a beautiful harbour, which, however, is not so striking as Port Jackson, of which Sydney is so proud. From here we—my brothers and I—visited all the volcanic wonders of the North Island, travelling overland, while father and the rest went round by a steamer. We rode through desolate country for two days, on a bridle-track eighteen inches wide, sometimes overlapped by flax, standing as high as a man on horseback, sometimes concealed by maaka scrub, that almost dislocated our ankles as we galloped through it. We rode fifty miles the first day, and our equestrian pains were no laughing matter, especially as we had to sleep on the hard floor of a Maori wharf (hut) that night. Next day we rode thirty-five miles, and arrived pretty exhausted at the hot lakes. What bathing we had! Swimming in a big lake, warm, and fed by scalding rills of hot water on its banks, and geysers and hot springs dotting the country round, with little balloons of steam hovering on the hill-sides. The Maories, male and female, in gay, flaring robes, sat in a long semi-circle on the shore, while the youths of the village swam all about us. Here, too, we saw an enormous geyser, pumping up its poplar-shaped columns of boiling water sixty feet into the air, the clouds of steam now and then obscuring the spray. We threw in lumps of stone, and they were tossed up like playthings. The whole earth here was hollow, and, at places, you could not stand for the internal heat. Lumps of yellow sulphur, almost red hot, lay around; and at last we had to take to our heels, as an intermittent hot spring raged out behind us. The whole of this place was a wonder to us, but was eclipsed by the fairy scenery of Rotomahana, where the volcanic forces appear in their most charming form. It would take pages to describe the "terraces," where the silicious deposits of a geyser flow over a long series of pure white marble-like steps, each step a basin, of shell shape, exquisitely curved, and fringed by fleecy icicles, or stalactites, of this deposit, while every basin is filled to overflowing with blue water, which harmonizes most enchantingly with the long gradient of eye-dazzling alabaster. The blue is not the blue of sea or sky; it inclines to indigo, and is the product of a pigment, something like the blue of a chromo-lithographic lake. Across the water a short distance is another of these "terraces," but, instead of white, it is pink!

We bathed in the basins, which are of different temperatures, getting hotter, of course, as you go up towards the cause of all—the fiercely-hoiling geyser. It is altogether a most wonderful region.

When we went down towards Napier, we had a view of Tongariro, the burning mountain, which was not in violent action—smoke was lightly coming out of its snow-clad summit. Splendid ravine scenery, wooded ranges, mountain torrents, foaming through mist; splendid jungle-like forests, with weaving creepers, and a general chaos of humid-green vegetation—varied a most delightful coach journey. New Zealand is a success, as regards scenery, climate, and people. We liked Otago, where there is, of course, plenty of Scotch folks, though we did as well, in a financial point of view, in Canterbury, where the people are, if less enterprising, as any rate, more settled, more cultured, and, in a general way, *melior* than the Otagoites. Father thinks that the settlers of New Zealand are to be the governing race of this hemisphere. Their descendants will be harder than the inhabitants of the sunny continent, which, it must be said, is not nearly so invigorating in climate as New Zealand. We were in Tasmania lately. (When in London, I once received a little book from Mr Fenton, entitled "Forty Years in Van Diemen's Land," and little did I think then of ever being at the uttermost ends of the earth.) We were transported, not to die, but to do the charming labour which has thrown off its old offensive name, and is gradually being purged of all its old associations. The people are remarkably respectable, and no person of morbid curiosity need go there, for it is as common-place in its society as any other part of the world. And *less gossip* is afloat than anywhere else. The scenery is exquisite; all the features of Australia compressed in bign landscapes. The best road in the colonies, a hundred miles long, and made by convict labour, runs right through the island—from Hobart Town, in the extreme south, to Launceston in the north. And now we have come to South Australia, which is about as sunny a part of this vast continent as any we have seen. Wheat and wine are two things for which this colony is celebrated. Grapes are as common as gooseberries—"melting" clusters for tawpree and threepence the pound!—and grapes, too, such as you never see at home.

We have just finished a most successful season here, and are now in the middle of our country tour. Without talking too much "shop," I may say that all through this part of the world we have met with unvarying success, and you will be glad to hear that we have not the faintest shadow of regret at ever coming out to these colonies. Scotchmen are everywhere, and we find friends in like place (like Habbie's dog), which sweetens our journeyings to and fro. We are also, as a family, able to plant "oor ain freids" no matter where we may be. We young folks—Helen, Marjory, Robert (who joined us from Canada), James, and I, by four years of incessant practice, have (though we say it ourself) reached some degree of excellence in part-music, which, with solos from each of us, helps father in his work. We gave a sacred concert before leaving Adelaide, and, as every piece was new, and this was our first appearance in sacred music, as far as we juniors were concerned, we had some hard work getting it up. One of the piece songs was "O for the wings of a dove" (from Mendelssohn's *Motets*), though we ought to have sung it all, in justice to the effect of contrast. Another piece was "God is a Spirit," by Sterndale Bennett, who, we regret to see by the *Musical World*, is dead.

We had a batch of *Musical Worlds* by the last mail, and copies of that successful song, "Dreams of Home," with which we were delighted. The powerful unanimity of words and music towards the close we think very fine. *John the Baptist*, by Macfarren, seems to have made a "hit" at home. It is almost time that some great sacred work was "due" (if one might use such an astronomical or railway phrase to the inspirations of genius). We tried to get it in the Adelaide music-shop, but failed, though I don't think it is published at home yet. In Adelaide, lately, *Ell* was given, and Wagner's Choral March from *Tannhäuser*. In the little town of Launceston, Tasmania, we heard the *Lay of the Bell*; in Dunedin, the *Messiah*; in Melbourne, *Mosé in Egitto*, with costume and scenery; in Moat, in a chestnut beard, with the Ten Commandments in his hand,

stepping down to the footlights and smirkingly singing his solo. It was absolutely ludicrous, though it pleased a good many Melbourne palates. It is a painful fact, but the colonial palate calls for *spice*. You can sit out good intelligent audiences in every city south of the line; but still, if you generalize you must say that the Australian mind has not the same culture as at home. That there is a musical public in Melbourne is proved by the fact that the *Grosse Passion-Musik* of Bach was lately given in the Town Hall. We are longing to hear some really good performances, and have made up our minds, whenever we come to London, to hear first-class oratorio performances and first-class opera, and see the picture-galleries of South Kensington and Trafalgar Square! We leave Adelaide for Melbourne end of May; then off to Sydney; then leave from there for San Francisco by the June mail; then a tour through Canada, arriving home about the middle of 1876. Such is our present arrangement.

Now I must draw this rather rambling letter to a close. * * * With best regards, believe me ever yours truly.

DAVID KENNEDY.

Auburn, South Australia, April 19, 1875.

MUSICIANS WHO HAVE DIED AWAY.*

III.

JOHANNES BEER.

(Continued from page 399.)

CAP. XXI.

OF SUNDRY CELEBRATED VIRTUOSOS IN MUSIC.

When occasionally, partly for my diversion, and partly for other matters, I go tramping like a mendicant friar about the world, I know not how it is I have the peculiar luck to be thrown into the society of people who, when I ask what is their profession, commonly give themselves out for *musici*. But as many as I have had up before me and tested were very atrocious scoundrels, who boasted most unjustly and viciously of belonging to our stately art, and thus, unwarrantably abused so grand a title as a cover for their wretched scraping and strumming.

For, in case I examined them, as to what artists they had in the country; which ones they held to be the best; what sort of singer such a one was, and what sort of instrumentist, another; who had the best or the worst musical establishment; which Court surpassed the other in the excellence of this art, and so on, they forgot the most famous masters, knowing naught of Perandi and others.* When I asked whether they had heard nothing of Barthali,† they said: No, we do not know where that province is situated. They then commenced not only to vilify the most celebrated *autores*, but to exalt sundry town-pipe gentry over the *Hesperum*. They praised German, but no Latin pieces. For of what benefit were the latter to them? Not one in a hundred would understand the meaning of *quibus quibus, dulcis dulcis, unctis & punctis, glaucus & rancus*. They wanted to know, moreover, what was the good of all the running up and down in songs; they did things nicely and simply, as the capuchin monks sang, and did not think much of colourature; *item*, their school-master possessed greater means than three chapel-masters of the very best sort. He did not trouble himself about chamber *musica*, provided only he had a hare sticking on the spit in the kitchen. *Summa*, it vexes me to waste my time on such contemptible trifles. The intelligent reader will, from these small facts be able to prefigure for himself a large body when he knows what kind of drift-sand serves for an *indicio* in such like companions, and that no one can fly higher than what he is enabled to do by the wings he inherited at his birth.

CAP. XLVI.

As conversation doth marvellously change its subject in any

company, so will I, with the gracious permission of my good masters, the *musici*, now say something respecting the degraded race of ale-house fiddlers. I am by no means minded to be hard on, or find fault with, anyone, because he may not be capable of much, but ale-house fiddlers are to be attacked, taken to task, and abolished, because, despite their miserable scraping, they do hold such a fearfully high opinion of their own talent, and yet everywhere so horribly prostitute themselves, seeing that, at times, a little tobacco is more acceptable to them than the citizenship of the Roman Empire. We will see, however, where such worthless branches have root. Guard turn out; under arms!

It must be known then that the places whence they spring are generally to be found in low trivial schools. But, at a very early period of their youth, in consequence of all kinds of insolent acts committed by them, they bid adieu to *studia*, taking French leave, and running away. Then do they join each other in parties of two, three, or four, and each one taking his fiddle under his cloak, wander about the country, going from one noble house to another, and singing short knightly battle-pieces. Between whilst, they fiddle some ritornello, and, in a word, go on in such a fashion that the yard-gods, as *summi admiratores sue artis*, open their eyes till they are as big and round as saucers.

For this four-part *bicinium* of theirs, they are contented to receive a dole in the shape of a small piece of bread, cheese, saveloy, or even a well-proportioned and *orthographic* herring,† taking copper money for copper requiems, and affording the simple people no slight reason for thinking that music, and, therefore, *concomitant*, *musici*, are alike, and for respecting the one as much as the other.

But it is not only that they know nothing; the great objection to them is that everywhere do they prostitute themselves in so loose, ragamuffin, and shameless a fashion. For to whom is it unknown how unabashed they beg in noble houses and other places frequented by persons of high birth? Now they beg for corn, now for oats, and now for barley. Ases are generally content with thistles. For the sake of such abuses, many a varlet becomes an ale-house scraper who is not really so. Thus, not only is he who knows nothing, or has loosely neglected himself in his youth, an ale-house scraper, but he also belongs to the herd, who, as the regular members of it are accustomed to do, subsists by all kinds of reprehensible and beggarly acts. *Qui enim proficit in literis et deficit in moribus, plus deficit quam proficit.*

They make no account of well-intentioned warnings, and set corrections at naught. They wash as often as Carthusian monks eat meat; and, when asked why they do not cut their nails, pretend that the latter are better as they are for playing on the harp. Their wives tramp after them, like the maidens who tell fortunes. Nice boys and nice girls—I lately revolved in my mind why they are so fond of sleeping in stables, and I found out that their sole motive for doing so is to enrich themselves with hair from the horses' tails. This is why we find in their fiddle-sticks sometimes black, grey, piebald, and rei hairs, all mixed up together. They are Frielanders by nationality, and will frequently drink their very gloves.

When the Frankfort or Leipzig Fair is rung in, there are no more joyous beings to be found under the sun. When, however, the bell is rung for prayers, or when it announces a fast day, they look sadly askance, like a goose in a thunder-storm. What shall I say ancient occasions of mourning among the high and mighty? Do you not suppose that the hearts of our friends beat with affright? Of course they do, for whose heart would not do so, when he must do without his stately repasts of pork, and no longer gain a pipe of tobacco with his fiddle, but scrape away on the *dote pauperibus* principle?

There! such wretched labourers are the ale-house fiddlers. It would have been better, and more advisable, for them, had they applied themselves to the estimable profession of stocking-knitting, or taken their degree as broom-makers.

JOSEPH SEILER.

* Marco Gioseffo Perandi, of Rome, from 1640 to 1670 Chapelmaster in Dresden. Perhaps he is the same person as the Berande, already mentioned. He left behind him sacred part music, of which Matthæson speaks in laudatory terms.

† See ante, Note Cap. xix.

* What is an "orthographic herring"? Can the manager of the Brighton Aquarium inform us; and, if not, would he mind looking up his authorities? He has now a little leisure once a week, and would not, perhaps, be averse to devoting a portion of it to so interesting an ichthyological subject.—J. V. B.
† Once every seven years.

MUSIC PAST AND PRESENT IN IRELAND.

(Continued from page 423.)

It is our duty now to speak of some of the various societies which have been formed for either the purpose of the practice of music, or charities connected with the art or artists. The Irish Musical Fund Society claims precedence as being founded solely by the musical professors of Dublin, for the purpose of establishing a fund for the support of those members of the profession who should belong to the society, and, through age, infirmity, or accident, should be rendered incapable of earning a sufficiency for the support of themselves and families, and for the relief of professors belonging to the society in case of sickness. Also for the relief and support of the widows and children of deceased members. This society held its first meeting in the music room of Crow Street Theatre, in January, 1787. Shortly afterwards the Irish Parliament passed "An act for securing a capital stock, belonging to the members of the Irish Musical Fund, applicable to charitable purposes," 34 Geo. III., c. 20. The society increased its funds by annual concerts and subscriptions, till it amassed between eight and nine thousand pounds. The interest of this sum is only available by the claimants. The subscriptions are always added to the fund, so that, as neither how the number of claimants may increase, the fund cannot decrease. The capital is at present lodged in the National Bank, in the name of seven trustees, amongst whom we find Lord O'Hagan and Sir Arthur Guinness. We would beg our readers to bear in mind that the sum mentioned above was principally accumulated from the receipts of annual concerts in the latter part of the last century, and the beginning of this. The concerts given within the past few years by the local musical talent of Dublin for the benefit of this benevolent institution were pecuniarily failures. The public refused to sympathize in the cause. There were two exceptions; the entertainments at which Madame Catherine Mayer and Madame Jenny Lind gave their services. The surplus gained by the former was £150, and the latter, at the Handel Centenary of 1859, drew the sum of £900 over all expenses, which was equally divided between Mercer's Hospital and the Irish Musical Fund. These are the only instances of music being the handmaid of Charity—with one exception, of which we shall speak hereafter—within the last sixteen years. Now, at the annual dinner of the Royal Society of Musicians in London—a society founded for the same purposes as the Irish Musical Fund—there are donations given sometimes to the amount of £1,000, and there is also a large surplus derived from the annual concert, at which all the principal talent, both vocal and instrumental, in the metropolis, assist gratuitously. A royal duke generally presides at the dinner, and the concert is patronized by the nobility and gentry. The latter used to be the case here in the past. But for the last few years, whenever a concert was attempted, it was attended with a loss to the Charity. Let us not be told that the art is progressing, when those who contributed in their days of strength and ability to the instruction and entertainment of the lovers of music are neglected in their old age, and the widows and families they leave behind unthought of. It speaks ill of a music-loving public to leave the professors uncared for, when they are no longer able to contribute to its amusement. Such was not the case; yet at the present such it is. Ten or twelve shillings per week is but a paltry sum to allow a family who had been in comfortable circumstances before the head had either been removed or incapacitated by infirmity. This is generally the sum allowed by the Irish Musical Fund; although at times, when the number of claimants are few, it is raised to fifteen shillings. A musical professor and his family are mostly accustomed, in their best days, to a respectable house, and if not the luxuries, certainly the comforts of life, and the sum mentioned above is totally inadequate to provide either one or the other. The Royal Society of Musicians never give less than a guinea per week, and it would only require a little forethought and exertion on the part of amateurs and promoters of musical doings in Dublin to organize an annual performance, the receipts from which would enable the Irish Musical Fund to administer a similar sum. We trust that this will come home to the hearts of many. At the present the fund is admirably managed by a committee of amateurs and professors, and Mr. R. M. Levy, the secretary, has, by his watchful exertions, actually added to the amount already funded. All lovers of musical progress must have lamented the collapse of the Ancient

Concert Society. This society was instituted in the year 1835, and for a quarter of a century continued its meetings. We believe those originally took place at the residence of the promoter, Mr. Joseph Robinson. The society grew in strength and members, until its weekly meetings were held in the house now belonging to the Royal Irish Academy in Dawson Street, and its concerts were given in the Rotundo. It subsequently advanced to such goodly proportions that it was enabled to build the rooms which bear its name in Great Brunswick Street.

MADAME NILSSON'S CONCERT.

If charity "blesseth him that gives" in proportion to the amount of the gift, Madame Christine Nilsson must be fortunate indeed in the result of the concert which took place, on her initiative, in St. James's Hall, last Wednesday afternoon. A year ago, it will be remembered, the "Second Swedish Nightingale," emulating the good deeds of the first, arranged a concert on behalf of the Westminster Training School for Nurses, and had the pleasure of handing over to the managers of that most admirable institution the sum of £900. Wednesday's entertainment, given for the same object, yielded, there is reason to believe, a still larger amount, the hall being crowded in every part. So great, indeed, was the desire to be present, that many persons were content to pay their guinea for a chair on the orchestra, commanding an uninterrupted back view of the performers. Under such circumstances the room could not fail to present a very brilliant appearance, the more so because a vast majority of the audience were ladies. The programme was of moderate length, but more than ordinary attraction. It began with a few well-known pieces, such as the great trio from *Luceria Borgia*, sung by Miss Gertrude Ashton (the sympathetic representative of the love-sick maiden in Mr. Arthur Sullivan's *Zoe*), M. Capoul, and Signor Foli; "Non più mesta," which, of course, Madame Trebelli contributed; Signor Foli's favourite song, "The Shadow of the Cross"; and "Let the bright seraphim," which served for the introduction of the fair concert-giver to an applauding audience. Other selections, equally familiar, sung by M. Capoul, Madlle Tietjens, and Mr. Sims Reeves, continued the first part, which closed with Simonsen's lively trio, "Le faccio un inchino." In the execution of this piece were associated—rare conjunction of "stars"—the three distinguished ladies whose names have been already mentioned; and, as each strove to outdo the others in giving dramatic point to the performance, it is hardly needful to state that an irresistible encore followed. The second part was even more interesting than the first, an earnest of its attraction being given by the singing of Madlle De Belocca and M. Capoul in Rossini's "Mira la bianca luna." We have never heard the young Russian lady to such advantage as on this occasion; while the good effect of her singing in the duet was materially strengthened by a subsequent rendering of Madame Willy de Rothschild's "Si vous n'avez rien à me dire, to the success of which not alone beauty of voice, but a careful, artistic, and intelligent delivery contributed. M. Jules de Soria obtained an encore for his finished singing of Faure's "Alleluia d'amour," and Mr. Sims Reeves won a like recognition of ability by the perfect style in which he gave Cowen's "Aubade." The event of the concert was, however, Madame Nilsson's introduction of a new song, "Let me dream again," composed expressly for her by Mr. Arthur Sullivan. Written in Mr. Sullivan's most careful and expressive manner, and sung by Madame Nilsson with intense feeling, as well as consummate art, the song at once met with favour, and had to be repeated. It will quickly become a favourite everywhere. The concert ended with two of Madame Nilsson's Swedish melodies, accompanied by Mr. Arthur Sullivan. Two violin solos by Herr Wilhelm were noteworthy features of this, of its kind, most interesting occasion.—*Daily Telegraph*.

DUSSEK AND BROADWOOD.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Sir,—Can any of your well-instructed readers inform me whether the great pianist, J. L. Dussek (uncle of Pio Clanehetti, of infinitesimal memory), ever performed on one of Broadwood's pianofortes? Yours sincerely,
[Signature]
[We believe yes; but our columns are open to "well instructed readers."—Ed.]

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Probably no series of performances on record has been marked by a more constant variety of attraction than that which, in a short time, will bring the fifth season at Covent Garden to a close. We spoke last week of the revival of M. Gounod's *Roméo e Giulietta*. Other things have occurred, however, also deserving notice. That Madame Adeline Patti should play Mozart's Zerlina at least once or twice in the summer, was to be expected; and this gave fresh interest to the last representation of *Don Giovanni*; when, in consequence of the temporary indisposition of M. Faure, M. Maurel sustained the part of the libertine hero, acquitting himself with marked ability. To describe Madame Patti's Zerlina would be to repeat an oft-told tale. It was, as always, perfect, and made its accustomed impression. The remainder of the cast was as before, when Mlle Zola Thalberg assumed the character of the peasant flirt. The return of *Le Nozze di Figaro* was marked, in some instances, by a new distribution of the *dramatis personæ*. The Countess was Mlle Albani; Mlle Bianchi played Suzanne; and Mlle Thalberg was the Page. In each case excellent reason for satisfaction was afforded. A more lively impersonation of the Countess Almaviva's lady-in-maid than that of Mlle Albani has not of late been witnessed; nor did her execution of the music leave anything open to adverse criticism. Her "Deh vien non tardar," in the last act, was noticeable alike for correct intonation and purity of execution. Mlle Albani's Countess met with undivided approval. The pensive, neglected wife, who, in the upshot, vindicates herself, and turns the tables upon her anything rather than impeccable husband, became realized to the life; and the eloquently speaking airs, "Porgi amor" and "Dove sono," were charmingly given. Mlle Thalberg, as Cherubino, achieved a new and deserved success. She is the veritable Cherubini of Mozart—the inexperienced youth who thinks of nothing but love, without any absolute notion of what love may signify. This is the Cherubino of the poet-musician—devoid of those conventional stage tricks which too often render the dreamy fags conspicuously obtrusive. How Mlle Thalberg would sing the music of Cherubino was anticipated by those who had previously heard her in the flowing melodies of Mozart's Zerlina. Her "Voi che sapete" is in every sense irreproachable; and on Saturday (as on the occasion of the first performance) she was compelled to repeat it. The more that is seen of this young and promising artist the higher hopes are reasonably entertained of the career in store for her. To have accomplished what she has accomplished at the age of 17 says a good deal for the present, and a good deal more for the future. Signor Nicolini being otherwise charged with *Roméo e Giulietta* and the *Huguenots*, we had, at the last performance of Wagner's much-discussed opera, a new Lohengrin, in the person of Signor Carpi. Having played the "Knight of the Swan" to the Elsa of Mlle Albani, at New York, Signor Carpi is quite familiar with it. He not only possesses a tenor voice of sterling quality, but knows how to use it, and can sustain high notes without recourse, voluntary or otherwise, to that "tremolo" which is the crying sin of recent times, and of which, it is worth remarking, the greatest of modern tenors—Mario and Sims Reeves, for example—never showed a trace. Moreover, he is an actor, as well as a singer, of undoubted intelligence, and conducts us easily through the mazes of Wagner's labyrinthine score, never for one instant faltering. His reception was highly favourable. As the Duke in *Rigoletto*, when he again had Mlle Albani for partner, Signor Carpi was equally at home, giving the duet with Gilda, "Addio, Addio," and the canzonet, "La donna è mobile," with such spirit and effect as to warrant the belief that in him Mr Gye has made a valuable acquisition. The canzonet was, as usual, encoored, and with fairer reason than sometimes can be adduced. The revival of *Semiramide*, with new, characteristic, and imposing scenery, also calls for passing remark. The three leading characters are sustained by Madame Marie Vilda (*Semiramide*), Mlle Scalchi (*Artaxerxes*), and M. Faure (*Assur*)—the parts of Orto and Idreno falling to Signors Capponi and Pavan. The most remarkable assumption is that of M. Faure, whose *Assur* is superior to any remembered since the days of Tamburini, that model *Assur* of whom no ancient frequenter of Italian opera can fail to entertain a vivid impression. The *Semiramide* of Madame Vilda (with all her splendid voice) does not make us forget the *Semiramide* of Grisi, on the Covent Garden boards; nor does Mlle Scalchi,

noble *contralto* as she possesses, often, by her *Artaxerxes*, the memory of Albini, or that of Albini's powerful successor, Elena d'Angri. But with the *Assur* of M. Faure, whatever reminiscences may be conjured up, few amateurs can be other than entirely satisfied. Regarded whether from a dramatic or musical point of view, it is a great performance. The costume and make up, too, are very striking; and M. Faure might sit to any painter for a portrait of an Assyrian Prince of the highest traditional dignity. Do the care and liberality bestowed by the Covent Garden director upon this performance of *Semiramide* point to something which, next season, would intensely gratify every habitual supporter of his house, not to speak of the public generally? We hint at the production, with appropriate scenic accessories, of *Aida*, Verdi's last opera, which, though known to Egypt, Italy, Germany, and the United States, is still strange to France and England. Very many are inclined to hope so.

We have had once more the *Huguenots*, with Madame Adeline Patti (in lieu of Madame Vilda) as Valentine. That this intrepid lady is determined to convince the public of her ability to shine in the highest attainable sphere of lyric drama has been for some time apparent. At first her physical means were thought insufficient to cope successfully with the dramatic and technical requirements essential to the adequate assumption of Meyerbeer's most cherished heroine. But the performance of Friday night set all doubts at rest. Madame Patti has completely mastered the character; and it is now as easily at her command as that of Amina in the *Sonambula*, or that of Rosina in the *Barbiere*—in both of which she, without dissent, is recognized as peerless. A more truthful conception of a part which so many renowned artists have essayed and so few have succeeded in realizing according to the ideal of the author and composer could not easily be imagined. The music now presents no difficulties that Madame Patti, with her ever-increasing experience, cannot surmount; while the keen instinct of dramatic propriety supplies the rest. We have, in short, another "Valentine" to add to the small number of great Valentines who, from Mlle Falcon, the original (1836), downwards, have appeared upon the stage. It is only by conscientious and unremitting study that Madame Patti has made herself mistress of this most trying part. She has already played it several times at the Royal Italian Opera with more or less success, but her performance on Friday night was a triumph of artistic skill, and the character must henceforth stand prominent in her varied and extensive repertory. The striking situations in the *Huguenots* are too familiar to require even passing mention. Enough that the duets, between Valentine and Marcel (Signor Bagagiolo), in the scene of the Pré aux Clercs, and between Valentine and Raoul (Signor Nicolini), in that following the "Benediction of Swords," were, as they should always be, culminating points. In each Madame Patti displayed a power and intelligence with which Meyerbeer himself would have been content. Never, perhaps, has Mr Gye's admired *prima donna* won heartier recognition of her exceptional gifts. In the grand scene with Raoul she was ably supported by Signor Nicolini, who shared with her the applause and called, with decent, and had the honesty to pick up some of the bouquets. The Page of Mlle Scalchi, the Queen of Mlle Marion, the Nereus of Signor Cotogni, the St. Bris of Signor Capponi, and the Marcel of Signor Bagagiolo, exhibited the qualities which have hitherto gained distinction; and the performance, under Signor Vianesi, was generally effective.

Lohengrin was performed, for the seventh time, on Monday night; on Tuesday *Roméo e Giulietta* was repeated; on Wednesday the Scryid of Zanzibar was regaled with a large slice from the *Africaine*, and a small slice from *Robert le Diable*; on Thursday *Lucia* was repeated, with Mlle Albani as the heroine, and Signor Carpi as the hero; *Fra Diavolo* was to be given last night; and *Don Giovanni* is announced for this evening.

LEIPZIG.—Subject to the approbation of the Town Commissioners, a resolution has been passed by the Town Council, fixing the remuneration of the future Intendant of the Stadttheater at 15,000 marks a year, with 16 per cent. on the gross receipts. The Intendant will be amenable to the same rules and regulations as all the other Town Officials, and his engagement terminable by six months' notice on either side.—Herr Franz von Holstein, composer of the *Haideckel* and *Der Erbe von Morley*, has just completed a new four-act work, entitled, *Die Hochländer*. He has written the words as well as the music.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. BURDORF, Esq. (New York).—Post Office order arrived safely.
BOOKWORK.—No.—Dussek died in 1812, many years before Beethoven.
A YOUNG PIANIST.—Waldemar Bargiel, whose Trio in F, for piano-forte and strings, was played by Mr Charles Hallé, at his last "Recital," is half-brother to Madame Clara Wieck Schumann.

AMATEUR.—Though one of its composer's latest compositions, Schumann's Sonata, for piano-forte and violin, in A minor, contains some of his freshest thoughts and most ingenious writing. Its plan is, for the most part, as clear and symmetrical as if Mozart himself had conceived it. The theme played upon the fourth string of the violin forms the key-note of the entire first movement. The sonata is Schumann's 165th work.

DR HEDON.—Bach first saw the light at Eisenach, in Upper Saxony, on the 21st of March, 1685; Handel, at Halle, in Lower Saxony, on the 23rd of February, 1685. Nor was there a very long interval between the periods of their respective deaths—Bach quitting this world (at Leipzig) on the 30th of July, 1750, aged 65; Handel, on the 13th of April, 1759 (in London, at the house which is now 57, Brook Street), aged 74. Thus Handel outlived his renowned contemporary nine years, although Bach wrote a vast deal more music than Handel, which is miraculous to record, Handel having been one of the most rapid and voluminous producers ever heard of.

DEATH.

On June 23rd, at West Brompton, GEORGE CRESSALL ELLIS, Esq., many years Director of Her Majesty's Dramatic Performances at Windsor Castle, aged 66.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (Fleet St.). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

About Mlle Marguerite Chapuy, who has appeared twice in the *Traviata*, and is announced to appear in the *Barbiers* this evening, we must speak in our next. Also of the magnificent impersonation of Mlle Nilsson, as Mignon, in M. Ambroise Thomas's popular opera of that name.

We hear, with the utmost regret, that Mad. Norman Neruda, one of the most deservedly popular artists of the day, is seriously indisposed. All amateurs will heartily pray for the accomplished lady's speedy recovery.

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1875.

LOHENGRIN.

SUBJOINED is an extract from a letter which we have had the privilege of reading, addressed by one of the first lyric-dramatic artists of the day to an intimate personal friend, on the subject of an opera which has now for some time been drawing crowds of eager listeners to Covent Garden and Drury Lane, and helping materially to fill the treasures of Messrs Gye and Mapleson.

"J'ai entendu hier pour la première fois, le *Lohengrin*. Je n'en ai pas manqué une note, et j'ai écouté le tout avec grande attention et sans parti pris : eh bien ! mon cher K.—j'en suis encore extasié.—Jamais, selon moi, aucun compositeur, ne s'est servi des masses orchestrales et chorales comme ce *diable* de Wagner ; il procède, il est vrai, d'une toute autre façon que ses devanciers ; ce n'est pas ce qu'on est convenu d'appeler de la musique de chanteur, et il est impossible de comparer cela à la *Semiramide*. Mais quel souffle !—quelle poigne !—et quelle logique, dans l'agencement de toutes ses scènes !—comme il est fort et soutenu !—et comme il est regrettable que nous n'ayons pas ces *Himmels* là dans notre camp.

"Je m'arrête, car si je continue, avec les idées que je conçois en musique—tu vas me croire enragé et surtout incapable

d'apprécier désormais les chef-d'œuvres de Mozart, de Meyerbeer, et de Rossini. Pas du tout ; je m'incline devant tous ces génies, ils ont mon admiration sans borne ; mais je ne puis me défendre d'un sentiment de respect, et il m'est impossible de rester froid, devant ce fougueux, cet envergure—si tu veux, ce sans-culotte—faiseur de brèches, qui malgré tout, et tout, prépare au milieu des hurlements hostiles de la foule, la route qui doit conduire au succès, toute une génération musicale—celle de l'*Avenir* bien entendu."

Our opinion about *Lohengrin* in particular, and about Wagner in general, has been pronounced emphatically and often ; nor do we find that increased familiarity with the music of this new Prophet affords us any cogent reason to change, or even modify, a word that has been written in these columns. Nevertheless it is always agreeable—always, indeed, more or less instructive—to read and ponder the sentiments of others, who, by education, enlightenment, and natural capacity, have a right to differ from us. We have, therefore, sincere pleasure in communicating to our readers the foregoing, which embodies the judgment and sympathies of one who stands deservedly high in the art he professes and adores, and whose name, had we the privilege to reveal it, would give increased weight to the argument he sets forth with such unaffected simplicity, and, at the same time, with such evident conviction.

DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE AT MANNHEIM.

"It was"—says the *Neue Zeitung*—"at a period most unpropitious for the stage, amid the alarms and terrors of war, that Mozart's *Zauberflöte* was first produced in Mannheim."

On the 29th December, 1793, the Theatre was closed on account of the proximity of the French who, it was feared, would bombard the town. Music and dancing were suspended ; the Carnival was forbidden ; theatrical performances stopped ; and forty hours' course of prayer commanded.—Ifland requested Herr von Dalberg to issue orders for making the necessary chests in which to pack the wardrobe, books, and music. This was done ; the whole Theatre was gutted, and everything ready to set out for Neckar-Elz. When there was a talk, at the commencement of February, 1794, of re-opening the Theatre, the Electoral Intendant received a communication from the Government to the effect that :—

"In consequence of the war, his Electoral Highness could no longer pay the annual grant of 15,000 florins. In order the more to encourage the inhabitants to make a stern resistance, all *festivities*, and among them theatrical amusements, were to be discontinued, though, at other times, there was no objection to patronise the people engaged in such-like pursuits. This proposal to close the National Theatre was made by certain members of the Government, who further suggested that the grant of 15,000 florins might with more profit be distributed among the poor peasants, so hardly treated by the French."

On account of the dearth of milk, it was, also, proposed to forbid the making of the rolls known as "*Semmel*." Herr von Dalberg immediately wrote to the Elector, at Dresden, representing how advantageous the Theatre was for the town, seeing that the latter gained by it 100,000 florins a year, and that its suppression would prove a great loss to the inhabitants. At the same time, the innkeepers and other tradespeople forwarded petitions for continuing the Theatre. The Elector replied immediately that he himself had never wished to do away with it, and that it was his will everything should remain as before.

On the 2nd March, 1794, the Theatre was re-opened, with a prologue written by Herr von Dalberg, and spoken by

Iffland. A few weeks subsequently, *Die Zauberflöte* was produced for the first time. The following is the bill:—

On Saturday, 20th March, 1794, will be performed	
"Die Zauberflöte."	
Opera in 2 Acts.—The Music by Mozart.	
Dramatis Personæ.	
Sarastro	Herr Gern.
Tamino	Herr Epp.
The Queen of Night	Madame Müller.
Pamina, her Daughter	Madame Beck.
Women of the Queen	Madame Nicola.
Genii	Mlle Narcon.
Papageno	Mlle Nicola.
An Old Woman	Mar Nicola.
Monostatos, a Moor	Herr Hoffman.
Slaves	Herr Leunhardt.
Priests	Mlle Jagmann.
	Herr Dummer.
	Herr Kaiser.
	Herr Frank.
	Herr Meibrel.
	Herr Müller.
	Herr Walther.
	Herr Kähler.
	Herr Backhaus.

Slaves. Priests.

This opera is played to-day for the first time.

The heavy additional outlay which this Opera has occasioned, renders it necessary to raise the prices of admission. They have, therefore, been fixed for to-day:—

To the first Pit	1 s. 12 kreutzers.
To the second Pit	26 "
To the Reserved Box on 1 Tier	1. 12 "
To the Gallery on 8 Tier	24 "
To the Side Benches ditto	18 "

The Beginning is at a quarter to Six precisely.

Books of the Opera may be procured at Herr Gaab's for 12 kr.

"This opera"—writes Herr Backhaus, the actor, in his diary—"was given with a degree of magnificence surpassing everything ever witnessed on our stage. The costumes and scenery were splendid and beautiful, while, both in singing and acting, our singers, male and female, did all that could be expected from such talented artists. As stage-manager, Herr Iffland rendered great services in getting up the work, and, indeed, the management and public are much indebted to him in all such cases.—The opera was given three days running, with the subscription list suspended, the people flocking to hear it.—That active and clever Intendant, Herr von Dalberg, paid the artists more than 100 ducats extra; in fact, he did everything in his power to render the performance brilliant." The score was procured from Herr Simrock, music-publisher of Bonn, for 26 florins. In Beck's diary we read—"Sublimely as it was given here, there was many a donkey whom *Die Zauberflöte* did not please."

The hundredth performance took place on the 4th March, 1892. On the 24th August, 1884, the opera was given with scenery by J. Mühlendorfer, and on the 11th February, 1856, selected to open the new Theatre. A. PICHLER.

HANNOVER. The Stadttheater re-opened for the season with Loring's *Waffenschmidt*. The company was that from the Grand-Opéra Theatre, Weimar, which, under the direction of Herr A. Siems, is at present making a tour through the north of Germany.

COLOGNE. The title of "Professor" has been bestowed on Herr Franz Weber, Royal Musical Director and Organist at the Cathedral. Muzak.—The last attraction at the Teatro Castell has been Bellini's *Capuletti e Montecchi*. Signora Marian, Signor Bolle, Aldighieri, and Maini, are engaged for the autumn season at the Teatro. The opera selected are Verdi's *Don Carlos*, a new opera by Ponchielli, and another by Jomel.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

SOME of our musical contemporaries have been patriotic enough to state that the English pianist, Arabella Goddard, was the first to perform publicly in England the great sonata of Beethoven (Op. 106). They might have added a still more interesting fact—that she was also the first to perform it publicly in Germany.

THE programme of the last concert at Buckingham Palace, under the direction of Mr W. G. Cusins, included two English pieces—Dr Macfarren's overture to *Chevy Chase*, and an air from Balfe's *Talismano* ("Placidia Nozze"). The singers were exclusively foreigners—Tietjena, Adelina Patti, Treballi, Zart Thalberg, Anna de Belocca, Nicolini, and Rota. The selection contained nothing but stereotyped pieces.

FORKEL, in his *Life of Bach*, relates the following:—"Handel's master, Zachau, organist at Halle, died in the year 1717; and J. S. Bach, whose reputation was now already high (he was in his 32nd year), was invited to succeed him. Bach, in short, went to Halle, to prove his qualifications by performing a piece, as a specimen of his skill. For what reason is not known, however, he did not enter upon the office, but left it to an able scholar of Zachau's, by name, Kirchhof."

"WHEN"—says the *Graphic*, alluding to the operative performances at the Crystal Palace, at which Miss Rose Herscoe has been the chief attraction—"shall we have an opera-house in London, in which our accomplished English '*prima donna*' may find a place fit to receive her, and a company able to support her with credit?" When, indeed? What are our own composers about? We should derive much more gratification from hearing that Arthur Sullivan was composing an opera expressly for Miss Herscoe than that he was to superintend the imminent bursting of the enormous South Kensington bubble.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MR W. H. HOLMES (under the patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh), assisted by his professional pupils and some accomplished artists, gave performances of pianoforte and vocal music at St James's Hall, on Friday morning, June 25th. Where so many were engaged, it is impossible to go into the merits or demerits of each player or singer; we can, therefore, only place before our readers the programme of music performed, and add that most of the young artists acquitted themselves to the entire satisfaction of the audience.—Adagio Patetico, from Sonata, "Maid of Orleans" (Sir Sterndale Bennett); Dead March in *Saul* (Handel), pianoforte, Mr W. H. Holmes; Concerto in C sharp minor, first movement (Ries), pianoforte, Miss Klugh; with second pianoforte arranged by Miss Klugh, performed by Miss Watson; Fugue in D minor (Bach), pianoforte, Miss Alwyn Field; Concerto, with accompaniments (Bach), pianoforte, Miss Collins; Prelude and Fugue in E minor (Mendelssohn), Miss Julia Augarde; Solo (Kalkbrenner), pianoforte, Miss Watson; Sonata (Schubert), pianoforte, Miss Pollon; Song, "I will extol thee" (*Elis*) (Costa), Miss Julia Wigan; Andante in F (Beethoven), pianoforte, Miss Mand Bagshole; Solo, violin, "Elegie" (Ernst), Mr Henry Holmes, accompanied on the pianoforte by Miss Julia Augarde; Quartet for four performers on two pianofortes, introducing Chopin's posthumous Mazurka (Sir Julius Benedict), by desire, Misses Lütgen, Mrs Montaigne, Mr W. H. Holmes, and Sir Julius Benedict; Capriccio, introducing an Air by the late Prince Consort (W. H. Holmes), Miss Jessie Morison; Solo, violoncello (Serravallo and Lütgen), Herr Lütgen, accompanied by Miss Lütgen; Song, "He thinks I do not love him" (Milde Sainton-Dolby), Miss Julia Wigan; Fantasia on Russian Themes (Thalberg), Miss Florence Sanders; Song, "The Sea" (Neukomm), Mr Frank Holmes; "The Storm" (Stelbel), pianoforte, Mr W. H. Holmes; Galien Watts (H. H. H. the Duke of Edinburgh), arranged expressly for this occasion by W. H. Holmes, pianoforte, Miss Bagshole, Miss Jessie Morison, Miss Pollon, and Miss Florence Sanders; Mr Frank Holmes and Mr W. H. Holmes; soprano concertina, Miss Alwyn Field; baritone concertina, Mr Field; first violin, Mr Bejeman; viola, Mr W. H. Hann; violoncello, Herr Lütgen; Song, "Memories" (words by Miss Holmes, music by W. H. Holmes), Mr W. H. Holmes; Inwona, Russian theme (arranged by G. W. Hammond), Capriccio à la Sozozza, Highland Echo, Scottish Chimes, Chimes of England (W. H. Holmes), pianoforte, Mr W. H. Holmes. Conductor, Mr Alfred Gilbert. Mr Holmes's next performance is announced for Friday, July 29th.

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SIGNOR ALFONSO RENDANO, the young and clever Italian pianist, gave a recital of pianoforte music at St James's Hall, on Wednesday last, the "Italian Brigade" in London attending in great force to support their talented countryman. Many of the works of the old composers performed by Signor Rendano have not been heard in this country for years, and the two appearances of the modern school, as Signor Rendano's performance of Bach's Italian Concert proved that he had studied well the works of the old Leipzig cantor. Two Fugues of P. Martini and Scarlatti were also admirably rendered by Signor Rendano. Chopin's Impromptu op. 36, Robert Schumann's "Fantasie," Liszt's "Liebestraube" (Op. 31), and the "Nocturne" were also excellently played by Signor Rendano. A selection of Signor Rendano's own compositions evidently pleased the audience. They are in the most approved fashionable style of modern pianoforte writing, and we have no doubt many of them will become popular. Signor Rendano is a young man of great industry and diligent study, must ultimately attain a high position in his profession.

MADAME DE ROMANOW, a Russian lady of talent, gave concert on Monday evening, in Store Street Rooms. The programme was long and varied. Madame de Romanow sang several songs in the Russian language, which, from the quaintness and wildness of their melodies, were highly to please the audience, for she recalled, after each song, the names of the poets, and the names of the composers, and was twice on the sither, by Mr Wassell-Koch, and a drest for guitar and sither, with Mr Stummvoll. Both were encored. Miss Leonora D'Arcy played excellently Aecher's transcription for the piano-forte of his romance, "Alice, where art thou?"; Miss Helen Rose sang Wallace's "Song of May," and Arditi's "Il Canto di Euterpe." Mr Fortescue played "The Knight's Song," and "The Song of the May flowers." A young French lady, Madlle Blanche Etyal, sang "Bell Rogers" most artistically; Mr Alfred Rudlake gave Balfe's "Come Into the garden," and Hutton's "Good-bye, sweetheart," with effect; and Mr Charles Wilby accompanied Hutton's favourite song, "To Athina." The concert ended under the direction of Mr Lansdowne Cottell, who, with Miss Blanche and Mr Niels Christander, accompanied the singers on the dispositive.

An Organ Performance took place on Monday, the 29th inst., at the Church of St Lawrence, Gresham Street, City, the executant being Dr Spark, of Leeds, who gave a selection of pieces on the new organ built by Grey and Davison. Dr Spark played a Concert Fantasia for organ solo, written by himself, in B major, commencing with an *adagio*, introducing an *allegro moderato* in B major, followed by a melodious slow movement in G major; the last movement being a *fugue* in B major, which, after passing through proper development, finished by returning to the leading subject of the first movement. The concluding piece was a hymn, written for the instrument. The next piece was the hymn, "Jerusalem the Golden," with variations by Dr Spark, finishing with a *fugato* movement on the melody of the hymn. This was followed by a *fugue*, in A minor, by J. S. Bach, and the last piece was a new "Festal March," in E flat, composed for the inauguration of the Yorkshire Exhibition organ. This is an effective march, with a second part in A flat, returning to the first theme, and finishing with a brilliant coda. Dr Spark selected his selection exceedingly well, and finished by playing the National Anthem, it being the anniversary of the Queen's coronation.—P.

Mrs EDWARDS, the esteemed and accomplished lady professor, gave a *maitre musicalite* last Saturday, in the Beethoven Rooms. Miss Edwards exhibited the versatility of her talents by coming forward as pianist, vocalist, and composer. Her instrumental performances were Henckels's "Si eleonora fétals," and Potter's "Passeo dei brayners," and a duet, with Mr Obletius, for harp and piano; so, as a vocalist, she sang "The Song of the Sea," a charming composition by herself, and also the romance from *L'Africaine*, "Addie terre nativo," Braga's song (with Mr Lazarus's clarinet obligato), "Legre Valaque," her new duet, "Fairwell, lov'd one," with Miss Alice Fairman, and her well known and admired quartet, "Harmony oh, harmony," in which she was joined by Miss Fairman, M. Godrant, and Signor Riccardi. Miss Edwards' talents among other pleasing qualities are those of a good pianist, a good singer, and a good composer. She has composed a grand waltz, "Gladly would I dance with thee," and a Signor Campana's prettiest melody. Mr LAZARUS played Mr Martel's duet for harp and clarinet with the composer; and Signor Martel's two pianoforte solos of his own. Signor and Signora Robiato-Schor, Signori Riccardi and Urio, Herr Werrenrath, &c., were among the list of vocalists—Signor Urio, by-the-by, reaping golden opinions "for his choice delivery of Handel's 'Benedi tui senes'." The songs of G. C. Rossini, and Tagliaferri were announced at about midnight of the vocal music.

A MEETING of the friends and supporters of the training ship "Goliath," under the direction of the Ragged School Society, and commanded by Captain Boucher, took place "on board," at Greys (Essex), where the ship is moored, for the purpose of presenting prizes consisting of writing-desks, knives, and other useful articles, to the most diligent and attentive boys on board. The vessel is admirably adapted for the purpose, being an old forty-four gun ship, with plenty of room for the officers, instructors, and crew. There are over four hundred boys, who are well cared for, clothed, and fed at the expense of the society. Besides the education of the boys, the vessel is useful to the members of society. Amongst other branches taught the embryo "lars" is vocal and instrumental music. The vocal classes, under the direction of Mr. Toy, sang, on the occasion under notice, with admirable precision, stentorian voices and powerful effect, the several popular airs of the day, and the national naval songs of England, whilst a band of forty performers, on military instruments, did wonders, under the conductorship of Mr. Miami. At the conclusion of the performances Captain Boucher, and the officers and officials of the "Goliath," received the thanks of the numerous ladies and gentlemen present, and the society were informed of the necessity of keeping the ship, and the healthful state of all on board. So admirable an institution deserves every support.

Ma J. B. WELCH, a highly respected teacher of singing, gave a concert at the Langham Hall, Great Portland Street, which was fully attended. The programme was evidently appreciated by the audience. An efficient choir opened the concert with Mendelssohn's "Hunting Song," after which Mr Edward Wharton, who possesses a fine low voice, sang "Oh tu Palermo" (Verdi) with taste and effect. Miss Kate Grant, who also possesses a fine soprano voice, gave, with Mr Welch, Mozart's "Cruel Perch," and sang Handel's "From mighty kings," giving, in both, proof of intelligence and judicious training. Miss Grant also sang a duet consisting of two parts, rendered effectively "Che farò" (Gluck); and Mr Bradshaw Mackay, Handel's "Vieni Presti"; Miss Maud Woodcock pleased in Sullivan's "Genevieve"; Mr George Sylvestre in Weber's grand scena from *Oberon*; and Mr David in Mozart's aria "U na armo a meo." The *beneficent* sang with his usual excellence "Madamina," and was loudly applauded. Mr T. Alsoworth gave Patti's song (with violoncello obbligato, played by Herr Daubert); and Mr Franklin Taylor and Herr Daubert excelled in a perfect manner Mendelssohn's Sonata, Op. 46, for violin and violoncello. Miss Maud Woodcock accompanied the vocalists on the respective instruments. Some concerted pieces by Donizetti and Sullivan added variety to the concert, which was a decided success. Mr Frank Frower and J. B. Zerbinio were the accompanists.

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"The sparkling stars of night," and "As it fell upon a day" (Miss Sophie Ferrary)—O. Gardner, Song, "Ask me no more" (Miss Jessie Jones, violoncello obbligato, Mr. Pettit)—Olivier Prescott, Trio in C minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Miss Emma Barnett, Mr. Henry Holmes, and Mr. Pettit) (recalled)—J. F. Barnett; Duo, in G, for pianoforte and violin (Mr. Summers and Mr. Henry Holmes)—J. Lea Summers, Song, "There sits a bird on yonder tree" (Miss Sophie Ferrary)—Louis N. Parker, Solo Pianoforte, Scherzo, "The Brook"—"Eldo Fantastico" (Mr. Eaton Fanning)—Eaton Fanning, Song, "He roamed in the forest" (Miss Annie Butterworth)—Arthur O'Leary; Sonata, in F, for pianoforte and violin (Mr. Thorne and Mr. Henry Holmes)—E. H. Thorne, The rooms were very full, and much interest was felt by the audience as the compositions of the young artists were respectively brought forward to be played, and at the conclusion of each piece applause was discriminately administered. The accompanist at the pianoforte was Miss Oliveria Prescott, Mr. Charles Gardner, and Mr. Arthur O'Leary.

MASTER HENRY WALKER gave his first Pianoforte Recital on Monday afternoon, June 28, at St. James's Hall, under the patronage of His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, assisted by M^{me} Castellan and Mr. Charles Hallé. On this occasion Master Walker made his first appearance in London since his return from America where the youthful pianist had made a lengthened tour, and obtained general admiration for his artistic qualifications, and universal esteem for his amiable disposition. The following is the programme Master Walker offered to his patrons:—

Duet, pianoforte and violin, Sonata in A major (M^{me} Castellan and Master Henry Walker)—Bisnart; Solo, violin, *Al. M^{me} Castellan*—Vauxtempo; Solo, pianoforte, Sonata in A major (M^{me} Castellan and Master Henry Walker)—Beethoven; Duet, for two pianos, Andante and Variations, in B flat (Op. 46), (Mr. Charles Hallé and Master Henry Walker)—Schumann; Solo, pianoforte, Berceuse Andante (Op. 57) and Capriccio Scherzo Presto (Op. 16), (Master Henry Walker)—Chopin and Mendelssohn; Duet, piano and violin, Sonata, "The Krieger" (M^{me} Castellan and Master Henry Walker)—Beethoven.

The performance of the youthful pianist—whose talent we have often eulogised when he was a pupil of Mr. F. B. Jewson, at the Royal Academy of Music—was excellent throughout, and the applause he obtained was as genuine as it was deserved.

MR. HALLETT SHEPARD invited his friends to a "musical evening" at the Beethoven Rooms on Thursday, the 24th ult., the first part of which consisted of Mr. Sheppard's new Mass in F (No. 3), excellently performed by a select choir of thirty voices, with pianoforte and harmonium accompaniments. The Mass is well written throughout, full of devotional inspirations, and shows ample proof of Mr. Sheppard's mastery over the severer forms of composition. The Kyrie gives at once the impression that the writer is well versed in contrapuntal science, which, in the Gloria, appears still further developed by theugal treatment of "Cum Sancto Spiritu in gloria Dei." The Credo is impressive, and contains remarkable effects for the solo voices. We could not enjoy this movement so thoroughly, not that we found fault with the music, but for the disturbance caused by the entrance of two ladies, who evidently were under the impression that during the "Et incarnatus est" was the most appropriate time to hunt about for their seats. The Benedictus begins with a telling solo for mezzo-soprano, after which the "Hosanna" comes in with well-defined force and effect. The "Agnus Dei" is also finely written—perhaps a little trying for the ordinary range of soprano. It worthily concludes a work by which Mr. H. Sheppard has meritously enriched church music. We hope that his work will also be performed in combination with the ceremonies of the *missa* for which it is intended, as any performance, however perfect, but apart from them, suffers always under disadvantages. The second part of the concert consisted of an effective part-song, "Return of Spring," a song, "Zillah," by Balfe, sung with much effect by Mr. Richard McKay; a "Duo Concertante" on an original melody for piano and harmonium, by Mr. H. Sheppard, who played the pianoforte, being ably assisted at the harmonium by Mr. Oscar Edwards. The Duo was excellently played, and met with particular success. The concert concluded by a highly effective performance of Gounod's cantique, "Naxos," the solo part sung by Mr. H. Prestidge.—A. B.

BOCHAREST.—Having been completely repaired and redecorated, the Grand Theatre will be re-opened, in November, for opera.

NAPLES.—A summer theatre is to be erected in the Via del Museo, with the name of *Teatro Estivo*. Filadelfo, an enlightened and antiquary, has requested permission of the Municipality to construct a theatre after the model of the ancients. Assisted by the Abbate Mirabelli, professor in the University, he proposes to have the plays of Plautus and Terence performed, in their original language, and with appropriate costumes.

BERLIN.

(From our Correspondent.)

Speaking of the appearance of Mallo Marie Geislinger in *La Belle Helén*, *Les Grands Ducs*, and *Die Fledermaus*, at the Friedrich Wilhelmstädtisches Theater, where she has been attracting large audiences, Herr Ferdinand Gumbart makes the following frank and interesting remarks:—

"There is certainly food for reflection in the fact that, as a rule, Viennese singers have made a hit among ourselves, while our North-German vocalists have only in rare instances been successful in Vienna. To account for this by Austrian antagonism may be convenient, but it is decidedly unjustifiable. That the Viennese should be better qualified, as they really are, than the Berliners to give an opinion in such matters is something arising from very natural causes. Not only do the Viennese possess greater aptitude for singing than the North-Germans, but, by hearing, in their best days, the vocal celebrities of all countries, they have formed their judgment. In former days, only a few such artists visited Berlin, generally not doing so, however, till they were past their prime—I will mention merely Rabini and Mad. Pasta. The consequence is that a Viennese vocal reputation passes current all over the world, while doubts are entertained of a Berlin singer until some other town than Berlin has corroborated the renown he or she has achieved in the Prussian capital. This will always be the case until another style of singing is taught and cultivated here, both in public institutions and privately. The recent failure of Mad. Malling in Vienna was utterly powerless to surprise me, for I foretold it. The older readers of this journal, moreover, recollect that at her very first visit here, in the spring of 1869, my opinion of her was identical with the verdict now generally pronounced in Vienna. Having long ceased to notice that the lady sings out of tune, that her *bravura* is incorrect, that her power of sustaining a tone is limited, and that her want of breath compels her to mutilate the phrase, the majority of the Berlin critics have certainly placed themselves in a peculiar position."

Commenting upon the conclusion of the above, the editor of the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*, in which it is published, observes in a foot note:—

"That the Berlin critics should not be continually repeating what they have so often said, strikes us not as peculiar but simply as natural."

Herr Moritz-Ernst, who lately resigned the stage-managership of the Royal Opera to become manager of the Stadttheater, Cologne, has had the Royal Order of the Crown, Fourth Class, conferred on him by the Emperor of Germany. *Appropos* of the Royal Operahouse, the Berlin *Echo* thus alludes to the reduced tariff of admission recently introduced there, for a limited period, by Herr von Hiltten:—

"We can speak with the more satisfaction of the past season, because it did not, like former seasons, draw to its close without exciting any particular attention; on the contrary, several times a week great interest was manifested by a public who filled every part of the house, and frequently indulged in marks of enthusiastic approbation. The attendance of this public, whose feelings were all the fresher and more impartial, because they seldom enjoy such a treat, was due wholly and solely to the revised scale of admission. The fact that, of late years, the prices of everything required by families of respectability and culture, obliged to study appearances, have been doubled, is a fact which has usually kept away thousands of such families from the Royal Theatres, or entirely closed the doors of those establishments against them, because all their incomes go in absolute necessities. Now it is precisely among persons thus excluded that we find a far more comprehensive and delicate appreciation of what is true and noble in art, than among the members of the more favorably circumstanced but, after all, not numerous, minority, who attend the theatre every evening and give the tone. These persons are so cloyed that nothing pleases them. They often force the singers to introduce perfectly abnormal distinctions of light and shade, and cause us to dread that the affection now only too rampant in art, thanks to the detestable virtuoso system, may become permanent. In the public, which has lately filled the Royal Operahouse, a public possessing, it is true, less money in its purse, but all the more knowledge in its head, and warmth in its heart, together with a true feeling of piety towards art and its workers, we find an element which will possess far different critics of what they do. It is to be hoped, therefore, that, in the interest of art, the Royal Intendant-General will, at least once a week during the winter, continue to give performances, at reduced prices, of standard classical works. Such a plan would, in time, prove of inestimable benefit to artists and public as well as to art itself."

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The following is the programme of the Student's Concert, given at St James's Hall, on Thursday evening last:—

Duet, in F minor (MS.), pianoforte and violoncello (Miss Oliveria Prescott and Miss Buel)—Oliveria Prescott (student): Duet, "Ah, guarda sorella" (*Così fan tutte*) (Miss Farrer and Miss Roby)—Mozart; Rondo, from Sonata in C, Op. 24, "Il moto continuo," pianoforte (Miss Annie Frost)—Weber; Arica, "Sorgete" (*Maometto*) (Mr Eugene Bontempo)—Rossini; Seven Variations Seriouses, in D minor, pianoforte (Miss Daniel)—Mendelssohn; Valse (*Romeo and Juliet*) (Miss Edouard)—Gounod; Prelude and Fugue, in A flat, Op. 53, pianoforte (Miss Pamphill)—Rubinstein; Chamber Organ (MS.), for female voices, "O satisfy" (Misses Nannie Gode, Edouard, Marie Duval, Alice Curtis, Beata Francis, Jessie Jones, Mary Davies, Thekla Fischer, Georgy Any Aylward, A. Butterworth, M. Butterworth, Bellingbrooke, and Keimur)—H. C. Zanier; Adagio, from Concerto in G, No. 11, violin (Mlle de Nolte)—Sporb; Song, "When my thirty soul I steep" (Mr Robt George)—T. M. Mudie; Rondo Piacevole, in E, Op. 26, pianoforte (Miss Haucock)—W. Stermiale Bennett; Songs, "Du bist wie eine Blume" and "Wildung" (Miss Thekla Fischer)—Schumann; Cavatina in D (Raff) and Hungarian Dance, in D minor (Brahms and Joachim) violin—Mlle Gabrielle Vaillant and Mrs Marshall; Motet, for female voices, "Laudate Pueri" (solo by Misses Marian Williams, Marie Duval, and Barklay—organ, Mr Walter Fittion)—Mendelssohn; Song (MS.), "The fountain mingle" (Mr Howells)—H. Wainley Little (student); Polonaise, MS. A flat, Op. 253, pianoforte (Miss Ludovic)—Chopin; Romanza, "Il Cimento" (Miss Marian Williams)—Pieri. Andante and Rondo Capriccioso, in E, Op. 14, pianoforte (Miss Burrough)—Mendelssohn; Duet, "Cantando un di" (Miss Any Aylward and Miss Mary Davies, Welsh Choral Union Scholar)—Clari; Anthem, "Praise ye the Lord"—Walter Macfarren.

The accompanists of the vocal music were Miss Alice Curtis, Miss Katie Steele, Mr A. H. Jackson, and Mr Jarrett.

PARIS SCRAPS.

(From our Parisian Scraper.)

M. Ambrose Thomas's *Hamlet* was given last week at the Grand Opera, with new representatives of the two principal characters, namely Mlle de Rézéké, as Ophelia, and M. Lussalle as the hero. The young lady belongs to a rich and aristocratic Polish family, devotedly fond of music. Like her two brothers, one of whom is a baritone, now at Drury Lane, and the other a bass, about proceeding to Italy, she set about the study of her favourite art with all the ardour of one whose existence entirely depended upon her professional exertions. To this Mad. Nissen-Salomon, of the Conservatory, St Petersburg, who was her mistress of singing, can bear testimony. In addition to a rich voice of extensive range, Madlle de Rézéké rejoices in personal advantages of great value on the stage. She is tall, and graceful, with a fine expressive face. There is another precious gift, too, she possesses, and that is youth, for she is only just twenty. She made her *débüt*, last summer, at the Teatro Malibran, Venice, where she sang in *Pastor* and *Robert le Diable*. She proved so successful that the manager of the Fenice engaged her for the winter season to sing in Sig. Schira's admirable opera, *Scenaglia*. Venice, however, is not Paris, and the young lady would have done better had she studied a little longer and gained more experience before essaying, at the Grand Opera, a part in which she had to contend with the memory of two such artists as Mad. Christine Nilsson and Mad. Carvalho. It is surprising that she got through the ordeal, and the mere fact is an augury of future success.

M. Lussalle, as Hamlet, is, of course, not to be compared with Faure, but his impersonation presents much that is worthy of praise. From a dramatic point of view, however, it is as yet very crude.

M. Halanzar has announced a performance at the Grand Opera, on Saturday, the 3rd, for the benefit of the sufferers by the inundations in the South of France. The editor of the *Ménestrel*, calling on the public to raise the prices of admission, forwards five hundred francs, for five stalls, with the remark that, on such an occasion, ought to be let under the proportionate rate. "I pursue this plan," he exclaims, "and the Opera alone will be able to contribute a hundred thousand francs to the relief fund." Mad. Carvalho re-appears for the first time, after her accident, at this performance. Feats were entertained

that she would be under the necessity of leaving the stage, but they prove to have been groundless. Great efforts are being made to obtain an annual grant of 300,000 francs for the Théâtre Lyrique. Referring to this, M. Jannius writes as follows in *La Liberté*:—

"From a musical point of view, and leaving out of consideration personal questions and private interests, no subject is more important than the destiny of the Théâtre Lyrique, a theatre which, for twenty years led the musical movement in France—a movement that has entirely ceased since the Théâtre Lyrique disappeared—a theatre which produced *Faust* (appropriated by the Grand Opera) *Roméo et Juliette*, *Mireille*, *La Mésécène malgré lui*, *Les Dragons de Villars* (now enriching the repertory of the Opéra-Comique) *La Pêrle du Brésil*, *La Reine Topaze*, *La Statue*, *Gil Blas*, *La Fanchonnette* (that is: the most successful works in the most different styles)—a theatre which introduced to the public, Grand Opéra, *Félicien David*, *René*, *Saint-Mari*, *Bizet*, and many more—a theatre where most of the singers who have since shone at the Opéra and the Opéra-Comique first came out."

M. Offenbach has sold the *Gaîté* to M. Albert Vientzini, who, assumed the management on the 1st inst., in the name of Albert Vientzini and Co. (Limited).

The members of the Boieldieu family, including M. Adrien Boieldieu, the Composer's son; MM. Louis and Georges Alcindor, two grandsons, and Lieutenant Alphonse Boieldieu, a grand-nephew, have addressed a letter of thanks to the Mayor of Rouen, for the hospitality of the Corporation during the recent Centenary.

The Committee of Dramatic Authors and Composers have voted 500 francs to the Samson memorial.

MIDLE MARIE DUMAS.

An interesting "Matinée Musicale Dramatique" was given at the Beethoven rooms in Harley Street, yesterday, by a lady who has gained considerable reputation from her drawing-room comedies and bright sketches of character. Midlle Marie Dumas acts, reads, recites, gives poetical sketches, and never requires any scenery or effects to aid her. She comes upon the stage, and makes the scene, by her liveliness and expression. Whether this talented lady is discouraging on the miseries of matrimony, the excellence of charity, the sorrow of blindness, or the pathos of age, she invariably gets the universal attention of her audience. As an actress Midlle Marie Dumas possesses welcome versatility, and her ready flow of humour is very remarkable. In all her scenes and sketches Midlle Marie Dumas was heartily applauded; and it is certain that a lady who, without scenery and elaborate preparation, can give proper dramatic effect to the poems she recites and the scenes she suggests, must be an agreeable acquisition at a country house in the drawing-room at that pleasant period after dinner and before the guests separate. The *matinée* was extremely well attended, and, apart from the special entertainment at which Midlle Marie Dumas assisted, the singing of Mlle Jeanne Renard, the violoncello playing of M. Ernst Nathan, the harp solos of Mr John Thomas, and the pianoforte performance of Madame Viard Louis, contributed to a pleasant and very successful afternoon. The programme was so well selected and so welcome for its variety that no move was made until after the last duet between Mlle Jeanne Renard and Signor Monari-Rocco. "Soyez de Salon," as they are called, are not very popular in society, and it will not be forgotten that Midlle Marie Dumas was one of the first to distinguish herself in this country by introducing these elegant distinctions. In point of humour the most successful selection was a comedy for two, called "Les Pièces Dorées," and, in point of pathos, a recitation given for the first time in public, and called "La Jeune Aveugle." The description of the enthusiasm of a young blind girl suddenly restored to sight was quite devoid of exaggeration and welcome for its nature.—*Daily Telegraph*.

S. LEHMEYER NOT C. LAHMEYER.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Sir,—In your critique of Miss Leon Hayes's concert, you kindly mentioned my name as conductor of her concert. You little intended to take the laurels from Herr Lahmeyer for having ably done so, not knowing, probably, anything of Herr Lahmeyer in existence as a conductor; and, as he deserves the praise, to avoid all mistakes between the *La* and *Le*, I shall beg you to insert my name in future as Herr Sigismund Lehmeier. I am sorry to trouble you with such a small matter for your valued paper, and remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

SIGISMUND LEHMEIER.

RICHARD WAGNER, AND HIS RING OF THE NIBLUNG.

(From the "New Quarterly Magazine.")

(Continued from page 429.)

On their first appearance, Wotan and Loge are received by Alberich with undignified suspicion; but Loge soon succeeds in acting on the vanity of the dwarf by expressing his doubts as to the boasted power of the Tarn-helmet. Thrown off his guard, Alberich changes himself into the shape of a giant-worm, and afterwards into that of a toad. As soon as the latter appears, Wotan puts his foot on it, Loge simultaneously snatches the magic cap from its head. Alberich is fettered and carried off by the gods, who command him to bid the Niblungs bring the treasure from their subterranean regions. At last he is compelled to give up the ring, by means of which he had hoped to recover his lost power; but before doing so he attaches his curse to the gold, which henceforth shall be fatal to its owner, as it has already been to himself, by its own baneful essence. To the giants, who now reappear, Wotan offers gold sufficient to cover their prisoner from head to foot. Freia is placed between two huge poles, and the rapacious pair begin at once to heap the precious toys round the goddess. The whole treasure is thus consumed, and yet a chink remains through which the lovely victim remains visible to her rude oppressors. The giants demand of Wotan to stop the opening first with the Tarn-helmet and after it with the ring, but the latter the god refuses to part with. The giants wrathfully threaten to break the bargain, and are on the point of carrying off the goddess a second time, when, from the deepest recesses of the mountain, rises the mysterious form of Siele (Hertha), the pantheistic symbol of Earth as the principle and origin of all life. In solemn words she warns Wotan of the curse attaching to the ring, reminding him at the same time of the ultimate doom which threatens the gods. Thus admonished, Wotan throws the ring on the golden heap which the giants immediately set about collecting in an enormous sack; but no sooner have they touched the ring than their curse begins to act. Both claim its exclusive possession, and in the quarrel thus excited Fafner kills his brother Fasolt. The gods stand in silent amazement, recognizing the truth of Siele's warning. But no dark foreboding can now disturb the calm serenity their supreme existence. The mist hanging around them are dispersed into brilliant lightning by the hammer of Donnar, and from amidst the black clouds Froh has thrown a rainbow over the cleft dividing the gods from their new habitation. On this bridge they enter their splendid abode, heedless of the complaints of the Rhine Daughters and of Loge's muttered threats of their approaching destruction.

The Rhinegold has been compared by German critics to the Prologue in heaven which Goethe has prefixed to his Faust tragedy. Both pieces have, indeed, the feature in common of foreshadowing in the minds of divine beings the same actions and sufferings of the coming drama. Here, however, the analogy ends. The "Lord" in Goethe's poem is the placid omnipotent ruler of heaven and earth, inaccessible alike to fear or passion. Wagner's gods, on the other hand, are themselves acting a tragedy of no lesser import and of no lesser sadness than the human beings to be afterwards introduced. They are subject to rage and envy, they covet the luring gleam of the gold, and the joy of their divine existence is marred by the consciousness of an inevitable doom. They are, indeed, tragic characters in the deepest sense of that word. Wagner, in making use of this feature, has succeeded in rousing our human interest in beings seemingly so remote from our feeling. The idea itself, however, of a final destruction of this world and of the gods ruling over it pervades the whole system of old northern religions, distinguishing it in that respect from the mythologies of all other nations. It is true that the secret cult of Bacchus or Adonis celebrates the death of that god, but the yearly recurrence of that event, with its regenerated counterpart, indicates its scarcely undisguised symbolism of the change of seasons. In the deeper mind of the Germanic nations, a story, perhaps originally also indicative of a natural event, has at an early period been invested with a permanent and, in a certain sense, ethical character. The very symbol of the world, the World-as-Yggdrasil, with a serpent gnawing its root, and a stag and goat nibbling its foliage, is an image of decay and mortality; the final victory, on the

other hand, of the powers of darkness and chaos (dark-elves and giants), over the upper gods (Aisir, from a beam or column, i.e., prop of the world), the representatives of law and order, is brought about, not without some moral guilt on the part of the latter, as is proved by the hope of the ultimate reconstruction of a purified world. This idea of a possible redemption of what was divine in the old fabric, even after the "Dunk of the Gods" (Ragnarok), Wagner has also introduced into his poem, relieving in this manner the feeling of hopeless doom which forms the dark background of his tragedy.

(To be continued.)

DORN (!) ACROSS MENDELSSOHN.

(Continued from page 451.)

On 13th of September, 1813, Robert Schumann celebrated the birthday of his wife, Clara. I appeared as an unexpected guest at the breakfast table, where, besides David and Grützmacher, I met Mendelssohn again after thirteen years. When we had partaken of a bountiful repast, we had a succession of musical enjoyments. Schumann surprised his wife with a new trio, which was instantly tried, and Felix produced as his present "The Spring Song," and played it for the first time. This beautiful piece is the pearl of the fifth book of his *Lieder ohne Worte*, which, as it well known, is dedicated to Mariane Schumann. The little company were so enraptured with it that the composer had to repeat it twice. It was a worthy conclusion to the celebration of the day.

The next day I dined at Councillor Frege's, and again had the pleasure of meeting Mendelssohn, who, even during the desert, placed himself at the piano and gave us some of his beautiful songs, which were sung, with full appreciation, by Livia Gerhardt, the celebrated singer. My third and last day at Leipzig was devoted to my friend Petschke, who had assembled a party in honour of Mendelssohn, who seemed to be as much at his ease as he had formerly been, as a young man, in the house of Johanna Zimmermann. Petschke had asked me to bring some of my own compositions with me, and I found some attentive listeners to my *Schiffen von Paris*. Mendelssohn, however, greatly surprised me by declaring he already knew one of the airs I had played, and seating himself at the piano, went through ten or twelve bars, where certainly the harmonies of my air occurred, although I failed to recognize where I had heard them before. "Why, you do not know your own composition again?" said Mendelssohn, "that is the final chorus to *The Magician and Monster*." That was a melodrama for which I had written the music, and which Mendelssohn had liked at the time, and of which now, sixteen years later, he could remember chords, that had long since passed from my mind. When I expressed astonishment at his memory, he said, in a very gratifying manner—"It is only good melodies we should endeavour to retain."

I fear that the musical festival at Cologne, which gave rise to so much unpleasantness between the heads of the various musical societies, also caused a coldness between Mendelssohn and myself. I could not, in the interest of my party, approve of all the measures which were carried out, and I fear my conduct was represented to him in a manner calculated to wound. Unfortunately, I had neither time nor opportunity, during his twelve hours' stay, to explain to him the Cologne comedy of "party faction;" so I am afraid that he parted from me with resentment in his heart, whilst my admiration for his genius, profound knowledge, noble striving, and great loveliness always remained the same.

On the 9th of November, 1817, five days after Mendelssohn's death, I directed the second Winter concert at Cologne, and, amidst universal sympathy and the expression of the deepest grief, the solemn chorus from St Paul was introduced:—"Behold, we reckon those happy who have endured; for though the body die, yet will the soul live for ever."

CRITIC.—A Musical Festival is announced for the 29th, 30th, and 31st of August, under the direction of M. Ambrose Thomas.

ST PETERSBURG.—Rubinstein is busily at work here on his new opera, *Nero*, for the first performance of which, at Paris, he has signed an agreement with M. Halanzier.

MUSICAL.—A Professorship of Musical History is now attached to the Conservatory of Music. Herr Rühl is professor, and the epochs to which he refers are practically illustrated by pupils.

THE CERVANTES ANNIVERSARY.

It used to be said of Queen Isabella II. that, "with all her faults, she was *Muy Española*," and the partisans of her son seem above all things bent on winning for his Government a reputation for the same cheap and doubtful patriotic virtue. I say "cheap and doubtful," for there are in every nation but as good qualities, and the tendency of Royal patriotism may be as much to flatter the worst as to encourage the best. A King of Spain, to be popular, must, in the first place, patronize the bull-fight, but he may besides, if he aspires to the title of an enlightened sovereign, honor the memory of Cervantes. The celebration of the anniversary of the author of *Don Quixote*, need not fill up so vast a place, as the Coliseum in the Plaza de Toros, but there is still, as there has always been in this country, sufficient reverence for genius to insure, on an occasion like this, the attendance of a cultivated audience, numerous as well as select. The Society of Literature and Art in Spain, which took upon itself the management of the Cervantes anniversary, determined to hold it in the former church of the Monastery of Doña Maria de Aragon, many years since fitted out for the accommodation of the Upper House or Senate. The place could fairly be made to contain 500 persons, and that would, in ordinary times, have been all that was needed; but, as it was understood that the King and the Princess of Asturias would grace the festivity with their presence, the theatre applied for and truly Spanish liberality, issued exceeded 2,000; and, wonderful to say, not much less than half that number miraculously contrived to squeeze in. Such are still, even in these democratized Latin countries, the uses of Royalty. The Spaniards celebrate, not the birthday, but the death of Cervantes, because the date of the poet's birth at Alcalá de Henares cannot positively be ascertained; while there falls no doubt on that of his decease, which occurred in Madrid on the 23rd of April, 1616, the same date, though not actually the same day—because England had not at that time adopted the reform of the Roman Calendar—in which Shakspeare departed this life.

The hour appointed for the performance was in the afternoon, but seats could only be secured by hours of weary waiting; and when I entered the building at half-past one, I found it already apparently full. The main hall of the Senate House is an elegant elliptical building, lofty and airy, somewhat newly stuccoed and gilt, but otherwise preserving still, almost untouched, the features of the original interior, in which it is placed, of the religious worship. The vault is supported by colossal Corinthian columns, in its central part, on both sides, and in the apse opposite to the entrance, where once rose the main altar, and where the throne, surmounted by a canopy of gold and crimson, is now reared. Immediately in front of the throne, on a pedestal, was this day placed a marble bust of the hero of the *fitte*, borrowed from the University. From the breast of this oak and laurel wreath was suspended, it being understood that the King would not sit in state in solitary greatness, preferring to be accommodated with chairs for himself and sister on the platform at the foot of the throne. The House is divided by the columns into three distinct compartments, marking the sites of the former side altars, but now turned to the purpose of tribunes or galleries, one of which, on the right as we enter, is reserved for the Diplomatic Body; another, facing it, was occupied by the Council of State, and above both were those of the Press. Eight other galleries were crowded with persons of distinction of both sexes. The gallery over the floor, once the organ loft, was occupied by the choir, consisting of 200 singing boys and girls, pupils of the Conservatorio, or school of music, with their directors, and several instrumental performers, the whole under the management of Don Emilio Arrieta, the Rector of the School, a composer of high renown. The floor of the house was almost exclusively given up to the fair sex, whose many-colored skirts were at first luxuriantly spread over the deep crimson velvet of the Senator's benches, though they had to be drawn in and in as the multitude kept thronging upon the early arrivals, till the whole audience made a motley mass, and so compact that it was only with the utmost difficulty that the well-mannered but resolute police could cut through it the narrowest possible avenue for the entrance and exit of the Royal party. In the midst of all the hubbub, the committeemen, stewards, or masters of the ceremonies bustled about, men of note as writers or artists more of them, but who had this day admitted into their body the Alcalde (or Mayor) of Alcalá de Henares, the poet's birthplace, and that of Argamassilla Albe, an aldea (or village) of La Mancha, supposed to have been the home of Don Quixote.

The ceremonies of the day were somewhat common-place, but pertinent to the occasion. Punctual to a minute, the King, greeted with the strains of the Royal March, entered the hall at 3 o'clock, and took his seat on the *fautail* on the right of the throne,

having his sister on his left. Opposite to him, before a writing-table, was the President of the Society, Don Cayetano Rosell, who opened the proceedings by reading an *Escorial* illustrative of the main events in the poet's life. Then followed, alternately, pieces of vocal and instrumental music and the reading of chapters of *Don Quixote* and other extracts from the author's works. The reading was lengthy and somewhat unimpressive, the music not quite first-rate, the only successful declamation being that of Doña Eliza Mendosa Tenorio, a distinguished actress, who recited a poem by Don Ventura de la Vega, in which the highest rank among men of genius was claimed for Cervantes, and Spain was exalted as the "first nation in the world." The music began with a choral performance of an anthem, or *cantiga*, of the 16th century, and closed with a *cantata*, the words by Señor Arana, the music by Señor Arrieta—the quaint, tame, yet solemn notes of the ancient melody pleasantly contrasting with the wild, inspiring strain of the brave modern composition. There was, besides, a sonata by Señor Monasterio, executed by 18 young violin performers of the Conservatorio, two of whom were girls; and a solo on the harp by a young artist of great promise, aged 15, known under the nom de guerre of Señorita Eusemilla Cervantes. A few of the performers elicited bursts of applause, of which the King himself gave the signal, encouraging a breach of the courtly etiquette which forbids any demonstration of that kind in the presence of Royalty. This amiable condescension on his part won him the hearts of the assembly, who, though they had received him with respectful silence as he came in, but greeted him with loud cheers as he left the hall, giving him a pleasure which he was at no pains to conceal. The performance was over at 5 o'clock.

I did not attend the religious ceremony which was performed in the morning at the Church of the Trinitarian nuns, and consisted of a recitation of certain masses sung for the deliverance of the soul from purgatory, and extending the same release to all the other souls of departed literary worthies; but I went in the evening to the Zazuela Theatre, where there was a special performance in behalf, and for the benefit, of the Literary Fund, and at which, also, the King and Princess were present. It opened with *Marcello*, an opera in three acts, by Don Maestro Arrieta, a man whose distinguished and well-deserved rank both on Spanish and foreign stages. There followed an interlude, in which four poems in honor of Cervantes, by Señors Grilo, Del Palacio, Serra, and Señora del Riego Pica, were read by the actors, and the whole ended with a *zarzuela* or *rumberillo*, by Señors Serra, entitled *El loco de la Gata*, in which the ray of light in the Attila, an extremely amusing, yet deeply touching and thrilling piece, of which Cervantes is the protagonist, and a work of real genius, which could be easily translated for foreign audiences, and which, in England, at least, would be sure of as great a success as it has commanded for these last 12 years on the Spanish stage.

The *zarzuela* was, perhaps, the climax of the many genuine emotions evinced by the cultivated part of the Madrid population at this interesting commemoration of him they call the "Prince of Spanish Geniuses," and whom they designate as the "Munco, or One-armed Man, or Cripple of Lepanto." This day, consecrated to the ceremony about which all men were of one mind, made, as it were, a beacon in the gloom, an oasis in the desert, and the ray of light into that long night of mad discord, of senseless revolution, brutal civil war, and chronic misgovernment which has become for so many years the normal condition of this distracted country, and which the ordinary resources of mere idle dissipation and sensual enjoyment only deepen by their repulsive contrast. It would not be right to despair of Spain or of the Spaniards so long as the man who so well defined and defined the character of the country and people continues to be the object of heartfelt and generous worship. Some of the poets whose verses were read at the Zazuela Theatre last evening, and especially Señor Manuel del Palacio, did not court applause by minoring to their countrymen their vanity, but told their bold yet wholesome truths, provoking by the acclamation with which they were received, that Spanish hearts are still accessible to deep, generous, and, let us hope, not transitory feelings. Señor Palacio mourned over the prostration of a country which no longer produces "either Quixotes for war or Sanchos for peace—a country plunged into such ignoble slumber that to look for a spark of genius must grope about the dead. Even among the ashes of the dead, however, one would look in vain for any relic of Cervantes. The poet terminated his career in this city. The street in which he lived, the house which he inhabited and in which he breathed his last, are still pointed out, and so likewise is the church of the *Trinitarias* where his body was interred; but his mind and his great soul have long since been well and unnoticed, the man unheeded, though his works had already risen to world-wide fame, perhaps because he was too independent to solicit, or too proud to accept, human aid. He died and made no sign, and was conveyed to his resting-place "unattended," his ashes mouldering in the heap of a hundred corpses thrown pell-mell into

the common vault of a low, crowded parish church. But let that nation, ancient or modern, which deals with more justice towards its own great men cast the first stone. The lot of Cervantes was sad, but not, perhaps, more melancholy than that of Dante or Tasso, of Galileo or Milton. Nor was his life, though checkered by adversity and pinched by poverty, unrelieved by glimpses of that glory which was his jilt, as it is every Spaniard's. Compelled to accept low offices in the Excise and the Commissariat, serving as a page, and enlisted as a private soldier, he found, in the wound he received at Lepanto, in the captivity he endured at Algiers, in the imprisonment he was subjected to at Cadix, no many spurs to urge him to action, to exalt and strengthen his character, and also so many arguments, to confirm him in his self-respect. Like other truly great men, Cervantes was sure of himself, and he courted adversity and cherished misery with not a little of that desperate, suicidal, and more than half-crazed spirit with which his hero stood sword in hand before the open cage of the Royal lions. Had he never been in durance he might, perhaps, never have dreamt of Don Quixote.

PIERSON'S JERUSALEM.

By AMICUS PATRICK (1852).

"Let old forms and time-honoured words perish with due honour, and give us fresh symbols and new forms of speech to express what our fathers felt, but what are free. Goethe says, 'The spirit world is not foreclosed. Thy senses are dulled; thy heart is dead. Arise, become a learner; and bathe that earliest birth of thine, anointed, in the dew of a fresh morning.'"

REV. F. ROBERTSON on *The Influence of Poetry*.

The production of two new works of importance, both by Englishmen, and at a provincial festival, is an occurrence in musical history evidencing an advance in art, both by the appreciation of native talent, and by the extension of the sphere of its influence. As one who has watched the growth of the Norwich Musical Festival from a very early date in its career, and has a consequent interest in its success, I may, perhaps, be permitted to address a few remarks upon this subject, feeling that whoever makes an effort in a worthy cause will be secure of excuse for the smallness of that effort—"the soil will be taken for the deed."

It is a great object both for the artist and his hearers, that on the production of a new work a way should be prepared for its fair understanding. Technical criticism, besides that it cannot be given to any extent till after perfect performance, is not sufficient, either in scope or bearing, for the general public. They require to have their attention and sympathies opened to the mode in which they are themselves affected, not to that in which the musician only can be touched; in fact, to be prepared for those impulses which, however veiled in their origin, are the agents through which genius accomplishes its wondrous ends—genius, of which Milton greatly says, with an especial reference to sacred poetry and music—

"These altitudes, whosoever they be found, are the inspired gift of God rarely bestowed, but yet to some (though most abuse) in every nation: and are of power, beside the office of the pulpit, to inbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility, to allay the perturbations of the mind, and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's Almightiness, and what He works, and what He suffers to be wrought with high providence in His Church."

We should all, indeed, do more justice both to artists and to ourselves, were we to escape more frequently from the study of causes, to the enjoyment of effects, at least on the first production of a work—were we more trustful as to the power of art to affect us by its creations directly and at once, and more reliant on the impulses to good thus awakened in our minds. In accordance with such views I have prepared the following analysis of Mr Pierson's oratorio of *Jerusalem*, because, not having been yet heard in its integrity, public curiosity is more on the alert concerning it. Dr Belfield's has already enjoyed one favourable trial, and has had time to make its own impression, before the period of its second hearing shall arrive.

High art is that which achieves its end, whatever that end may be; the very highest art is that which makes to itself a noble end and achieves it. Simply taking the words of the oratorio as our criterion, it must at once be admitted that Mr Pierson has fulfilled the first half of this hypothesis; he has made to himself a noble end; his theme, as a whole, is the most momentous which the human soul can grasp—its own immortality—and the scriptural

sentences selected to develop this sublime truth, are so arranged as to place before us, simply yet dramatically, the transgressions, the destruction, and the future restoration of God's chosen people and city, with the final redemption of the righteous dispersed over the face of the whole earth. Thus far we have the two great desiderata of a work of art—interest and action.

But the mind, which originally furnished the composer with his subject, has exercised a still deeper insight into the means by which the Almighty condescended to reveal to man his future destiny. The object was to select a whole from the body of the Sacred Book, perfect in itself, and yet fitted to the highest purposes of music; and it has been done.

The oratorio is divided into four portions—an Introduction or Prologue, and the three parts usually adopted for such a work. The former opens with an apparent anachronism—the words of Christ are spoken before those of all the prophets who preceded him in the world. But after the first impression we recall this text—"In the beginning was the Word," and we feel the seeming contradiction to be a tacit acknowledgment of the supremacy of the Redeemer. For the more direct purpose of the plan, it places before us, as the consummation of the course of error which had called down Divine punishment, the crucifixion; and it does so with exquisite discernment, in those few concluding sentences of the Saviour's mission, which disclose, not His bodily suffering, but His spiritual mercy.

And Jesus said: Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me; but weep for yourselves, and for your children!

O Jerusalem! If thou hast known, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes.

And when they were come to the place which is called Calvary, there they crucified Him.

Then said Jesus: Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.—Luke xxiii. 28; xix. 42; xxiii. 33, 34.

The Prologue closes with the stern denunciation of the Hebrew lawyer, foreshadowing in the wilderness the destruction of the future city.

And Moses spake unto all Israel, on this side Jordan, in the wilderness. Deut. i. 1.

The Lord shall bring a nation against thee from far, from the ends of the earth, as swift as the eagle flieh: a nation whose tongue thou shalt not understand; a nation of fierce countenance, which shall not regard the person of the old, nor show favour to the young. And he shall besiege thee in all thy gates, until thy high and fenced walls come down. And thy life shall hang in doubt before thee, and thou shalt fear day and night.—Deut. xxviii. 49, 50, 52, 56.

Thus, at a glance as it were, are the characteristics of the two covenants—strict justice and redeeming mercy—placed before us, and an epitome of the oratorio, in its whole scope, given at the same time; felicitously enhancing the poetry of the main action, by awakening, even before its commencement, the most trustful uplift of the soul towards the Redeemer, and the sublime pity for those whom He would not denounce.

(To be continued.)

LEEDS EXHIBITION.

(To the Editor of "The Musical World.")

SIR,—The documents published in the "Musical World" of last Saturday were not written by Mr Dayson (General Manager), nor were they even signed by him. Dr Spark took advantage of a time when the arrangements were in a sort of mud, and, at his instigation, the first letter was written by one of the officials, with whom the Dr happened to be intimate.

I would suggest that Dr Spark should look into his Dictionary for the meaning of the word "INAUGURATE,"—his present view of it is extremely childish.

Dr Spark has mentioned "lies." I must say once more that all my statements are perfectly true, and have been derived from the very best authority. Dr Spark said in one of his letters (referring to my much-beloved document)—"Mr Beet has seen this letter." Your intelligent readers will be glad to know that the Doctor's remark was utterly untrue; of this you will find ample proof enclosed. Whilst thanking you for inserting this correspondence, I should say that, as far as I am concerned, the matter ends here. I have done my best to ventilate the affair, and am sure most of your readers will see that Dr Spark's appearance and adventures in this case are not at all creditable to him.—I am, Sir, Yours obediently,

VERITAS.

Leeds, June 24th, 1875.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Will you allow me to trespass upon the space of your influential and much-read paper, to inform, not only my friends, but the musical public in general, that I am not fulfilling an engagement at the Alhambra Theatre, and that I have never been in treaty for a position there. It seems that a gentleman has had the more than questionable taste to assume my name, and is performing there nightly, and many persons infer that it is the present writer who is thus appearing, as many of my friends have spoken to me on the subject. I have not seen the gentleman; but whatever his merits, I am desirous that any of my professional friends should, even in thought, deprive him of the honour of any criticism that may have been passed with respect to his artistic doings. In like manner, I am jealous of my own reputation, and do not wish that any review of my performances with which you, Sir, or any other discerning writer may favour me, should be put to this gentleman's credit, through my tolerably well-known Christian name being omitted. In your current number, for instance, in noticing Madame Burington's concert, at which I sang, you say, in effect, Mr Penna was encoined in both his songs; while, had you given the Christian name of Frederic, as stated in the programme, there could have been no question as to who the singer was. With every apology for thus troubling you, and thanks for many courtesies, I am, Sir, yours, most obediently,

FREDERIC PENNA.

June 21st, 1875.

WAIFS.

There was an old artist called Deterly,
Who painted uncleanly clerical;
He faced all at such distance;
Things seemed their existence
To lose in the haze of this Deterly.

M. Faure leaves London, for Paris, to-morrow.

Mlle Carlotta Patti (sister of the Marquis de Caux) is making a professional tour in South Germany.

ORGAN APPOINTMENT.—Mr William Coulson, Tregarthen, organist of St John's Church, Redland, and articled pupil of Mr George Riseley, has been appointed organist to St Paul's Church, Clifton.

The Stadttheater at Leipzig will still be carried on by private enterprise—not, as was commonly supposed, by a Government Intendant, with a fixed salary and a percentage on the receipts.

The music provided by the Prince of Wales for his garden fete, given at Chiswick last week, was entrusted to the military bands of the 2nd Life Guards, under the direction of Mr F. Godfrey, and the Scotch Fusilier Guards, directed by Mr J. F. Clarke.

At the close of the Royal Italian Opera season, Mme Adeline Patti will go to Dieppe, whence she returns in September to sing in concerts at Brighton, Birmingham, and Manchester, under the direction of Mr R. Abbe. On hearing of the destination caused by the recent floods around Toulouse, Mme Patti at once telegraphed to Mmes MacMahon and M. Halanzier, offering her services at a benefit performance at the Grand Opera. It is needless to say that the aid thus tendered was gratefully accepted, and the representation will take place on October 1st. A fortnight afterwards, Mme Patti leaves Paris to enter upon a new Russian campaign—*Concordia*, July 10, 1875.

The boys of the workhouse schools of London, or those who are under training apart from workhouse influences and apart from the old regime which reared the pauper child into a pauper adult, had, last week, at the Alexandra Palace, a band contest, before Colonel S. F. Fitzwygram, the officials of the Local Government Board, and a large party of ladies and gentlemen, and in the elevation of the poorer classes. The bands present were from the parish (now called district) schools of Bethnal Green, St Marylebone, St Pancras, the Strand, from the Goliath training-ship, and from the schools of combined parishes at Forest Gate. The judges were Mr Dan Godfrey, Mr H. West Hill, Mr S. Hughes, and Mr Howard Reynolds. The bands each played a selection from Offenbach's opera of *Orpheus aux Enfers*, and the judges awarded to the Strand Union band a prize of £25, given by Colonel Sir Frederick Fitzwygram; to the Marylebone School the second prize (£10) given by the same donor; and to the boys of the Goliath a purse of £5, given by Mr Edward Boulton, the Chairman of the St Marylebone Guardians, who had arranged the contest. Lady Lee presented the prizes. There was a large contest for "Courage and Content," value 12 guineas, given by Mr S. A. Chippell.—*Times*, July 10.

Miss Lillie Albrecht's pleasing and girlish manner left a most favourable impression on the audience at Signor Rocca's concert, and the simple and truthful manner in which she gave one of Chopin's values was in all respects commendable.—*Drawing-room Gazette*.

ORGAN RECITAL.—Mr J. C. Dunster, organist of the Bavarian Ambassador's Chapel, Warwick Street, Regent Street, gave an organ recital, on Thursday, before a numerous audience. The Bavarian Ambassador was at the time celebrated for sacred performances, on Sunday and holidays, by the artists of the Italian opera; but, their privileges being curtailed, they have long ceased to sing there. Mr J. C. Dunster performed a varied selection of pieces by Bistati, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Handel, Beethoven, and some of his own arrangements, all of which gave evident satisfaction to those present. It is to be hoped he will repeat the performance, and enable persons fond of the organ to pass an hour in the afternoon pleasantly.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—On Monday the Odd Fellows will hold their fete at Muswell Hill; there will also be a swimming fete, a balloon ascent, &c. On Tuesday the Vaudeville Theatre company will perform in the *Two Roses*. The first of the Summer Evening Promenade Concerts will be held on Wednesday, and the second on Saturday. At these concerts Miss Rose Herscoe, Signor Foll, and Signor Brignoli will appear, and the orchestra and choir will be largely augmented. In addition to a miscellaneous concert each day, selections from the works of Beethoven will be given on Wednesday; whilst on Saturday, the feature will be Irish ballads, and selections from the works of Balfe. Julian's "British Army Quadrilles" will be revived at these performances, with all their original effects. After the concert on Wednesday, there will be a grand display of fireworks; and, on Saturday, an illumination of the Palace and grounds. On Thursday there will be a pigeon-race, and Mr Sothorn, by request, will give another performance of *David Garrick*. The first of a series of performances of standard English comedies will be given in the theatre on Saturday, when Mr Herbrand Verdin, Mrs Chippendale, Miss Caroline Hill, Mr Leather, Mr Compton, Mr Chippendale, and other eminent artists will appear in Sheridan's *School for Scandal*.

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VOL. 53.—No. 30.

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MR SIMS REEVES has the honour to announce that, having made special arrangements, his **ANNUAL BENEFIT CONCERT** will take place this year at the **CRYSTAL PALACE**, on **SATURDAY** next, the 31st July, Concert commencing at Four o'clock. Artists—*Mme Christine Nilsson* (her first and only appearance at the Crystal Palace this season), *Mme Patey*, and *Mlle Tietjens* (her last appearance before her departure for America); *Signor Foll*, *Mr Edward Lloyd*, and *Mr Sims Reeves*. Pianoforte—*Mr Charles Halle*, Conductor—*Mr August Manns* and *Mr Arthur Sullivan*. Trumpet obligato—*Mr T. Harper*. Accompanist—*Mr Sidney Naylor*. Numbered stalls, 7s. 6d. and 5s.; galleries, 3s.; reserved seats, 2s. 6d. Admission, One Shilling; or by Guinea Seated Tickets. In the evening a great Pyrotechnic Display, with special device, by Messrs C. T. Brock and Co. Plans of seats at concert, and places booked at Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall; Norelli's, 1, Berners Street, W.; all Music Publishers; and at the Crystal Palace Ticket Office.

MR W. H. HOLMES'S SECOND PIANOFORTE CONCERT, by his Professional Pupil, assisted by eminent Professors (which he is permitted to announce under the patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of KENT), will take place at **ST JAMES'S HALL**, Friday, July 24, at Two o'clock. Programmes and Tickets of **MR W. H. HOLMES**, 35, Beaumont Street, W.

MDME LIEBHART will sing **SIR JULIUS BENEDICT'S** new Song, "**NORAH'S MESSAGE**," with Harp accompaniment by *Mr Apollonia*, at the Concert for the Benefit of the Sufferers from the Inundation in France, at **Langham Hall**, 43, Great Portland Street, on Tuesday, July 27th, at Eight.

MDLE E. TATE will play Sonata, No. 5 (Beethoven), with violin; Partita (1) B flat (Bach), (2) Scherzo in B flat minor (Chopin); Sonata, Op. 27, No. 2 (Beethoven); Rigoletto (Liszt); Trio, Op. 1, No. 2, G flat (Beethoven)—at her Concert, To-Night, at Eight o'clock, **St George's Hall**, Langham Place.

MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT will play, at **Langham Hall** (in Aid of the Sufferers from the Inundation in the South of France), on Tuesday Evening, July 27th, KETTERER'S "**GRAND OCTAVE GALOP DE CONCERT**."

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 rendre à votre aimable invitation
 pour Lundi. Vous pouvez me débrou-
 -iller de cette peste, si vous voulez être
 affez bon & aimable de me faire
 l'honneur de venir dîner avec moi
Mercredi 9 courant, à 6 heures
aux petits nouilles rouges avec
d'artin N° 67. Vous y trouverez
 M. W. Berlioz, & les autres à quel-
 autres personnes de votre amitié
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No. 6.

Reinhard Keiser (born at Leipzig in 1673), is considered the father of German melody. When director of the Opera-house at Hamburg, and the speculation was just on the point of failing, he saved the concern from ruin, by writing and bringing out no less than eight operas in one year. Every one of them succeeded, and their receipts released the theatre from all pecuniary difficulties.

Keiser, in conjunction with the learned Matheson, gave public concerts at Copenhagen, where he was honoured with the nomination of Chapelmaster to the King. On his return to Hamburg, he brought out *Circe*, the last and most beautiful of his operas. This was first performed in 1731, and was the one hundred and eighteenth which this indefatigable artist had produced. He died in 1735. It is to be regretted that hardly any of Keiser's works are now to be procured, though a new edition of some few of them was talked of in Hamburg about the year 1810.

Johann Caspar Kerl was a native of Saxony. He is justly esteemed one of the most celebrated organists that the world ever produced. Kerl's principal work is his "*Modulatio organica super Magnificat acta tonis ecclesiasticis respondens*." In a competition that he had with some Italian musicians, at the court of the Elector of Bavaria, he composed a piece for the organ so difficult that some but himself could execute it.

Michael Lambert, born in the year 1610, at Vivonne, is supposed to be the first who gave his countrymen a just notion of the graces of vocal music. His compositions, however, are not very numerous. He died at Paris in 1680.

Lamia was the most celebrated female flute-player in antiquity; her beauty, wit, and abilities in her profession, made her regarded as a prodigy. The honours she received, which are recorded by several authors, particularly by Plutarch and Athenæus, are sufficient testimonies of her great power over the passions of her hearers. Her claim to admiration, from her personal allurements, does not entirely depend, at present, upon the fidelity of historians; since an exquisite engraving of her head, upon an amethyst, with the veil and bandage of her profession, is preserved in Paris, which in some measure authenticates the accounts of her beauty. As she was a great traveller, her reputation soon became very extended. Her first journey from Athens, the place of her birth, was into Egypt, whither she was drawn by the fame of the flute-players of that country. Her person and performances were not long unnoticed at the court of Alexandria. However, in the conflict between Ptolemy Soter and Demetrius, for the island of Cyprus, about three hundred and twelve years before Christ, Ptolemy being defeated in a sea engagement, his wives, domestics, and military stores fell into the hands of Demetrius. Plutarch, in his life of this Prince, tells us that "the celebrated Lamia was among the female captives taken in this victory. She had been universally admired at first on account of her talents, for she was a wonderful performer on the flute; but afterwards her fortune became more splendid by the charms of her person, which procured her many admirers of great rank." The prince, whose captive she became, conceived a violent passion for Lamia. At her instigation he conferred such extraordinary honours upon the Athenians, that they rendered him divine honours, and, as an acknowledgment of the influence which she had exercised in their favour, they dedicated a temple to her under the name of "Venus Lamia."

More about Lohengrin.

At length, after we have waited, with more or less anxiety, for some years, buoyed up by hope and prostrated by despair, an opportunity of hearing Herr Wagner's *Lohengrin* has been vouchsafed to us; and, although we are given to understand that the opera is but, as it were, milk for babies, it is the kind of food which is able to nourish us, so that, in the time to come, those who choose can feast upon the strong meat of the Music of the Future. For ourselves, we are rather inclined to resent this term. We cannot wholly and suddenly discard the idea that Beethoven was something more than a fumbler in the dark, and that *Fidelio* is a work which embodies the true spirit of dramatic and poetical music. It is hard at first, and when we have only heard *Lohengrin* once, to grasp the notion that Mozart was a student of his craft, who worked on wrong principles; indeed, so long have we trodden in the ancient ways, that we are even reluctant to write Meyerbeer down an ignorant and misguided connoisseur of orchestral effects.

By a very excellent authority, "Music" has been described as "heavenly maid;" but Herr Wagner seems to draw much of his inspiration from other sources. There is, however, music and music—the "concord of sweet sounds," of which Lorenzo spoke, and the harmony which Nick Bottom described. "I have a reasonable good ear in music," the immortal weaver of Athens once asserted: "let us have the tongs and the bones;" and Herr Wagner would indignantly ask, "Why not?" When Bottom is translated, the apostle of the Music of the Future would say inharmonious elements are enjoying a temporary triumph. The tongs and bones are comparatively inharmonious, let them be played, and the dramatic requirements of the situation will be adequately fulfilled. Herr Wagner and his disciples will be charmed, because they can argue out their motives from an irreproachable premise, and the rest of humanity will be derided as Philistines, who can only depreciate because it appeals directly through the sense which Providence has bestowed upon them, and before they are convinced that argument and the stern demands of philosophy will justify them in so doing. But whatever complaints may be made against the ignorant gibes of persons in this country who are supposed to be musical, certainly no charge of neglect can be brought against Mr Gye and those who assisted him in the maiden presentation. With Mlle Albani as Elsa, Signor Nicolini as Lohengrin, Mlle d'Angeri as Ortrud, and M. Maurel as Frederic of Telramund, all that could be done for this musically-illustrated drama was done; while the *mise-en-scène* was superb. Cloth of gold, red purple, silver armour, and robes of spotless white, were all bountifully grouped together, to give effect to talleaux and processions. Several horses were led and ridden on to the stage; and the Swan, from which Lohengrin derives his *soubriquet*, was a mechanical triumph. But in opera it is impossible wholly to overlook a consideration of the music, if there is any; and, of the harmonies and melodies which we have been accustomed to class as music, there are few. The work took some four hours and a half in the performance, and the score occupies some 383 pages; though it is only fair to the management to admit that two or three dozen have been excised. Out of this lengthy book, all that is agreeable to the ear could be played in some twenty minutes. The story, we may remind our readers, describes how Lohengrin was sent by his father, Sir Percival, the guardian of the Holy Grail, to champion the cause of the innocent Elsa of Brabant, who is accused of having murdered her brother, who has really been spirited away by the witchcraft of Ortrud, wife of Frederic of Telramund. Unfortunately for Herr Wagner's hearers, a great deal of the story, and, therefore, of the music (to which the poem is supposed to be inseparably wedded), deals with the craft and crudity of this reprehensible couple, and the "heavenly maid" is employed to illustrate their dark designs. The result is chiefly crudity and incoherence. Some passages of melody are to be found at distant intervals. The phrase in which Lohengrin bids farewell to the

"bel cigno gentil" is eminently graceful, and there are a few bars of delightful chorus immediately afterwards. Elsa has one or two very short passages of truthfulness; and the *finale* to the first act, and the celebrated Bridal Chorus, "Lieti e fedeli," in the third, are musical as we understand the term. But most of *Lohengrin* can only be described as "sound and fury, signifying nothing." E. H. B.

SALVINI.

(From the "Saturday Programme.")

(Concluded from page 481.)

But a still greater triumph was in store for the artist genius. It is one thing to make a stir in the amusement-loving-world, and quite another to beat down the inevitable prejudices which surround the art of any nation. Many an indifferent actor or singer has before now been made into an idol and worshipped. But to obtain the worship of the professors of art is quite another thing. Now no one would pretend for a moment to say that English actors are overriden with prejudice, or are altogether destitute of the liberal sentiments which belong to the nation. Still, it is merely human nature when some resentment is felt at the perpetual praise of rivals or the encouragement of competitors. When a beautiful woman enters a ball-room it would not be natural if all her rivals crowded round her and loaded her with praise. They are all in a measure her rivals. They desire to shine as much as she does. They would be glad enough of the praise which is showered upon her. At any rate, they have entered into an honourable competition, and do not care to be beaten out of the field. Be this as it may, there are occasions, however, when the poorness of beauty in woman draws, as it were, the very eye-teeth of prejudice, and compels admiration even from rivals. There are women so fair to look upon that admiration springs to the lips of their sisters. It was much the same with Salvini when he played to the dramatic profession that celebrated Monday morning at Drury Lane. There certainly had been some mutterings heard about "these foreigners." The perpetual praise of foreign art was—perhaps naturally enough—distasteful to the great majority of the profession. It galled them to be told of French plays and French players. And then, in defiance of all accepted notions of free trade, they fell back upon the old Conservative cry of the "shame of these foreigners being allowed to come over and take the bread out of our mouths." Honourably, however, let it be said that these murmurs utterly ceased at the approach of Salvini. His genius was so superior to anything that had been seen by the majority of our artists, that it was accepted with a chorus of praise. If any had come to scoff they remained to pray. And it would be difficult to quote a case in which a more flattering compliment has been paid by art to art. The excitement of that morning can never be forgotten; the acting of Salvini as Othello on that occasion has never been excelled; the effect of a performance of one actor on a large audience has never been equalled. Here, at least, was the ideal actor—a man possessing the most fascinating physical gifts—a style which is the very echo of nature—and a glorious power of execution, kept well in hand and firm as in a vice. All that actors struggled and tried to attempt was here shown to them. The day-dreams of their career was shown as in a picture, and the inevitable feeling after witnessing the performance was that further struggle was vain and ambition fruitless. They could not get that night. Their heart and spirit had left them, and the first impulse was to go about saying, "After such acting as that, what is the good of struggling any more?" All of us who are ambitious and have any respect for our callings will well understand how natural were these transitory feelings. And Salvini did not rest upon the triumph of Othello, which would have carried him through more than a London season. In these days, when *Hamlet* is played for 200 nights, such an Othello might well act for a year. It was in *The Gladiator* that Salvini showed that he was anything but a one-part player, and, in the opinion of very competent judges, he has never shown himself such a genius as in the amphitheatrical scene of this remarkable tragedy. The play, it is true, was not for the multitude. It was "conspire" to the unclassical, but it was a superb treat for the

critics. There are those amongst us, thank goodness, who are not perpetually cavilling at what they choose to call dull plays, or protesting that they cannot take interest in any subject allied to a classical period. There are some of us who can enjoy a good read at Gibbon, and prefer the occupation to any perusal of the novels of the day. It was a disaster, therefore, when the general taste decided against *The Gladiator*, and compelled Salvini to set aside one of the best examples of the force of his genius. The mind, travelling back over the pictures this actor has given us, will rest affectionately on one pre-eminently beautiful. It is that of the rough brutalized slave and public murderer, humanized by a woman's presence and electrified by the sudden apparition of his daughter's face. Here, in this very arena, before the eyes of Rome, in the presence of the Empress and her court, before debauched priests and debased people, this *Gladiator*, the favourite of the people, is appointed to slay the child he has lost and been seeking for years. The awakening of the man in the savage is one of the finest things ever seen in the whole range of dramatic art. The huge arena, the crowds of people, the hungry faces, the glitter, the pomp, and the show, are absolutely dwarfed and made insignificant by the superb majesty of the man. He towers above the scene like a giant. His despair appears to have given him the strength of a Samson and the proportions of an Anak. He towers over his child like a mountain, and his great arms seem like trees shading her dear eyes from the burning sun of the people's contempt. All these ideas are presented solely by the actor. We talk of "taking the stage." It is done by Salvini in this scene apparently in one bound. If anything finer or more dramatic has ever been seen, even on the boards of Drury Lane, we should very much like to be told of it. It is a picture of despair and of humanity which will linger on the memory so long as life lasts and remembrances are pleasant. In discussing the *Hamlet* it was natural enough that Englishmen should point out the inadequacy and inconsistency of the Italian version of the play; but it is erroneous to suppose that Salvini is in any way responsible for it. His duty was to interpret the text presented to him, and we are not aware that one single voice has been uplifted against his artistic method. It is not the English *Hamlet*, perhaps, or the German *Hamlet*, but it is a performance which brings out to the full extent all the refined culture of Salvini's style and all the exquisite finish and beauty of his art. The scene with Ophelia when *Hamlet* bids her farewell, the scene between *Hamlet* and his mother after the play, the frequent discourses with Horatio, and the pathetic death-scene of *Hamlet*, have never been equalled for the purity of their beauty. Loving tenderness to woman and beautiful affection to man here receive their most sublime expression.

And so, with this rapid and most imperfect sketch of the life and career in England of this remarkable genius, we take leave for the present of Signor Salvini. We have spoken of his career and influence as an artist: we should like to dilate on the charm of his society, the modesty of his bearing, the depth of his learning, the charm of his conversation, and the fascination of his presence. This, unfortunately, cannot be; but those who know him understand how to appreciate such rare gifts. Bound body and soul to his art, Signor Salvini is never so happy as when dilating upon it or discussing Shakespeare—his idol—with the countrymen of his favourite poet. All will learn with some pride and satisfaction how Salvini loves England already, and expresses with the most sincere cordiality his delight at his short visit now drawing to a close. But with far more satisfaction will the news be spread about that England is so dear to Salvini that he will come again. As Horace mourned for the threatened loss of *Meconas*, so well might English art lament the farewell of Tommaso Salvini.

PRAGUE.—Mad. Friedrich-Materna has been singing here.

MUSICIANS WHO HAVE DIED AWAY.*

BY JOSEPH SEHLER.

III.

JOHANNES BEER.

(Continued from page 441.)

Johannes Beer is more indebted to his original writings than to his musical compositions for a place here. The said writings, musico-theoretical, historical, and aesthetico-poetical, are numerous, and mostly conceived in a perfectly original tone of satire, something between Philander of Sittenwald's *Geschichte* and the *Kapuzinenden* of Pater Abraham. Joseph Riepel, an author of a subsequent period, has the same satirical tendency; but, though more refined and becoming, he is far less original than Beer, whose sketches, for the better comprehension of musical matters in Germany during the 17th and the 18th centuries, possess, even at the present day, an especial interest. From his principal work, *Musikalische Discurse*, published in 1719, by P. C. Monath, at Nuremberg, I will give some extracts in corroboration of what I have said concerning his originality. In the first place, however, here is something about his life, which, materially considered, was rather uneventful.

Johannes Beer (Bähr, Här), Concertmaster and Chamber Musician to the Duke of Weissenfels, was born in the Styrian village of St George, in 1652. In his tenth year, he went to pursue his studies in the Benedictine Abbey of Laubach, where, by the beauty of his alto voice, he soon attracted the attention of the musical pater (*Regens Chori*). The latter, an old and well-trained Italian, became the first singing and music master of the lively boy, thirsting for knowledge. In 1670, Beer went to the Gymnasium at Regensburg, and, some years later, to Leipzig, where, according to Gerber, he studied theology. Very soon, however, thanks to his fine voice, his talent as a violinist, and several occasional pieces, he made himself so well-known, and so popular, that he was offered the post of Concertmaster at Weissenfels. He immediately accepted it, and, having subsequently had, also, the title of High Princely Chamber Musician conferred upon him, worthily fulfilled, to the day of his death, the duties connected with it. His writings were very numerous, but only a part of them received publicity through the press. The titles of the most important are *Urus murmurat*, 1697 (the sole work printed in the author's lifetime), *Urus salutat*, *Urus triumphat*, and *Urus vulgatur*; the last three never having been printed, though, in their time, widely circulated by means of manuscript copies. They are all directed against Gottfried Vockerodt, who, in various school programmes for 1696, had warmly censured the immoderate love manifested by Claudius, Nero, and Caligula, for the fine arts, particularly music, and had asserted that all useful arts and callings had suffered through the one-sided partiality of the *Cæsars*. This was wrongly interpreted in high places, it being believed that Vockerodt wished to make sovereigns abandon their predilection for music. The consequence was that Johann Christophe Lorber, Dr Johann Christophe Wentzel, and, above all, our hero, Johannes Beer, appeared against him with biting pamphlets, in which the Göttha School Director was not treated too indulgently. He considered, therefore, that he ought to explain and defend himself more at length in a larger book. It is thus that there was published in 1697, by Zunner, Frankfurt, a quarto treatise of 22 sheets, under the title: *Abuse of the Fine Arts, especially of Music, together with an extorted Investigation of the Question: What, according to the Opinion of Dr Luther, and other Evangelical Theologians and Politicians is to be thought of Operas and Comedies? thoroughly and plainly set forth against the libels of Dr Wentzel, Herr Joh. Chr. Lorber, and a Musician of the Weissenfels Court (Johannes Beer), with an appendix, containing I. A reminder to the "enemies" of this Work; II. The Programms attacked by the Paspinquaders; III. The Scripples of the Worshipful Theol. Faculty of Göttingen; IV. Representation of the frivolous and strange Behaviour of the Weissenfels Paspinquader, who, instead of disproving this Work, which was yet unpublished, unread, and still less tested, prepares two fresh Paspinqua, and causes their titles, "Urus salutat" and "Urus triumphat," to be carried about and made*

known by interested Persons. Published, with gracious approbation, by Gottfried Vockerodt, Rector of the Princely Gymnasium, Göttha.

But the matter was not allowed to end here. In various other treatises and tracts, Vockerodt sacrificed to his immoderate love of wrangling, showing himself in these works, now literary rarities, a genuine pedagogue with tie-wig and ferule, so that Beer and his friends, who would never allow the dogged rector to have the last word, always boasted of the laughers on their side. Besides possessing a natural talent for satire, Beer was a Latin scholar; a logician armed with all the weapons of sophistry, and a man well exercised and ready in every kind of literary fray. The combination of his various gifts rendered him a dangerous foe for the pedagogue, who possibly afterwards felt rather sorry that he ever meddled with the music of the Weissenfels Court.

Waltner relates in his *Lexicon* the following characteristic anecdote of our Johannes.

A certain Duke told the Organist of his Court to compose the music of a *Singspiel*, or piece interspersed with songs. The Organist, from whom such a thing had never before been required, said that, with God's help, he would see what he could do. From this answer as well as from the Organist's sketches of what he was going to do, the Duke soon remarked that he had asked for more than the man could do. He ordered some one to write for Beer. The latter arrived with all possible speed, undertook, and, in three weeks, finished the task. Being asked what was the price of his work, he said that it was 100 rix-thalers. He was offered sixty and then eighty thalers. He replied however: "Every thing that I do has, like a penny roll, its fixed tariff. I never allow haggling—I would rather serve the Duke for nothing." At length he obtained what he demanded, and was then requested to give, ere he left, a musical performance during the Duke's dinner. He consented and performed something, in which he sang as air of his own composition in his sonorous baritone voice. The Duke, still angry with him for what was considered so unreasonable a demand and the want of respect in his answer, enquired at the conclusion of the air whether it was not possible to teach a donkey to sing in the same manner. To this Beer replied: "I am not capable of such a feat. If your Serene Highness is, you are the first Chapelmaster in the world." "You are a coarse fellow," replied the Duke. "I was that before-to-day," answered Beer.

As already mentioned, the *Urus murmurat* alone was published during Beer's life. In the second edition of it, the author offers to publish the following other works from his pen. 1. *German Moral Philosophy*; 2. *German Epigrammata*; 3. *Meditationes de iunctis Vita Variat*; 4. *The Snack-up Secretary*; 5. *The highly respected Mrs Jobbergrosp*; 6. *The honourable alchouse Catgut Scrapper*; 7. *Athenianum Monographia*; 8. *Musical Discourse; Second Part*. The first part alone was published, though not till 20 years after Beer's death—as already mentioned. Added as appendix is: *The Musical War*, etc., an essay which, according to Gerber (*Altes Lexicon*, Part I, page 97) had already been published in 1701 as a separate quarto; 9. *Oratoria reformat*; 10. *Logica Scoti examinata*; 11. *The poetical Disputant*; and 12. *Schola phonologica*.

Beer's early and unexpected death probably prevented all or most of these works from being published. At any rate, I am not in a position to say which were printed, or which were not. *The Musical Discourse* (Part I), however, he printed in octavo before me. They exhibit Beer's peculiar style and the state of musical matters at that period better than the words of anyone else could ever do. For this reason, two or three extracts will not be here unacceptable. I have changed nothing. Even the orthography is introduced.* In the preface, Beer defends himself for so frequently introducing Latin flourishes:

"In case, however, any musician reproaches me for having thrown in so much Latin, I, on the other hand, reproach him for not having learnt that language. For it is utterly impossible to avoid disputation in these Discourses, and disputation without Latin are a meal without wine or salt. It has long since been settled in the schools, that to dispute without Latin does not differ from galloping without a horse."

Now to the work itself.

(To be continued.)

* From the *New Britner Manuscripting*.

N.B.—Owing to a mistake in transmission, this article is misplaced. It ought to have immediately followed that on Antonio Salieri, at page 195.—Translator.

* It is, perhaps, superfluous to observe that peculiarities of spelling must generally, if not always, disappear in a translation.—Translator.

JOHN HULLAH SPEAKS.

Paper read (June 17, 1875) at the Society of Arts' Rooms, before the members of the Metropolitan Schools' Choral Society, by JOHN HULLAH.
(Continued from page 479.)

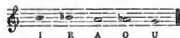
That all the sounds into which the octave can be divided should be represented by seven syllables: that one syllable should lend its name to two, and even five different sounds.—Sol, for instance, to G, G \sharp , and G \flat ; nay, even to D \sharp and D \flat —is theoretically absurdity which must continually present itself to the least thoughtful student; one for which I should have sought a remedy long ago had I found it to present any considerable practical difficulty. For I have never found students who understood the construction of the scales they were using in the least puzzled by the F \sharp of the key of G, or the B \flat in that of F, though they called the one *Fa* and the other *Si*. On the contrary, I fear that in many cases they sang these notes, however correctly, with less consciousness that they were sharp or flat than I should have desired; and I am about to propose a mode of modifying or altering the *sol-fa* syllables, not in the belief that such modification will save the student trouble, but with the certainty that it will oblige him to think, and prove to his teacher that he is thinking.

A proposal to modify the *sol-fa* syllables is, of course, no new thing; either in respect to the movable or immovable *Do*. Accidentals are not inevitably indicative of modulation. The minor mode continually calls them into requisition, so does the chromatic genre. And it is often difficult, sometimes impossible (from a single part), to say to which of these they owe their introduction. I find no uniformity in the modifications of these syllables which are used to help students in sounding accidentals. Some teachers change every syllable to be applied to a sharpened note to *Si* (I give the average continental pronunciation* to the vowels throughout this memorandum) to a flattened note to *La*. Others modify every syllable by changing its vowel to *I* or *A*; thus *Fa* becomes *Fi*, *Do* *Di*; while *Si* becomes *Si*, *Mi* *Ma*, and so on. Others have suggested or adopted altogether new names for these accidental sounds. In some schools of Germany *pa* is, or were used to sing to the letters of the alphabet, the syllable is being added to the name of each sharpened note (accidental or essential), and the syllable *ex* to each flattened note. The effect cannot be pleasing. Indeed, I believe the sibilant induced by it has driven it out of use.

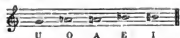
These contrivances, like all others I have known proposed, are faulty in one and the same particular: the modifications they induce in the syllables have no proportion one to another, they have no "basis in nature." Let me explain: the vowel sounds of speech are five in number, and five only:—

(Italian) I E A O U.
(English) E A A A O O O.

Many varieties of these exist even in English, *a fortiori* in foreign languages; but all other (so-called) vowels are the result of modification of one, or of the blending together of more than one of these. Moreover, the order in which I have placed them is the order in which they are producible by the elongation of that portion of the "vocal mechanism" most under our control, and most open to observation. *I* is produced at the very back of the mouth, *E* in the position next to it, *A* in the next, *O* in the next, and *U* at its most forward extremity; *I* is therefore the most acute (sharpest), and *U* the most grave (flattest) of the vowels. I am not prepared to state the difference between them in musical terms, but my fancy deceives me greatly if it is not easier to sing a succession of sounds, each a semitone apart, to vowels placed in this order, than to any vowels chosen haphazard. Let this accession be tried:—



Or the same inverted:—



* Not that approximate instances of these are wanting in English—*e.g.*, *donor*, *renuunt*, *miracle*, *father*, *solvant* (not solar), *laughing*, *emile*.

Be this as it may, these vowels have thus much in common with musical sounds: a semitone apart, that, if not as near together as vowels or sounds can be, there are no recognized modes of expressing close relation between either. When, in ascending, we quit C we reach C \sharp or D \flat ; when we quit I we reach E, &c.

I propose, therefore, to modify the *sol-fa* syllables, not as heretofore by an arbitrary, still less a uniform and therefore inconsistent rule, but by a rule based on the natural sequence of the vowel sounds, and therefore not uniform but consistent. This modification would consist in changing the vowel of each *sol-fa* syllable to the next above it, when the note with which it is associated is raised a semitone, and to that next below, when that note is lowered a semitone. Thus F \sharp being *Fa*, F \sharp would be *Fe*; B \flat being *Si*, B \flat would be *Se*. In the following table these modifications are given, with the exception of two. In the middle row of syllables is the unaltered diatonic septenary; in the upper is the same septenary altered by sharps and in the lower by flats.

<i>Do</i> ,	<i>Ri</i> ,	<i>Fi</i> ,	<i>So</i> ,	<i>La</i> .
<i>Do</i> ,	<i>Ri</i> ,	<i>Fi</i> ,	<i>So</i> ,	<i>La</i> .
<i>Do</i> ,	<i>Ri</i> ,	<i>Fi</i> ,	<i>So</i> ,	<i>La</i> .

Two syllables here, *Mi* and *Si*, are left without names for the sharpened notes sung to them. They both include the sharpest vowel of the vowel series. I propose to apply to them to each of the German system to which I have alluded as to add to each the letter *s*. Thus *Mi* \sharp would be *Mis*, and *Si* \sharp *Sis*.

For general practical purposes this scheme would suffice, and indeed more than suffice. But it is still incomplete.

Every note is liable, though not often likely, to be *doubly*, as well as singly, sharpened or flattened. I propose to add to the already sharpened syllables an *x*, to the flattened an *f*. Thus *Fi* *x* would be *Fex*, and *Si* \flat *Sif*. To *Mis* and *Sis* might be appended an *k*. Thus *Mi* *x* would be *Misk*, and *Si* *x* *Sisk*. It need not be said that these last syllables would very rarely indeed be called into requisition. For all practical purposes, I repeat, all the syllables needed for *sol-fa*ing vocal music of the highest order may be found in the foregoing table.

The modifications here proposed of the time honoured *sol-fa* syllables would, of course, be introduced to beginners one at a time, as the necessity for each arose. When a student was first made acquainted with the scales of F or G, he would be simply told to call B \flat no longer *Si* but *Se*, F \sharp no longer *Fa* but *Fe*, and so on. And in doing so he would show that he was conscious of the alteration, and knew what key he was singing in.

I invite teachers to give a fair trial to the plan I have here laid before them. Though most largely applicable to, and suggested by the shortcomings of, the fixed *Do* principle, it is still applicable to the movable *Do* principle. It entails no necessity for new books or exercises, and can be used in the practice of vocal music of every kind. J. H.

BERLIN.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

Herr von Hülsen, Intendant-General of the Theatres Royal, will visit Switzerland before his return from Niederwallut to this capital. He will make a short stay at Bayreuth, for the purpose of studying the arrangements in R. Wagner's Model Theatre. He is expected here about the middle of August.

The minor theatres are making hay, while the Royal Opera-house is closed, and the crop promises to be more than respectable. Kroll's Theatre is still very well attended. Herr Fessler, from the Ducal Theatre, Gotha, has made a hit as the Count, in *Il Trovatore*. He possesses a well-trained baritone, of good quality, and is far from bad as an actor. The tenor, also, Herr Staubesandt, is exceedingly popular. At the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater, Offenbach's *Mme l'Archiduc* has been brought out under the title of *Mme Herzog*, Mlle Geistinger sustaining the part of Mariette to the great satisfaction of the public. The Wolterdorf Theatre was opened, on the 3rd inst., for comedies, farces, and operettas, by a new manager, Herr Thomas, a low comedian.

EISENACH.—A successful performance of Bach's *Johannes-Passion* was recently given here, in aid of the funds for the Bach Memorial. The principal vocal artists were Herren von Milde, Borchers, and Mlle von Milde, from Weimar.

RICHARD WAGNER, AND HIS RING OF THE NIBLUNG.

(From the "New Quarterly Magazine.")

(Continued from page 480.)

A few words ought to be added in explanation of an episode at first sight so strange, not to say shocking, to our modern feeling, as the one just mentioned. The illicit love between Siegmund and Sieglinde is an important—nay, vital—ingredient of the whole story, because Siegfried, the offspring of their union, must have the unmixed blood of Valuing—that is, of Wotan the God—in his veins, in order to fulfil his mission. Thus, being unable to leave out the incident altogether, Wagner, we think, has acted rightly in treating it in the simple, open, and therefore chaste, spirit of the old Northern myth itself. The law which debar blood relations from mutual passion is essentially founded on the idea of the family. Animal nature knows of no such obstacle, and all the Cosmogonies which, like the Pentateuch, derive the procreation of the human race from one couple, imply intermarriages of brothers and sisters. The tragic guilt of Sieglinde, therefore, does not lie in the love for her brother, but in the breach of her marriage vow. The punishment of this guilt is now approaching rapidly.

The second act introduces us to Brynhild, Wotan's favourite daughter, among the Valkyries. The god bids her assist his son Siegmund in the impending combat with Hunding, and she joyfully assents to his command, when suddenly Fricka's chariot, drawn by two wethers, approaches, and the Valkyrie leaves her father to abide the brunt of his wife's indignation. The following scene reminds one somewhat of the domestic quarrels of the gods in Homer, but for its higher tone of tragic pathos. Fricka bitterly complains of the injury done to her, the protectress of marriage, by Siegmund and his sister. Firmly she demands of Wotan the punishment of his children. In vain the god pleads the power of love in favour of the culprits; in vain he reminds Fricka that, only compelled by force, Sieglinde became the wife of an unloved husband. Not even the hope of the gods' own preservation founded on Siegmund is of avail against the wrath of the goddess, and at last Wotan, in bitterest grief, has to bow down to established law, and seal his own doom, by relinquishing his chosen hero. "The curse of the god is heavy on him; he complains to Brynhild; Alberich's son, begotten without love by the enemy of love, will conquer the gods; and his own son, who alone could have averted the fate, is now to be sacrificed to Fricka's jealousy."

Brynhild, at Wotan's command, unwillingly descends to where Siegmund and Sieglinde are resting on their flight. The horn of the pursuing Hunding is heard in the distance; Sieglinde lies swooning in her brother's arms, when the shield-maiden greets the hero with the message of his approaching end, telling him at the same time that the joys of Walhall are awaiting him. But Siegmund will hear of no joy that would separate him from his love; rather than leave her he will die with her, and is on the point of piercing her unconscious bosom with his sword, when the Valkyrie, moved by the ardour of his love, promises him the victory even against the will of All-father. The ensuing battle-scene is conceived in the grandest dramatic spirit. Siegmund and Hunding rush towards each other on the height of a steep mountain nearly covered by dark thunder-clouds. In the intervals of the storm, Sieglinde's tremulous voice is heard calling for her lover. At last the two warriors meet, and Siegmund, encouraged by Brynhild's voice, is lifting his arm for a deadly stroke, when in a flash of lightning Wotan is discovered standing over Hunding, and protecting him with the spear into which the laws of the universe are cut in eternal runes. Siegmund's sword breaks on the outstretched spear, and Hunding pierces his defenceless breast—but not to enjoy his victory; for he also sinks dead to the ground before the contemptuous wave of Wotan's hand, to bring to Fricka the message of her triumph. Brynhild has lifted Sieglinde on her horse, and disappears with her amongst the clouds. But the wrath of the disobedient god pursues her.

In vain she spurs her horse, Graue, to the utmost speed; in vain she implores the protection of her sister-Valkyries. Wotan's voice is heard nearer and nearer, nothing can shield her from his revenge. At last she resolves to save only the helpless woman

under her protection. She shows Sieglinde the way to a dense forest, there to seek shelter, and, giving her the pieces of Siegmund's sword, she bids her keep them for the child in her bosom; after which she stands firmly, though tremblingly, abiding her fate. Wotan's fury is at first boundless. He threatens to bind Brynhild in magic slumber, and lay her by the wayside unprotected, and bare of her godhood, to become the slave of the first comer. But when the maid sinks at his feet imploring his forgiveness, and appealing to the voice in his own bosom, which spoke for Siegmund, the god's wrath begins to subside. He cannot revoke his sentence, but he can and will protect his favourite child from dishonour. As he closes Brynhild's eyes with his kiss, he describes with his spear a circle round the rock where they stand, and at his summons Loge, returned to his primary form, shoots up in a mighty wall of flickering flame surrounding the bed of the sleeping maiden. Only he who dares to stride through the fire, only the best and bravest, shall possess Brynhild. Wotan's leave-taking of the Valkyrie and the breaking forth of the flames, are illustrated musically by one of those marvellous effects of graphically-decorative writing which prove Wagner's vocation as a dramatic composer quite as clearly as the higher strains of his tender or passionate imaginings.

(To be continued.)

One at Just.

I met my love in spring-time,
When all was fresh and young,
When buds with joy were bursting,
While sweet the skylark sung;
New thoughts, new joys, new feelings,
Did then the bosom move:
It was the happy spring-time
When first I met my love.

I met my love in summer,
When earth was graced with flowers,
Then, in unclouded brightness
Flew on the gladness hours;
No broodings of to-morrow,
No trouble, no alloy,
There was no room for sorrow
When hearts were full of joy.

I met my love in autumn,
Of many-changing hue,
And sadly marked those changes—
Could love be changing too?
Would he prove false and fickle?
Change as an April day?
Could he e'er think to leave us
When we would have him stay?

I met my love in winter:
The leaves were seen and dead,
The winds awoke from slumber,
And dark the sky o'er-head;
But love withstood the changes,
And cared not for the blast,
He drew our hearts more closely,
And made us one at last.

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CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

(First London season of two months opens Saturday, September 11, at the Princess's Theatre.)

The opening opera is likely to be Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*, to be followed by Balfe's *Sir of Rochelle*, Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* (with the additional music composed for the French version played at Paris), Cherubini's *Paquita* (*Les deux Jouvines*), and other important works including a new opera by Cagnoni, founded on *The Porter's Knot*. Miss Irene Horsey is engaged as *prima donna assoluta*, and the *prima baritona* is Mr Santley, who will sustain the leading character in an opera by Cagnoni, Mr Carroli is first violin, and the orchestra includes Mr Betjemann (second), Mr Zerbini (viola), Mr Edward Howell (violinello), Mr Reynolds (double bass), Mr Swenden (flute), and other eminent artists. The *corps de ballet* is to be directed by M. Espinasse, and Mr Arthur Howell will be stage-manager.—(Communicated.)

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The twenty-ninth season of the Covent Garden Opera came to an end on Saturday night, in presence of a crowded and brilliant audience. The opera selected for the occasion was Meyerbeer's *Étoile du Nord*, with Madame Adelina Patti as Catherine and M. Faure as Peter. The two leading characters thus represented would alone suffice to attract the public. A more picturesque delineation of the romantic heroine, who wins the heart and subsequently becomes the wife of Peter "the Great," than that of Madame Patti has not been witnessed, and, indeed, could hardly be imagined. But we have so often dwelt upon its many remarkable traits that it would be superfluous to describe it again. Enough that Madame Patti was never more emphatically the Catherine of Catharines. Her performance was more than ever brilliant, and impressed the audience as vividly as of yore. No Peter could be better matched with such a Catherine than the Peter of that greatest of all French lyric comedians, M. Faure—a singer no less than an actor, fitted to rank with the highest. This, however, has long been unanimously recognized; and what we have said is merely the reiteration of an old story. The other characters were sustained before Signor Vianesi conducting the orchestra with his accustomed promptitude and skill. The royal box was occupied by the Prince and Princess of Wales and the two young Princes, Victor and George, who remained till the conclusion of the second act. The National Anthem was given at the end of the opera, the solo part being taken by Madame Patti, who, as she well deserved, was cheered with enthusiasm.

The remainder of the week was chiefly devoted to "benefit" nights, the "beneficiaires" (to employ the accepted term) being Mlle Zaré Thalberg, Madame Adelina Patti, and Mlle Emma Albani—a trio of operatic "stars" not easy to rival, and of which Mr. Tyte has fair reason to be proud. The first chose *Don Giovanni*, the second *La Traviata*, the third *Faust*; and, as the Zerlina of Mlle Thalberg, the Violetta of Madame Patti, and the Marguerite of Mlle Albani are familiar to all opera-goers, a mere record of the fact will suffice. We reserve for a future occasion our general observations on the season—one of the most uniformly successful in the history of the Royal Italian Opera.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

With the exception of *Mignon*—one performance of which, with so poetical and charming a Mignon as Madame Christine Nilsson in the theatre, would at least be looked forward to—there have been only repetitions since our last reference to Mr. Mapleson's theatre. We need not again discuss the merits of this opera, which many amateurs regard as the best of its composer's, and which in any case is one of the worthiest additions to the repertory of the Paris Opéra Comique, already enriched by the masterpieces of Boieldieu, Hérold, Donizetti, Adolphe Adam, Meyerbeer, and Auber. We may say, nevertheless, that the genial and sparkling music of M. Ambrose Thomas pleased as much as ever, and the embodiment of Goethe's innocent child heroine, by Madame Nilsson, more than ever. No wonder, for nothing in its way could be more perfect. Mlle Singelin's Filina, too, is precisely what it ought to be. The music suits her flexible voice to admiration, and with what natural vivacity she acts her part need not be said. The performance of *Don Giovanni* deserves a passing word, if only on account of the Elvira of Madame Nilsson, one of the most highly-finished assumptions that be remembered. The deserted spouse, as portrayed by this gifted artist, is always a personage of conspicuous interest. Her by-play alone, when Leporello (Herr Behrens), in "Madamina, il catalogo," tells the story of Don Giovanni's conquests, is an exhibition of mimetic art for which we have few parallels. Madame Nilsson does not stand, as is too often the case, listless and indifferent, while the unscrupulous slave of a profligate master dwells with studied contemptuousness upon her wrongs. On the contrary, she is no lay figure, but a sensitive and outraged woman, upon whom each sarcastic sentence produces its effect. Her execution of the floral air, "Mi tradi quell' alma ingrata"—which, by the way, does not belong to the original score when *Don Giovanni* was composed for Prague—is remarkable alike for ease and dramatic significance. In short, if we speak of a "model" Elvira, we can only refer to the Elvira of Madame Nilsson. About the superb Donna Anna of Mlle

Tietjens, and her magnificent vocal declamation in the great scene, ending with the "benedicta," "Or sai che l'indigno," there is nothing to be added to what has been written over and over again. How she was applauded may well be understood. Mlle Varese, by her Zerlina, has added another to her successes. The Don Giovanni was Signor de Reschi; Signor Gillandi played Don Ottavio, retaining, as every Don Ottavio should retain, the delicious soliloquy, "Dalla sua pace." Signor Zoboli was a good Masetto, and Signor Costa, an excellent Commendatore. That the overture and all the orchestral accompaniments were admirably played, under the direction of Sir Michael Costa, may be taken for granted.

On Saturday night the *Barbieri di Sivilgia* was repeated, with Mlle Chapuy as Rosina, the reception of the clever French singer being even warmer than before. In the Lesson Scene, besides the "Arragouste," from *Le Domino Noir*, she interpolated the waltz from M. Gounod's *Mirville*, which last she was compelled to repeat. This lady is an unquestionably valuable acquisition to Mr. Mapleson's company. Extra performances have been given during the current week—the *Huguenots*—with Madame Nilsson as Valentine for the only time this season (Monday night); *Lucrezia Borgia*—for the "benefit" of Mlle Tietjens (Tuesday night); *Lohengrin*—eighty-third time (Wednesday); *Lucia di Lammermoor*—with Mlle Varese (Thursday); and the *Nozze di Figaro*—with Mlle Anna de Belocca as Cherubino (Friday). The last performance of the season is to be given this evening, the opera selected being *Lohengrin*.

QUE NE SUIS-JE LA FLEUR.*

MIGNON.

Que ne suis-je la fleur qui croît au bord de l'onde
Et ne souffrit jamais des feux brûlants du jour,
Que le courant rapide emporte loin du monde
Dans un autre séjour.

Que ne suis-je la fleur qui naît sur la montagne
Et ne doit respirer que l'air vivifiant;
Se tenant près du ciel et que l'aigle accompagne
D'un vol éblouissant.

Que ne suis-je la fleur du rocher solitaire,
Au milieu de la mer toujours battu des flots,
Clemens inaccessible aux enfants de la terre
Et même aux matelots.

Que ne suis-je la fleur de toute solitude,
Pour naître et pour mourir sous le regard de Dieu
Après avoir vécu, loin de la multitude,
Dans un modeste lieu.

Que ne suis-je la fleur inconnue, ignorée,
Dont la beauté se perd avec les sables du désert,
Dont tout parfum se livre à la brise éplorée
Dans le sol entr'ouvert.

Que ne suis-je la fleur au fond du précipice—
Qui jamais le courroux de tous les éléments
Ne peut dévorer; à l'abri du caprice,
Des brusques ouragans.

Que ne suis-je la fleur de la forêt immense
Où l'arbre toujours vert tempère les rayons
D'un splendide soleil, quand le jour recommence,
Que nous lui nous plétons.

Que ne suis-je la fleur qui naît au fond des mers,
Autres mystérieux, où la rague en furie
Ne peut avoir accès, où jamais les hivers
Portent fléau.

* Copyright.

WIESBADEN.—A short time since, Herr Theodor Wachtel signed an engagement with Herr Neumann, manager of the Stadt- und Hoftheater, New York, agreeing to sing in that city from the 1st October next, to the 15th June, 1876, as well as in Philadelphia during the Grand International Exhibition. He is to receive half the gross nightly receipts, and will first appear at the Academy of Music, which holds 3,000 spectators, and, when full, produces 9,000 dollars. Herr Emil Brunker, the theatrical agent here, who arranged the terms of this engagement, is also charged with the task of forming an operatic company to sing with Herr Wachtel.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CHARLES MOTTLE PINK.—The last published Sonata of Beethoven was the C minor (Op. 111).

DR HENGE.—The best authorities are Sir Suppinaloles and Mr Cunningham Boosey. The "Lay" about King Mark was composed by Sir Dinadam.

DR SMOOP.—No. Schubert was in his 31st year when he died, Mozart in his 37th, and Mendelssohn in his 39th. With reference to Seibelst Dr Smood is all abroad.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD Subscribers will receive four pages extra, and again, from time to time, as expediency may suggest.

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1875.

MEYERBEER.

WE merely call attention to an autograph (*fac-simile*) letter from this celebrated composer, which will be found in another page. It contains nothing of artistic moment; but the fact of its being Meyerbeer's will suffice to interest all our readers.

In next number a letter from the late M. W. Balfe will appear, under similar conditions; in the number following, one from Hector Berlioz—and so on.

The Tri-logical Tetralogy at Bayreuth.

THE rehearsals of Wagner's *Nibelungen-Tetralogie* have at length begun in earnest. Herr Unger, the tenor selected as the temporary representative of Siegfried, has been here for some time studying his part. Herr Albert Niemann, Mesdres Friederike Grun, and Friedrich-Materna will have arrived before these lines appear in print. Herr Brandt, the celebrated stage machinist, from the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Darmstadt, is busily engaged putting up the machinery. The musicians will not arrive until wanted for the general orchestral rehearsals, which are fixed for the beginning of August. Those gentlemen will receive a daily sum of 5 florins. Some of the inhabitants lodge them gratuitously, in return for the privilege of attending, in due time, the grand general rehearsals, on the same moderate terms. A matter of great moment was settled a short time since. This was the weighty subject of costume. Professor Dupler, of Berlin, brought the principal sketches—the *Figurinen*, as they are termed—executed in colour, for all the characters in the four musical dramas. Wagner was delighted with the manner in which his poetical conceptions have been carried out; for the task was one beset with difficulty. The glittering forms of the Rhine Nymphs, in their long, flowing garments, with the reeds, water-lilies, and other strange productions of the mysterious river-depths, surround the Walkyres, with their winged helmets, whence their blonde locks flow down, and their formidable equipment. Then, too, we have Wotan, armed *cap-a-pier*, with his ruinic spear, and, under his armour, a blue mantle, allegorically representing the canopy of heaven; Siegfried, the young hero; and Alberich, the odious dwarf. All are in especially

characteristic costumes, of which, so to speak, every inch and every touch are scrupulously exact. Wagner may esteem himself fortunate in meeting with such an interpreter of the creatures of his imagination. Besides supplying the sketches, Dupler will himself see that they are truthfully carried out. The greater part will be made in Berlin. A small number, however, will be prepared at Meiningen, where, thanks to the Duke's taste, ingenious costumers abound, especially for the imitation of antique weapons, metal vessels, and ornaments. But there is a question apart—namely, that of lodging some 2,000 visitors, exclusive of these professionally engaged, expected next year. Bayreuth is not a large town, and just now would experience considerable difficulty in finding accommodation for such an addition to its regular population. It has, therefore, been proposed to erect a grand hotel, at the estimated cost of 220,000 florins, or £22,000. The Corporation have offered to subscribe one-half of this sum; and, if the remainder can be raised in shares, or even only guaranteed, building operations will commence immediately. The Bayreuth Palace are to be prepared for Princely visitors. *Gifford Scoop.*

Bayreuth, July 16.

DR HANSLICK ON THE GRAND OPERA, PARIS.

IN the Vienna *Nene freie Presse*, Dr Edward Hanslick, the celebrated Austrian critic, gives a bright and animated description of that absurdly pompous monstrosity, the new Grand Operahouse in Paris. We quote the first half of his letter—reserving the continuation till our next issue:—

I have reserved to the last my opinion of the Grand Opera. I wanted to wait until I was a little less dazzled by its magnificence and a little more edified by its performances. I found, however, small inducements to visit it often. You might live five months in Paris, and yet see, in exactly five evenings, the entire repertory of the New Operahouse. Since it was opened on the 5th January, 1875 (the anniversary of the bombardment of Paris), only five operas have been produced: *La Juive*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Hamlet*, *La Favorite*, and, to wind up the list, *Les Huguenots*. Independent ballets, filling the entire evening, are no longer given, but Donizetti's *Favorite*, on account of its shortness, has often two acts of an old ballet, *La Source*, tacked to it. The "majestic slowness" which, from time immemorial, always distinguished the Paris Grand Opera, like some indelible characteristic, or like a kind of priestly consecration, is now greater than ever, thanks to the necessity of new scenery. Our own Imperial Operahouse in Vienna produced, during the first five months of its existence, three times as many operas as the Grand Operahouse, Paris, in the same period, and that, too, with a company employed (alternately in the old and new house) every day. There are only four performances a week at the Paris Operahouse, three of them being included in the subscription. That the management does not make up its mind to give at least a fifth, is something surprising, as the public flock in an extraordinary manner to the performances, and every place is taken a week in advance. But those who purchase a box or a stall are guaranteed only a particular evening, and not a particular opera. It is the new house and not the performance which, for the present, attracts all attention. Let M. Halanzier give what he chooses, his theatre, provided there is some brilliantly lighted music between the acts, will be filled to the ceiling—golden days for a manager. A regular take of 19,000 francs, which rises, when the subscription list is suspended, to 21 or 22,000; and, in addition to this, an annual State grant of nearly a million! With the opening of the new house, however, the French Government adopted the sensible plan of regulating this grant according to a sliding scale; the grant is cut down immediately the receipts exceed a certain sum.

The architecture of the new Operahouse, and the mode in which the edifice has been decorated inside with frescoes, statues, and mosaics, has often been described at length. A description of all this may the more properly be omitted here, as I am not competent to speak authoritatively on such matters, and can do no

more than record the impression made on myself individually. The new theatre is a magnificent structure, of which the Parisians have just cause to be proud. It was fourteen years building, or double the time required for the erection of the Vienna Opera-house. The brilliancy of the internal arrangements eclipses the effect of the edifice itself, the principal front of which appears rather crushed and pinched up, though the repeated contemplation of it continually reveals fresh beauties. The only objects that struck me as objectionable were the two gigantic golden genii on the attica, each of which raises one arm and both wings perpendicularly towards the sky; and, with its outlines, totally deficient in repose, and visible from a great distance, pursues the spectator in all directions. Directly he enters, the visitor is struck by one of the principal beauties of the new theatre: the large dimensions of all the localities attached to the auditorium, among them being the spacious grand vestibule, with the statues, in a sitting posture, of celebrated composers; the imposing crush room, supported on columns; and the entrance to the pay-places, where the attendants, decked out in many official chains, preside with the dignity of judges over all who come in or go out. As with us in Vienna, the magnificent staircase, with its broad flights of steps, constitutes the gem of the building, and after this comes the *foyer*, or saloon. The latter is far larger and more brilliant than the one in Vienna, and so lofty that the visitor dislocated his neck in the vain attempt to make out, on the ceiling painted by Baudry, the connection between the various figures tumbling and sprawling over each other. You fancy you will be blinded by the wall streaming with gold, the chandeliers sparkling with their hundred lights, and the gigantic mirrors, which indefinitely reflect all the gorgeousness of the confused mass. Cloyed with this glittering magnificence, you turn from the grand saloon into the *Avant-Foyer*. The walls of this are decorated with mythological pictures executed in costly mosaic; it seems as though a piece of the Byzantine splendour of St Mark's had been mislaid and found its way here. Mosaic is the special fancy of Garnier, the architect of the theatre. He was obliged to send for workmen from Venice, as there were none in Paris who understood this branch of art. Though marvellously carried out, these mosaics strike one in their present situation as a motiveless improvisation. Indeed, the whole, generally, is, to my taste, too luxurious, too heavy with gold, and, in a word, too loud in colour, especially for a theatre, in which the accessory portions, though beautiful and convenient, should not be the principal consideration, and attract everyone's entire attention. Such decoration strikes me as greatly overstepping the limits of artistic beauty, and as suggesting the swagger of the spendthrift. We think first of the millionaire and only afterwards of the artist. The staircase of the Vienna Opera-house, with its white marble and fine architectural proportions, and our *foyer*, with its cheerful elegance, and its highly poetical frescoes, are not so dazzling in their effect, but they are more stately and noble. The mural paintings of our never-to-be-forgotten Schwind illustrate well-known scenes from the most celebrated operas which have made their mark in Vienna. It is something of this kind, something historical, which I grievously miss in the pictorial decoration of the Paris Opera-house. Mythology, nothing save mythology, reigns there. From the Muses (reduced to eight because funds for the ninth were forgotten) to the large ceiling-pictures of "Harmony and Melody," "Apollo's Victory over Marsyas," etc., naught but allegorical and mythological figures! There would have been plenty of room left for these, even if one hall, or one saloon, had been devoted to the great and important persons and events in whom and in which the history of French opera is richer than any other. Heavy magnificence, bristling with gold, characterised, also, the auditorium, especially the proscenium and the stage-boxes. Such a number of massive gold reliefs, gold lyres, gold trumpet-blowing genii, etc., produces an effect which oppresses the spectator, while it diverts his attention. Much of this, may, though in time, be diminished, partly from the force of habit among the public, and partly by the gradual softening down of all the glitter itself.

Dr Hanslick has been staying for some time in Paris, and his correspondence to the *Press* (like all he writes) is well worth perusal.

Christine Nilsson's Concert.

At a meeting of the committee, on Tuesday, July 16th, held at the Westminster Training School and Home for Nurses, 8, Broad Sanctuary, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—

"Resolved, that the best thanks of the committee be given to Madame Christine Nilsson for her generous exertions in favour of the Westminster Nurses Training School and Home, and that His Grace the Duke of Westminster, as the chairman of the committee, be requested, in acknowledging her cheque for £960 17s. 6d., to convey this expression of their gratitude."

June 23rd.

"Westminster."

CHRISTINE NILSSON'S VALENTINE.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

Although Mlle Tietjens has a sort of property in the rôle of Valentine (*Les Huguenots*), at Her Majesty's Opera, it has been the custom for a year or two past to put forward Madame Nilsson as an occasional representative of the hapless heroine. This was done again on Monday night, and, as usual, excited a great deal of interest among those who have marked the various stages of Madame Nilsson's progress as what is technically called a dramatic soprano. For reasons obvious enough, the part of Valentine has come to be regarded as the touchstone of aspirants to a certain position on the lyric stage. During many seasons Mlle Tietjens, at the one house, and Madame Leca at the other, held it as their own, unchallenged by rivals, since when, however, Madame Patti has added it to her varied *répertoire*, Madame Nilsson following in her steps. Why not? It is wholly a mistake to suppose that Valentine must needs have a representative of the robust school, for though one act makes great demands upon the artist's powers of endurance, they are not more, as we have often seen, than a woman of average, nay slight *physique*, can satisfy. Anyhow, we are glad to have experience now and then of the Valentine of Madame Patti, and not less pleased when, as on Monday night, we once more meet with that of Madame Nilsson. Respecting the general performances of *Les Huguenots* there is little need to speak at length. It was not a good performance, but rather one of those hazardous affairs to which Meyerbeer's *chef d'œuvre* seems condemned, in consequence, perhaps, of its own unmanageable greatness. * * * The star of the occasion—need it be said?—was Madame Nilsson, and she shone brilliantly enough to make up for whatever was deficient in the light of others. At no previous time has the Swedish artist so well asserted her genius, or her claim to assume the character of Meyerbeer's heroine. The embodiment stood forward definite as to conception, clear as to outline, and so to details most skilfully elaborated. During the scene of the conspiracy, every facial expression and movement was a study, revealing careful thought, with strict subordination to the general idea of the part. Madame Nilsson's Valentine is naturally gentle and affectionate, ill-fitted to move amid the scenes of a St Bartholomew; but firm as a rock and bold as a lioness when love kindles the springs of action. The change, therefore, from the shrinking witness of the plot, to the resolute heroine of the great scene with Raoul was most marked and impressive; while throughout the whole of that splendid *André* Madame Nilsson showed consummate judgment and sense of climax. Abandoning herself, apparently, to the natural emotions of the situation, she never forgot the highest art, and it was almost with a sense of relief to strained nerves and over-excited feelings that the audience saw the curtain fall. A nobler performance—we say it emphatically—the lyric stage rarely shows. As Madame Nilsson sang not less well than she acted, it may be imagined how profuse were the audience in marks of sympathy and admiration. Call after call, amid ringing cheers from every part of the house, asserted the artist's triumph to be one of no ordinary character, as indeed it was. With the laurel of this great success upon her brow, Madame Nilsson, though she plays twice more in *Lohegrin*, took a formal farewell till next year.

MIDDE ALBANI left London at the end of the season, in order to fulfil a five weeks' engagement at Venice. She returns to England for the Norwich Festival in September, after which she joins the troupe of Sir J. Benedict, who intends to have an opera season in the provinces, lasting until Christmas.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

The opera concerts at the Albert Hall, which have been among the leading incidents of the now waning musical season, came to an end on Saturday afternoon last, and, like its predecessor, was entirely supported by the artists of Mr Mapleson's company. The first section of the programme had the independent distinction of being wholly confined to *moreaux* from *Lohengrin*, and though nothing of an operatic kind so ill bears transference from the stage to the concert-room as a work of this peculiar school, the specimens given were listened to, it may be presumed, with a natural deference by those who had not visited the theatre, and probably with a special interest, as being exemplifications of the new forms of dramatic music, which are to prevail in future—if the creed of Wagner is adopted. The extracts were the best, if not the only ones that could have been chosen, and they could not possibly have been heard under more favourable circumstances, for, with but one exception, they were executed by the same principals who have been concerned in the work at Her Majesty's Opera—the same chorus singers and the same instrumentalists; and our readers will know with what exemplary perfection these various artists executed their superlatively difficult task upon the stage, and, consequently, how satisfactory would their efforts necessarily be in the Albert Hall. The selection consisted of the solo and chorus when *Lohengrin* comes in his boat drawn by the swan, and the effective quintet, "O sommo dio," from the first act; the duet between Ortrud and Elsa, and the chorus of nobles and retainers, from the second act; and the Bridal Chorus from the third. Little need is there to say how efficiently these several pieces were rendered. Mme Tietjens, Signor Campanini, Signor Galassi, and Herr Behrens assumed, so to speak, their original characters, the only change being in that of Elsa, in which Madame Christine Nilsson was superseded by Mlle Ferni, and it may be added with no material disadvantage to the general result. The *finale* to the first act was placed at the close of the selection, as being, probably, from its breadth and effectiveness, a more suitable climax to what had gone before than either of the other *finales*. The chorus singers discharged their multiplex and intractable duties with precision and vigour that cannot be too highly praised; and the instrumentalists, too, under the direction of Mr W. G. Cousins, were entitled to a similar measure of approbation, for their close and masterly playing throughout, and notably of the introductions to the first and third acts—evinced an excellence, as in the case of the chorus singers, that could only come from the most intimate acquaintance with the strange and untoward characteristics of the music. This passing taste of *Lohengrin* gave, no doubt, some pleasure to the large and gallantly dressed company assembled to hear it; but it could not but be observed that it touched but few sympathies, and that what applause was vouchsafed was reserved chiefly for the end, though what proportion of it was intended for the singers, and what for the music, must for ever remain unknown quantities. The second part of the programme awakened a more visible interest, much of it dealt with matters by no means cast in the Wagner mould. Madame Christine Nilsson, who had not before appeared, released the pent-up enthusiasm of the audience by her admirable excecution of Verdi's "A tees in note," and, subsequently, "Voi che sapete," in the former of which she was loudly cheered, as was also the case in the inevitable and never-failing "Teco il serba," from *Il Talismano*, which she sang with Signor Campanini. Her great contemporary, Mlle Tietjens, was called, and recalled after her splendid performance of the waltz of Ardi; and in the course of the morning the accomplished Mlle Varsi, who has now so deservedly become one of the public's best favourites, sang the bolero from the *Lespi Gioielli* with her usual attractive skill. That the gentleman's song from *Donizetti* should be given by Mme Trebelli-Bettini in a way that might fairly be termed faultless, would, doubtless, be conceded by every one who had the privilege of hearing her. No indistinct success, on the other hand, befell Signor Fancelli in Flotow's "M'appari," which he rendered with such remarkable taste and expression, and which he rendered with such unexpected excellence, in short, as to excite a determined mandate of reprobation; and in the same sentence may be placed Signor Giliand, in whose hands Mozart's effeminate *aria*, "Il mio tesoro," fared something more than prettily. Signor Catalani and Signor Castelmayer were likewise in the programme, the one sing-

ing "Largo al factotum," the other the *aria* from *La Juive*, "Sa il rigor." The contributions of the orchestra to the miscellaneous act were Nicolai's overture to the *Merry Wives of Windsor* and Mendelssohn's *Wedding March*. D. W. H.

BRIGHTON.

(From a Correspondent.)

We are now at the very antipodes of the season; yet this queen of watering-places is tolerably well filled with people, but not with the people; for though Brighton has two or three periods of the year when different classes of individuals resort to it, there is but one period which is styled the season. Consequently I have but little to report that will interest the readers of the *Musical World*. Those very clever mimics and exponents of some of the things needing to be held up to ridicule—the Wardroppers—are here. The concerts at the Aquarium draw good audiences, and there is at present a singer of whom, if you have not already heard, you will doubtless hear in the course of the autumn. The *concerto* in this town speak loudly of the beauty and the freshness of her voice, her fine execution, and her musically skill, which is said to be a *merveille*. It is Miss Catherine Penna, and it is said that she has just come from the sunny south. But it must be something different from blue sky and clear atmosphere that makes a musician or a singer: it must be natural aptitude and good training, else all students from Italy would be artists. The air does not make a vocalist any more than good pen make a good writer. This reminds me of an anecdote almost good enough to belong to the category "Se non è vero è ben trovato." I can vouch for its truth. A director of a public company, possessed of a clerk whose writing resembled "copper-plate," was looking over the ledger kept by the skilful individual, and, being wonderfully struck by the beauty of the writing, said, "Pray, Mr— what pen do you use?" "Why, Sir," was the reply, "they are some I buy in Bernersley, ten a penny." "Oh," said he, "as it would be very inconvenient to me now just to go to Bernersley, would you kindly give me a few of them?"

Leaving this digression, I ought to say that, having heard Miss Catherine Penna, I can fully endorse what the people say, and am of opinion that she is indebted less to climate than to natural aptitude for the unquestionable gifts that she possesses. Sir Michael Costa and Sir Julius Benedict have heard her, and, I have been given to understand, have both pronounced a very high estimate of her abilities.

We are looking forward here for the summer, which is very late in coming, or, if come, has very soon departed. Bathing-machine proprietors are not doing well; and bootmen stand about with their hands lost in the depths of their large trouser-pockets, and if asked why they stand idle, would, I am persuaded, plead an answer very well known—"Because no man hath hired us." Nor, if this weather continue, is it very likely that they will have a prosperous season. People seem to prefer brisk walking, and, in some cases, a seat at the fireside with a novel in their hand, to water enjoyment, though it is the middle of July. One gentleman, wrapped in his great coat, a day or two since met a friend, and, to be relieved of a doubt, he had in his mind, said—"Is this hot water or next winter?" "It's neither one nor the other," replied the friend, "it's this winter."

During my stay here I hope to be able to find topics for writing about more acceptable than that of the weather, and my only excuse for introducing the subject now is its seemingly perverse conduct; otherwise I fancy you would exclaim—"I've heard speak of the weather before." If, however, its perversity extend itself to the other side of the globe, and in consequence, or even in despite of it, induce a certain lull there, known as the "Empress of the North" to return from those regions, and to let us once more hear those *perfect strings of pearls*, the remembrance of which still hangs upon the sensitive ear like a "thing of beauty" which is a "joy for ever," I shall smile again, plunge into the "cold, cold sea" with delight, and make an inward vow for "wax" as my German friend will persistently call it) never to object to the frolics of the weather again. A. B.

Old Ship Hotel, 14th July.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—Mad. Mallinger has appeared at the Stadttheater as Rosa, in *Der Freischütz*.

MUSICAL PRECOCITY.*

(Continued from page 471.)

The above cases of precocity are scarcely a tenth of those with which we have met in our studies, and which we might have cited. And who knows how many we have missed? How many, too, were missed by the historians and the writers whom we have consulted?†

Having established thus much, the conclusion to which we come is that: taken one by one, the cases of which we are treating cannot fail to excite our wonder, but that, when studied in history where we come across them at every page, and where they are nearly continuous, our wonder entirely ceases, and it does so to make way for a very different feeling.

With history in hand, then, what really surprises us is not the abundance and excellence of the natural tendencies, nor their precocious development, but the fact of their bearing such mediocre and meagre fruit, and of their finally resulting nearly always in nothing.

This is a most appropriate place for observing that anyone who studies the history of music is struck no less frequently and no less strongly by cases of an opposite kind, namely, cases in which he finds musicians, not simply capable and enjoying a fair reputation, but illustrious and truly great, princes of art, and, as they are called, geniuses, whose gifts and natural aptitude remained as though latent, all through their childhood and youth, and even longer.

Grétry, for instance, now considered one of the fathers of French comic opera, and whose works, *Richard*, *Zémire et Azor*, and *L'Ami de la Maison*, are universally esteemed masterpieces, entered as a boy the choir of the cathedral at Liège, and was sent away almost immediately, as possessing no aptitude for the study of music. When he entered Caciali's school at Rome, some years afterwards, the same sentence was again pronounced on him.

A sentence in no way differing from this was that uttered by Rey on another prince of French comic opera, Berton, composer of *Aline*, *Françoise de Fitz*, and *Montano et Stéphanie*.

Of Pietro Guglielmi (the father), when he was a pupil at the Conservatory of the Madonna di Loreto at Naples, it was said for some time by his fellow-students, and occasionally by some of his masters as well, that he had the ears of an ass! Yet Pietro Guglielmi, author of a hundred operas, of which forty, or more, were highly popular, was the competitor and emulator of Paisiello and Cimarosa.

In Beethoven's case, as a pupil and a boy, no sign or indication of natural aptitude at all unusual was perceived by Van der Eken, Neefe, Haydn, Salieri, or Albrechtsberger.

Besides Bérceusow and Onslow, each of whom gained for himself a celebrated name, Rameau, Handel, and Gluck were slow in developing their talent. They were not the great artists and composers whom we now so much admire until the appearance of works which they wrote at a mature age, Rameau, when he was forty-nine; Handel, when he was forty; and Gluck, when he was fifty-seven.

How shall we explain these anomalies and results, so contrary to all promises and expectations?

In our opinion (but we are ready to retract if proved to be wrong), they can be explained only in one manner, which is by putting forward the fact that, in order to judge a person's natural gifts and aptitude for music, we start, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, from an erroneous and superlatively false principle.

By the public (and as to the public, they are not so much to blame), by musicians, and even by teachers, by directors of Conservatories and schools, attention is paid only to the material and

mechanical part of art. Of the other elements, which we will call æsthetic, people do not even speak.

To cultivate the art of music we all agree in considering that a good ear; a proper appreciation of rhythm; a quick and tenacious memory; and, according to the particular case, active hands, or a robust, well-sounding voice of extensive compass, are absolutely necessary qualities, and that, without them, no one can become anything, no matter what he may do, or how he may study.

But, when this has been said, recognized, and admitted, we must further say, recognize, and admit that all the above qualities put together do not possess the slightest artistic value unless they are accompanied, fertilized, and rendered valuable by the æsthetic faculties; by a noble and elevated mind; by a lively and just sentiment of the Beautiful; by warmth of feeling; by a fervid imagination; and by a fondness for poetry.

From our not noticing how different is the nature of the mechanical from that of the æsthetic faculties, and from our not troubling ourselves about the latter, while we foster the former, there results the exceedingly frequent appearance of precocious children, and, notwithstanding this, the continually increasing infertility of the schools; the scarcity, likewise continually on the increase, of real artists, and the crowd, so numerous and compact, so restless, so hurtful to art, and yet deservng our pity, of the unsuccessful, the mediocre, and the incapable.

We have gone through the twenty or thirty plans put forth, these last few years, for the re-organization and reform of our Conservatories; but we have never found a word nor a hint referring to the necessity of distinguishing one kind of aptitude from another. When their ear, their memory, their hands, and their voice have been tried, the candidates are admitted without more ado.

To convince ourselves of the artistic worthlessness of mechanical aptitude, when, as we have already said, it is alone, we need merely observe that it may very well be found, and that it actually is found—as proved by countless examples—in persons who are really born antagonistic to the muse; persons who do not feel, who do not understand, and who do not like either music or any other fine art—and that it may be, and is, found in persons devoid of the most common and vulgar mental gifts, and even, we are inclined to say, in idiots and cretins; such was the case with the Boy Tom, who was blind into the bargain, and who, some few years ago, created such a sensation in Paris, London, and the principal cities of America.*

There is, too, this fact to be added: in everything relating to musical mechanism, persons of mediocre and vulgar minds make frequently great and rapid progress, of which their masters are often as proud as they are. But, on observing closely, we find that all this great progress is due to the fact that their attention is not diverted by their own feelings and ideas, that they are not pre-occupied by upward aspirations, and that they feel always most certain of and contented with themselves, because they do not see and do not measure the height of art.

With persons possessing minds endowed with æsthetic faculties, things often take an opposite course. Such persons perceive the height of art; they feel its nobleness; they are perpetually agitated and moved by the visions of the imagination and of the heart; by the tumult of ideas and aspirations; they endeavour, not to copy or imitate, but to make evident, to bring out, and to render in notes what they feel within their own breast. It is easy to understand that, with such a state of things, purely mechanical processes are found to be tiresome, nay, sometimes insupportable or even odious.

To this and this alone must be attributed, according to our view of the subject, the cases of tardy development cited above.

G. A. BIAIGEL.

* From the *Gazzetta Musicale di Milano*.

† If we consider the question carefully, we shall find that the abominable traffic in boys from Calabria and the Abruzzi, which, during recent times, entered the civilized world, and is now said to have ceased, had, as its starting point, the precocious development of the musical faculties. The poor boys knew nothing of music or of anything else; but they possessed ears; they tuned their rude instruments most admirably; their fingers displayed great agility; they daily observed measure and rhythm; and, when they sang, they sang in tune, and phrased agreeably.

* The Boy Tom, there is no doubt, after hearing a calatista, a polka, or a mazurka only once, could repeat it without making a mistake in a single note, either of the melody or of the accompaniment. But the instinct of imitating and repeating all he heard was in him so powerful, while his reason was so limited and weak that, for instance, it was utterly impossible to make him comprehend that, in theatres and concert-rooms, though he was to repeat the music played over to him, he was not to repeat the applause with which the public rewarded him after he had done so. This he could never understand. No sooner had he left off playing, than he arose from the piano, clapping his hands, stamping, and shouting: "Bravo," like the public.

"CANTILENA ROLANDI," "CHANSON ROLAND,"
"ROLAND'S SONG."

One of the most celebrated songs recounting the glorious exploits of an ancient hero, and which maintained its popularity for a lengthened period, namely, during the time of Charles the Great, and long after his death was the so-called "Roland's Song," "Chanson Roland," "Cantilena Rolandi."

It is not exactly known who Roland was, because his narrative was often selected as a subject for poets of his epoch and mixed up with so many fables, that we are not able to separate the fiction from the truth. But this much we know of him, that he was a valiant hero, one of Charlemagne's captains, and renowned for his warlike exploits. This is confirmed by many historical circumstances of which we entertain no doubt. The song we give an account of was made upon this hero when he, with his companions in arms, were slain in the valleys of Ronceval. Many are of opinion that Charlemagne was himself the composer of this song; but, whoever it may have been, of this we are assured, that this song was a favourite with many nations and supplanted all others which were sung at that epoch; like the "Marsellaise," at a later period, in France.

The Roland's song stood in such high estimation, that it was considered one of the greatest honours if a warrior were chosen to sing it before an army previous to the commencement of the battle. Du Cange, in his "Glossarium med. et inf. Latinit. voc Cantilena Rolandi," gives us the following citations. The first is taken from an old romance by Wace, named "Rou d'Angleterre," from which we learn that a "Nobleman of Normandy, Taillefer," sang this song with such force and energy at the battle of Hastings, that he created a general impression and an enthusiasm throughout the whole army, and William the Conqueror, as a reward for his spirited performance, honoured him with permission to make the first attack upon the enemy. The following is the description in French verse:—

Taillefer qui moult bien chantoit, De l'Allemagne et de Rollant,
Sus un cheval qui tost alloit, Et d'Olivier, et de Vausaux,
Devant eux alloit chantant, Qui moururent en Rainschevaux.

The second citation is from William of Malmesbury's "De gestis regum Anglorum," and is as follows:—

Tunc Cantilena Rolandi inchoata, ut Martirium viri exemplum pugnatore accendit, inclamante Deo auxilium, praelium concertum, bellatuum scribit. Lib. 3, at annum 1066.

The next citation of Du Cange, taken from Hector Boethius "Hist. Scotor," Lib. 15, will show how long the Song of Roland has been popular.

King John of France, who was unfortunate in war, and made a prisoner at Poitiers, in 1356, reproached his soldiers for singing the song, as there were no Rolands in existence. One of his soldiers gave him this spirited answer: "If there were only a Charlemagne upon the throne, there would be no lack of Rolands to fight his battles." The Latin text is as follows:—

"Soanni Francorum Regi conquerenti, nullus mox se Rolandos esse Gavinos reperire, unus ex majoribus cibus aliquid virtus in juvenia clamerat, respondit: non defuturos Rolandos, si at sicut Caroli."

Notwithstanding Roland's Song was sung until the middle of the 14th century, as we have shown, it has not been preserved to the present time. The Marquis de Paulmy has discovered relics of it in some old romances, which he has collected and embellished, and also composed new strophes, imitating the style in which they were written, and has presented us with such a beautiful piece of poetry, that, should the ancient Roland Song have resembled his, we cannot be astonished at the enormous effect it created at that time. Count Tressau, another nobleman, also searched for some remains of this song, but not the least trace could be met with. He thought that, perhaps, he might get some information from the peasantry in the Pyrenean Mountains, as Roland must have died there—so Turpin relates, in his mythical accounts of him. However, the Song of Roland has been composed after his death, to immortalize his grand deeds, and has been sung by soldiers all over Europe, so that we cannot find any reason why this song should have been preserved longer on the Pyrenean mountains than anywhere else. But Count Tressau declares that he received some remnants of this song from the Marquis Viviers Lannac, which family held estates in the Pyrenean

Mountains over 600 years. A portion of the original song, which was sung by the mountaineers, and translated into modern French, is as follows:—

O Roland! honneur de la France,
Qui par toi mon bras soit vainqueur!
Dirige le fr. de ma lance
A praefer le front, on le cœur
Du fier ennemi qui s'avance.

Que son sang coulant a grand flot
De ses flancs, on de sa visière,
Bouillonne eueure sur sa pousière,
En baignant les pieds des chevaux.

These fragments may be considered very beautiful, but they are only relics from which the Marquis de Paulmy has formed his more recent Song of Roland. His poetry is in reality sublime, and we doubt whether the old and lost one could have been more effective, more powerful, or more instructive to the soldier. We give it to its fullest extent. The melody is very fine, and conveys to us the superiority of the ballad-music of the fourteenth century, but we are unable to name the composer notwithstanding our minutest researches.*

CHANSON ROLAND.

Soldats François, chanton Roland,
De son pays il fut la Gloire,
Le nom d'un Guerrier si vaillant
Est le signal de la victoire,
Roland était petit Gargon,
Faisait souvent pleurer sa mere:
Il étoit vif et polisson—
Tant mieux disoit Monsieur son père—
A la force il joind le vaieur,
Nous en ferent un militaire.
J'avais tête avec bon cœur,
Cent pour resoudre à la guerre.
Soldats François, &c.

Le père pensoit justement,
Car dis que Roland fut en ag,
On vit avec contentement
Briller sa force et son courage;
L'écart escadrons, bataillons,
Revenaient tout dans la mêlée,
Il faisoit trembler les talons,
Lui tout seul a tenu l'armée.
Soldats François, &c.

Dans le combat particulier,
Il n'étoit pas moins redoutable,
Qu'on fut grant, qu'on fut forcé,
On l'un fut monstre, on que l'un fut
Bon jamais n'arrêtoit son bras diable.
Il passait la nuit au bivouac,
Et s'il ne dormoit le trepas,
Il portoit quelque rude atteinte.
Soldats François, &c.

Quand il falloit donner l'assaut,
Lui même il appliquoit l'échelle;
Il étoit le premier en haut,
Amin, prena le pour mobile.
Il passait la nuit au bivouac,
L'esprit gaillard, l'âme contente;
On dormoit sous un arbre,
Mieux qu'un général sous sa tente.
Soldats François, &c.

Pour l'enfermi qui restoit
Reservant toute son audace,
A celui qui se sentoit
Il accordait toujours sa grace.
L'humanité dans son grand cœur
Renaissait, après la victoire;
Et le soir même le vainqueur
A vaincu proposoit a boire.
Soldats François, &c.

Quant on lui demandoit pourquoi
Les François étoient en campagne,

Il répondit de bon fol,
C'est par l'ordre de Charlemagne
Ses ministres, ses favoris
Ont raisonné sur cette affaire;
Pour nous, battons nos ennemis,
C'est ce que nous avons a faire.

Soldats François, &c.
Roland vivoit en bon Chretien,
Il entendoit souvent la messe,
Donnoit aux pauvres de son bien
Et même il alloit au confesse;
Mais de son confesseur Turpin
Il tenoit que c'est orage par
De battre, et de mener grand train
Les ennemis de sa patrie.
Soldats François, &c.

Roland à la table étoit charmant,
Buvait du vin avec delice
Mais il en usoit sobrement
Les jours de garde et d'exercice;
Pour le service il observoit
De conserver sa tête entière,
Ne buvant que quand il n'avoit
Ce jour-là rien à faire.
Soldats François, &c.

Il corrigeoit avec rigueur
Tous ceux qui lui cherchoient querelle,
Bon camarade, ami fidèle:
L'ennemi seul dans les combats
Tremblait, voyant briller sa lance,
Et pour le dernier des Soldats
Il se seroit mis dans la flamme.
Soldats François, &c.

Roland aimoit le cotillon
"On ne peut guère s'en défendre":
Et pour une reine, dit-on,
Il eut le cœur un peu trop tendre:
Els l'abaissèrent un bon jour
Et lui fait tourner la cervelle:
Aux combats, mais son en amour:
Que Roland soit notre modèle.
Soldats François, &c.

Roland fut d'abord officier,
Car il étoit bon gentilhomme:
Il eut un regiment entier
De son oncle, Empereur de Rome.
Il fut Comte, il fut Général,
Mais vivait comme a la chambrière
Il traitait de frere, et d'égal
Chaque brave homme de l'armée.
Soldats François, &c.

DR FERDINAND RAHLES,
Professor of and Lecturer on Music.

Malvern House, Grosvenor Street Road, South Hackney, June, 1876.

* The melody of this song, to which Sir Henry Bishop has composed an accompaniment for the pianoforte, was published many years ago by Longdale. Dr Rahles has lately again harmonized this fine melody, and will with pleasure forward a manuscript copy, on application, to those who take interest in it.

THE AMERICAN REVIVALISTS.

On Monday, the 12th inst., a farewell meeting was held in the Midway Hall, North London, avowedly convened for the purpose, after "praise and thanksgiving," of receiving from any minister of religion, either orally or by letter, "testimony to blessings received either by himself or his congregation during the time Mr Moody has been in Great Britain." In other words, Mr Moody, having come to revive religion in England, wished to know how far he had succeeded. It will be observed that only those ministers who could give evidence in favour of the revival were invited. The gathering, however, was significant both as a summing-up of results and as showing with what tact Mr Moody can drive the nail home. Some men would have considered their work finished with the meetings which came to an end last week. Mr Moody has a keener insight into the fitness of things. He must not only himself be satisfied of his success; he must leave it on the record of the Churches, and from the mouths of their ministers, that his satisfaction was no chimera, but an attested fact. His shrewdness, or foresight, or whatever we may call it, was fully justified by the meeting. The hall was crowded in every part, and the audience (about 1,500 in all) comprised, perhaps, about 300 ministers of religion, who in the main seemed friends, and many of whom were demonstrative admirers of the revivalists. Mr Moody himself was altogether quiet and unobtrusive. He opened the meeting by stating that during four months of incessant work in London they had not had one accident, nor had any of the workers in the revival suffered in health. For this great mercy and for all other mercies let the glory, he said, be given to God. He begged the speakers who followed him to remember this, and say as little as possible of human agency.

The Chairman of the London Committee told a wonderful story in a like unobtrusive manner. The Committee, he said, had been formed months ago to prepare the way for Mr Moody. It was composed of members of many different Churches, and its arrangements had included such gigantic operations as the building of two new halls (in Camberwell and Bow), besides the renting of the Agricultural Hall and the Opera House. Yet the money had flowed in as fast as they wanted it, and, more extraordinary still, they never had had one instance of difference of opinion, nor even the necessity of taking a vote, as to their operations. There had been not merely peace, but actual unanimity on all points. Choirs (think of choirs never disputing), stewards, ministers, every one concerned had been cordial and kind and had worked for unity. The members of the Committee never had asked each other as to their respective Churches; in fact, they knew nothing of Churches, but simply aimed to make the people acquainted with Christ. An aged minister from Glasgow (Mr or Dr Potter as we caught the name) testified to the Revival in Scotland, and especially in Glasgow. It was calculated, he said, that not fewer than 7,000 persons had been gathered into the Churches of that city within a year, and he reminded his hearers that in Scotland, unlike England, they had a certain way of testing their figures in these particulars by referring to the very names of the new admissions to their Churches. There was no doubt whatever among the ministers whom he represented that the figures he had given did not exaggerate the fact. As many as a hundred persons had been added to his own congregation, and now they had preaching tents all over Glasgow and daily conversions in such numbers that next year they would, he trusted, be able to show still greater results. They secured unity, not by talking about union, but simply by asking no questions about differences. A clergyman (Mr Hillings), from the South of London, spoke in glowing terms of what the revival had done in his parish, and of the pleasure he had enjoyed in welcoming and working with the revivalists. Hundreds had been added to the South London Churches, and he heartily endorsed all that had been said as to the value of merging minor differences to carry out the one simple aim which had been set before them by Mr Moody. A Baptist minister, Mr Brown (a student from Mr Spurgeon's College, we believe), gave like testimony as to Stepney. Religious stagnation had been swept away. Prayers such as some months ago no one ever heard at the East-end of London were now common. The people even rose early to attend worship. Bow Road at 6 o'clock in the morning was now worth seeing. In fact, Mr Moody and Mr Sankey had shown that, after all these

centuries and with all that modern times could produce, there was still no attraction like the gospel of Christ preached in simplicity and with directness of purpose, and resting on a personal Christ. No philosophy ever had reached the masses as this gospel was now reaching the East-end masses in London.

(To be continued.)

PENNY READINGS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

What ingenious torturer of the musical portion of mankind was first struck with the thought of inflicting upon a confiding public that purgatorial species of entertainment denominated "Penny Readings?"—and why, having conceived the idea, did not the inventor thereof hide the terrible suggestion in the most secret recesses of his own bosom? But no, it is broached; and the epidemic spreads with lightning rapidity.

We enter a room in which one of these delectable evenings is being spent, and behold six or eight persons, male and female, perched upon a kind of platform, looking as uncomfortable and out of place as possible. An elderly gentleman is muttering something in a muffled monotone, inaudible to any but a few occupying the front row of seats; and even those do not appear to be in the entranced condition usual upon such occasions. This elocutionist now retires, and is succeeded by a young lady, who bends in recognition of the applause which greets her, and in a soprano that might have reduced an infuriated cockatoo to quiescence, proceeds to inform the listeners that "It was a dream." From her agonized expression we can only infer that the vision bore a close resemblance to nightmare. Having concluded with a scream she regains her seat, and is succeeded by two other ladies, who knock the overture to *Semiramis* out of time, until, at length, the approbation of the audience proclaims them victorious. A youth in a bright blue tie now favours the assembly with an imitation of some popular "comique";—"but we can stand no more, and rush from the place with the determination never to attend another 'penny performance,' fervently hoping that the 'kismet' of the originator may be a succession of them upon the brain."

WESTON S. JACKSON.

AUS HALNEY COTCH.

(By a Confirmed Musician.)

Dr Johnson, who was connected with *The Rambler* (or was *The Rambler* connected with Dr J.?), said things, concerning other things, the like of which has not been yet; or peradventure, fortuitously, will be. But not a word either in Dr Johnson's outpourings of *Balfie* or *Il Talismano*. But we digress. Johannes, of Bristol, was enamoured of Phenicopters (or Phenicopters, or Phenicopters, as the case may be, the occasion providing), as men are of that which is beyond their grasp. Nonetheless, for numismatic considerations, J. of B. affected the fullest knowledge of, and acquaintance with, the plumed two-stalker. But more of this subsequently. Will Mefisto answer?

And still another Johannes, of the Castle, Edinburgh—personally and plurally under a cloud with silver (and copper, though rarely gold) lining—of whom Pantagruel spake well, and 's hand be-shook. Though Rabelais be no more, yet Pan, lives free, and Panurge, too, for the matter of that, of which no matter.

But to resume:—A dog has a long tail—provided the fates have been gracious and knives be-blunted. This acknowledged, *ergo*—or *argal*, as Bill Shak. was wont to say, in his antic mood (O! Rainbow Tavern!)—every dog has a fine tail, if not otherwise apportioned by destiny. Wagner, who is no dog, and, therefore, points not our remarks, has a long tale about the Future of music. Salvin, who barks not, has an elongated narrative about the present of the drama.

Here we hasten to revert to J. S. Bach, who put the Clavier in a Good Temper, was no Good Temperal (as Lionelias Broughias would, or would not, remark, according to events, or elacivies); Handel goes down to posterity without a handle to his name; Arthur Sullivan wakes sweet i' the ear, and gives us pretty music. For whom (and which) "Silence in the court!" Is not Mefisto bestagtered?

PHITTELL-DE-RIO.

[The writer of the foregoing was evidently in *rio*, when with pen in hand, and must be understood *cum grano*—without salt—A.S.S.]

PIERSON'S JERUSALEM.

BY AMICUS PATRIE (1852).

(Continued from page 491.)

There are in the oratorio forty-seven numbers, as they are technically called, twenty-one of which are choral, one quintet, one duettino, two tertzetts, five ariosos, two plain recitatives, and eighteen songs or arie. These, with the overture and a symphony expressive of the march of the Roman army against Jerusalem, make up the total. The larger proportion, by far, are choruses or solos, by which it is inferred that the composer prefers to wield the force of his whole orchestra, or to make use of the one obedient organ; which is tantamount to saying that he makes his effects, with the greatest willingness, *simple and broad*. So it is. Not, I would explain, that his simplicity is that of leaving to a beautiful voice a canvass to paint upon, or his breadth mere body of sound. Without any real disparagement of *executive* art, Mr Pierson considers voices merely as a part, though the superior part, of the one vast power by which he declares his conceptions to the world as a *creative* artist, and they are as plastic in his hands as are the stringed and metal subordinates of his orchestra. I much question whether a single note of ornament, comparatively, can be introduced into his music without such a violation of good taste, as few singers would hazard; but what is far better, his songs, in common parlance, *sing themselves*. An anecdote will illustrate this. At one of the private parties given in this city for the purpose of trying portions of the *Jerusalem*, a desire was expressed that the soprano air, "Ho! ho! come forth," should be gone through. After a pause of doubt as to who would attempt the performance of this very peculiar song, a little fellow who is educating for musical purposes, said very modestly to the composer—"Sir, if you like, I think I could sing it if you would let me try it." "Indeed!" was the reply, "then I should like to hear it very much." The air was sung without failure of a note; all its fresh resonant beauty came forth in the young voice; the effect upon the adult hearers was perfect. Thus the child had interpreted the man without effort, without preparation, and nothing could afford a more complete proof of the adaptation of the music to its purpose. Such is the character of all the solos without reserve. Difficulty is certainly rather courted than shunned, simply for this reason, that Mr Pierson sees and feels everything regarding music in a strong light, and never allows a supposition of inadequacy as to means to cross his mind; a free use of chromatic intervals, unexpected modulations, and way-reaching distances, marks his style, but these effect his purpose—they *are* and *sing* what he wishes, and this is all he requires. But it is not all he does; some of the most exquisite melodies will be found in the *Jerusalem* that ever flowed from the heart of a Poet of Sound.* A blind musician, known to the writer, once listened to a beautiful strain from one of the old masters with which he was newly made acquainted. "To that," said the old man, devoutly folding his hands, "to that I can say my prayers." I feel sure that many will repeat this in their hearts as they listen to the recitative and solo for the tenor and soprano in the third part, beginning "What are these arrayed in white robes?" it is by such efforts that art proves its best power—the power to "purify our affections." The tenor air, "For a small moment have I forsaken thee," partakes largely of the same character, and those for the bass, "Woe to Ariel! the city where David dwelt," and "I saw a great white throne," are effective in a manner that it is scarcely possible to describe, without the aid of the musical colours that make them palpable. Among the *ariosos*, one which peculiarly brings out the distinctions of Mr Pierson's style, is that for the soprano in the second part, "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself; but in me is thy help," and perhaps beyond anything else in the work does the setting of this deeply yet simply dramatic sentence prove that he acknowledges poetry to be the *foundation of all art*. Its grandeur, its stately reproach—from the remarkable boldness of the distances used—is most impressive, and the heart-appelling change that is effected by the simple transition from a minor to a major key, seems like the relief of tears after sorrow and suffering have long dried their fountains. Mr Pierson has composed much, in his short career,

for the stage, and it is alike an evidence of his fine taste and strong will, that such a temptation as the powerful contrast contained in these words afford, should have been so entirely resisted.

(To be continued.)

COME BACK, MY LOVE.

(Copyright.)

Come back, my love, come back to me,—

(Oh! I would I had a canvas dove

To take this message to the sea.

And homewards hasten my true love.

Come back, my love, come back to me;

(Oh! with my pray'r, sweet love, comply,

And hasten home from o'er the sea.

Before I break my heart, and die.

For I would have my dear one sigh,

To say, "Farewell, my love, good bye.

Forgive me, love, farewell, good bye."

I wou'd, when we were forc'd to part,

That I should ever faithful be.

And sacred keep my hand and heart.

'Till you claim'd, or set me free.

But now my father, mother, too,

And, still more strange, your sister Kate,

Would have me love, prove false to you,

Forget, and leave you to your fate!

To break your heart, perhaps, and die,

And never hear me say, "Good bye.

Forgive me, love, farewell, good bye."

They say he's rich, and fond of me;

That you are plain; if this be true,

The greater, then, your need must be

That I should keep my heart for you.

The rich man does not need my heart;

'Tis no great prize, but wealth can't buy;

'Twas pluck'd to you when we did part,

And yours it shall be still I feel.

Come back, my love, the hour is nigh,

When I must say, "Farewell, good bye.

Forgive me, love, farewell, good bye."

EDMUND PALMER.

YORK MINSTER ORGAN.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Sir,—I wish you permit me to correct an error which appeared in the letter signed "Palman qui meruit ferat." Referring to the "electors," mentioned by the musical man of ****, I stated that "there was no one present at any of the organ performances who was qualified to act as umpire." The public have been solicited by the Dean to subscribe for the renovation of the **** organ; but what renovation is required, or who is to have such an important task, is not stated. £1,200 or £1,500 was asked for, and, I believe, is already subscribed by all classes, without knowing how the money is to be expended. With such liberal, easily-pleased friends, well may the Dean and Chapter have all their own way. Your correspondent, "Musicius," is quite right as to what an organist ought to be. In the Church of the Madeleine, of Paris, in Cologne Cathedral, in St Gaudule, Brussels, &c., &c., their are choir-directors who have all the drilling of the choir, the organist having his own department to himself. I ask, in the name of common sense—Why spend thousands on the organ, when the talent of the performer is of secondary importance? I should have thought some one with a world-wide fame ought to have filled the organ seat of ****. We have so fine organists in England as you can hear anywhere; need I mention such men as Wesley, Hopkins, G. Cooper, Rogers, Best, McKurkill, Chipp, Lee, Monk, &c.? These are not men of mere Cathedral routine. Let any one read the anthems and services of Wesley, poor Walmesley (late of Cambridge), Hopkins (of the Temple)—such men as these the wiseness of **** and other cathedrals would employ in drilling their half-dozen choir-boys and deacons! "lay ricars": yes, and even subject them to be examined for appointment by some influential canon's wife! This really did happen once upon a time. I must now leave this subject in the hands of the profession, in the hope that they will so influence public opinion that they may have just cause even for the dignitaries of the Church of England. Yours truly,

PALMAN QUI MERUIT FERAT.

* Tondichter. German.

VIENNA.

(From a Correspondent.)

The oft-mooted plan of combining the resources of the Burgtheater and those of the Royal Operahouse in a series of special performances is at length destined to become an established fact. The two managers, Herren Dingerharts and Janner, have agreed on producing, next winter, Nepheloe's *Antigone* and *Edipus in Colonus*, with Meudelsch's music, the artists being taken from both houses, and the pieces being mounted in strict accordance with the Greek model. These pieces are to be followed by Shakespeare's *Tempest*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and others.

It is reported that, in consideration of the gracious reception accorded him in high places, and the marks of favour showered on him during his recent stay in this capital, Verdi has promised the Emperor of Austria that he will compose a grand work to be first represented at the Imperial Operahouse. The *New Free Press* says this report is unfounded, and that Verdi has merely promised to come next season and conduct the first performance of *Don Carlos*. D.

A SILVER WEDDING.

(From a Correspondent.)

The Silver Wedding—celebrated on the 2nd inst.—of our *Capellmeister*, Herr Carl Krebs and his wife, Mad. Krebs, formerly Madlle Aloyse Michael, afforded a most convincing proof of the lasting affection and high esteem entertained for them both here and elsewhere. While the leading nobilities in art, and members of all classes in Dresden, came forward to congratulate the amiable couple, and overwhelm them with absolute floral mountains of the most magnificent bouquets, Hamburg, where their praiseworthy efforts are unforgetting, was represented by rich presents. We may especially mention a silver salver with tankards, the profusely decorated lids of the latter having engraved on them the names of the operas in which Mad. Krebs established her fame, and which her husband conducted. In addition to these there were the beginnings of songs, and themes from masses, cantatas, etc., of Herr Krebs's composition—a gift as significant as it was useful. On the salver is the inscription: "To the universally celebrated Pair, in honour of their Silver Wedding, etc., from Friends and Admirers in Hamburg." Telegrams and letters were received from the musical centres of Germany. The press, too, which honours in Herr Krebs a man of determined character as well as a highly gifted and amiable artist of the old stamp, while it unfortunately is compelled to admit that the place of Mad. Krebs has not yet been, and, probably, will not be, for some time to come, filled up here, offered its congratulations. The Royal Chapel sent a particularly flattering letter to Herr Krebs, while the vases, salvers, flower-tables, albums, and silver wreaths, interwoven with gold leaves, in anticipation of the Golden Wedding, were so numerous that they could scarcely be counted. The good-humoured, unconstrained tone usual in the Krebs family reigned, also, on the present occasion, and the wonderfully fragrant bowl of fresh pine-apple punch, brewed by the hand of the *Capellmeister* himself, proved that in this respect, as in others, the author of, so many beautiful songs is no novice. The inmates of the house speak in terms of rapture of a morning greeting offered by Herr Hübler, with the celebrated horn quartet of the Royal Chapel, together with the members of the Chorus at the Theatre Royal, under the direction of Tempest. Mary Krebs, who brought her parents the most welcome congratulations from London—in the shape of the renewed expression on the part of the most competent judges of her talent—might, perchance, have been prevailed on to give the guests a few chords on the piano; but where was the piano? where was the sofa? where were the tables and the chairs? The apartment kept getting more and more crowded with flowers and beautiful women, and—well, the piano may have been hidden beneath yonder heap of lilies and roses, but we cannot see it, and is it time to shake the respected couple by the hand, with every good wish for their welfare, bearing in mind the saying: "He who sows love cannot reap hatred, for love strikes deeper root than hatred can ever strike." D.

Dresden, July 6.

COPENHAGEN.

(From a Correspondent.)

The Danish papers frequently contain articles upon "the Copenhagen which is disappearing," and they find ample materials for reflection in the grand transformations now being effected in the town itself and the suburbs, by the opening of new thoroughfares, the demolition of old buildings, and the erection of new ones. The last well-known edifice about to disappear is the theatre in the Vestabro suburb. It was built no further back than 1830. In 1837 it was occupied by a German operatic company, whose performances were largely patronized by the more refined portion of the public. The principal member of the company was a tenor, of the name of Georg Seest, still living, there is reason to believe, in the town of Schleswig. The site of the theatre has, within the last ten years, so increased in value as to be now worth a fabulous amount; yet, when it was at first put up for sale, no one bade for it.

F. W. S.

"TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER."

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Sir,—Mr Brisley Richards, in a letter which appears in your last number, relative to the above melody being an ancient Irish one, gives as his authority Mrs S. C. Hall. We might as well accept her fairy legends, and fabulous tracts and stories of the Irish peasantry, as historic facts, as to imagine she is any authority on the ancient music of Ireland. The melody was written, at the latter part of the last century, to an Anglo-Irish burlesque song, called "Castle Hyde." In a style anything but characteristic of the ancient Irish music. The absurdity of the words, so unfitted to the beautiful melody, induced Richard Adare Millikin to "write 'The Groves of Blarney,' which soon rivalled its predecessor, "Castle Hyde," and continued long a favourite. Sir John Stevenson pointed out to Thomas Moore the beauty of the melody. Moore wrote his words to it, cutting out a portion of the melody to suit the ballad-mongers of the time. Neither Mrs S. C. Hall nor Mr Brisley Richards can point out any copy of the air earlier than Millikin's "Groves of Blarney." Moore's words popularized it, whilst Millikin's Anglo-Irish are now hardly, if ever, heard. The Village Bard, who wrote and composed "Castle Hyde"—Brian Tierney, a chimney-sweeper—was turned out of "Castle Hyde," by order of the master, and the watch-dogs set at him, for stringing together such words as the following:—

"Tis there is handy,
Both beer and brandy,
With sugar-candy, &c.

Mr Tierney—whose practice it was to make songs upon the various gentlemen's houses, the chimneys of which he swept, and all to the same melody—celebrated the bounty of a family residing at Uxman, Tipperary, to the air on which "Tis the last rose" is founded:—

"The thread of hope
Becomes a rope
Within the scope
Of Uxman's shade."

At the singing and recital of the Bard's poem and song, Father Tom McCormick, finding fault with the construction of a sentence, was settled by the following reply of the chimney-sweeper:—

"What is grammar?
I say, damn her."

Brian Tierney died in 1839, in his ninetieth year, and is buried in the country church-yard of Coulmure. His name is known to a small tombstone, where he is described, in the Irish language, as a worthy man, a bard, and a chimney-sweeper. Such was he who composed the melody of "Tis the last rose of summer." Mr B. Richards is a good authority on the music of his native land, and great on the history of the "Scottish Snap," and the old story extracted from Burney and Hawkins' histories of music, of how Scotch tunes were manufactured from the scale of the black keys on the pianoforte, all of which he delivers and makes interesting to his Welsh audience; but, when touching on the ancient music of Ireland, he had better be coached up in Walker's "Irish Bards," Hardman's "Minstrelsy," and other works.

A VISITOR AT MR B. RICHARDS' LAST LECTURE ON NATIONAL MUSIC.

Moscow.—Mad. Artôt and Señor Padilla are engaged for next season at the Imperial Italian Opera.

An "able seaman" from Ardnamurchan was at the tiller of his sloop one night, shortly after the introduction of coloured signal lights on ships. A steamer was approaching, and Archy saw the green and red lights for the first time at sea. He stretched his chin up by yelling out, "Hard-a-port! hard-a-port! we're gaun richt intae the 'potheary's shop at Gourock!"

It is stated that some valuable autographs of Galileo have been found at Milan among the State archives. These autographs are not included in the Palatine collection, but refer to his negotiations with the Spanish Government relative to ceding the application of his method for asphyxiating longitude to navigation. The letters also relate to Galileo's journey to Rome in 1624 to pay homage to Pope Urban VIII.

Boston babies are weaned early and fed on fish, says the *Brooklyn Argus*. They accumulate much phosphorus. A chronicler, mentioning the circumstance of a group of Boston children going upstairs to bed in the dark, says that their heads appeared to be surrounded by an atmosphere of luminiferous ether, and that they reminded him of a procession of straggling meteors.

The *Choir* states that the successful candidate for the first election to the Sir John Goss Exhibition, to be held for three years in the Royal Academy of Music, is A. Ernest Ford, formerly a chorister in Salisbury Cathedral. Willie Hodge was highly commended; as were, also, R. W. Wilkinson, formerly a chorister in St James's Chapel Royal, C. J. Dunster, and F. Broad.

Mr Lyster was to open on the 28th June, in Sydney, New South Wales, with an *opera bouffe* company. The list of works to be produced included *La Fille de Madame Angot*, *Giroflé-Girofla*, and operas by Offenbach and Hervé.—The new Prince of Wales Theatre is progressing very rapidly, and there is every likelihood that the lessee, Mr Lazer, will be able to re-open it in November.

It was a graceful compliment that "Papa" Haydn paid to a great female vocalist. Reynolds had painted her as Cecilia listening to celestial music. Looking at the picture, Haydn said, "It is like her, but there is a strange mistake." "What is it?" asked Reynolds. "Why, you have painted her listening to the angels, when you ought to have represented the angels listening to her."

The *Bloodless Minstrels* are about to make a tour of the provinces, commencing at Ipswich, under the name of the performers is that of a young *artiste* well known as a concert singer, Miss Florence Ashton, who recently made a most successful *opérette d'été*, while with Miss Susanna Cole's company, as Mdlle Lange, in a drawing-room version of *Leocq's Fille de Mme Angot*.

The *Musical Standard* hears that the late Mr R. L. Penhall has left several madrigals, part-songs, &c., hitherto unpublished, and only recently accessible, and that these have been purchased from their executors by Mr Trimmell, of Clifton, who intends issuing them in a cheap form. Amongst the part-songs highly mentioned are "Brave Lord Willoughby," and "Godeausus Igitur."

In his *Ariadne Florentina*, just published, Mr Ruskin gives an interesting description of three pieces of Florentine needlework, which attracted his attention in the bedroom in which he slept at the King's Arms Hotel, Lancaster. Mr Ruskin, while staying at this "good old inn," was engaged in reviving a lecture on "Design in the Florentine Schools of Engraving," and he thus seized the opportunity of illustrating his subject:—"On the walls of the little room where I finally revise this lecture hangs an old dilken sampler of great grandmama's work; representing the domestic life of Abraham; chiefly the stories of Isaac and Ishmael. Sarah at her tent-door, watching, with folded arms, the dismissal of Hagar; above, in a wilderness full of fruit trees, birds, and butterflies, little Ishmael lying at the foot of a tree, and the spent bottle under another; Hagar in a camel at the angel appearing to her out of a wreathed line of gloomily nodulating clouds, which, with a dark-rayed sun in the midst, surmount the entire composition in two arches, out of which descend shafts of (I suppose) beneficent rain; leaving, however, room, in the corner opposite to Ishmael's angel, for Isaac's, who stays Abraham in the sacrifice; the ram in the thicket, the squirrel in the plum-tree above him, and the grapes, pears, apples, roses, and daisies of the foreground, being all wrought with involution of such ingenious needlework as may well rank, in the patience, the natural skill, and the innocent pleasure of it, with the trust works of Florentine engraving. In the actual tradition of many of the forms of ancient art is in many places evident—as, for instance, in the spiral summits of the flames of the wood on the altar, which are like a group of first-springing fern. On the wall opposite is a smaller composition, representing Justice with her balance and sword, standing between the sun and moon, with a background of pinks, borages, and corncockle; a bird is only a cluster of tulips and iris, with two Byzantine peacocks; but the spirit of Panslopes and Ariadne reign vivid in all the work—and the richness of pleasurable fancy is as great still, in these likened labours, as in the marble arches and golden roof of the cathedral of Monreale."

M. Caillot, the lary tone of the Théâtre-Lyrique and the Athénée, is dead. For two years previous to his decease he suffered from a bronchial affection, and had completely lost his voice. He was a pupil of M. Batistini, and considered a young singer of considerable promise.

With a view to the better protection of copyright in dramatic works, a declaration has been signed by Lord Derby and the Marquis d'Harcourt cancelling the paragraph in the convention of 1851, by which it was understood that the protection stipulated for by the Convention was not intended to prohibit fair imitations or adaptations of dramatic works to the stage in England and France respectively, but were only meant to prevent piratical translation.

The Orpheum Festival to be given to-morrow, the 29th inst., in the gardens of the Tulleries, for the benefit of the sufferers by the inundations, will be one of the most curious exhibitions of popular musical art ever known. A principal feature in the programme will be the execution, by all the associations combined into one, and numbering some 3000 singers, of the "Hymne à la Charité," dedicated by permission to the *Maréchaux Mac-Mahon*. The music is by M. Lion Gastinel, and the words are by M. T. Saint-Félix. The Railway Companies will run special cheap trains.

France is determined not to be behind other nations in erecting statues to her great men. The bronze image of Chateaubriand, which will be raised at St Malo on the 5th of next month, amid great literary pomp, is finished. It represents the author of the *Génie du Christianisme* sitting in meditation on a rock, with the waves at his feet. As a politician, Chateaubriand was a chameleon. He was the friend of Béranger, as well as of M. de Morny. Under the First Empire he was the proprietor of a paper called *Le Mercure*. His *Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*, which appeared under the Monarchy of July, were bought by M. de Girardin for £4,000, a handsome sum in those days.

SHANKLIN (Isle of Wight).—On the 20th inst., Dr Sioman gave an organ recital at St Saviour's, on the beautiful organ lately erected by Messrs Walker. The programme was selected from the works of ancient and modern writers for that instrument. It also included a selection from Dr Sioman's new cantata, *Supplication and Prayer*.

BERGICIA.—Sig. Verdi's *aida* has been very successful here.

PEETH.—A new opera by Carl Huber will be the first novelty at the National Theatre. The libretto is founded upon an adventure in the life of King Methias Corvinus.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH, BY PROFESSOR RICHARD WUZEST, ROYAL PRUSSIAN DIRECTOR OF MUSIC.

(Translated by JAMES FRANCIS THOMERS.)

The *New Berliner Musikzeitung* brings, under vol. xviii., page 17, a biography of Augustus Wilhelmj, written by the composer and historian, Professor Doctor Richard Wuzest. We have chosen the following extracts from the life of this young violinist, thinking they will interest English readers.

Augustus Emil Daniel Frederic Victor Wilhelmj, the descendant of a very old and highly respectable German family, was born on the 21st September, 1845, at the ancient town of Uesingen, in the former duchy of Nassau, now belonging to Prussia, his father being Barrister and Doctor-at-Law of the Royal Prussian Supreme Court.* The mother of Augustus Wilhelmj, Charlotte, *née* Petry, has played no small part in her time as songstress and pianist, having received her musical education from Privy Counsellor Anthony André, Marco Bordogni, and Frederic Chopin.

Wilhelmj received his first lesson on the violin from Conrad Fischer, Director of Music of the Duke of Nassau, at Wiesbaden. Mr Fischer proved himself an excellent teacher. Wilhelmj must have made very great and rapid progress then. At the time, about the beginning of 1850, when the eminent songstress, Henriette Sontag (Countess Rossi), happened to visit Wilhelmj's family at Wiesbaden, the young violinist, only seven years old, played in her presence with such exactness, beauty of sound, and original tone, that, quite enraptured, she embraced and kissed him, exclaiming, "You will be the German Paganini!"

Under the tuition of Fischer, the eminent talents of Wilhelmj developed themselves amazingly. The boy did not only in his youth cause great sensation owing to his full, mellow, grand tone, but also to his great musical hearing capacity. He could, for instance, tell any single note of an accord, and had even the gift of naming each single sound amongst the greatest chaos of exactness and certainty.

In November, 1853, Wilhelmj heard and played for the first time one of the quartets of Haydn. The boy not only kept time, but played with a certainty and tact as if he had been playing these quartets for years.

On the 8th of January, 1854, Wilhelmj appeared for the first time in public. This took place at a concert given for benevolent purposes at Limburg on the Lahn. His second appearance took place at Wiesbaden, the 17th of March, 1856, at the Theatre Royal. This concert was given for the benefit of the Poor Old Men Asylum. Wilhelmj enraptured the public.

Dr Wilhelmj, the father, had, in spite of the great musical talents of his son, wished him to get learned in the law. First, after many resistances, however, he gave way to the indefatigable entreaties of his son, and agreed for him to dedicate himself to the musical art, but this only in case one of the great musicians of the day had examined him and declared him to be competent.

In the spring of 1861 Wilhelmj went for this purpose, having recommendations of Prince Wittgenstein to Franz Liszt, at Weimar, for being examined. During this examination, which was to decide his whole career, he played before the great man Louis Spohr's eighth concerto (*Seca Cantante*), and Hungarian airs by Heury Ernst. F. Liszt, who accompanied him on the piano, immediately perceived that he had to do with no common talent, but with one possessed of extraordinary musical endowments. After he had played some smaller pieces *a prima vista*, Liszt left the piano and exclaimed:—

"What, and they were considering which career you should choose! Why, you are born for music, and if the fiddle had not been invented, it would have had to be invented for you especially. Young man, study diligently, and you may depend on it that the world will yet talk of you."

Some days after this, Liszt went with his new protégé to Leipzig, to entrust his education to the guidance of Ferdinand David, saying, "I bring you the future second Paganini!"

From 1861 to 1864 Wilhelmj studied at the Royal Musical Academy at Leipzig. His teachers in theory were Hauptmann,

* The father has perhaps obtained as great fame as the son, not merely as a clever lawyer, but as the most important wine-grower on the Rhine, having the greatest collection of the finest Rhine wines existing.

Richter, and afterwards Joachim Raff, at Wiesbaden. Ferdinand David did superintend the education of Wilhelmj, and it is due to him that Wilhelmj has got such a classical style of playing solos or quartets. Wilhelmj soon became the favourite scholar of the Conservatoire of Leipzig, and was considered a great wonder by his colleagues. Ferdinand David did often with no small pride remark "that there were no difficulties existing Wilhelmj could not easily surmount."

At an examination of the scholars of the Academy taking place on the 9th April, 1862, Wilhelmj attained immense success. Nobody could ever recollect any one before having met with such applause. He played the "Concerto Pathétique" of Ernst.

On the 24th November, 1862, Wilhelmj performed for the first time, at the Leipzig "Gewandhaus Concerts," the "Concerto after Hungarian manner" by Josephus Joachim. He lived at the house of his teacher, David, and it was here he made the acquaintance of David's niece, Baroness de Liphardt, whom he espoused on the 29th May, 1866. Owing to this connection, he got related to the renowned Prince of Liven. The family Liphardt belongs to the oldest and noblest family of the Russian Baltic provinces.

A very severe illness, typhus fever, which overtook him shortly afterwards, prevented Wilhelmj for some time following his studies; but, as soon as he was cured, he studied again with his usual zeal. His first concert tour was in the fall of 1865, in Switzerland. In 1866 he visited Holland; afterwards, Great Britain, where, thanks to the exertions of Jenny Lind, he appeared before the public, for the first time, at Covent Garden Theatre, in one of the concerts of Alfred Mellon. Wilhelmj caused unexampled sensation; every one thought himself back again in the time of Nicolo Paganini. On the 20th January, 1867, Wilhelmj played for the first time at Paris, at the popular concerts for classical music given by Padeloup in the Circus Napoléon. The newspapers were unanimous in declaring that Wilhelmj was the most perfect violinist they had ever heard, calling him le nouveau Paganini.* After all these successes, Wilhelmj returned again to the Rhine, as the French papers proudly said, "Inconnu hier, le voilà célèbre aujourd'hui."

In the fall of 1867 Wilhelmj went to Italy. At Florence he had, in acknowledgment of his grand, incomparable classical play, the title "Protector of the Societa di Quartette" conferred on him. January 1868 he went to Russia, being invited by the Grand-Duchess Helena Pawlowna of Russia. At St Petersburg Wilhelmj lived with Hector Berlioz, the "French Beethoven," and other celebrities of the Palais Michel. He took a share in many interesting musical evenings, for which the *salon* of this art-loving and ingenious Grand-Duchess was known. It was here that Hector Berlioz spoke the now well-known words:

"I have never before heard such an eminent, unsurpassing, noble tone as Wilhelmj's, and I must admit that his way of playing is quite phenomenal."

On the 27th January, 1868, Wilhelmj appeared for the first time in a great concert at St Petersburg, where he met with the accustomed applause. During the season of 1868-69, he visited again Switzerland, France, and Belgium. In the season of 1869-70 he made a great concert tour, with Mr Santley, to the principal towns of England, Scotland, and Ireland, everywhere meeting with the greatest applause. During the bad times of the French war, Wilhelmj did very much to ameliorate the sufferings of the poor and wounded of this unhappy war. He is known for his great benevolence. He gave concerts for the above purpose not only at Wiesbaden, Darmstadt, Mayence, but at many other places. In 1871 we find the young violinist at Holland, where he met even with more success than in 1866. At the university town of Leyden he was agreeably surprised by being received with torchlight procession. During 1871-72 he gave concerts in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark.

He first undertook a concert tour in his own country in the winter of 1872-73, when he visited the north of Germany, the Russian Baltic provinces, Tolen, Galizia, and the Austrian Crownlands; the same journey he accomplished again in March, 1874.

Wilhelmj put in his first appearance at Berlin on the 22nd October, 1872, where he played at the Singacademie, and at Vienna, on the 23rd March, 1873, at the Great Music-hall, the

success he attained in both these capitals being enormous. Rarely has artist been honoured and acknowledged in such a way before; not only critics, but also the public, were unanimous in their verdict that they had heard one of the greatest violinists of any epoch.

Wilhelmj has tried composing, with much success, and has written some very effective pieces for the violin, some original songs, also a great marriage cantate for soli, chorus, and orchestra, and finally some very good sacred music. In regard to his speciality as a violinist, it is acknowledged that he stands equally as high as a soloist and quartet player. Particular mention deserves his play in the last quartets of Beethoven, and in compositions of latter times. Great and indisputable merit is due to Wilhelmj for his successful endeavours in promoting the sound capacity of his instrument. The way he manages to produce double notes is new altogether, and surpasses in this point even Paganini. The same must be admitted of his great, mellow, noble tone—the result of a newly, deeply-studied system.

Wilhelmj is a very curious character, who must be well known if one shall not run the risk of misunderstanding him, and he would no doubt have given great material for the spirited pen of Charles Dickens; but, for all that, he has the very genuine natural character of a thoroughbred artist. He has an eminent gift to be witty, and has great readiness in replying. On the whole, he is very excellent company. During the summer time he stays at Wiesbaden, along with his family, studying.

Thus much of the life of this youthful violinist, from whom the greatest things may be expected in time to come, and whose first appearance this season took place at the Royal Albert Hall, on January 20th, 1875.

PARIS SCRAPS.

(From our Parisian Scraper.)

M. Faure has completely recovered from his dangerous illness, and is at present attending the rehearsals of *Dun Juan*, which M. Halanzier will now be enabled to produce speedily. It is on the cards, however, that Faure may not wait till Mozart's great work is ready, but make his re-appearance at an earlier date in *Hamlet*.

Not a very long time ago, M. Halanzier augmented the salaries of the members of the Chorus at the Grand Opera. He has now done the same for the members of his Orchestra. The Committee of the Association des Artistes Musiciens addressed him a highly flattering letter of thanks, and so did the members of the Orchestra. Not content with this, the latter did more. They accompanied their missive with an elegant silver vase, most delicately chased, and bearing the inscription: "To M. Halanzier, from the Musicians of the Orchestra of the Opera, 1875." In their letter these gentlemen say, among other things, that it will be their aim to prove their gratitude by exhibiting the utmost zeal in the discharge of their duties. It is to be hoped that they will at once commence by being more free in attendance at rehearsal. It is a general complaint that the Orchestra of the Opera does not rehearse enough either for its own reputation or for that of the establishment to which it belongs. To take a case in point. Last week, M. Couturier, a *bourgeois* of the Conservatory, having obtained the necessary dispensation from the military authorities, made his *début* as Guillaume Tell in Rossini's masterpiece of the same name. He certainly did not achieve a great success. His voice struck one as not sufficiently strong for so vast a house, and his acting showed that he was only a novice in the histrionic art. But, even had he been ten times more gifted, he could hardly have come off with flying colours. He played the character without any band-rehearsal. This was not fair to a beginner. Apart from this, however, it is a perilous leap from the benches of the Conservatory to the boards of the Grand Opera. Formerly, before braving the verdict of that tribunal, artists were accustomed to try their prentice voices at establishments of lesser note. Thus Mendes Carvalho, Nilsson, Gueymard, MM. Faure, Gaillard, and Bosquin, with many more, first came out at the Théâtre-Lyrique or the Opéra-Comique. Others made their preliminary essays in the Provinces, while others again, among whom Mendes Viardot, Damoreau, Albioni, Cruvelli, M. Duprez, Levasseur, Mario, Gardoni, and Naudru, had sung

upon the Italian stage. M. Couturier possesses a certain amount of talent, but was ill-advised in selecting the Grand Opera as his starting-point of his career.

M. Mermet's *Jeanne d'Arc* stands a chance of being produced in the early part of 1876. It is in four acts and six tableaux, for which the composer has furnished the libretto as well as the music. The cast is as follows: Jeanne d'Arc, Mlle Kraus; Agnès Sorel, Mlle Daram; Charles VII., M. Faure; Gaston de Metz, M. Salomon; Richard, M. Gaillard; Jeanne's Father, M. Menu; an Astrologer, M. Caron; Ambroise de Luré, M. Gaspard; a Sergeant, M. Bataille. The first act takes place at Domrémy, and the second at Châlon, in the Royal Palace. The third act is divided into two tableaux, representing the French camp under the walls of Orléans. The fourth act, also, is in two tableaux. One of these shows us a trench under the walls of Orléans, and the other, the consecration of the King in the Cathedral at Rheims. The most wonderful reports are current touching the beauty of the scenery and magnificence of the dresses and properties being got ready for M. Mermet's work. Similar reports are current on the long-expected ballet of *Sylvia*, to be produced shortly after *Jeanne d'Arc*.

The Opéra-Comique is doing a respectable business with *Mignon*, *La Dame à l'Écluse*, *Le Val d'Andorre*, *Jocande*, *Richard Cœur de Lion*, and *Le Châlet*. *Piccolino* is in active rehearsal, and *Mirille* will, shortly, once more see the light of the float.

At the Renaissance M. Vogel has achieved a *succès d'estime* with his comic opera, *La Filleule du Roi*, first represented in Brussels. Of course, his friends attribute the fact of his not having been more triumphant to the unsatisfactory nature of the libretto furnished by MM. Cormon and Deslandes. I will not pretend to decide what M. Vogel might have done, if he had had better materials to work upon. I only know what he has done, and that knowledge prompts me to prophesy that *La Filleule du Roi* will not obtain one of those runs of late frequency in this capital. The principal parts are in the hands of Mad. Peschard, Mlle Luigini, Mlle Blanche Miroir, MM. Vauthier and Dauby. M. Madier de Montjan conducted.

The grand fairy opera, entitled, *Le Voyage dans la Lune*, in four acts and twenty-three tableaux, words by MM. Leterrier, Vanloo, and Morier, music by M. Offenbach, has been produced at the Gaîté with every appearance of a long and vigorous life. The scenery, by MM. Chéret, Cambon, and Cornil, is superlatively beautiful. The dresses, designed by M. Grévin, are something marvellous for elegance and originality. The libretto is gay, lively, and audaciously absurd, and the music—the music belongs, in my opinion, to the best that Offenbach has composed for some time past. I may mention, as among the most taking and clever numbers, Prince Caprice's address to the Moon, ending with the burden: "Papa, Papa, je veux la lune;" the chorus of astronomers; Fantasia's Romance; the chorus of little artillery men; the song of the "Charlatan;" and the ballet music. Mad. Zolmar Bouffar particularly distinguished herself as Prince Caprice, and found a Princess Fantasia worthy of her in the person of Mlle Marcu, a former pupil and prize-winner at the Conservatory, who has deserted the Société des Concerts for opéra-bonfête. MM. Christian and Grivot are very good as Vian I. and Microscope.

La Cruche Cassée is the title of a three-act comic opera just produced at the little Théâtre Taitbout—the libretto is by MM. Moineux and Noriac; the music by M. L. Vasseur, who has been fortunate in his artists: Mad. Chautout, Mlle, Céline Montaland, MM. Bonnet and Laguet. The verdict was favourable.

Mysterious hints are in circulation about the Théâtre-Lyrique, which, it is said, will soon be able to boast of a manager and a home. Can these hints have ought in common with the project broached by M. Adolphe Sax, some ten years ago, of a colossal operahouse for the people? All I know is that the project has been revived, and that a committee, including MM. Emile Girardin, Bardon, Under-Secretary of State in the Ministry of Justice, Ambroise Thomas, Halanzier, Carvalho, Jucières, Reinach, Denery, Détrouy, and Camille Doucet, are discussing its merits. Should their report be favourable, the committee will probably be raised at once.

Gounod is going on favourably. He will soon have completely recovered. The same is true of M. C. Lamoureux.

MISS MINNIE HAUCK.

This young lady has taken a high place in the esteem of the Berliners, with whom she has, in a comparatively short time, become a great favourite. The critics, too, are as well inclined to her as the general public. Subjoined are extracts from a few of the notices since her appearance as a regular member of the company at the Royal Operahouse. The *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*, writes as follows:—

"Yesterday evening Auber's *Domino Noir* was revived. The central figure in the part of Angela, for which partiality has always been evinced by singers, combining vocal fluency with dramatic talent. Our recollections take us back as far as Sophie Löwe, who created the part here. Without instituting comparisons, we beg to express to Miss Hauck our thorough approbation of the way in which she conceives and carries it out. She played admirably, and showed by her singing that she is a real artist. In summing up the performance of Miss Hauck's, we again come to the conclusion that in this young artist we have made the acquisition of a lady gifted with a voice, vocal art, and dramatic power. Like the sun she is not free from spots, but still she belongs to the race of suns."

With this luminous compliment we take leave of Herr Richard Wüster, and proceed to the *Preussische Zeitung*:—

"Miss Minnie Hauck appeared yesterday at the Operahouse in Gounod's *Marguerite*, for the first time, as a newly engaged member of the company. By her 'Gastspiel,' which commenced in the month of November last year, with *Wignon*, and was continued for several evenings, she introduced herself here with ever increasing success. The liberal applause bestowed on her by the public, more especially in the part previously sung by Mme Lucca, paved the way for her engagement at the Royal Operahouse, and served to usher in honourably her return. Musical drama at the Royal theatre gains in Miss Hauck a new and eminent representative of artistic singing. In her we find a voice teeming with freshness and health; a tone able with its waves to fill the spacious building; and, moreover, an uncommonly pure intonation. With these elementary advantages Miss Minnie Hauck unites a sure command over the art resources of vocalism. The gentle, quiet way in which she takes a note, softly and piano, and then allows it to die away like an echo, has a magical effect. In the first meeting with Faust she gave proof of artistic skill. For the ideally pure Gretchen of Goethe, this dwelling upon a high note would, dramatically speaking, not be appropriate. But, after all, is Gounod's Gretchen Goethe's Gretchen? It strikes us that the wonderful and long-sustained piano suited the coquettishly drawn operatic heroine wonderfully. Miss Minnie Hauck sang the 'König von Thule' in a dreamy manner suited to the situation. The Jewel Waltz, which follows, was a genuine specimen of the ornate style. In the duet with Faust, the scene with her dying brother, and the prison scene, her fine intelligence and well coloured expression were in vivid keeping with the musical effect. This last was dramatically one of the most touching points in the performance. Applause and recalls, to which was added a shower of bouquets, greeted Miss Hauck both during and after the opera. This unanimous verdict was an expression of thanks to the Intendant-General, for securing an artist so eminent."

Dr Gumprecht, in the *National Zeitung*, says:—

"One of the best things as yet offered us in the varied repertory of Miss Minnie Hauck is her Angela. For music which speaks only in half tints, her unflinching supremacy over the most delicate gradations of sound is of striking importance. It is only in the second and third act that the dramatic significance of the part is brought out. Here the Arragonais and his brilliant sequel afford the widest scope for readiness of execution."

Yet another critic says:—

"It was no easy task for an artist to assert herself in the principal character of the *Domino Noir* against the reminiscences cherished by the Berlin public of Mme Arlot; but Miss Minnie Hauck has accomplished it. Her own peculiarities and those of the part agree perfectly with each other. Her vocal training, marked by high distinction, and supported by a powerful and healthy voice; the clearness of her intellect, never vacillating as to the end and the means of expression; her skilful and delicate execution—all these were combined in a total performance which afforded a significant artistic treat, and, without doubt, will often be heard again with pleasure in the course of the ensuing winter."

Of a certainty, Miss Minnie Hauck has reason to feel pleased at her reception in Berlin. X.

MUSIC IN BERLIN.

(From a Correspondent.)

Herr Niemann has appeared as Eleazar in Halévy's opera of *La Juive* at the Royal Operahouse, but he does not seem to have made a hit. So I gather from what I have heard in conversation, or learnt from the papers, for I did not see him myself. Herr Ferdinand Gumbert, speaking of the performance, expresses himself thus in the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*:—

"Herr Niemann, who, seven years ago, sustained the part of Eleazar on one occasion (and no more), has appeared in it to-day. The same want of a brilliant high register has caused him to fail in the attempt now as he failed before. The excess of nice gradations in delivery and acting proved more detrimental than advantageous to the performance as a whole. The fact is that, despite omissions, changes, and transpositions, Herr Niemann's strength was so exhausted in the fourth act (the culminating point of the character), that he had frequently recourse to the spoken word, and the grand air did not produce its proper effect. Even his oft-praised histrionic talent left the popular artist in the lurch; the power of impersonating Judæan peculiarities seems denied to the admirable representative of chivalry; his minuettes and the movements of his arms—especially in moments of excitement—contrasted with his walk and bearing. That Herr Niemann should aim at doing something new is certainly highly praiseworthy; so also is his again venturing upon an unsuccessful essay; but—there should be a possibility of success, and this is utterly out of the question. The fact that many tenors, with a brilliant high register, but with very little histrionic power, should achieve success as Eleazar, ought of itself to be for Herr Niemann a plain indication of the state of the case. Among the number of Eleazars whom I can remember, only one sung and acted equally well, and that was Roger."

Moral:

"Non cuiusvis hominum contingit adire Corinthum."

"It is not every tenor who can tackle the character of Eleazar." The other leading personages were confined to Mad. von Voggenhuber, Madlle Grösi, Herren Fricke and Schröder.

It is said that the next novelty at the Royal Operahouse is to be Herr Hermann Götz's *Widerständigen Zehmung* (*Taming of the Shrew*). "It is said" that some hitch has occurred as regards *Tristan und Isolde*, Mad. Mallinger having positively refused to play Isolde.

The Winter Concerts of the Singacademie begin this evening (the 29th October) with Handel's *Nelson*.

A short time since Mad. Adelina Patti and her husband, the Marquis de Caux, spent a day or two here, on their way to St Petersburg, and visited the Tiergarten. As they were driving down one of the principal roads, a hackney-cab ran into their carriage, the pole of the former vehicle passing through the window of the latter. Fortunately no injury was sustained.

NEW YORK.—Mr Theodore Thomas, after having successfully terminated his Summer Night Concerts at the Central Park Gardens, has resumed his provincial concert tour with his unrivalled orchestra, accompanied by Mlle. Madeleine Schiller, as solo pianist, who has everywhere won golden opinions for her distinguished and highly-artistic performances, her selections comprising the highest and best of pianoforte works, as those of Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, Weber, &c., &c. Mr Thomas's concerts at the Central Park Gardens were, in every respect, a great success; and, with such interesting programmes, so splendidly performed, it was not to be wondered at. There were extra nights devoted to the performance of the works of Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Wagner, &c., &c. On the Mozart night, Mr Thomas introduced, with a particularly happy result, a Concerto for Harp and Flute, which, according to Jahn, Mozart wrote when in Paris. It is a work, full of beauties, such as only Mozart's genius could produce; and it is surprising how this work could have been, hitherto, so entirely neglected. It was performed most excellently by Mr Thomas's talented harpist, Mr Adolphus Lockwood, who is well known in London, and Mr Carl Wehner, a flute player of the first order. The concerto was so enthusiastically received that it had to be repeated in many of the concerts after, and forms now, also, a feature in Mr Thomas's provincial concerts. The grand orchestral works performed at the Summer Night Concerts comprised symphonies by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Raff, Spohr ("Consecration of Sound"), H. Hofmann's "Fritthof" symphony, Hamerick's "Woodish Suite," a number of overtures by the best masters, and several selections from the works of Liszt, Wagner, &c.

MEFISTOFELE.

A NEW ITALIAN OPERA BY A NEW ITALIAN COMPOSER.

(From a Special Italian Correspondent.)

On Monday, 4th October, at the Teatro Comunale, at Bologna, took place the first representation of *Mefistofele*, an opera, in a prologue, four acts, and an epilogue, poetry and music of M. Arrigo Boito. Many circumstances concurred to give to this performance the interest of a great artistic event. The name of the author—which, even among the most eager opponents, excites always the greatest interest—the desire of knowing the modifications that had been introduced in this opera, after it had been enacted at the Theatre of Scala in 1868, and then suspended by the authority for the sake of the violent disputes it had excited, and the choice of the public to submit to a second and definitive judgment of this opera; a clever, intelligent public, accustomed to the best music, far from violent partisans, as well as from systematical adversaries; a public who had the fortune of delivering its judgment, the first in Italy, on the merit of the *Africaine*, *Don Carlos*, *Lohengrin*, and *Tannhäuser*.

The success of the opera was splendid; more than twenty times the author was called to the proscenium by unanimous, sincere, spontaneous applause, and he was kindly led on by the excellent artist who interpreted his music, Mdlle. Berghin-Manno (counter-alto), Mr. Campanini (tenor), and Mr. Nannetti (bass). And these demonstrations of esteem and admiration, which became greater and greater each successive evening, were not excessive, for really few operas contain so many good qualities as we find in the vigorous work of M. Boito.

The *Mefistofele*—which more properly ought to be called *Faust*, because it comprehends all the life of the protagonist, as in like manner the *Faust* of Goethe ought to be entitled *Margaret*, for it comprehends only the episode of *Gretchen*—belongs, according to the character of the argument, to the opera legend. It could be much disputed whether the choice of *Faust* of Goethe, in order to work out of it a musical drama, were convenient; and though we are very prone to admit legends among the fanciful sources of arguments for musical dramas, we yet think that this wants some elements necessary to music.

A drama will strike the spectators, as much as they partake of the passions that move the persons of it. The supernatural produces in the human mind a vague impression, and this indefinite amazement can excite the strongest emotions, especially when we receive it by the indeterminate means of the sounds. But this impression is not produced by the supernatural itself, but by its intervening in the real life. A drama which were entirely acted and developed in imaginary regions, and in which only ideal beings took part, could excite in our mind a sense of admiration, but certainly it would not touch our hearts; for how could we conceive the feelings of natures quite different from ours? On the contrary, a drama in which a man had contact and relation with imaginary beings or worlds should produce in our mind many emotions; for, as we can put ourselves in the place of the protagonist, with whom we have communion of feeling, we can even partake of his sensations of joy, grief, astonishment, or fright.

M. Wagner—who, as we think, better than any other, has got into the spirit of the legend—gave us, in *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser*, two admirable examples of the manner in which the fantastical element must be used in the musical drama. *Lohengrin* and *Venus* are the two phantoms who exercise their influence on the passions of Elsa and Tannhäuser; but the mind of the spectator is entirely devoted to these persons, so that, when Elsa and Tannhäuser die, the drama is completed. Nobody longer cares for the two supernatural beings, which yet were the hinges of the action; and it would be a great error to think it possible to add a fourth act to bring us to see the unknown region of the cavaliers of the Holy Grail, or, on the Venaberg, the griefs of Venus.

According to these accounts, as we consider the *Faust* of Goethe, we perceive that the real and fantastical elements pass in it like a vision before the eyes of Faust and Mephisto. Margaret and Helena, the mountains of Harz and the fields of Pharsalus, the cave of Auerbach and the imperial Palace, quite different and contrary things, have their reason, and are mixed and joined

together in an immense unity in the poem; for, as the hinge of it is the desire of the protagonist of knowing all, all must appear before him. But, to comprehend all this unity, it is necessary that we, in our mind, become almost the same thing with Faust, which, when we are reading, is quite possible to be done, considering Faust, not as a man, but as the representative of an idea, through which we can get by means of reasoning, we put ourselves in the place of the doctor.

In the musical drama, naturally, all the philosophical part is left out, and there remains only the action that develops on the stage. The unity of *Faust* disappears to give place to some scenes, and we can say that the protagonist himself changes according to the scenes that pass before him and us. The old doctor who studies theology, and walks with Wagner, is not, when we see him on the stage, the young lover of Margaret, nor the man climbing the rocks of the Brocken, nor the cavalier of the fifteenth century in love for Helena; on the contrary, the spectator who had put himself in the place of Faust, lover of Margaret, when this episode of Mephisto does not feel any need of following Faust in his after vicissitudes and transformations.

Nevertheless, the masterpiece of the German literature is so rich in colour, that it can easily seduce and attract any strong mind; and M. Boito, who was from his youth fond of this splendid subject, courageously undertook the hard work of reducing, into the brief forms of the melodrama, the vast idea of Goethe; his strength did not fail; and he succeeded. He who reads the drama of *Mefistofele* wonders how, in those few pages, the character and conceit of the poem from which it is worked out appear unchanged. From the prologue in Heaven to the ascension to Heaven of Faust, all the principal episodes receive their proportioned places; and in the first drama there was even the prologue in the theatre, which was as a preface to the whimsical idea of the gold in the imperial Palace; the fantastical action, in which Helena and Paris were evoked; and the battle between the Emperor and the false Emperor described by an *Intermezzo Sinfonico*, with chorus, between the fourth and fifth acts. As the author presented his work on the stage, he wisely resolved, after the storms of the preceding acting, to take from his opera some parts which bore an excessive prolixity, and wanted interest on the stage. Some parts he modified; nevertheless, we hope it will be a complete edition of *Mefistofele*, for even the omitted parts do not want beauty, and should not be lost.

(To be continued.)

BRUSSELS.—Most of the victims to the influenza having recovered, *Robert le Diable* has resumed its place in the bills of the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie. M. Sylva and Mdlle Vanden Berghen sustain the two principal characters in a way that meets with general approbation. M. Libert, as Raubach, is not so fortunate. His nervousness mars most of what he does. Mdlle Vanden Berghen has produced a favourable impression, also, in *Le Juif*; not so again, M. Libert, who, as Prince Leopold, displays neither the elegance nor the assurance of one so high placed. The other parts are confided to Mdlle Lammekers, MM. Warot and Salomon.—The following, according to report, are the artists who will sing Verdi's *Requiem* in Belgium and France:—Signora Caruzzi-Belgiovanni, soprano, of the theatres at two years, Dresden, Vienna, etc.; Mlle Barlati-Nini, mezzo-soprano, from the theatres of Milan, Florence, Rome, Turin, Genoa, Trieste, Barcelona, and other considerable cities; Sig. Belotti, tenor, a pupil of Sig. Lamperti, of Milan; Sig. Povolieri, bass. He created the part of the King, in Verdi's opera of *Aida*, at the Scala, Milan. The conductor will be Sig. E. Musio, who is to hold the same position next year at the Italian Opera, Paris, and who, for the last two years, directed the Italian companies engaged in America by the Brothers Strakosch.—The following are the works which were to be executed in the Collegial Church of St Michael and St Gudule, at the festivals of All Saints, under the direction of M. Fischer:—On Monday, November 1st, at 10 a.m., a Mass by the Cavaliere Glinio Roberti, Inspector of Schools at Florence; Offertorium, "Expectans expectavi," by B. Polak-Daniels, a Dutch composer, residing at Dresden. At 5.30 p.m., the same day, "Iste Dies," L. Cherubini; "Sub Tuum Præsidium," J. Danjou; "Te decet Laus," Lebl; and "Tantum ergo," P. Benoit. On Monday, 15th November, the King's fête, "Te Deum," F. Riga. On Monday, the 22nd November, the festival of St Cecilia, at 11 a.m., a Mass, by A. F. Wouters.

CHRISTINE NILSSON AT BIRMINGHAM.

The *Birmingham Morning News*, in a notice of Messrs Harrison's "first grand concert," in which Madame Nilsson took part, has the following about that accomplished songstress:—

"The most important incident of last night was the appearance here of Madame Christine Nilsson. It may be remembered that this enchanting songstress first visited Birmingham at the Triennial Festival of 1867. She was then just twenty-four years of age; but she had been a musician almost from her cradle. Up to the year in which she was sixteen she sang and played the violin at Swedish burgh fairs. On one occasion, when she was thus exhibiting, a gentleman of influence and sagacity heard her, and at once understood the nature of her talents. He placed her in a good school, and subsequently sent her to Paris for the completion of her general and musical education. On the 27th of October, 1860, she appeared for the first time before a Parisian audience, at the Théâtre Lyrique, as *Violetta* in *La Traviata*. Her success was triumphant; and on the morning following she was called upon by the management to sign an agreement for three years. In 1867 Madame Nilsson came to London, and during the season at Her Majesty's Theatre played *Violetta*, *Margarita*, *Astrifamante*, and other leading parts. In following years she has been a bright particular star in Mr Mapleson's companies, enchanting all by her charming vocalisation, and everywhere making friends by her amiable disposition, and by her inexhaustible charities. Noble, and yet simple in her nature, Madame Nilsson has won the admiration and love of all who admire and love talent and virtue. The first piece set down in last night's programme for Madame Nilsson was the *Air des Bijoux*, from Gounod's *Faust*. She gave the whole of the *scena*, although the words only from the passage "O ciel" were printed in the programme books. Thus affording Madame Nilsson a good opportunity for display of variety of style; the 'King of Thule' verses being sung with exquisite simplicity, and the passages expressive of astonishment and delight at the possession of the gems with brilliancy and power, and yet with the most perfect naturalness and grace. The conclusion of the waltz movement was the signal for an enthusiastic burst of applause, and, after being thrice recalled, Madame Nilsson gave the old Scotch ballad, 'Auld Robin Gray.' The first solo in the second part of the programme for the fair *cantatrice* was a new song by Sullivan, 'Let me dream again.' This being encored, in place of a repeat a substitution of the 'Minstrel Boy' was made, the interpretation being distinguished by characteristic expression and clear declamation. As her last solo, Madame Nilsson sang two Swedish melodies, (1) 'Lø Printemps,' (2) 'Dansé Dalcarnionne.' The first of these, remarkable for a mixture of playfulness and pathos, was exquisitely sung; the second, a minor melody, full of life and sparkle, brought into prominent notice Madame Nilsson's extraordinary facility in ornamentation. The splendid shake introduced at the conclusion of the melody excited the admiration of the audience to the utmost, and, after repeated recalls, a repetition was given. Again at the end the cheering was immense."

ST PETERSBURGH.—A new opera, *Angelo*, by a Russian composer, César Qui, is in preparation at the National Opera-house.

CARLSRUHE.—Herr Ferdinand Langer's romantic opera of *Dornröschen* is in active rehearsal at the Court Theatre under the direction of Herr Dessoff, and will be performed there for the first time on the 3rd December, the birthday of the Grand Duchess.

VENICE.—The Teatro Rossini has been thoroughly repaired and redecorated. It is now one of the most elegant and most comfortable theatres in Italy.—The Teatro Goldoni was to open for a short season, commencing on the 1st of the present month, and lasting up to December 10th. The first two operas performed were to be *Un Ballo in Maschera* and *L'Ebreo*.—The operas during the Grand Carnival Lent season at the Fenice will include *La Contessa di Mons* by the Cavaliere Laura Rossi, who will conduct it in person, and, in all probability, *Lui*, by Sig. Schira, whose *Sireogigi* was so eminently successful at the same theatre. There is, also, some talk of *Le Gitane*, by Sig. Pisani. The ballets selected for representation are *Ermanno*, by Sig. Fracosi, and *Bacco ed Arianna*, by Sig. Danesi.

Higher Development.

Nos. 1 and 2.

Liszt Ferencz

a dícsőszégesen működő zongorakirály az 6 különféle attitűdjében.

—Nyolcz rajzban bemutatja Borosszem Jankó. —



Megjelen a fény mosolyával, melyet játékosan mérsékel szerény reverenciája Dörgő taps, viharos éjlen.



Az első accord. Rrrrrrrrr — csin! Visszatér, mintegy mondván: vigyázzatok, most jön!

(To be continued.)

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST JAMES'S HALL.
EIGHTEENTH SEASON, 1875-76.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE FIRST CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 8, 1875.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET in C minor, Op. 18, No. 4, for two violins, viola, and
violinello—MM. WILHELMJ, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and DAUBERT .. *Beethoven.*
NEW SONGS, { "Dancing lightly comes the summer" .. *Sheridale Bennett.*
 { "Maiden minor" ..

Mr SHAKESPEARE.

SONATA in C major, Op. 53 (dedicated to Count Waldstein), for
pianoforte alone—Madame ANNETTE ESCHOFF .. *Beethoven.*

PART II.

TRIO in D minor, Op. 4, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—
Madame ANNETTE ESCHOFF, Herr WILHELMJ, and Herr
DAUBERT .. *Bergin.*

AIR, "Un aura amorous" (C'est fun tuu!)—Mr SHAKESPEARE .. *Mozart.*

QUARTET in D minor, Op. 16, No. 2, for two violins, viola, and
violinello—MM. WILHELMJ, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and DAUBERT .. *Hagen.*

Conductor Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.
SATURDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 13, 1875.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET in E flat, Op. 14, for two violins, viola, and violoncello
—MM. STRAUSS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and DAUBERT .. *Beethoven.*

SONGS, { "Willet du dein Herz mir schenken!" .. *Rach.*
 { "Liebestreu" .. *Brakha.*

Mlle THEKLA FRIEDLANDER.

SONATA in G minor, Op. 22, for pianoforte alone—Madame
ANNETTE ESCHOFF .. *Schumann.*

SONUS, { "Du bist die Ruh" .. *Schubert.*
 { "Auftrage" .. *Schumann.*

Mlle THEKLA FRIEDLANDER.

SEPTET in D minor, for pianoforte, flute, oboe, horn, viola,
violinello, and double bass—Madame ANNETTE ESCHOFF,
MM. BRONSA, LAYONE, VANHAUSE, ZERBINI, REYNOLDS, and
DAUBERT .. *Hummel.*

Conductor Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. L. F.—The *opus* number of Dussak's sonata, *L'Invocation*, is
"77"—not "70." The veritable "70" is the *Retur à Paris*, which
we know as *Plus ultra*.

DR. GRIEBLE.—Jonelli not only preceded Cimarosa and Paisiello,
but Piccini (or Piccinni). Mozart heard one of his operas, when a
mere boy, in Italy, and mentions it in a letter.

DEATH.

On November 3rd, at Liverpool, SIGNOR ALEXANDER PILOTTI,
deeply regretted.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs
DUNCAN DAVIDSON & CO.'S, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little
Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements
may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1875.

Confabulations Confidential.



DR. FOX.—Charles Salaman, I am told, has been admonishing the
critics?

DR. GOOSE.—He has—the old fox!

DR. FOX.—Rather say, goose.

DR. GOOSE.—Not so; he gained his point.

DR. FOX.—What was his point?

DR. GOOSE.—To provoke a discussion, in the course of which a
stone should be flung at the critics. The old fox!

DR. FOX. The old goose! (*Persuasively*) Shall I see you at
Michaelmas?

DR. GOOSE. Not by no means. (*Exeunt amicably.*)

—o—

WILHELMJ AND THE ORCHESTRA.

EVERY one who cares for music, and every one who
cares for those without whose concurrence music, no
matter how gloriously conceived, must remain silent on
paper—written but not heard, except in the mind's ear of
an exceptionally-gifted few—must feel gratified to know
that between the distinguished violinist, Herr Wilhelmj, and
his brethren of the Covent Garden orchestra, the most
cordial sympathy has prevailed. We are informed that, at
the termination of his engagement, Herr Wilhelmj wrote a
letter, expressing his sense of indebtedness to the members
of the orchestra for their hearty and friendly co-operation.
This is as it should be, and all the more agreeable to record
because the initiative proceeds from one who, like Herr
Wilhelmj, is universally recognised both as an artist and a
gentleman. We have not seen the letter, or a copy of the
letter, referred to; but we are enabled to make our readers
acquainted with the sympathetic reply of the Covent
Garden orchestra, through their representative, Mr A.

Burnett, who occupies honourably the honourable post of "principal first violin":—

"HERR A. WILHELMJ—

"SIR,—I am desired by the members of the 'Covent Garden orchestra' to give you their best thanks for your most kind letter.

"That they have been connected in any way with your great success is to them a source of immense satisfaction; and they echo most cordially your hope—'That we may meet again, in the future, on the same amicable terms.'

"Wishing you the success that is yours by right of your glorious talent, I remain, in the name of the Covent Garden orchestra, your obedient servant,

"Suffolk Lodge, Denmark Hill,

"October 30, 1875."

"A. BURNETT.

The straightforward language in which this answer to a spontaneous acknowledgment of obligation on the part of a truly great artist is couched enhances its worth. The whole, however, simply resolves itself into a genuine and unaffected interchange of courtesies—of later times somewhat rare, and, therefore, the more acceptable.

P.S.—Since the foregoing was in type we have been favoured with a copy of Herr Wilhelmj's letter, which will be perused with no less interest than the other:—

"To the Gentlemen of the Orchestra, Covent Garden Promenade Concerts—

"GENTLEMEN,—Before taking my leave of the Covent Garden Concerts, I wish to convey to you my best thanks for the kind and sympathetic manner in which you have received me, and for the able aid you have afforded me during my performances with you. May I also express my appreciation of the great ability you display in the execution of your work, and of the unanimity that exists amongst you. I shall always retain a most pleasant remembrance of my short sojourn amongst you, and shall hope to meet you again, in the future, on the same amicable terms. Believe me, gentlemen, very faithfully yours,

"AUGUST WILHELMJ.

"London, October 28th, 1875."

That Herr Wilhelmj and his gallant coadjutors will bear kindly remembrances of each other can hardly be questioned. Would it were ever so!

OBSTRUCTIONS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—A few weeks since, there appeared in the columns of your journal some preliminary observations, intended to introduce a second article from my pen, upon various details which, in my opinion, require reform at several of our London Theatres. Upon now looking at those observations, I experience a mingling lest, like the head of an infantine victim to hydrocephaloid, they may prove rather out of proportion with what follows; that they may suggest a long-winded grace prefacing the hasty snack, facetiously dignified by the name of dinner, with which travellers at a railway station have scarcely time to choke themselves, ere the bell summons them to resume their journey.

The fact is that, since I addressed you, the Lord Chamberlain has issued a notice, condemning one of the abuses against which I was preparing to inveigh. For the sake of the public, I am delighted to see a nuisance abolished; but, at the same time, I am, in Parliamentary phrase, "free to confess" I wish his Lordship had waited a little longer. I might then have fancied that some part in doing away with the nuisance was due to me. At present I cannot possibly lay that flattering unction to my soul. As, however, the step taken by his Lordship has excited in certain quarters adverse criticisms, and exposed him to a charge of "muddling and meddling"—nay, even of having acted in a high-

handed and arbitrary fashion—I may, perhaps, be permitted to offer a few comments upon what he has done.

In the communication to which I refer, the Lord Chamberlain directs attention to a practice which has been largely and steadily on the increase for some years past. I mean the practice of placing additional seats in various parts of the theatres, especially in the approaches to the stalls, whenever any special entertainment attracted a more than usually numerous audience. On such occasions some portions of our theatres had come to resemble the Paris Boulevards on a fine summer's evening, or the walk by the side of Rotten Row in the height of the season, so bristling were they with chairs. His Lordship justly remarks that these additional seats would, probably, in case of fire, act as barricades; and that these barricades, improvised by officials unconscious of the mischief they were doing, might, by impeding the flight of the terrified and bewildered crowd, become productive of most deplorable and fatal results. He, therefore—and, as I consider, very correctly—expresses a wish, or, in other words, promulgates an order, that the practice may be discontinued.

But, supposing, for a moment—and I most humbly ask your pardon, Sir, for the preposterous nature of the supposition—that in all our Metropolitan Theatres, and not merely in a few exceptional cases, every possible precaution against fire were adopted, and every possible appliance invariably ready, and in good working order, for subduing the flames, should they break out, there is another reason why this encumbering of space should never have been tolerated.

The right of way ought to be as sternly claimed and preserved in a theatre as in any other locality. Woe to the lord of the manor whose natural proclivities to encroachment tempt him into endeavouring to debar his neighbours from a well-established right of way, even though it entitle them to pass almost under his dining-room windows. Let no Manchester cotton spinner, exemplifying in an original sense the oft-quoted response: "*(Novus) Homo sum; Nihil humanum a me alienum puto*"—imagine he can seize upon, as his own, and shut up, the path leading through a copse or field which forms a portion of the estate he has recently purchased, if long custom has consecrated that path public property. Even Royalty has ere this learnt, after a twenty years' struggle, that the right of way is something to which Englishmen stick as pertinaciously as barnacles cling to a ship's side. The portrait of the sturdy brewer through whose exertions Richmond Park was preserved for the Public still adorns the walls of many a sanded, old-fashioned inn-parlour on the banks of the Thames. It is, therefore, astonishing that theatre-goers should so long have foregone a right which not even an English sovereign could deny old John Lewis; and they are bound to feel thankful to the Lord Chamberlain for having espoused their cause against those who had virtually deprived them of it.

How truly was it observed by the great French fabulist:—

"On se voit d'un autre œil qu'on ne voit son prochain."

It never struck Managers that there was ought reprehensible in their barring the progress of their patrons to or from the seats which those patrons had hired, and for which they had duly paid. Yet Managers can declaim loudly and vehemently enough against the Gas or the Water Companies, or the Telegraph Authorities, or the Commissioners of Sewers, or the Board of Works, all of whom seem to exert their ingenuity in discovering how often, without causing an insurrection on the part of the inhabitants, they can impede the traffic of the Metropolis. It certainly is provoking to find

the roadway continually and truculently ripped up by a legion of broad-shouldered navvies, armed with pick-axe and shovel; to see two parallel lines of black, mal-odorous earth, with a deep chasm between them, extending, as far as the eye can reach, down what is sometimes, and would be always if it were left alone, a busy thoroughfare, giving passage to countless vehicles; and to discover that the regulations issued by Col. Henderson for "setting down" and "taking up" cannot be executed within less than half-a-mile or a mile of the theatre to which they were intended by the gallant Colonel to apply. Yet Managers are scarcely the persons who should complain. What real difference in principle is there between blocking up a necessary gangway inside a theatre with additional chairs, and, by means of excavations, which might delight the eye of an antiquary at Nineveh, but certainly do not please the frequenters of a London street, obstructing the approaches to the theatre from without?

Again: I am not aware that Theatrical Managers are more ardent advocates than their fellow-men for the over-freighting of Citizen Steamers, or for jamming two passengers into a given space on the knife-board of a Waterloo or a Favourite omnibus, if the said space is large enough for only half that amount of humanity. Had things, however, been allowed to pursue their course unchecked, it might have been found necessary to license theatres, as well as the conveyances just mentioned, to accommodate a certain number of customers and no more. Fortunately, the *Deus ex Machina* appeared, not before his advent was needed, in the shape of the Lord Chamberlain. Let us hope that, after having issued his notice, his Lordship will take care that it is duly respected.

N. V. N.

Dialogues in Purgatory.



Dr Serpent. What was your opinion of the sisters Balia at the Crystal Palace concert on Saturday?

Dr Ghost. If you mean their singing, my opinion is that it was charmingly perfect.

Dr Serpent. I mean their appearance.

Dr Ghost. My opinion is that it was perfectly charming.
(Both blush—then vanish.)

MIDLE ZABÉ THALBERG has been singing the part of the heroine in Meyerbeer's *Dinorah* with great success, at Glasgow and elsewhere.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A MONUMENT is to be inaugurated on the 6th May, 1876, in the church of Santa Croce, Florence, in memory of Bartolomeo Cristofori, the inventor of the piano.

Verdi completed last month his sixty-second year. May he live and compose to his one hundred and twenty-fourth year. [His health herewith, in a bumper.—D. P.]

MARIE KEERS, the accomplished pianist whom English amateurs love so well, has returned to her native city of Dresden, where she is about to give a concert, the programme of which includes Sterndale Bennett's three sketches, *The Lake, the Millstream and the Fountain*. We should like to be there, especially for the *Millstream*.

The following composers were born during the month of November: Vincenzo Bellini (on the 1st, 1801); Gaspare Spontini (on the 14th, 1774); Michele Carafa (on the 17th, 1787); Gaetano Donizetti (on the 29th, 1797). Felix Mendelssohn died on the fourth, 1847; Gioachino Rossini, (on the 13th, 1868); Cristophe Gluck, (on the 15th, 1787); and Franz Schubert, (on the 19th, 1828).

THE new operas produced in Italy since the 1st January up to the present date are twenty-nine in number. They comprise:—*Colombo*, first performed in the private theatre of the Countess Talon, at her villa near Bologna, Sig. Fava; *Elena in Troja*, Naples, Sig. d'Allesio; *Il Pipistrello*, Naples, Sig. Gioia; *Gustavo Wasa*, Milan, Sig. Marchetti; *Amore e Vendetta*, Reggio; Sig. Marchi; *Corinna*, Naples, Sig. Rebboni; *Solovango*, Venice, Sig. Schira; *Dolara*, Florence, Sig. d'Auterri; *Manzocchi*; *Don Luigi di Toledo*, Vercelli, Sig. Coriani; *Le Figlie di Priamo*, Naples, Sig. d'Allesio; *Amore a suo Tempo*, Bologna, Sig. Tosmano; *La Rosa del Cadore*, Alexandria, Sig. Predaggi; *Scomburgo*, Brescia, Sig. Pelligrini; *Luigi XI.*, Florence, Sig. L. Fumigalli; *Le tre Zie*, Leghorn, Sig. Giacomelli; *Il Ritorno del Corrito*, Sienna, Sig. Tolomei; *Don Bizzarro e le sue Figlie*, Naples, Sig. Mugnone; *Le Rivali senza Amante*, Naples, Sig. Greco; *Una Burla*, Bologna, Sig. Farinini; *Isabella Orsini*, l'Avia, Sig. Isidoro Rossi; *La Fata*, Naples, Sig. Miceli; *Maria e Fernando*, Naples, Sig. Ferruccio Ferrari; *Benvenuto Cellini*, Naples, Sig. d'Orsini; *Giuditta*, Naples, Sig. Scoria; *Il Cacciatore*, Milan, Sig. Canavasso; *Un Matrimonio sotto la Repubblica*, Milan, Sig. Volletta; *I quattro Rustici*, Florence, Sig. Moscazza; *Si e No*, Naples, Sig. Panico; and *La Vendetta d'un Foletto*, Rome, the Brothers Mililotti.

A PERIODICAL CRY.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—According to the *Guide Musical* of the 28th ult., Carl Rosa's English opera speculation at the Princess's Theatre "is the first that has succeeded." Such an assertion might do for the Marines, or for strangers unacquainted with facts. Many other speculations of the kind have succeeded, in a similar manner, for a few weeks; and, doubtless, English opera would have been firmly established in London long ago, if English musicians had possessed that *amour propre* which makes opera performances succeed elsewhere. We have no lack of poets or musicians capable of producing operas equal, perhaps, to those of our neighbours; but there has been a lack of courage, owing to the profound respect that has always been shown for foreign productions, which has often proved the truth of the old adage, "Many may bolt bran and think it flour." Let Englishmen trust in their own strength, and once determine to have English opera (not a company to perform adaptations and court odious comparisons), then, and not till then, will Englishmen prove themselves to be equal to the task.

["*Amour propre*" is all moonshine. "*Esprit de Corps*" is everything. We have none of it. We want no more Bunna, or Fitzballs, Tom Cookes, or Rophino Lacys. The best man we have had among us for an age is Carl Rosa. May he go on and prosper. He has given us Balfe and Wallace, and one day will give us Macfarren and Sullivan; but that is no reason why he should not give us, also, Mozart, Cherubini, and Auber—*Le Théâtre* for example. Heaven forbid!—D. PETERS.]

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—The "English Night," at the Royal Italian Opera House, Covent Garden, attracted a large audience. The vocal artists were Miss Jos. Sherrington and Mr Pearson; the instrumentalists, Mdme Norman-Nerula (violin) and Miss Muschamps (piano). Among the instrumental *noeuvres* which obtained the greatest success were G. A. Macfarren's overture, *Chery Chase*, Sarnelle Bennett's overture, *The Naiads*, and John Francis Barnett's descriptive piece, *Long of the Lost Minstrel* (composed for the Liverpool Festival of 1874)—and all capably played by the orchestra, under the direction of Signor Ardit. The Barcarolle from Bennett's Fourth Concerto was given with delicacy and finish by Miss Muschamps. The vocal music obtained the usual amount of success, Miss Jos. Sherrington being deservedly applauded and recalled after "Home, sweet home," and "Where the bee sucks" (the latter sung with characteristic earnestness by the fair artist); and the same compliment being paid to Mr Pearson after his two songs. The "Selection" was from Halfe's *Satanella*; the Quadrille, Coote's "The Promenade;" and the Galop, which brought the concert to a merry close, Mr F. Godfrey's "Good Night."

MISS EMILY MOTT, a young vocalist who is making steady progress in her profession, gave an evening concert at St James's Hall on Monday. Miss Mott was assisted by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Blanche Cole, Mr Lewis Thomas, and Mr Sims Reeves. Mr Sydney Smith (piano), and the band of the Coldstream Guards, under the direction of Mr Fred. Godfrey. Miss Mott sang "Flowers of Friendship" (George Fox), "The Minstrel Boy," "Yes and No" (Louisa Gray), and took part with Madame Blanche Cole in the duet "As it fell upon a day;" on each occasion receiving hearty demonstrations of approval. Mr Sims Reeves gave Blumenthal's "Requital," responding to the song by the band, "Tom Bowling," and "The Bay of Biscay," which raised a perfect uproar in the hall. Mr Sydney Smith played in his best style, and his popular galop, "En route," was received with hearty demonstrations of approval. The general programme also contained other well known pieces, and their respective exponents were rewarded by the applause of the audience. The Goldstreama, *and*, in Mr Fred. Godfrey's "England," Fantasia, and in the "Pae de Patineurs," from Gluck's *Life for the Czar* (Walter obligato, Mr Nice), acquitted themselves admirably.

MR WALTER BACH gave a recital of pianoforte music at St James's Hall, on Monday afternoon, assisted by Mrs Beesley, Herr Wilhelm, and Miss Anna Williams. The programme included Bach's Fantasia in C minor, Beethoven's Sonata in C minor, Op. 111; Mendelssohn's Characteristic Pieces (Op. 7), Nos. 4 and 7, and Chopin's Six Preludes, Op. 28, two studies by Liszt, Raff's chaconne for two pianos (Op. 150), and Liszt's transcription of David's "Ungarische." Mr Bach possesses undeniable facility, and his scale passages are remarkable for their crispness and evenness; the lighter style of composition, however, appears better suited to him than Beethoven's Op. 111; hence the pianist shone most brilliantly in the charming *noeuvres* of Mendelssohn, the eccentric and difficult studies by Liszt, and the exacting preludes of Chopin. Mr Bach's efforts were well appreciated and loudly applauded. Mr Raff's changing the *first-fingering* was associated with Mrs Beesley (a pupil of Dr Hans von Bülow), a pianist of no mean attainments. His interpretation left nothing to be desired. Herr Wilhelm played Bach's chaconne for violin solo in a style with which the public are familiar, and, in response to a demand for an encore, substituted his transcription of a nocturne by Chopin. Miss Anna Williams sang Pergolesi's "Tre giorni," and Schumann's "Schöne Witze." Mr Zerbini was the accompanist. The hall was well filled.

MUSCH.—It may be remembered that, some two years since, Herr Nachbaur suddenly left this city for fear of the cholera, then raging, and broke his engagement he had been led to expect from a part of the public. These apprehensions were not realised, though the King was not in the house, which was crowded from floor to ceiling. Herr Nachbaur sang very finely, and was rapturously recalled after every act. There were a few misses at first, but they soon died away amid the nearly universal applause, and were not repeated. As the gap caused in the company by the panic-stricken Herr Nachbaur's flight, a question which the Intendant has, for two years, in vain attempted to fill, has at last been stopped up by Herr Nachbaur himself.

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our Correspondent.)

Nov. 3, 1875.

The first of Mr Charles Hallé's eighteenth series of grand orchestral concerts was given on Thursday last; no element of success was wanting, and the season could not well have had a more brilliant beginning. The band, being justly renowned, is now, perhaps, finer than ever; and the return of M. Lavigne, whose absence during the last two or three years has been much regretted, is a very sensible gain. Signor Riseguri is another artist whose return is welcomed. This gentleman now shares with Mr Goodwin the leadership of the second violins. Mr Pagnis, the horn player, who is suffering from serious illness, is an absentee, whose loss is serious; and of the retirement of Mr C. A. Seymour, who has for many years held an honourable and eminent position in the musical world here, I have already spoken. Mr Hallé's reference to Mr Seymour, in the programme of last Thursday, is as creditable to both gentlemen, and reflects also the general sentiment of the Manchester public towards Mr Seymour with so much accuracy, that I venture to ask you to insert it:—

"At the commencement of the eighteenth season I have to express my deep regret, which is shared by the whole orchestra, at the retirement of a gentleman upon whose valuable and most sympathetic co-operation it has been my pride to be allowed to rely since the institution of these concerts. Mr Seymour, the experienced and talented leader of the orchestra, who has honoured me with his friendship from the time of my arrival in Manchester, and whose name has been so intimately associated with mine in all my musical undertakings in this city, has, through failing health, been obliged to relinquish his post, a loss to the concerts which cannot be over estimated; and, as I am forbid to indulge the hope that Mr Seymour will ever be able to resume his accustomed place, I take this opportunity of expressing the pleasing duty of this recording my high sense of gratitude for his past services, and for the ever-cheerful, untiring, and affectionate manner in which they have been tendered to me."

"CHARLES HALLÉ."

"October 23, 1875."

I sent you the programme of this concert last week, and need only say a few words about it now. Mdme Christine Nilsson was in splendid voice, and the vocal part of the programme was also ably supported by Mdme Johanna Levier, Miss Alice Fairman, Mr Lloyd, and Signor Foli. Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor was amply played, and the same may be said of the *Egypt* overture and an overture by Lachner, played here for the first time. Mr Hallé's own performances were not the least delightful contributions to this concert, and his playing of one of Chopin's nocturnes was something to be remembered.

Lessons in humility should always be gratefully accepted, and I confess that I am always calm when I am reminded of the wholesome truth that in this country are as best only provincials. And when I read the other day in the *Musical World* that an overture by Cuius, the performance of which in Manchester I had already told you about, was to be played at the Crystal Palace in the following week, for the first time in public, the obvious inference did not distress me. But, for the sake of my own credit as a chronicler, let me assure you, not only that I myself heard the overture to *Love's Labour's Lost* a few weeks since in the Manchester Concert Hall, as reported in your paper, but that I was equally truthful when, last season, I wrote to you about two separate performances, at Mr Hallé's concerts, of Volkmann's overture to *Richard the Third*, announced to be played last Saturday at the Crystal Palace, "for the first time in England."

DUNSDORF.—The Dortmund Committee had decided on having the best two of the compositions sent in for the Bismark Hymn publicly performed here in September, and on awarding the prize to the more satisfactory composition of the two. The preparations for carrying out this resolution were already in full swing, when the Dortmund Committee wanted to impose certain conditions as to the prices of admission, the sale of tickets, and other matters. Guided by their experience of former musical performances, the Dusseldorf Committee did not consider themselves justified in assenting to these conditions. The whole business, in consequence, been brought to a dead lock, and it will be still some time before the public hears the Bismark Hymn.

THEODOR MÜLLER.

The Service for the Dead has just been read, at Brunswick, over an old man once belonging to a group of valued artists, whose great reputation extended far beyond the frontiers of Germany. Quietly and silently has the last of the old Quartet of the Brothers Müller been laid in the grave. In the days of our fathers and grandfathers, when Chamber Music, which, thanks to younger men, has received a fresh impulse, constituted the real core of musical culture in our native land, the four Brothers were among the most highly-esteemed members of the art world; and it was not till long afterwards that their Quartet, during many a decennium unsurpassed, was equalled, and, certainly, even excelled, by the Florentine and by the Joachim Quartets. Though, in accordance with the spirit of the age forty years since, there was a touch of homeliness about the way in which the Brothers read and rendered a composition, their bows poured forth, in the utmost purity, a clear, golden stream of classical masterpieces, and rarely have four other artists, seated at the quartet desks, worked with such wonderful unity of musical feeling, and, by the equality of their artistic capabilities, produced so thoroughly the impression that a single directing soul hovered over the instruments. The younger Brothers Müller—four sons of the first violinist in the old Quartet—who, some fifteen years ago, made an essay to tread in the footsteps of their relatives, could not come up to the latter in this equality of artistic aptitude, the first violinist, more especially, not being able to hold his own against the violoncellist (now, as we know, a member of the Joachim Quartet). The services of the first four Brothers Müller were secured for the Brunswick Opera in its palmy days, when a Pöck, a Schmezer, and a Mad. Fischer-Achten worked there together; Georg, as conductor; Gustav, as music-director; Carl (first violin), as leader; and Theodor, as solo-violoncello. By the deaths of Carl and Gustav, now nearly a quarter of a century ago, the Quartet lost its middle instrumentalists. The other two, however, attained to a venerable old age. The first violin has been mute some few years; the last survivor, Theodor, at the age of nearly eighty, is now called away from his post—and the members of the Old Quartet are once more united.—*Berlin Echo.*

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—In reference to the notice, in last week's *Musical World*, about the centenary commemoration, in Florence, of "Cristofori," who is credited with being the inventor of the pianoforte, I beg to mention that, in Germany, Christoph Gottlieb Schroeter is considered as having been the first to transform the harpsichord into the modern pianoforte. This was in 1717, when invented the model, which afterwards was carried out by Silbermann. There can be no dispute about the fact that Cristofori was the inventor of material improvements of the instrument; but, still, as these date only from the year 1718, I think there can be no doubt as to whom the honour belongs of having been first in the field. The admirable leading article on this subject, in the *Daily Telegraph* of October 25, points this out clearly enough. The following historical notices, which I am able to supply, may not be without interest.—Christoph Gottlieb Schroeter was born on the 10th of August, 1699, at Hohenstein, on the frontier of Bohemia, but he spent the greater part of his life at Nordhausen, in Prussia, where he died in November, 1782, while organist of the parish church. The house in which he lived, in Nordhausen, is provided with a tablet, on which his merits about the pianoforte are commemorated, and which tablet I have seen there myself.—I beg to remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

CHARLES ORREITH.

14, Talbot Road, Westbourne Park, Nor. 1st, 1875.

KAZAN.—The new theatre was recently inaugurated with Glinka's opera of *Life for the Czar*.

ROMA.—The Teatro Rossini is to be opened for a short number of nights, when *La Sonnambula* will be performed with Signora Isidor, Signori Baragi and Graziosi.

CATANIA.—The new theatre is rapidly approaching completion. The sum of 250,000 francs has already been expended on it, but 150,000 more will be required before it can be opened.

BARCELONA.—The Teatro del Liceo was opened for the season with *L'Africano*, the artists being Signora Urban, Cristina, Signori Tamagno, Mendiorca, Miller, and Bolon. The second opera was to be *Martha*, with Signore Rubini, Machwitz, Signori Vidal, Miller, and Capriles.

LECTURE ON ELIJAH.

(From an Occasional Contributor.)

The lecture delivered at the Beethoven Rooms on the 27th ult., on the character of Elijah fully deserved the very attentive appreciation it received. Amateurs as well as professionals were equally unanimous in their expressions of satisfactory pleasure. Mr Henry Lësingham (by whom the lecture was delivered), through the distinctness of his elocution secured the correct understanding of every sentence. The novelty of the subject was sufficient to insure attentive consideration. To paint moral features, or qualities, by means of sound is rarely attempted. The great composers, Bach, Handel, and Haydn, among others, seem never to have conceived the idea; but in this lecture it is suggested by inference, if not asserted, that Mendelssohn, when he wrote *Elijah*, aimed at nothing short of a musical portrait. The ear, not having been cultivated like the eye, is the reason assigned that portraits of the moral features by means of sound are not so common and successful as they are by means of colour. If, it is said, the characteristics of a man's moral nature may be judged of, and ascertained through, the art of the painter, why should not they in like manner be apparent through the art of the musician? The various high qualities of Elijah, as they are pointed out to us in Holy Scripture, such as his dignity, his zeal, his fervour among others, are musically expressed by Mendelssohn with a power which makes this portrait widely different from any attempt at portraiture by any composer before his time. This assertion is strengthened by an allusion to Haydn's *Creation*. Here there is no difference between the characters of Adam and Eve; the strains of melody pertaining to the two are almost identical. A distinction, too, is drawn between characteristic music and music expressive of the more important qualities of a particular man's nature. The song "O God rather than the clergy" is characteristic of Polyphemus, but it would have equally well suited another giant. The hard, sepulchral, unmelodic phrases which the Statue in *Don Giovanni* sings, are applicable to that figure of stone, or to any other such figure. But, in these instances only, the one common characteristic is pictured; while, in the case of the musical portrait, all the moral features must be imitated. Enough has been said here to give a notion of the general scope of the lecture; but anything like a thoroughly satisfactory abstract of the contents of the paper read by Mr Lësingham will not be attempted. Every position advanced has an illustration in the music of the oratorio; so that there is furnished to us matter for reflection. But whether the main proposition, that sound, like colour, should be able to paint moral characteristics, may be asserted fearlessly will depend in a measure on what use is made of the suggestion. That Mendelssohn made a great step in advance of any previous attempt is sufficiently shown in this lecture. It remains to be seen whether other musicians will follow the composer of *St Paul* and *Elijah*, in his seemingly apparent effort to employ music for a purpose which, till his day, had been disregarded. Speaking in general terms, the lecture was an excellent criticism upon the musical character of the Prophet, viewed from the standpoint taken by the writer; and, if its acceptance by a discriminating audience be worth anything, it must be admitted that considerable sympathy was evoked.

The illustrations, sung with great effect by Mr Fred. Penna, included "Lord God of Abraham" and "It is enough," besides "O God have mercy," from *St Paul*, which formed the core of the introduction. The accompaniments were played by Sir Julius Benedict, which is equivalent to the assertion that they were perfect.

It only remains to add that the writer of the lecture was Mr Fred. Penna.

A. B.

ATHENS.—The theatre has been completely destroyed by fire.

ROVERETO.—A new opera, *Merlino da Palone*, by Sig. Calderoni, has been well received here.

PARMA.—*La Stella delle Alpi*, a new opera by a young composer, Sig. Giovanni Bolzoni, has been successfully produced.

BURNES AVENUE.—Verdi's *Requiem* was to be given here with Signore Mariani, Bianchi, Signori Bolis and Barbieri.

HANOVER.—Herr Hermann Götts's comic opera, *Der Wiederspätigen Zählung*, is to be produced at the Theatre Royal almost directly.

THE FIRST PERFORMANCE OF IL BARBIERE AT ROME, IN 1816.

The incidents attending the first performance of Rossini's *Barbier*, at Rome, have been described in a thousand different ways. Annexed are two letters of authentic documentary evidence, calculated to throw a new light upon the subject. Wishing to know the history of the case, a friend of Rossini's addressed him as below:—

"Paris, 20th March, 1860.

"My dear Rossini,—As you may easily imagine, the promise you were kind enough to make me last Sunday is not one to be forgotten. And I again beg you will crown all my wishes by tracing in your own hand on the preceding page, my cherished score of the *Barbier*, a little account of when that masterpiece was conceived by you; of the circumstances accompanying its conception; of how it was received on the first night; of where it was first played; of the number of days in which it was composed, etc. I say nothing of the duration of its glory; we already know sufficient to affirm that to speak on that point will fall to the lot of future ages.

"If I possessed such an historical account, in addition to the masterpiece for which I am indebted to your highly-valued friendship, you would once more have realised every wish of the most affectionate and the most devoted of your admirers. SCITIVAUX."

After the lapse of a month, Rossini replied by the following interesting and curious letter:—

"My very dear Scitivaux,—As you are familiar with my native tongue, allow me to use it to give you the historical account you desire of my *Barbier di Siviglia*.

"I was summoned to Rome in 1815, to compose for the Teatro Valle the opera of *Torvaldo e Doricea*, which was very successful. My interpreters were Galli, Donzelli, and Remorini, who possessed the finest voices I ever heard. The Duke Casarini, the proprietor of the Teatro Argentina, and the manager during the carnival season, was doing very wretchedly. He proposed, therefore, that I should write him (in a hurry) an opera for the close of the said season. I consented; and, in conjunction with Sterbini, a Secretary in the Treasury and a poet, commenced the task of finding a subject for a libretto which I might put to music. Our choice fell upon *Il Barbier*. I set to work, and in thirteen days my task was completed. I had as interpreters Garcia, Zamboni, and Signora Giorgi Righetti, all three great singers. I wrote a letter to Donzelli, stating that I had not wished to enter the lists against him, as I felt my inferiority, but that I had simply desired to treat a subject which took my fancy, avoiding as much as possible the situations in his libretto. Having taken this step, I believed I was secure from the criticisms of his friends and of his legitimate admirers. I made a mistake. On the production of my opera, these persons fell like wild beasts on the heedless young composer, and the first performance was most stormy. I was not, however, put out, but, while the audience were hissing, applauded my executants. When the second had passed, on the second night, my *Barbier*, who had an excellent razor (Beaumarchais), shaved the Romans' beards so well that I was carried in triumph (theatrical phrase).

"Your wish is now fulfilled, my dear friend. Be happy, and believe me always, yours affectionately, G. ROSSINI.

"Paris, 28th April, 1860."

Episodes on Change.



DR SHIPPING. *Romeo and Juliet!*—Oh!
DR QUINCE. *As you like it!*—Oh! oh!
DR SHIPPING. *Macbeth!*—Oh! oh! oh!
DR QUINCE. *Richard III.*—Oh! oh! oh! oh!
DR SHIPPING AND QUINCE. Oh! oh! oh! oh! &c.
(*Exeunt in convulsions.*)

WAIFS.

Madame Ristori has finally determined to visit Calcutta. Madame Ralfé has left town for Biarritz, on a visit to her son-in-law, the Duke de Frias.

Six performances of *Aida* at the Teatro Comunale, Trieste, recently brought in 16,000 francs.

Miss Ellen C. Clayton, authoress of *Queens of Song*, will shortly publish a book on *British Female Artists*.

The death, at Windsor, of Mr Robert Barnett, the pianist, is announced. The funeral took place yesterday.

Sir Aubrey de Vere has a new historical drama in the press. He is also bringing out a new edition of his poems.

The Abbate Franz Lierz's oratorio of *St Elizabeth* will be performed at Mr Walter Eache's annual concert in February next.

Mad. Annie Esquiouff has arrived in London, and is to play at the first Monday Popular concert, the day after to-morrow.

The oratorio on which Mr Macfarren is engaged will, says the *Birmingham Mail*, in all probability be produced at the Birmingham Musical Festival.

The Emperor Wilhelm left 1000 francs to be distributed among the box-keepers and other persons employed in a non-artistic capacity at the Scala, Milan.

The receipts of the gala performance at the Scala, Milan, in honour of the Emperor Wilhelm, amounted to 45,000 francs, or about £1,800 English money.

The American "Julioles Singers" attended a meeting of children last week in the Drill Hall, Edinburgh, which was filled by nearly 4,000 teachers and scholars.

Sig Tito di Gio. Ricordi, the eminent music publisher of Milan, has purchased Sig. Puncelli's *Canzoni* in honour of Donizetti, recently performed at Bergamo.

It is said that a Pennsylvania tramp recently rejected a pair of cast-off trousers offered to him because they had no boot straps. He was a beggar on horseback, and didn't care who knew it.

The jail of an American town is, says a local print, comparatively speaking, so empty since the close of court that a passing waggon makes the remaining prisoners rattle like pills in a pill-box.

According to the *Evening*, an enthusiastic English admirer of Sig. Rossi has sent that gentleman a magnificent edition of Shakespeare's works in twelve volumes. The books are enclosed in a splendid case.

Sig. Sivori has been stopping some time at Genoa. It is said that he has been invited to play at a series of concerts to be given in Philadelphia, during the approaching Grand Exhibition, but has declined the invitation.

Sig. Panofka has announced his intention of opening a course of musical instruction for four young Italians endowed with musical talent but without means to pay for masters. He will devote two hours a day to the task.

A very pretty song "Beauty sleeps"—founded upon Walter Scott's famous serenade, "Love wakes and weeps"—is now being sung at the Criterion Theatre by Mr Fisher. The music is from the pen of Mr Charles Balcan.

Mr Haynes, of Malvern, is rehearsing, with his motet and madrigal club, the oratorio of *Judas Macabbeus*. The *Malvern News* assigns a successful season, nearly 50 persons already having sent in their names as members.

Cease thy sorrow,
For to-morrow
Happiness may bring;
With to-day
May pass away
Grief and suffering;
Let not the cloud
All bliss enshroud,
The sun will shine again.
Though long the night,
Joy and delight
Will come—be patient, then.
Though keen the blast,
Thill soon be past,
All sorrows have an end;
Spring-time will come,
Fresh flowers will bloom,
And sweetest influence lend.
Bid care depart.

Let not thy heart
Beneath the smart
Of sorrows thus bow down:
The darkest night
By morning's light
Is put to flight.
And joy doth all things crown.
So—when despair
And anxious care
Appear to bar thy way,
Uplift thine eye,
And earnestly
Unto thy Father pray,
That He may give
Grace to relieve
Thy soul from grief and woe:
So shalt thou find,
With thankful mind,
All sorrows quickly go.

J. R. R.

A young and beautiful New Jersey girl, who was falsely accused of theft and acquitted on instructions from the judge, sprang on the bench and gave his honour a resounding kiss "for his mother." She was not fined for contempt.

Mr. Alma Tadmor claims, it is stated, £5,000 damages for injury to his articles of vertu sustained by the explosion in the canal in Regent's Park last year. Mr. Hepworth Dixon's claim has been paid, but Mr. Tadmor's will be contested.

A hope has been expressed that the course of private music and singing lessons for ladies to be given at the Alexandra Palace by Sir Julius Benedict may ultimately develop into a completely organised School of Art, Science, and Literature.

Mad. Clara Schumann will this winter resume her professional tour, having completely recovered the use of her arm, the state of which has, for some time past, prevented her from playing. She will first appear at Düsseldorf and Bonn.

Clytie, a drama by Joseph Hatton, adapted from his novel of the same name, will be produced at the Amphitheatre, Liverpool, on the 29th November. Mr John Coleman, of the Leeds circuit, will superintend the production. The play is accepted in London.

A national concert, under the patronage of the Duke of Westminster, Viscount Sandon, Sir Watkin W. Wynn, and other members of Parliament, is to be given in St George's Hall, Liverpool, on the 10th of November, in aid of the University College of Wales.

A new advertising trick has been invented in San Francisco, where a mock encounter between Prof. Hermann and an irate old gentleman in his audience causes quite a sensation. The newspapers report the affair as innocently as if that sort of work were not worth a dollar per line.

Mr W. W. Robertson, the managing director of the Royal Aquarium and Summer and Winter Garden Society, and Mr A. Bedborough, the architect, have left London for Paris to collect pictures, statues, articles of vertu, and to purchase fountains for the Royal Aquarium.

"Madame Anna Bishop's first concert in the Mutual Hall"—says the *Cape Town Daily News*—"was well attended. The programme displayed this great singer's varied powers in grand opera, ballad, &c. We have never seen in Cape Town a more enthusiastic audience. Everything was re-demanded, and in most instances Madame Bishop complied with the desire. It would be difficult to single out any for special mention, all being rendered in a style simply superb. Madame Bishop's voice is a soprano of pure tone and great power. No such singer has ever before been heard in South Africa."

The third ballot for Fellows in the Royal Aquarium and Summer and Winter Garden was held on the 1st inst. Eight hundred and forty-two ladies and gentlemen came up for election, of whom six hundred and twenty were duly elected, amongst whom were included a large number of the artistic, scientific, and fashionable world. After the 1st December the entrance fee, we understand, will be raised from five to eight guineas. The Executive have secured a large site for a skating rink. The first tank was filled with water on the 1st inst., and fish may be seen sporting themselves therein.

THREE CHOIRS FESTIVAL.—An influential meeting of the standing committee of the Hereford Festival of the Three Choirs (Worcester, Gloucester, and Hereford) has been held at Hereford, at which the President (Lord Bateman), the Chairman (J. H. Arkwright), and several of the most influential gentlemen of the country attended, to consider what steps should be taken in promotion of the Festival of 1876, when it will be the turn of Hereford to hold the meeting of the three choirs. The proceedings were most satisfactory. It was unanimously resolved to hold a festival, as usual, in the autumn, of the good old popular character; and the preliminary step to that end was taken, the committee meeting upon formal application to the Dean and Chapter of Hereford for the use of the cathedral for the oratorio, as usual.—*Malvern News*.

Sir Michael Costa is not the only musical composer who has received honours from the hand of English Royalty. Mr Arthur Sullivan is a great favourite in the happy family of "the Edinburghs." He hangs in his studio a memento of the Duchess's kindly feeling for him. It is not a very elegant article—only a round and ready "butterfly catcher," but it is highly prized, for the Royal and Imperial Princess made it herself. It came into Mr Sullivan's possession in this wise. He formed one of a party of moth-hunters down at Ashwell Park. He went out with the intention of being a mere spectator. The Duchess noticed his empty hands. She challenged him. "I have no net," Mr Sullivan pleaded. Bidding the party wait, she returned in-doors, improvised a net with her own fingers, and presented it to the English maestro. If Arthur Sullivan ever becomes great, the net will be historic.

During a speech, some time since, a prominent member of the Common Council of Boston, U.S., made the sage remark that a wise man changes his mind often, but a fool never, and in the next breath exclaimed: "I have not changed my mind"—and then he wanted to know what the other members were laughing at.

The Duke of Edinburgh has consented to lay the first stone of Mr Mapleson's New Grand National Opera House. The ceremony will take place at an early day, the whole substructure of the new building being now finished. It is stated that there is no reason whatever to doubt that the National Opera House will open on the day originally named—the 2nd of next May.

We take the following tribute to Messrs Harrison's enterprise from the *Birmingham Morning News*—

"The first for the present season of Messrs Harrison's Popular Subscription Concerts was given at the Town Hall. We remember but few occasions when commercial success so complete has been achieved. The room was crowded almost to overflowing, and seats in parts usually appropriated to the one shilling multitude were let at the highest reserved prices. The secret of this extraordinary success is a puzzle to many. We imagine it may be discovered in the care taken by our enterprising townsmen in providing for the pleasure and comfort of their patrons. It would lead to a long discussion were we to enter upon a consideration of the merits (in an artistic sense) of a performance of new or hackneyed Italian, German, and English songs and ballads. According to taste, we may or may not quarrel with the style of the music; but, the kind approved, we can find little or no fault with the quality of a programme selected from the works of Schubert, Chopin, Gounod, Halévy, Mendelssohn, Costa, Brahms, Wallace, Sullivan, and other masters of a similar class; nor can the expositions generally of the lieder class be unsatisfactory when they are undertaken by artists such as Madame Christine Nilsson, Mlle Lévy, Miss Alice Fairman, Mr Edward Lloyd, Signor Foli, Mr Kahe, and Mr F. H. Cowen, who constituted the company for Messrs Harrison's inaugural evening."

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34	81 Sunday after Pentecost	Holmes Tellina	Solo or Chorus W. M. Lata
35	81 Sunday and St Paul	Duet or Chorus Webb
36	81 Sunday after Pentecost	Andi bynnum	Solo & Chorus Webb
37	81 Sunday after Pentecost	Solo & Chorus Webb
38	70 Sunday after Pentecost	Sicut in holocaustis	Qrit. or Chorus Mott
39	81 Sunday after Pentecost	Tu es gloria Solo
40	70 Sunday after Pentecost	Qrit. or Chorus Webb
41	100th Sunday after Pentecost	Ad se levati	Solo or Quartet Webb
42	11th Sunday after Pentecost	Exangui Domini	Chorus
43	11th Sunday after Pentecost Webb
44	12th Sunday after Pentecost	Benedicamus	Chorus
45	12th Sunday after Pentecost	In se servati Etyler
			T. So. (R. Chor.)
46	14th Sunday after Pentecost	Protector Duet
47	14th Sunday after Pentecost	Bonum eat	Solo or Chorus Benedict
48	14th Sunday after Pentecost Solo
49	17th Sunday after Pentecost	Solo & Chorus
50	14th Sunday after Pentecost	Tumbant W. M. Lata
51	19th Sunday after Pentecost	St ambulaire Th. Chorus
			in a/d.
52	20th Sunday after Pentecost	Super Summa Chorus
53	21st Sunday after Pentecost Solo & Chorus M. Lata
54	22nd Sunday after Pentecost	Recordatio	Solo & Chorus Faber
55	All Saints (1744a)	Tibi omnes domini Chorus
56	Offertory Solo
57	23rd Sunday after Pentecost	Hoc dicit Angelus	Solo & Chorus Webb
58 Webb
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71	Salve Regina (from Trinity Eve till Advent)	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
72	O Salutaris	Chorus ..	Webbe
73	O sacrum convivium	Dt. or Chor.	Webbe
74	Tantum ergo	Chorus ..	Webbe

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VOL. 53.—No. 46.

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Not less successful was Herr Hermann Franke, the new leader of Mr. De Jong's band, in his violin solo. His playing was thoroughly artistic, and free from all capricious devices. His bowing was especially easy and graceful, and power and expression were both exhibited to a very encouraging degree.—*Manchester Courier.*

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Music by **WILLIAM CRAWFORD.** Price 4s.

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"The Maiden's Tear," Second Réverie for the pianoforte, by Lillie Albrecht. This charming piece evinces in its style throughout no small share of original talent, as well as sparkling and artistic cultivation, it being full of delicate and plaintive feeling. We have no doubt that it will be very popular, both in the concert-room and saloon."—*Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*, May, 1875.

"The Maiden's Sigh" and "The Maiden's Tear," two reveries for the pianoforte, by Lillie Albrecht. These are both from the pen of a highly talented and profound pianiste, and are of considerable merit. The first is a pretty little exercise, and the fingering is excellent; the second is far prettier, and as a *morceau de salon* has exceptional merit, whilst at the same time it is unconventional."—*Public Opinion*.

TIETJENS AND THE NEW YORK PRESS.

(From "Concordia.")

"Nym Crinkle," writing about Mdlle Tietjens in the *New York World* of October 17, said bluntly, "The concert broke down at the end of the first week," and added, "I will tell you why. Because she (Mdlle Tietjens) is an artist and not an adventuress." As far as can be distinguished amid hubbub and confusion, a major and two minor causes led to this result. Taking the latter first, we are told to see one in the fact that Mr Strakosch relied upon the greatness of his artist, and did not think it worth while to bolster her up with humbug. Mdlle Tietjens "came to America unworked, unpudded, unseasoned. Some of Mr Mapleson's press friends in London did endeavour to supply an advance biography." But the subject was too large to handle.

"The lyric record defied the hasty pen." We are asked to believe that this abatement from management dodges was a mistake. Mr Strakosch should have arranged to have Mdlle Tietjens shawl torn into riddle-pieces the moment she landed, and hired men to draw her carriage in triumph up Broadway. In that case, the *World* thinks, "we should have seen the maddened uterus cutting themselves with knives when she sang 'With verdure clad;' the genteel ladies throwing up their handkerchiefs and tearing their hair, as they hastened to do when Nilsson sang 'Angels ever bright and fair' with French variations, and the shopkeepers standing on their seats to hurrah, as they were proud to do over Rubinstein's *diminuendo* in the *Ruins of Athens*." This severe reflection upon the New York public is, however, mildness itself compared with that contained in the second of the alleged minor causes of failure. The public, it appears, were absolutely incapable of appreciating the genius and achievements of the artist who had come among them. "I don't think," writes the critic of the *World*, "I ever saw an American audience evince so little judgment and good taste as at the first and second of Mdlle Tietjens' concerts. . . . The 'large and brilliant assemblages,' as they were called, were unmistakably disappointed at the simple superiority of the singer's art. . . . The 'last rose of summer' was the first chirrup that touched them, and 'L'Ardite' alone wrangled the common chords of their humanity." Here, then, if the evidence quoted may be accepted—and we could bring forward a good deal of corroborative proof—was a great artist introduced to a frivolous public, and left to work upon them without the *prestige* arising from the showman's dodges. Mr Strakosch should have known better. He has had experience enough of concert-goers across the Atlantic to put him on his guard against undue confidence in even such powers as those of Mdlle Tietjens, as well as against underrating the value of humbug.

But a more formidable reason than either managerial presumption or public incapacity is spoken of as connected with this matter. When the New York journals appeared the morning after Mdlle Tietjens' *début*, it was found that some of the most influential treated her with disparagement. "There were all sorts of allusions to her age, her size, her worn voice. Some of them rudely unkind; all of them grossly unjust." At the head of the detractors stood the formidable *Herald*—which is chargeable with inconsistency as well, seeing that in one notice it styled Mdlle Tietjens "magnificent," and in the next, a "disappointment." It was easy, of course, for papers more enlightened to be sarcastic at the cost of the malcontents. Thus the *Sunday Mercury* declared that Mr Strakosch had provided the "dailies" with "a grand subject for a sort of newspaper cannibalism," and went on to pour scorn upon the big critics:—"There it is, true, in so much chaff a couple of literary grains of wheat, but it has become patent that the majority of pretenders who scribble about music are merely lyric scavengers who make fault-finding the end and aim of their writings, unless convinced otherwise in advance, when—no matter what may be the subject or occasion—the puffing machine is set in active motion." Remarks such as these were well meant, and it was legitimate warfare to show up

the "scavengers" for writing learnedly about Mendelssohn's *Capriccio Brillante*, when they had actually heard a part of the (i minor concert). But nothing could neutralise the influence of the *Herald* and its associates. The earth contains so many millions of people, "mostly fools," as Carlyle observes, and the mind, or what passes as such, of a fool is hard to disabuse. The question arises now as to the motive of conduct which naturally distressed Mdlle Tietjens, and drew from her an offer to annul the engagement and return to England at once. An answer to this question is easy:—"The critics had their cue to force Strakosch and his *prima donna* into opera. Let us say here, that the desire for opera was perfectly intelligible, and one with which we who know the transcendent merit of Mdlle Tietjens on the lyric stage can sympathise. [Does not our excellent contemporary say that all this is done under the influence of Mr Strakosch himself? If not, let him peruse the "Book of Barnum," where the author of the "Moon Hoax" is shown up.—A. S. SILENT.]

But nobody has a right to do evil that good may come, nor, as in this special case, to compass the ruin of Mr Strakosch's concert, scheme that he might be compelled to open a theatre. This, however, is the charge, distinctly brought against the *Herald* by some of its contemporaries. Here is an extract in proof:—"Since the first night that the great singer appeared at Steinway Hall, the *Herald* has unceasingly, instead of criticising the performances, been urging how much greater the *prima donna* would be in opera. Editorials have almost daily appeared in the same strain. Many of the stockholders of the Academy of Music are Mr Bennett's most intimate friends, and they have been influencing him strongly to urge Italian opera in his paper, because they suppose it must be given at the Academy of Music, and then the two hundred would be enabled to bear it for nothing.

There can be no doubt that the *Herald* attacked, initiated as they have been by other papers, have graced the Tietjens business. The public, in the hope of opera, stood off, and have not patronised the concerts as they should have been patronised. The matter, in point of fact, became so serious that Mr Strakosch wrote to the *Herald* editor, pointing out the almost certain pecuniary failure of any attempt at Italian Opera in New York, and citing many previous examples of such disaster. "Italian Opera is no real want here," urged the *impresario*, adding, "Seemingly there has been a pre-conceived determination in your criticism to force upon me in all kindness a business which I do not intend going into, and which I consider ruinous." Nevertheless, Mr Strakosch made a proposition—Let the *Herald* and its sympathisers open a subscription for opera, and, if the result prove that the thing is really wanted, he pledges himself to bring over the principal artists of Mr Mapleson's *troupe* before the New Year. To this letter the *Herald* replied from its own point of view, admitting the difficulties in the way of opera; but urging, truly enough, that Mdlle Tietjens is, before all, a dramatic singer, and it is in that capacity that they desire to hear her. "This being the fact, why should we seek to conceal it? Indeed, it could not be hidden, for who does not know that the Tietjens who sings a few beautiful melodies in Steinway Hall is not the Tietjens who, we are told, swept the stage in the pomp of tragedy, and ponied from 'the deep throat of old Melpomene' *Fidelio*'s constant love or Norma's passionate wrath." Mr Strakosch's suggestion the *Herald* treated as a joke, and could only acquit him of incredible innocence by complimenting him for unequalled irony. "He argues his right to conduct his own business, and then invites us to manage it for him. We decline the honour, which it would be presumption to accept." At this point matters stood, and now let us note the general confusion. The *Herald* is charged with working for its proprietor's friends; the daily critics are charged with injustice and ignorance; the manager is charged with culpable neglect; the artist is charged with the crimes of age, size, and a worn voice; and the public are accused of frivolity and want of taste. Truly a "free fight," needing nothing to complete it. But if anybody see in it room for another element of strife, we have the thing at hand. The *Arcadian* prints a "Farce in one act," which shows Mr Strakosch himself raising the clamour for opera, by prompting reporters, receiving "missions" as a deputation from the public, and bribing the *Herald* with double

* We have seen two "advanced biographies" (if such they may be termed)—the one cited as proceeding from the "London Daily Times," the other from the *Pall Mall Gazette*—not one word of which ever appeared either in the *Times* or the *Pall Mall*.—Ed. M. W.

* Innocent Mr Strakosch!

terms for advertisements. Here is confusion worse confounded, and we give up the hope of a lack of success.

[How now? Have you hit the nail on the head?—A.S.S.]

In the midst of all this let Mdlle Tietjens find comfort through believing that her faithful English friends will be glad to welcome her back, safe and sound—the sooner the better.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

With the successful example of the Crystal Palace before them, the managers of the Muswell Hill enterprise could hardly do other than establish concerts akin to those which, under Mr Manns' direction, have attained almost world-wide fame. The Alexandra Palace, therefore, has its musical Saturdays, and hopes to gather together, in the far north of London, an audience as numerous and, in time, as cultured as that which assembles weekly in the far south. Everybody must desire a happy issue for the venture. There is room enough, in good sooth, for this new worker, and we would fain believe that there is also a harvest of success to be reaped by skilful and persevering hands. The prospectus of the first season, which began on Saturday week, is particularly attractive, with regard to new and unfamiliar works. This, in point of fact, is its speciality. Mr Weist Hill seems to have taken a very comprehensive view of his duties as a caterer, and every programme will be rich in novelty, even if no more than half the promised works are brought out. On one point the Alexandra Palace scheme differs from that of Sydenham—it devotes a part of each concert to music of "a miscellaneous description." The difference, however, is more apparent than real. Even Mr Manns finds it necessary to take the "popular" element into account—witness the vocal music which so often wearies his connoisseur patrons. But Mr Weist Hill proposes to give material of this kind, and its orchestral counterpart, during the second half of each concert, when only those who care to hear it need keep their places. The plan has advantages above and beyond the commercially important one of appealing to a large public, and will be regarded with general favour, seeing that the matter has to be dealt with somehow.

"New brooms" not only "sweep clean," as saith the proverb, but they sometimes operate in dark and neglected corners, to prove their utility with more conspicuousness. The practice is one to be encouraged, especially when it makes partial atonement for the errors of bygone generations, performs an act of justice to a great name, and gives to living art another masterpiece. These be "prave" words—and the reader may ask, with pardonable incredulity, when and where, of late, anything so striking has been done. The answer is easy—at the Alexandra Palace, on Saturday last, the deed performed being the revival of Handel's *Esther*. It was officially announced that this work would be produced on the occasion for the first time since 1757, the date of its last hearing, during the life of the illustrious composer. This may not be strictly correct, because we have always had amongst us societies whose laudable curiosity induced them to explore fields of art across which the beaten path did not run. These institutions, we can hardly doubt, have not forgotten a work which, though neglected, stands out conspicuous in the record of Handel's life. The overture has ever occupied the place of a favourite, and the great provincial festivals used years ago to dip now and then into the body of the oratorio. But there is reason to believe that no public performance on an adequate scale intervened between the day when *Esther* was given, in 1757, and Saturday last. The interval is a wide one, measured by the life of man; but art is long, and can see with complacency the flux of time. It can afford to wait; and to all in that happy position everything comes, even justice, which, proverbially, has lean feet. The story of *Esther* scarcely needs telling here, because it is familiar to everybody with a smattering of knowledge about England's best-loved musician. Enough if we call to the amateur's memory how the oratorio was written for the Duke of Chandos, in 1720, when Handel filled the post of chapelmaster in the household of that gorgeous peer; how, after being twice performed at Cannons, it was laid aside for twelve years, and only revived at a private performance, got up by Mr Bernard Gates,

master of the Chapel Royal boys; how the interest it then excited led to a public hearing; and how Handel was thus induced to give his attention to oratorio as a means of wealth and fame. The story, in outline, is soon told; but it would not be easy to exhaust the significance of *Esther*, as the first English oratorio, or of those seemingly trivial events which, working through it, launched the composer on a career that secured for his memory a

"Broad approach of fame,
And ever-ringing avenues of song."

So regarded, the oratorio appeals to us as does the tiny source of some vast river, or the thought in a single human brain which, according to Emerson, is the parent of every revolution. The manuscript of *Esther*, as it lay dust-covered on the shelf at Cannons, contained not only all the actualities of oratorio as we are now conscious of them, but all the possibilities which, in the future, may become real. To what the neglected score has led we know; it was like the last offshoot of a decayed stock—for oratorio in Italy was then fast dying out—taken to root and flourish in another and more vigorous soil. Upon its existence, as far as it can now be seen, depended the future of a grand form of art. What would have been the result had a servant at Cannons lit the Duke's library fire with the precious paper before Mr Bernard Gates obtained a duplicate? May we fancy that that which is now known as oratorio would have no existence? Hardly, perhaps, dare we go so far, but it is certain that nobody could then have shown Handel the possibilities of oratorio in England, and it is probable that he would have written a his dearly-loved operas to the end of the chapter. Imagine English sacred music without *The Messiah*, *Israel*, and *Judas*.—nay, imagine England itself without *The Messiah* alone! To do so is to see in the mind's eye a somewhat different country, or there is nothing in the exercise of an abiding, all-pervading, and powerful influence.

The music of *Esther* is a theme so ample and so absorbing that we scarcely dare venture upon its discussion within the compass of a notice like this. To exhaust the topic, we should have not only to consider the work *per se*, but from a comparative stand-point, marking how and in what measure it shows the influence of Italian art upon the solid basis of German thought, and how and in what degree it contrasts or harmonises with the master's matured style. Upon these points much might be said which now can only be indicated. A first thought connected with the work has reference to its non-dramatic character. The form of the Italian sacred play is preserved by a division into acts and scenes, but the libretto is so constructed as to prove clearly enough that the idea of a dramatic performance was not in the writer's mind. Moreover, the original *Esther* was even less adapted for stage business than the second and enlarged form of the work produced, without theatrical accessories, in 1752. In this there is no reason to imagine that Handel was actuated by deference to English notions. Italy herself at that time had abandoned the sacred drama, and her oratorios were performed, when produced at all, with nothing save music and poetry to recommend them. But the influence of Italian art upon *Esther* takes a wider range than the form of telling the story. We see it especially in the character of the solos, which are unusually numerous, after the fashion of the model Handel adopted. The grace and suavity, tunefulness, and balance of phrase, that characterise, *inter alia*, "Dread not, righteous Queen," "Tears assist me," and "O beautiful Queen, unclosed those eyes," mark their origin with a distinctness doubly apparent when a contrast is made with the more rugged eloquence of contemporary German art as illustrated by Bach. But, while this is the case, it is also true that we see Handel alone in the dramatic fitness which welds each air firmly into the perfect whole of the work. There is not a song in *Esther*, so regarded, that fails to present a study of characterisation and truthful expression. The choruses are fewer and less developed, with two exceptions, than those of later works, but all of them bear the stamp of the master's genius. What a mingling of grandeur and pathos have we in "Ye sons of Israel, mourn!" and how interesting it is to recognise this early demonstration of the fact that the Saxon master, while able to lend a nation's praises, could also embody, in accents fit to "stir the seat of mercy," a nation's cry of lamentation. What a wealth of power, moreover, is there in the triumphant song of the Israelites, "He comes to

end our woes," and how the hammer of this musical Thor descends on the words "Earth, tremble," till it seems as though the heaviest were literally obeyed. But in the final chorus, "The Lord our enemy hath slain"—an extended scene introducing *sol* again and again—Händel may almost be held to surpass himself. It is a magnificent effort at fullest stretch of power, Pelion rising upon Ossa till the heavens are touched, and there seems no possibility of ascending higher. If only for this chorus, the revival of *Esther* deserves a welcome. But the oratorio is full of beauty, and now, with its sounds still vibrating, we look back over the gulf of a hundred and eighteen years with pity for the generations that neglected it.

Passing the questions involved in the conflicting editions of the work, and merely saying that the version used on Saturday was that of the English "Handel Society," edited by the late Charles Lucas, we come to the performance, which drew to Maxwell Hill an audience, not only large, but representatives of all classes in the musical world. Here let us promptly recognise the merit generally displayed, from Mr Weist Hill, who worked with heart and soul as well as skill, down to the humblest chorister. Great pains must have been taken, and many rehearsals held, before music so unfamiliar could have been so thoroughly grasped. But the end was worth the means, thanks to which *Esther* made a fitting debut. The soloists were Madame Nouver, Miss Enriquez, Mr Vernon Rigby, Mr Howells, and Mr Wadmore—all English artists (as was fitting), although the first-named lady chooses to assume the disguise of a foreigner. Madame Nouver, who is new to London concert-rooms, has a fine and powerful soprano voice, as well as considerable aptitude for her profession. She needs further teaching, however, especially in recitative, the proper signification and manner of which do not seem to have been explained to her. Miss Enriquez sang capably "O Jordan, sacred tide," and the very dramatic invocation which opens the third act; while Mr Howells, a student, we believe, at the Royal Academy of Music, pleased by his agreeable voice and unobtrusive rendering of the second tenor music. Mr Vernon Rigby, strictly accurate as usual, sang the airs of Abasuerus and Mordecai excellently, making with them the greater effect because they are well suited to his voice and style. Praise must also be given to this gentleman for his recitatives, which were uniformly declaimed with intelligence and dramatic purpose. Mr Wadmore rendered the music of Haman in a manner which showed the possession of more than a good voice, and the encore given to his recitative, "Turn not, O Queen," was as deserved as it was unexpected. The band and chorus, as already intimated, were thoroughly equal to their duties, and Mr Weist Hill won hearty commendation by the judicious manner of his conducting. That *Esther* had a warm reception may be readily supposed. Four numbers were repeated, and at the end long and loud applause testified general satisfaction. We have only to say further, that the additions to Handel's meagre score were made by Mr Halberstadt in the true spirit of an artist, and with touches here and there of striking beauty. Not a note of the original was altered, while the additions made—a liberal allowance of trombone excepted—were marked by most excellent judgment.

ROME.

(From a Correspondent.)

In consequence of the refusal of the Municipality to allow a grant of more than a hundred thousand francs for the Teatro Apollo, no one has come forward as a candidate for the vacant managerial throne. The apoth will most probably be, as it was in 1874, that the Municipality will decide at the last moment, when most artists of repute have already been engaged, on opening the theatre after all, and instead of a hundred thousand, be under the obligation of paying two hundred thousand francs, and perhaps more, for a second or third rate company.—The Teatro Argentina has been opened with *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and Sig. Rota's ballet of *Fornarotta*. The next opera will be Verdi's *Macbeth*, and then comes Sig. Sangiorgi's new opera, *Diana*.—The Teatro Rossini has been opened with *La Sonnambula*, the part of the heroine by Signora Ross Isidor.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

At the fifth concert, on Saturday, Mr Sims Reeves appeared, and the music-room was literally crammed. That the great English tenor was in full possession of his exceptional means was shown in the prayer from Charles Horsley's oratorio, *Gilead*, and the picturesque "Hunter's song" of Mendelssohn. He has rarely sung better. Both pieces were encored, but the first only was repeated. Madame Norman-Néruda, the queen of violinists (who ought to be called, by right of genius, Madame Joseph Joachim) also appeared at this concert, and played, with her accustomed taste and brilliancy, the concerto in F sharp minor of her master, Viëuxtemps. Madame Osgood, an American lady with a fine voice, was the other singer. The symphony was Spohr's magnificent "No. 4" (*Die Weihe der Tine*), the execution of which difficult work deserved all the applause it obtained—and that is saying no little. An overture, by R. Volkmann, to Shakespeare's *Richard III.*, began the concert, which came to an end with the second of Beethoven's four orchestral preludes to *Fidelio*. *Richard III.*, though new to the audience, created little impression. In the last part of his overture Herr Volkmann introduces "The Campbells are coming" in order to give colour to his intended illustration of a battle. This, perhaps the only noticeable feature of the work, is not singled out, be it understood, as something to commend—inasmuch as it is a mere pointless anachronism—but as something to criticise. To *Fidelio* "No. 2" we can only say "Hats off!" In listening to such a masterpiece we almost feel inclined to wish that Beethoven had let well alone, and composed no other overture to his one opera. But then comes the so-called "No. 3," for which the world of art has to be grateful.—*Graphic*.

MINNIE HAUCK AT BERLIN.

The Berlin press is still as favourable as ever to this young lady. Herr Saturday Wuerst says in the *Fremden Blatt*—

"On Saturday Miss Minnie Hauck was first introduced to us as Aida. We confess that we now, for the first time, are in a position to appreciate the character in all its vocal and dramatic significance. Miss Minnie Hauck rules the field of song with an artistic mastery becoming more and more rare. While in the second and third acts we admired the flexibility of her voice, we were convinced of its volume and strength by the concerted pieces. In her acting she combined moderation with the glowing passion of the South."

Dr Gumprecht writes, as follows, in the *National Zeitung*—

"Saturday presented us with Miss Hauck as Verdi's Aida. In more than one respect, the part was the most pretensions in which she had hitherto appeared before the Berlin public, and she went brilliantly through the difficult ordeal. We hardly thought her voice possessed such strength and lasting power. The intonation, always as clear as a bell, filled the ear with delight. The dramatic purport, conceived with spirit and decision, was brought out with convincing truthfulness down to its smallest details. The Ethiopian Princess is the true daughter of Meyerbeer's Selika. Hot blood courses through her veins and glowing passion in her heart. How truly she grasped the character was evident in the third act."

The same writer thus speaks of Miss Hauck's Rosina—

"The young lady is one of the best representatives of Rosina, a part always sure, in the right hands, of achieving a brilliant success. Virtuoso-like technical skill, intelligence, and graceful delivery, are the qualities on which the composer relied, and the fair artist possesses all three of these lovely gifts. Smoothly, lightly, and without an effort, do the most intricate runs glide from her lips. With the purity of her intonation, and the correctness of her rhythmical articulation, the fundamental conditions of all musical plastics agreeable to the ear, not the smallest fault can be found. In her case, too, *fortitudo* are no empty show-pieces of bravura singing, but a means of characterization, always filled with, and animated by, the frame of mind appropriate to the situation. The joy of youth and the sanest roughness came out exultingly in this romping game of notes; and through this the air and duet with Figaro first received their proper dramatic colour. Freely did the voice lavish its freshest and most melodious tones. The pieces interpolated in the Singing Lesson were the 'Madinata' and a Waltz. A new charm was added to the first."

At the Royal Opera-house, Berlin, Miss Minnie Hauck is apparently the right artist in the right place. X.

PARIS SCRAPS.

(From our Parisian Scripper.)

The re-appearance of M. Faure as Hamlet at the Grand Opera is again deferred in consequence of his catching cold after his return from Versailles. His general health, however, is good, and it will not be long before he makes his appearance. Mad. Carvalho is to sing Ophelia, and Mdlle de Reszké to succeed Mad. Carvalho as Marguerite in Faust.

The question of the Masked Balls at the Opera has again been under discussion. Finding that M. Halanzier was resolved not to give any balls, if obliged to pay the exorbitant rate of 25 or even 20 per cent, on the receipts to the Assistance Publique, the managing Committee of that body have offered to accept 15 per cent., for one year only, reserving the right of augmenting the impost, should they deem it advisable. This M. Halanzier refuses to concede. He requires a pledge that the Committee will continue the reduced rate as long as he conducts the Opera. If they consent, well; if not, the *Bals de l'Opera* will for a time be things of the past. [A good thing too.—A. S. S.]

Mdlle Saugalli has made her re-appearance in *La Source*. *Le Vaisseau d'Andorre* still proves attractive at the Opéra-Comique. The revival of *Carmen* is postponed, as Mdlle Chapuy plays in both works, and cannot sing every night. She is also to sustain the leading character in *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*, which M. du Locle is about to revive. There is every probability of *Le Voyage en Chine* before many months have passed, not to speak of the first performance of *Piccolino*, with Mad. Galli-Marié.

Offenbach's *Créole* has been produced. The libretto, in three acts, from the pen of A. Millaud, is singularly free from the conventional improprieties. The following is the story. The Commandant Adhémar de Feuilles-Mortes, an officer of Louis XIV's navy, desirous of perpetuating the family name, and being too old himself for marriage, determines that his nephew René shall do so instead of himself. He fixes upon his ward, Antoinette, as the proper person to become René's wife. Of course, as the project of handing down the family name is one on which the Commandant has so firmly fixed his heart, that he never makes up his mind to put it into execution until about an hour before, in pursuance of orders from his Admiral, he must put out for a lengthened cruise. This, the reader will not fail to perceive, is indispensable. Had the Commandant adopted a course more in keeping with that pursued by ordinary uncles and guardians, beyond the sphere of comic opera, M. Millaud could never have written his libretto, and, consequently, M. Offenbach could never have set it to music. René, a dashing young musketeer, discovers that Antoinette loves a friend of his, a young barrister, named Frontignac. The cannon is heard as a signal for departure. The Commandant is obliged to set sail. The marriage knot is tied after he has left, but the "parties" tied up by it are Antoinette and Frontignac, not Antoinette and the Musketeer. René has lost his heart, at Guadeloupe, to a beautiful *Créole*, whose name is Dora. Wonderful to state, and well calculated to prove that truth is stranger than fiction, the Commandant returns unexpectedly to France, bringing with him no less a person than Dora herself. That interesting half-caste, having been left an orphan by her father, an old comrade of the Commandant's, the Commandant naturally adopts her. But for this noble act M. Libaut could not well have entitled his libretto *La Créole*, for Dora would have remained in her native isle, and never have visited the French capital. To escape the Commandant's ire, René pretends he has married Antoinette, and Frontignac is ostensibly a bachelor. The Commandant, who has a mania for marrying people to each other, determines that Dora shall become Mad. Frontignac. But, at the moment that Frontignac must either avow the truth or commit bigamy, the cannon, no less opportunely than before, again booms forth the signal of departure. On this occasion, however, for no earthly reason apparently, except it be to give the stage-carpenter a chance of achieving success, by a ship of *l'Africaine*, the Commandant takes all the *dramatis personæ* with him, to share the perils of his voyage. The secret is divulged; the Commandant pardons the offenders; and everyone is happy. The music is half-and-half music, to apply to music an epithet ordinarily reserved for beer. It is not the music of comic opera, nor the music of buffo opera; it is something betwixt and between. The best numbers are the air; "J'ai bien vu votre tendresse," and the

finale, in which the couplets: "C'est moi qui suis les grands parents" play a conspicuous part; a romance: "Il vous souvient de moi, j'espère," the air of the two Notaries, the finale, a Barcarolle, the "Chanson Créole," and a Quartet.

Mdlle Vanghell was exceedingly good as the scapegrace Musketeer, René. Mad. Judic never shone to better advantage than as the *Créole*, and much of the success achieved is due to her. Mdlle Luce Couturier, a pupil of Roger's, made her first entrée to the public as Antoinette, and a charming Antoinette she was. MM. Daubray, Cooper, and Fugère did justice to the characters of the Commandant, Frontignac, and St Chamas. I forgot to state the name of the theatre at which *La Créole* was produced. It is the Bouffes-Parisiens.

La Filleule du Roi has disappeared from the bills of the Renaissance, being replaced by *Girgyl-Girgola*. A one-act comic opera, *Les Deux Cousines*, words by M. Charles Raymond, music by M. Sauvage Trudis, of Boulogne-sur-Mer, has been well received at the same theatre, the leading characters sustained by Mesdames Tomy, Panaron, MM. Duval and Caliste.

M. Palinoti has died suddenly at Sainte-Périne—aged seventy, having retired from his profession only a few weeks. He belonged for a long time to the Opéra-Comique, where he played small parts, and acted as stage-manager. He was known in the French provinces and elsewhere, by the scrupulously exact *Mines-en-Sône* of all the works produced during his career at the Grand Opéra and Opéra-Comique.

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our Correspondent.)

A splendid performance of Beethoven's 7th Symphony was the most important feature of Mr Hallé's concert last Thursday. "The Andante and Variations" from Hummel's Septet, admirably played by Messrs. Hallé, Brossé, Lavigne, Vanhaute, Bernhardt, Viontemp, and Neuwirth. Weber's *Euryanthe* and Reinecke's *An Adventure of Handel's* overtures, were also in the programme. The last named was the only novelty. Though not an ambitious work, it is scholarly and well scored; and the introduction of the "Harmonious Blacksmith" suggests a well-known but very doubtful story as the source of the 'Adventure' described in the operetta. Mr Charles Hallé played a Bach selection with perfect taste; and Mdlle Varesi, who made her first appearance in Manchester, won universal favour. We have so often been disappointed with new operatic sopranos, that the brilliant execution and finished vocalisation of this young artist was a delightful surprise.

A mournful interest was given to this concert by the performance of the Dead March in *Saul*, in memory of the late leader of the orchestra, whose career and death are thus feelingly referred to by the accomplished musical critic of the *Manchester Guardian* :—

"The concert opened with the Dead March in *Saul*, and many to whom this was a surprise felt a pang of sorrow when they learnt on inquiry that this was a last compliment to the memory of one whose face has been perhaps the most familiar of all objects to concert-goers in Manchester for nearly forty years. Mr C. A. Seymour, the leader of the orchestra, died on Monday last, and was buried on the morning of this concert. Only those who knew him intimately could thoroughly estimate the singular charm of his personal character. Unselfish to a remarkable degree; always ready to give way to others whom, in a spirit of self-deprecation peculiarly his own, he fancied, perhaps unjustly, superior to himself; cheerful, nay, even sunny, in mind; and youthful—so far as his desire to keep alive to the latest developments of musical art—ever to the last moments of his professional career. These were some of his most charming characteristics, but they were personal to the man; and only those of his friends who knew how well his character was expressed in the sweet frankness of his winning smile can estimate the singular beauty and simplicity of his private character. For more than twenty years the writer of these lines enjoyed that privilege, the recollection of which to himself—as to Mr Seymour's professional brethren and numerous private friends—will be all the happier because it is unassociated with a single mean action or an unworthy thought."

At Mr De Jong's concert on Saturday last, Mdme Trebelli-Bettini, Mdme Koze-Perkins, MM. Paladini, Del Puente, and Behrens, appeared, as is needless to say, with great success.

Next week, Mr Carl Rosa's company will commence an engagement at the Theatre Royal.

November 10, 1875.

THE MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.

(From the "Musical Standard.")

The paper with which the session of the Musical Association opened last Monday will, we hope, have, at least, one good effect, that of exciting more interest amongst English musicians in musical literature. Beyond this we cannot imagine what object will be served by a paper which consisted of little beyond well-pit truisms, and did not even attempt to deal with the causes at the root of the state of things assumed to exist, or to suggest remedies. We are of opinion that the subject had been far better left alone; but, as it has been brought under discussion, we do not propose to shrink from it, and we are, in truth, not sorry to have an opportunity of giving musicians who choose to take up the attitude of critics a little advice.

The great defect of Mr Salaman's elegant essay is that it is out of date. He, like other learned and excellent musicians, is evidently not much of a reader of current literature, and he describes a state of things which, if it ever existed, does not exist now. Whatever may have been the case twenty years ago, the proceedings of Dr Crotch on musical criticism hit no mark now, and their solemn reproduction before a learned society of which some of the best musical critics of the day are members, would have been an insult, had it not been rather a matter for a smile that a man should take so much pains to beat the air. We all know that it is the duty of critics to be unbiassed, that people should not write about that of which they are ignorant, that venality is to be condemned, and that partiality is odious; just as we have been taught by our copy-books that honesty is the best policy, that cleanliness is next to godliness, and so forth: it was hardly necessary to tax the attention of a learned society with such obviousness, backed by solemn quotations from respected grandfatherly authors. If Mr Salaman had a real evil to expose he should have exposed it in detail and with examples. If musical criticism is in a bad way, by all means let us have it shown up in such form as may be tangible.

We venture to think that, to put the thing in rather an Irish way, if the excellent secretary of the Musical Association could have gone into his subject more closely, he would not have gone into it at all. The exceedingly general nature of Mr Salaman's remarks renders it uncertain what are the actual evils of musical criticism which he and some of the members of the Association are apparently so deeply concerned at; but, if the paper was driving at anything, we suppose it must have been driving at the presumed low state of musical criticism in the English press. We make bold to challenge, without hesitation, any such conclusion, and to assert that English musical criticism is in a high state of efficiency, rapidly educating the music-loving public, and gradually, though with greater difficulty, producing some good effect upon musicians themselves.

What, then, is all this fuss about? We have in England a lay newspaper press of which the musical department is absolutely free from venality, and the musical poets in which are, for the most part, well filled: we have a musical press proper which is quite able to hold its own, which is far above the standard of many of the musicians for whom it exists, and is chiefly occupied in laboriously coaxing musical men to think.

The truth of the matter is simply this: musical men—it may as well be said at once—do not know their own literature. They are not a reading class; they are as a rule not conspicuous for general culture, and few of them are competent to assess the merits of the criticism which their learned society met last Monday to criticise. Only here and there a musical man in England knows anything of French or German, Greek or Latin, or reads even enough English literature to keep his head above water in the presence of educated men. Consequently they take no interest—as Mr Mackeson in his stinging and forcible speech hinted—in musical literature, and they give it little or no support. Knowing and seeing next to nothing of what is written about music, they have, nevertheless, not to pass judgment on the critics, with the result which must always follow

when men talk about that of which they are ignorant. It was quite enough to be present at last Monday's discussion to find out how little the members of this society—always excepting those who are musical critics—knew about musical literature. We musical journalists, for instance, were gravely advised to give our readers reviews of the works of the old masters; and told, as a reason for doing so, that in other departments journalists were in the habit of reviewing ancient poets and authors, Milton, Virgil, and Horace! Gentlemen of the musical profession who spoke of Liszt as "Litz," who could not pronounce intelligibly the word "Gewandhaus," and who gave Wagner a denomination something like "waggoner," stood up to give lessons to journalists who every week have to skim the cream of German and French musical literature in the hope of stirring up in their insular minds some spark of intelligent interest in the drift of art currents abroad.

Such were some of the aspects presented by the meeting of last Monday. We recommend the Musical Association to let the musical critics alone. The attempt to make out a case of incompetency against them was a failure; the incidental result of betraying ignorance of current musical literature on the part of English musicians was conspicuous.

CHRISTINE NILSSON AT LIVERPOOL.

The *Liverpool Daily Post*, in its notice, on the 9th inst., of Madame Christine Nilsson's performance in Gounod's *Faust*, at the Alexandra Theatre, writes as subjoined:—

"To any one who had not seen Madame Christine Nilsson in opera her impersonation of Marguerite must have been as great a surprise as a pleasure; and, for ourselves, we must admit that, often as we have seen the opera, we never saw Marguerite—the Marguerite of *Faust* and Goethe—till last night. As an art study it was simply perfect, for so thoroughly natural a result was attained that the art was entirely lost sight of. It was the most admirable combination of singing and acting we have seen and heard since Jenny Lind. To enumerate excellences would be to notice nearly every phrase, to recall each change of feature, or appropriate action. Foremost, however, must stand out the Garden Scene. The abstraction with which she began her labours at the spinning wheel, her singing of the 'King of Thule,' with its natural interruptions, and of the recurring thoughts of *Faust*, were in marvellous contrast to the wonder and delight displayed on finding the casket, the childishness of her joy, and the gushing impetuosity of her singing of this brilliant number. The mingled nervousness and pleasure in the opening of the love scene, the exquisite pathos with which she refers to her mother and sister, her rapid change from confidence to doubt, and final admission of her love, were extraordinary displays of expression, both facial and vocal. Her tragic powers, as displayed in the painful scene attending her brother's death, in the celebrated church where she so marvellously depicts the conflict between faith and despair, and in the *finale*, stood out in powerful relief. In look, action, and voice, she was, to our mind, the living embodiment of the poet's ideal, and in the execution of the music, by her faultless vocalization, and clearness and purity of intonation, attained a combination of excellences which we fear we shall never see or hear again—in this part at least."

We can unhesitatingly endorse this opinion of our esteemed and learned confrère.

VENICE.—According to report, Sig. Boito's new opera, *Meftafefe*, will be performed here in the spring.

ANTWERP.—Gounod's *Mirville* has been performed here with Mad. Lemence in the title part, and M. Léopold Katten as Vincent.

MILAN.—The Teatro Carcano will open with *Der Freischütz*. Sig. Marchetti's *Ruy Blas* is to be brought out at the Teatro Castelli.

BOLOGNA.—Signora Virginia Ferni, the fair violinist, and her cousin, Sig. Angelo Ferni, also a violinist, will give a series of concerts here during the present month.

ST. PETERSBURG.—Anton Rubinstein's opera, *The Demon*, produced last year at the Royal Opera-house, Moscow, has now been brought out very successfully here.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

Mr Arthur Chappell began his 14th season on Monday night, with a programme remarkable alike for variety and interest. The Monday Popular Concerts have taken so firm a hold upon London audiences that it would be superfluous to dilate upon the healthy influence they have exercised from the commencement—what good they have done for art, and how, by strict adherence to the principles upon which they started, some sixteen years ago, they have strengthened and consolidated their position. The concert on Monday night was the 516th since the institution—for “institution” it may justly be called—was first set on foot; and the crowd of amateurs that thronged St James’s Hall was a fair test of the general belief in their worth. The selection of pieces was as subjoined:—

PART I.			
Quartet, in C minor, Op. 18, No. 4—strings	Beethoven.		
New songs, “Dancing lightly, comes the Summer,” and “Maiden mine.”	Sternale Bennett.		
Sonata, in C, Op. 53, (Waldstein), Piano-forte	Beethoven.		
PART II.			
Trio, in D minor, Op. 6, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello	Bargiel.		
Air, “Un aura amorosa” (<i>Così fan tutte</i>)	Mozart.		
Quartet, in D minor, Op. 76, No. 2—strings	Haydn.		
Conductor, Sir Julius Benedict.			

The two quartets, one at the beginning and one at the end of the concert, were in consonance with early tradition, and for that reason all the more acceptable. The chief object of the Monday Popular Concerts, as laid down by Mr Chappell in his first announcement, was to make the “public,” independently of connoisseurs, acquainted with those treasures bequeathed to us by the universally recognised great masters in the form of what is termed “chamber music,” and of which scarce one work out of 50 was markedly known, except to a favoured minority. Now, the quartet of Beethoven was heard for the eighth, and that of Haydn for the thirteenth, time in St James’s Hall. Upon the merits of these fine works it is unnecessary to dwell. Each has long been acknowledged as a capital specimen of its author, while it is equally agreed upon that each bears convincingly the impulse of the Protean Mozart—proclaimed by Richard Wagner himself the chief and most gifted of absolute musicians. The quartet of Beethoven belongs to his early period, being the fourth of a series of six (Op. 18), dedicated to one of its composer’s staunchest patrons—Prince Lobkowitz, Duke of Halmnitz. It is in the first and last movements that the influence of Mozart is most vividly apparent; the second movement (“*andante scherzando*,” in the major key), and the minuet, with trio, being *Beethoven par et simple*—the former evidently springing from the same source to which we are indebted for a similar movement in the earliest of the nine orchestral symphonies. Haydn’s quartet reminds us so irresistibly in more than one theme and passage of Mozart that, though we have no accepted authority for the date of its production, we are impressed with a belief that it must have been written either after Mozart’s death, or, at least, after the time at which Mozart composed his quartet in the same key (D minor), and his quintet in C minor. Only the trio of the minuet and the *rondo finale* are in Haydn’s genuine, playful, and individual manner. Each movement, nevertheless, is admirable, in its way, and the opening *allegro* perhaps best of all. Both quartets were capably played by Messrs Wilhelmj, L. Ries, Zerbini, and Daubert (violoncello during the absence of Signor Fanti). Herr Wilhelmj leads a quartet with just the same facility, taste, and vigour as he plays a solo. To him Beethoven and Haydn are equally familiar, and we can imagine nothing more unaffected and artistically noble than his reading of both masters. That the audience were conscious of his merits was shown in the unanimous plaudits following movement after movement.

The pianist of the evening was Madame Annette Esipoff, from St Petersburg, who was so favourably received the year before last at the concerts of the Philharmonic Societies, old and new, and at some “recitals” on her own account. The sonata chosen for the occasion (happily a sonata in a *sine qua non* at Mr Chappell’s concerts) was that of Beethoven in C major, inscribed to Count Waldstein (Op. 53). This magnificent piece is one of the most

difficult and trying of a series that would have immortalised the composer had he given nothing else to art. It presents, however, no difficulties to Madame Esipoff. She played it, indeed—the *sonata* in particular—with talent and brilliancy, awakening the enthusiasm of the audience, who thrice called back the young and fair executant. It is worth noticing that this sonata—first introduced to a Monday Popular Concert audience by Madame Arabella Goldard, in 1850—was on Monday evening performed for the seventeenth time; so that the frequenters of St James’s Hall must be tolerably familiar with its beauties. A trio (Op. 6) by Herr Waldemar Bargiel, with which some time ago Mr Charles Hallé, at his instructive recitals, made the musical public acquainted, began the second part. This trio is for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—which, we fancy, means all that is absolutely requisite to say about it. Of originality it offers no trace, while the themes upon which it is constructed are of such a character—or, rather, have so little individual character—that the length of the work is out of proportion with the interest of its materials. The frequent introduction of works by modern composers of whom little or nothing can be known among us is highly commendable, and, doubtless, adds to the attraction of Mr Chappell’s entertainments; but a single performance of Bargiel’s trio is surely enough to serve all purposes. It had every chance in the hands of such artists as Madame Esipoff, Herr Wilhelmj, and M. Daubert, who did every thing possible for its success. It created, however, but faint impression, and is not likely very soon to be heard again. The players, on the other hand, were legitimately entitled to the applause that rewarded their strenuous endeavour to make something out of nothing.

The singer was Mr Shakespeare, a young Englishman, pupil of our Royal Academy of Music, who, first made himself known as a pianist and composer of ability, has recently directed his exclusive attention to the vocal art, studying in Italy under some of the most noted professors, returning to his own country with a tenor voice of very agreeable quality, and already exhibiting marked progress. Besides an *aria* from Mozart’s *Così fan tutte*, Mr Shakespeare brought forward two unknown songs by the late Sternale Bennett, set to some graceful stanzas from the pen of Mr T. Case. Both are the genuine products of an experienced pen, instinct with that melodious charm and refinement of detail for which even the least ambitious of their composer’s works are distinguished. Musicians may give preference to the first—“Dancing lightly, comes the summer”—but the majority of the initiated will, we think, find most sympathy with the second—“Maiden mine”—as unpretending and perfect a ballad as can be imagined. They were both sung with true expression by Mr Shakespeare, and accompanied on the pianoforte by Sir Julius Benedict, as he best knows how to accompany.—*Times*.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

The “Beethoven Night” at the Royal Italian Opera House on Wednesday attracted the usual number of admirers of the music of the “tone-poet.” Signor Arlotti, who conducted the several works *con amore*, made a judicious selection. One of the overtures to *Fidelio*, the pianoforte concerto in E flat, the violin romance in F, and the symphony (No. 4) in B flat, formed the instrumental, “*Adelaide*,” (sung by Mr Pearson) and “*Laurence*,” by Mme Roze-Perkins, the vocal portion of the programme. The members of the orchestra were on their metal, and executed the symphony to the entire satisfaction of the audience, who heartily applauded each movement. The pianoforte concerto was entrusted to Herr Stöcker, who was twice called forward at the end. We shall, doubtless, hear more of this clever artist. Madame Neruda met with deserved success. Her fine performance of the Romance elicited an “*encore*,” so marked that it was hoped the fair violinist would have complied; but she gave an “*Etude-Romance*” (7) by Leonard instead, which we should have preferred hearing on another occasion, notwithstanding the perfection with which it was played. A miscellaneous selection formed the second part of the programme, in which *Les Huguenots* and *La Grande Duchesse* were called upon to supply opportunities for the solo instrumentalists of the band to exhibit their skill. Mr Pearson and Mme Roze-Perkins contributed some vocal *morceaux*, the lady selecting a gipsy song entitled, “A dream wish,” the characteristic words by Mrs M. A. Binns, and the music by Professor Bergson.

Episodes on Change.



DR SHIPPING. Well—where are we floundering?
 DR QUINCE. Why—into an estuary.
 DR SHIPPING. Well—how an estuary?
 DR QUINCE. Why—look at Macmillan!
 DR SHIPPING. Well—what about Macmillan?
 DR QUINCE. Why—ask Dr Dannreuther.

(Exeunt hurriedly.)

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The students' first evening concert for the present season took place at St James's Hall, on Thursday, November 4. The following is the programme:—

Fugue, in C minor, for two performers on two pianofortes (Miss Kelly and Miss A. Duffot)—Mozart; Aria, "O! die che lode," (Miss Catharine Farquhar)—Marcello; Duet, "La Riconciliazione," (Miss Shaboe and Mr George)—Lancaster; Sonata, in G minor (first movement), pianoforte (Miss Boole)—Schumann; Recit. ed aria, "Che farò," (Orfeo) (Miss Eliza Thomas)—Gluck; Quartet, "Quia apud propitiatio te Domine," (De Profundis) (Miss Jessie Jones, Miss Annie Butterworth, Mr Seligmann, and Mr A. L. Hatch)—Gounod; Sonata, Quasi Fantasia, in C sharp minor (Op. 27, No. 1) Adagio, Allegretto, Presto Agitato (Miss Bucknall)—Beethoven; Song, "When I remember" (Miss Evans)—G. A. Macfarren; Part song (MS.), "The Ballad of young John and his true sweetheart"—Oliveria Prescott (Student); Liel, in A (No. 4, book 1), Mendelssohn, and Allegro brillante, in E (No. 1 from Pezzi di Bravura), Potter, pianoforte (Miss Fitch); Sacred song, "My voice shalt thou hear in the morning" (Miss Reimar)—H. C. Banister; Dueto, "Sull' aria" (Nozze di Figaro) (Miss Marietta and Miss Kate Brand)—Mozart; Aria, "Qui s'alega" (Piafio Negro) (Mr Gordon Goech); Mozart; Allegro grazioso e brillante, from the Duo brillante in E (Op. 19), for two performers on the pianoforte (Miss Tate and Miss Smith)—Charles E. Stephens; New part songs, "Softly come! thou evening gale" and "Pipe! red lipp'd Autumn, pipe!"—H. Smart; Melodia, "Perché piangi" (Miss Sadie Singleton)—Gounod; Trio, "Ah! laci, ingusto core" (Don Giovanni) (Miss Shaboe, Mr George, and Mr Gordon Goech)—Mozart; Romance, in F (Op. 50), violin (Mr Luke)—Beethoven; Recit., Solo, and Chorus "Though all thy friends" (Crucifixion) (Solo, Miss Jessie Jones)—Spohr; Allegro di Bravura (op. 31), "La Legerezza," pianoforte (Mr Charlton Spear, Sterndale Bennett Scholar)—Moscheles; Trio, "Vorrei Parlar" (Falstaff) (Miss Aylward, Miss Edouard, and Miss Bolingbroke, Parepa-Rosa Scholar)—Balle; Song, "The sea hath its pearls" (Miss Kate Brand, violoncello obbligato, Mr Bucknall)—Lachner; Hunting song, "Up, up, ye Dames"—Walter Macfarren.

The accompanists of the vocal music were Miss Chute, Miss Alice Curtis (Potter Exhibition), Miss Farrar, Miss Katie Steel, Mr F. W. W. Bamfylde, and Mr Walter Fitton. Mr Walter Macfarren conducted. The pieces received with the greatest favour were the excerpt from Schumann's sonata, very intelligently played by Miss Boole; Gounod's "De Profundis," capitiully sung; Beethoven's sonata, admirably given by Miss Bucknall; Mr G. A. Macfarren's song, "When I remember;" Miss Oliveria Prescott's part-song, for which the fair composer was called forward to receive the applause of the audience; Mr Henry Smart's new part-songs, and Balle's trio from his opera, *Falstaff*, admirably "interpreted" by the Misses Aylward, Edouard, and Bolingbroke. From a printed circular issued by the Committee we are pleased to learn the increasing prosperity of the institution. The number of students in the Academy is now 268 (76 male and 192 female students), thirty-one new pupils having been admitted in the Lent term, 30 in the Easter, and 53 in the Michaelmas term.

SARAGOSSA.—The Theatre here has been repaired and redecorated.

Higher Development.
Nos. 3 and 4.

LISZT FERENCZ.



Szemét lehungyja. Mintha csak magának játszanék. Ünnepeles morgadalom a burokban.



Pianissimo. Sz. assisi Liszt Ferencz beszélget a maderakkal. Aranya elvilágosodik.

(To be continued.)

forty new operas annually brought out in the Ansonian Peninsula. Of this number, the great majority, like the "*Capellmeister Operas*" of the Germans, are seldom heard of in the rest of Europe. "*Quedam bestiola unum tantum diem vivit*," says the old Latin author. His words might be applied almost as appropriately to the operas in question as to the midges and other insects of which he is discoursing.

A contributor to the Berlin *Echo* directed attention, in an able notice, some months ago, to this subject, which is one possessing great interest. The leading characteristics of the productions above mentioned were not to be mistaken. The composer exerted himself, in the first place, to write in a fresh and melodious style, without troubling his head a straw as to whether or no what he wrote was in keeping with the dramatic situation. The style was calculated to show off the singers in a favourable light, and to achieve his great aim, namely,—effect. That was enough for him. So he clung with wonderful tenacity to certain traditional and antiquated forms, and one opera bore as strong a family likeness to the opera which preceded it as one jelly bears to another jelly turned out of the same mould.

But innovation is surely undermining this state of things, as the German Ocean is wasting away that insular rabbit-warren known as Heligoland. Among Italian *maestri* of the present decennium, bold young spirits, in whom the bump of veneration must be a cavity, have sprung up and ruthlessly ignored much in which their fathers delighted. One of the first things to go has been the Cabaletta, which, without rhyme or reason, was invariably introduced in a certain place, and in which the cornet-à-piston usually took a leading part to "support the voice;" a task it performed, as a rule, so conscientiously—and vigorously—that it was as much as the singer could do to make himself or herself heard. Many other old remnants of the past have likewise disappeared. But modern composers, in their eagerness for change, have not unfrequently jumped from one extreme to another. They have abandoned old forms to rush headlong into "endless melody," and we all know what that is:—a dreary something, in which the melody never ends, for the simple reason that it never begins. The imitators of this system fail to perceive, that even he who invented it does not blindly follow it as they do. The consequence is, that they degrade music into a mere superfluous accompaniment to the dialogue.

The painful efforts made by certain Italian composers of the present day to "suit the action to the notes and the notes to the action"—if we may parody Hamlet's instructions to the Players—often lend them into regrettable excesses. The tenor wounded unto the death, or the prima donna expiring from the effect of a poisoned chalice, were, as frequently as not, wafted into eternity by former composers on the strains of a waltz motive, or something equally well adapted for the purpose; composers of the present day illustrate such events by fearful harmonies, and treat their audiences to a course of musical pathology, aught but pleasant to nicely attuned ears. The same unreasoning zeal has misguided the advocates of the new Italian school in their treatment of the orchestra. Formerly, the orchestra played a most unimportant part. It is now exalted into undine and, so to speak, crushing preeminence. Fugued passages, contrapuntal imitations, *points d'orgue* and *hoc genus omne*, follow each other in never-ceasing and indeterminate succession. The attention of the audience is diverted from the stage to the orchestra. The opera becomes a long protracted symphony, resembling the Irishman's cable, of which some one had cut off the extremity. Many a singer, as he sinks beneath the waves of sound

surging up furiously from the frantic violins, remembers with regret the cornet-à-piston of days gone by, and bitterly regrets it as the embodiment, comparatively, of silence.

As may easily be supposed, this kind of operatic-writing has not failed to meet with opposition. The anxious patriot, not perceiving its transitory nature, trembles lest the national peculiarities may disappear for ever. An ordinary theatre-goer will not, at any price, resign the Cabaletta. Recalcitrants rise up on all sides, and every opinion, no matter from whom it emanates, adverse to the new tendencies, is carefully preserved and chronicled. It is with great satisfaction that the champions of the old school recall the words of an Austrian Archduke, who, some year or two since, witnessed the production of a novelty at the Scala, Milan. On being asked how he liked the new opera, his Imperial Highness replied:—"I had hoped to hear in Italy Italian music. But people in my own country write music like that which I have heard this evening, and"—he continued, with a smile, "sometimes even better."

The writer to whom reference has been made observes that, on looking at the matter with an unprejudiced eye, we perceive in it naught save a re-action, which, long working in silence, after having been restrained, partly by political circumstances and partly by conservative adherence to what bore the stamp of tradition, has at last burst forth with unseemly vehemence. But a vigorous and purifying spirit now marks the studies of young Italian musicians. That they should want at one leap to recover the lost ground, and, in so doing, sometimes come to grief, is part and parcel of their Southern nature. Practice, however, will teach them to use discreetly and judiciously the materials at command, and there is reason to hope that any loss entailed upon Italian opera by the renunciation of a speciality which was but a dubious advantage, may be compensated by dramatic truth and ennobled form.

R. K.

ARABELLA GODDARD.

(From the New York "*Touchstone*," October 16th.)

Although this artist appeared in concert with Tietjens, we regard her genius and individuality so strongly marked as to demand a separate article at our hands, brief though it may be.

Notwithstanding, then, that the grand performances of Rubinstein are still ringing in our ears, and that the famous Dr von Bulow has already arrived on our shores, we are of the opinion that no greater pianist than Mme Goddard has ever visited this country, and question very much whether Europe has produced one with more exceptional powers or greater mastery over her instrument. True that, on a Wagnerian plane, there are certain distinguished performers who, through brain and muscle, and years of persistent drudgery, have worked the piano up to orchestral dimensions, as it were; but these are simply prodigies of learning and labour, who merely study the external architecture of music, and who sometimes build stupendous structures, that, however symmetrical in themselves, are cold, dark, and voiceless within. Not so with the creations of Mme Goddard, however; for, whether she build a palace or a cot, you feel that, in the midst of light and life, she is enthroned in the one, or seated by the fireside of the other. It is impossible to describe the power, the beauty, and the delicacy of this great artist's touch, or the brilliancy of her execution. No matter what the composition, she grasps it with her fingers all aglow, as it were, and pours her very soul along the keys, until the instrument, forgetting its nature, absolutely sings in sympathy with her. No finer interpreter of Beethoven could possibly exist. There is not a secret chamber of the great master's heart of which she does not possess the key. No left hand has ever dealt out its slow

movements with more stately magnificence, and no right hand has ever poured upon them more brilliant floods of sunshine. In truth, she is a rare creation, whose genius, school, and culture form a triad the most charming, and whose *technique*, fervor, and poetry are delightful to contemplate. * * * * *

Mdlme Goddard's *debut* at Steinway Hall was, of course, quite worthy her world-wide fame. Like her fair sister, she was recalled and bouquetted to the last. After having enjoyed her splendid performances, one's ears itch to hear von Bülow, who is said to have some new revelations to make. On this point, however, we must possess our souls in patience, until the famous German opens Chickering Hall on the 15th of next month.

OCCASIONAL NOTE.

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.—We learn from America that there is every hope the Tietjens' miscellaneous concerts will be abandoned, and that the great *prima donna* will reserve her forces for oratorio, and subsequently for opera. We are also told that Madame Arabella Goddard and Dr von Bülow will form an artistic partnership, and give recitals together in New York and elsewhere. If the latter news be true our American friends may be congratulated on the opportunity of hearing in one room the two greatest pianists of the age.

PROVINCIAL.

WELLSBOROUGH.—Mendelssohn's *Elisa* was given on Wednesday last, in the Exchange Hall. The artists were Miss Ada Moore, Mrs M. A. Warren (of Mr Charles Hallé's concerts), Mr W. Williams (of Canterbury Cathedral), and Mr Orlando Christian. The chorus of fifty voices were from the town and surrounding villages. The trebles were up to their work, and the band all that could be desired. Mr Deimer was organist, and Mr Harrington conducted.

MAIDENHEAD.—The Philharmonic Society gave their third concert on Thursday evening, November 4th. The principal artists were Miss Jessie Lloyd, Mr Vernon Harding, and Mr Christian. Romberg's "Lay of the Bell" was the *pièce de résistance*. It was effectively rendered by principals, band, and chorus. Herr Rosenthal, an excellent violinist, who should be often heard in public, executed, with great brilliancy, Beethoven's "Romance" (Op. 40); Mr Christian did full justice to "The Desert"; Miss Lloyd gave a capital rendering of the solos in Mendelssohn's *Lorelei*, and was supported by a well-balanced chorus and full orchestra; Mr V. Harding, in Sullivan's song, "The Sailor's Grave," obtained deserved applause. Herr Max Schultz conducted.

WINDSOR.—A grand concert was given in the Town Hall, Windsor, on Monday, by the Mayor (W. Underhay, Esq.), in aid of local institutions, under the direction of Mr John Gower. The programme included Beethoven's Sonata in D (Op. 12), for violin and pianoforte, and Schubert's Sonata in D, excellently rendered by Mr J. K. Liddle and Mr Gower. Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata and a sacred quartet, "O Lord, my God," were sung by the conductor, and sung by Miss Annie Sinclair, Mr Sexton, Mr Henry Gay, and Mr O. Christian. Miss Sinclair was encored in "Softly Sighs" (Weber) and "I love my Love." Mr Christian, in Gounod's "Nazareth," and Mr H. Gay, in "Deeper and deeper still" and "My Queen," were deservedly applauded.

CHELSEHAM.—Ricardo Linter's recital of pianoforte music, last Wednesday week, at the Corn Exchange, was one of the most interesting that has been given for a long time. In the first part of the programme Mr Linter played a Sonata in C, and the *Lied* in G, by Beethoven, and, in the second part, the Allegro, Scherzo, and the difficult Fugue of the great Sonata in B flat (Op. 106). At the conclusion, the audience became quite excited, and applauded Mr Linter most enthusiastically. The fugue was taken at a good pace, and was carried on with immense spirit. We think Mr Linter is the first pianist, in a provincial town, who has essayed this difficult sonata, and Cheltenham ought to be very proud to have a resident professor able to interpret such a work.

BRIGHTON.—Miss Wallis concluded her engagement last Saturday at the Theatre Royal, and, on Monday, Mr Sims Reeves made his appearance in *Guy Rannering*, before an audience that completely filled the theatre. Miss Fanny Heywood, Miss Annie Goodall, Mr G. Fox and Mr Nye Chart were the coadjutors of Mr Reeves. Signor Conti gave the last of his concerts at the Pavilion, with the

assistance of Miss Helen D'Alton, Signor Pirri, Signora Rizzelli, M. Paque, Mr William Coenen, and Signora Bianchi.—Mendelssohn's *Elisa* is announced by Mr Watts (Cramer & Co.), to be given this morning, in the Dome, by the Brighton Philharmonic Society. Mdlme Essipoff is to give a recital of pianoforte music next Friday, in the Pavilion, under the direction of Messrs Robert Potts & Co.—Mr Kube is already advertising his "Brighton Festival," so that the musical season may be pronounced in full swing at "London-imper-mare."

MDLLE TIETJENS.

(From the New York "Touchstone.")

It is amusing to witness the manner in which some of our dailies and weeklies pepper Mdlle Tietjens with snipe-shot, because she is unable to transmute concert into opera. This distinguished cantatrice came to this country to give us a season of concert, as announced; but no sooner had she begun to fulfil her engagement, than those critics who bear with their eyes only, and who are incapacitated from appreciating music, *per se*, or loving it for its own dear sake, demand that it shall assume all the parade and adventitious trappings of the lyric stage.

Whatever may be said to the contrary, the bare boards and the naked walls of the concert-room afford the best and surest means of testing the vocal powers, the training, and the musical genius of any artist who comes amongst us, as Mdlle Tietjens does, in search of wealth and fame. Is not all music sufficient unto itself? Or has "Bel raggio" to hobble about, halt, or maimed, or blind, until it stumbles in before the footlights of the opera, and picks up its eyes, or the gilded crutches of costume and scenery. The idea is inadmissible, and is never indulged by those who are sensitive to all that is exquisite in the divine art, or who are sufficiently educated to pronounce upon it with the highest intelligence. Music is obviously intended to steal upon the soul through the gates of the ears only. The eyes, consequently, are not necessary to its appreciation in any degree. She who fails as an artist in concert can only succeed on the lyric stage through her dramatic powers. Hence the false criticisms which now obtain in relation to Mdlle Tietjens' performances at Steinway Hall, and the absurdity of following a line of argument with reference to her singing which would go to prove that the cup gives body, mellowness, and flavour to the wine.

We do not intend to compliment Mdlle Tietjens after the manner of some of our contemporaries, who have most graciously condescended to her a fine stage presence, a large and highly-cultivated voice, and a superb method—all of which they have long inferred, necessarily, from the comments of the English press upon her for upwards of twenty years.* But what we do intend to compliment her on is the volume, compass, quality, and evenness of her voice, and the vast scope and power which she has displayed at her concerts here, in rendering so magnificently three such widely different numbers as the "Last Rose of Summer," the Grand Aria and *scena* from *Der Freischütz*, and "L'Ardita," a waltz, by Ardit. These are all representative compositions, demanding such various treatment and poses of sentiment that one wonders at the perfect grace, the grandeur, and the brilliancy which characterised them individually. This sweep of coast has seldom travelled with so sure and certain a step as that of Mdlle Tietjens, although the sunlight that fell upon her path was, perhaps, at times, somewhat cold and phosphorescent.

That Mdlle Tietjens is a very grand artist there can be no doubt; although, as in the case with most large voices, her execution is not *extraordinarily* brilliant, and would not, perhaps, tell in lengthly, rapid, and elaborate passages with such fine effect as that of Nilsson or De Murska. Still, it never fails; while, at intervals, it is as swift, clean, and true as the flash of a swallow's wing. Her *debut* here was most successful, although she had to struggle against a very questionable orchestra, and a couple of male singers—one of whom was utterly eliphoid and inaudible, while the other suggested the idea of a person who was singing vigorously at a mark. She gives her next *matinée* at Steinway's to-day, Saturday; and appears in oratorio, with the Centennial Choral Society, on Wednesday next, when some critic will have an opportunity of saying something about her in oratorio.

* Mdlle Tietjens made her first appearance among us in 1858.—D.P.

MEFISTOFELE.

A NEW ITALIAN OPERA BY A NEW ITALIAN COMPOSER.

(From a Special Italian Correspondent.)

(Continued from page 744.)

The new drama is divided, as we have said, into six parts—a prologue, four acts, and an epilogue.

The prologue gives a great development to the Prologue in the Heavens of *Faust*. The celestial phalanxes, the Chorus Mysticus, the cherubs, the archangels are invisible behind the nebula, from which the mighty sound of the seven trumpets and the booming of the seven thunders, and Mephisto alone in the shadow, leaning his feet on the skirt of his mantle, lays his wager with God, and then disappears, vexed by the angels. At this point, M. Boito has added a prayer of the penitent woman, which rises from the earth to the heaven, a quite new and splendid idea, for, to the sublime thought of the Paradise, it adds all that the earth has of most poetic and beautiful, the fervid prayer of the woman to God.

The first act is divided into two parts: the first—the Easter Sunday—is worked out from the "Before the City Gate;" the second—the Pact—corresponds with the scenes entitled the Study, except the chorus of the invisible spirits and the dialogue of Mephisto with the scholar.

The second act, also, is divided into two parts: the first—the Garden—is worked out of the two scenes, Garden and Martha's Garden; the second—the night of Sabbath—from the night of Walpurgis, except the acting, with the addition of the "world-song," in the witches' kitchen.

The third act—the death of Margaret—is the scene of the Prison, with which the first *Faust* ends.

The fourth act carries us into the Night of the Classical Sabbath, which is worked out from the Classical Night of Walpurg. The vastness of the picture of Goethe obliged M. Boito to omit many episodes; so he chose, as a hinge to his Classical Sabbath, the scene in which Faust, adorned as a cavalier of the middle age, presents himself to Helena.

The epilogue, the death of Faust, keeps a little off from the first act of the second *Faust*; and, though the new epilogue is, dramatically, of great effect, we must own that the epilogue of the first edition was, poetically, much more praiseworthy and quite faithful to the text. Faust, in his old age, is again sitting down in his study, and raves; at his side Mephisto, who, forbidding that his death is near, looks out for the transmigration of his soul. Celestial songs are heard, and Faust is listening to them. Mephisto, to tempt him, evokes the Sirens, but Faust relies upon the Gospel; and, absorbed in the celestial vision, dies, whilst the angels put Mephisto to flight with a rain of sunbeams, songs, and flowers.

As we consider it in its integrity, this drama may be set down among the most artist-like works; and even opponents involuntarily paid it the homage of spending pages of journalistic writing to demonstrate—though without success—that it was not worth the trouble of occupying themselves with it. The verse is sometimes too eccentric, sometimes too rough, but always robust and never vulgar. Here and there we find pieces of good poetry which might worthily appear in the works of every good author. And the experiment of introducing—to give more vivacity to the scene—the measure of the Greek verse, in the Classical Sabbath, has also happily succeeded. The best attestation of esteem to the poet has been given by the public; the demand for the book being so great that, on the evening of the first representation, the third edition was already exhausted.

What we have said is enough on account of the drama. As we come to speak of the music, we must premise that, when we declare our opinion about the work of M. Boito, we do not bear in mind that it is his first work—for in art there is no law of succession; therefore, the praise that, faithful to truth, we must bestow on the author, should not be confused with that which is generally and unjustly bestowed, under pretext of encouraging, upon anyone scarce emerging from mediocrity.

The bold idea of setting *Faust* to music rose in the mind of M. Boito when he was still young, and his musical studies were not yet finished. If we do not mistake, the first fragments were written in 1861. In these fourteen years, M. Boito, fascinated by the great conception of Goethe, though he was not continually

occupied in setting it to music—for he turned his mind also to two other operas, which we hope to see soon finished—yet continually pondered it over in his mind, and made it the principal aim of his studies. With true artistic ambition, very learned, and endowed with an extraordinary perception of the beautiful, he understood, as few men understand, how *Faust* is philosophically and literally sublime; and he felt what the music should be to express with equal strength an equal conception in another art; but, as he was not ready to delude himself on account of the merit of his work, nor so proud as to impose thus upon others and himself his own work, he made, changed, made again, till his conscience of artist told him that he had done all that he could do to set the subject to music. Thus fourteen years elapsed: but the past years, for M. Boito, stopped in his *Mefistofele*, in which we find all the most beautiful ideas that rose in the mind of the author during that period; we find in it the fruit of the studies of about three lustres; we find in it all the vigour and impetuosity of the juvenile boldness, not deteriorated, not weakened, but moderated by the severe education of the mind.

(To be continued.)

BIRMINGHAM.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The first of Messrs Harrison's subscription concerts attracted one of the largest and most brilliant audiences ever seen in the Town Hall; even the orchestra, usually devoted to the lowest priced portion, being filled with reserved seats, which were taken some days before the performance. No doubt the "bright particular star" mainly contributing to this result was the renowned Swedish songstress, Christine Nilsson, whose first appearance in Birmingham, at the Festival of '07 (since which time she had only sung here once), made so highly favourable an impression on the metropolis of the Midlands. The reception accorded to Mdm Nilsson was of the warmest; and, as the *prima donna* honoured her admirers by responding to the applause which followed each of her solos, not only re-appearing, but acceding to the encores, the public had the satisfaction of listening to "Auld Robin Gray" as a sequel to "The Air des bijoux" (succeeded by the "Rê de Thule" ballad from *Faust*); "The minstrel boy to the way is gone," after Arthur Sullivan's graceful new song, "The sun is setting"; and a repetition of the "Dalcroixian Dance" melody, the second of the Swedish air. In addition to this, Mdm Nilsson took part in the trio, "This magic were scarce," from Barnett's delightful opera, *The Mountain Sylph*—an opera in which the *couleur locale* of Scotland is distinctly impressed. Mr Carl Rosa's success in London may induce him to produce this opera, which, with Edward Loder's *Night Dancers*, would, for the present generation, have the charm of novelty; while to those whose remembrance carries them so far back to the past, pleasant memories would be evoked. Miss Alice Fairman, Mlle Levrier, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Signor Foll contributed their share to the programme, which was essentially of the miscellaneous order; while Mr Kuhs furnished the pianoforte solos, one of which, under the title of "Victoria," was an arrangement of "God save the Queen," with variations. The post of accompanist was filled in a highly efficient manner by Mr F. H. Cowen, who, I am glad to learn, is commissioned, for the Birmingham Festival of 1876, to write a secular cantata, for the subject of which he has chosen Byron's *Corair*.

The six nights of the Carl Rosa Company at the Theatre Royal were an unqualified success, the house being crowded every evening by an enthusiastic and appreciative audience. The operas played were *Marriage of Figaro*, *Porter of Havre*, *Faust*, *Trevelyan*, *Fra Diavolo*, and *The Bohemian Girl*; the principal parts being sustained by Mlle Torrioni, Misses Constance Herce, Josephine York, Julia (Haydon), Lucy Franklin, Mrs Aynley Cook, Messrs Sanley, Nordblom, Packard, Lyall, Aynley Cook, Celli, and Arthur Howell; Mr Carl Rosa, of course, officiating as conductor. As all the operas and artists named have so recently been heard in London, it is needless to recapitulate what has already been said about them in the *Musical World*. Suffice it that Birmingham was delighted with the various performances, and Mr Simpson, the lessee of the theatre, must have been satisfied with the financial results of his enterprise.

D. H.

CRITICS, AMATEURS, AND PROFESSORS.

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

Musicians and public performers of all kinds have an undoubted right to protest as often as they may feel it against criticism, and in their turn criticise the critics. Things have changed since the days when Cowper apostrophized the newspaper as

"Happy broad-sheet
Which not 'e'n critics criticise!"

Newspapers, as the dispensers of praise and blame, are very much criticised, especially by those who imagine that more blame than they deserve has been allotted to them. The recipients, however, of praise are generally disposed to admit—as long, at least, as the memory of the praise remains with them—that the press is not such a hopelessly bad institution after all. At a meeting held last Monday of a society of musicians and amateurs, who assemble periodically for purposes of discussion, and on the understanding, strictly enforced, that members are under no pretext to bring their instruments with them, a Mr. Salaman, pianist, composer, and musical critic, read a paper on musical criticism as it is and as it should be. After a rapid glance at the history of musical criticism, from Plutarch to some obscure writer in an unnamed journal of the present day, who seems now and then to get out of his depth, the lecturer painted an animated picture of the true musical critic as he—and many others—would like to see him. Mr. Salaman would require that he should possess a thorough knowledge of the history of music, be a good theoretical and practical musician, entertain no prejudices in favour of one school more than another, and write a good style. A man endowed with the gifts and acquirements stipulated for by Mr. Salaman would indeed be quite equal to the task of "chronicling small beer." By way of making his meaning unmistakably plain, the lecturer mentioned Robert Schumann as a good specimen of the able and impartial critic; and certainly no objection could be taken to Mr. Salaman's choice. If, however, we had a Schumann among us, he would probably make it his chief business not to criticise the works of others, but to compose works of his own.

After pointing out what should be avoided in musical criticism, Mr. Salaman mentioned (in addition to Robert Schumann) a few musical critics whose writings he considered worthy of admiration. One of these was the late Mr. Chorley; M. Fétis another. Now Mr. Chorley was at least conscientious and accurate in regard to facts; but if Mr. Salaman will only consult no matter which of the few and scanty articles devoted by M. Fétis to English musicians, he will find it not so much disguised as characteristically marked by glaring and ridiculous blunders. The critic whom Mr. Salaman holds in such high esteem confounds John Barnett with Sterndale Bennett, and gravely states where the operas were produced to which he imagines the overture entitled the *Wood Nymphs* was prefixed. After praising M. Fétis—who speaks with never-failing contempt of English musicians, and proves his scorn to be genuine by his manner of treating the lives and works of those he does not absolutely ignore—it was not inconsistent on the part of Mr. Salaman to blame the Germans for their neglect of English composers; the Germans who have produced at Leipzig, their great musical capital, important orchestral works by Cipriani Potter, Sterndale Bennett, G. A. Macfarren, Arthur Sullivan, and even (we scarcely know why) the late Mr. Hugo Pierson.

Mr. Pierson, whose "symphonic preludes" have been engraved by a Leipzig firm, would scarcely have found a publisher for his compositions in England. The difficulty of placing such works as his would perhaps have been somewhat increased by the fact, as stated by Mr. G. A. Osborne, the eminent pianist and composer of pianoforte pieces, that no London music publisher can read a note of music. In that, it seems to us, lies their safety. Mr. Osborne thought their ignorance deplorable; but he proved that it was profitable by citing the unique case of a gentleman who, although he possessed a considerable knowledge of music, became a music publisher and was ruined through bringing out the symphonies and oratorios of his admiring friends. He could not plead inability to appreciate them. He had eaten of the tree of musical knowledge, and naturally fell. The connection between Mr. Osborne's story of the accomplished music publisher and the subject of Mr. Salaman's lecture was not very evident; but the tale was probably

intended to suggest that unknown composers suffered more from the ignorance of publishers than from that of critics.

If critics ought to possess adequate knowledge of the subjects they undertake to discuss, similar qualifications may not unfairly be required of persons undertaking to discuss the subject of criticism. Dr. W. H. Stone, in enlarging on the incompetency and bad faith of musical critics, informed the meeting that the articles published in London newspapers on musical matters were usually written by "the office boy," adding, as if to give a look of probability to his statement, that some of these young men were personal friends of his. He further observed that the written judgments of his juvenile friends were often but amplifications of his own spoken remarks; so that in denouncing the worthlessness of musical criticism he somewhat unnecessarily condemned himself. It is evident, indeed, that if Dr. Stone's statement is accurate he has only to improve himself as a musical critic in order to improve musical criticism generally.

The rules of the Musical Association do not, it appears, allow speakers at the discussion meetings to mention living persons or existing journals by name. Journals, however, may be described by nicknames or by opprobrious epithets; and journalists may be indicated through allusions to their private affairs or the affairs of their wives or of their wives' relations. Instead of imparting the true parliamentary tone to the debates, these strange regulations develop a certain vulgarity on the part of speakers who, if they were permitted to call persons and things by their right names, would, at least, not be able to plead in extenuation of their offensiveness that they are driven to it by the laws of the society against the use of plain language. When Mr. W. H. Stone spoke of one writer as the *Hog in Armour*, and of another as the *Dancing Harber*, his humour seemed to be much appreciated. But no sooner had a gentleman risen to say that he had read musical articles not wholly absent in several papers, citing in particular the *Guardian*, than he was called to order, the president reminding him that in mentioning a journal by its proper name he had broken one of the rules of the society. Thus pulled up, and not perhaps caring to speak of the *Guardian* as the *Churchwarden*, or the *White Choker*, or the *Gentleman in Black*, the speaker turned to another subject, and asked the numerous professors present whether, instead of reviling the newspapers, it would not be a good thing on their part to abstain from giving their pupils ridiculous pieces of music to learn. The suggestion was a happy one. If the professors are seriously anxious to raise the tone of musical criticism in this country, they will do very little towards that end by reading lectures to one another on the subject. It would be a very roundabout process, moreover, to educate Dr. Stone so as to enable him, in his turn, to educate the critics. It is for the professors to form the taste of their pupils; and they will find this novel occupation, if they can be persuaded to adopt it, one of real utility.

ABOUT BARGIEL.

SIR CAPT. O'CORRY.—Bargiel's Trio fine!

LAVENDER PITT.—Well spun out.

SIR CAPT. O'CORRY.—Brilliant time!

LAVENDER PITT.—Found it dull.

SIR CAPT. O'CORRY.—Minor key;—major would sharpen't.

LAVENDER PITT.—What if you think of't?

SIR CAPT. O'CORRY.—Heard it before;—two fiddles and piano.

LAVENDER PITT.—People clapped!

SIR CAPT. O'CORRY.—When over were glad on't—like E. J. Loder's aunt at Bath.

Dramatist.

CAGLIARI.—Sig. Gomes' opera of *R Guarany* has been performed at the Teatro Civico; but, owing partly to the inefficiency of the artists, with a very unsatisfactory result.

COLOGNE.—Verdi's *Aida* has been produced at the Stadttheater with brilliant success. The principal artists and the manager, Herr Ernst, were enthusiastically called on at the fall of the curtain.

TRIESTE.—Verdi's *Requiem* has been performed, and enthusiastically received at the Teatro Comunale. The artists were Signors Stoll, Sanz, Signori Paterno and Maini. Sig. Faccio conducted.

Confabulations Confidential.



DR GOOSE.—I am in gay humour, and invite you to devour a couple of riddles.

DR FOX.—(A couple of riddles—I should prefer a couple of gosings—*aside*.) Well?

DR GOOSE.—What is the best way to make pianofortes in America?

DR FOX.—Why (the old goose—*aside*), the Stein-way, of course!

DR GOOSE.—(The old fox—*aside*.)—Ah! But what is the noblest article of manufacture?

DR FOX.—(The old goose—*aside*.)—Why, the pianoforte—because it is grand, upright, and square.

DR GOOSE.—(Hem!—the old fox—*aside*.)—You have hit it.

DR FOX.—(The old goose—*aside*.)—But it is also cabinet and cottage.

(*Eccent doubtfully.*)

CHARLES MATHEWS.

A morning performance for the benefit of this popular comedian was given on Monday at the Gaiety, when, after the comedy of *My Awful Dad*, Mr Charles Mathews then addressed an audience which filled the house in every part:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen—I have promised a few words, and I am here to redeem my promise. An actor has always this advantage—he not only promises but performs. 'A few words' is a vague expression. The few words of some men would fill a column, while those of others would scarcely make a paragraph. Mine are of the latter description. I am a man of few words, and never trouble you with them except on particular occasions—when I really have something particular to say—and this is one of them. Of course the nature of the few words depends upon the circumstances. A few words with one's sweetheart are worth a week's talk with one's mother-in-law, and when a man has a few words with his wife—however much he may love her—the consequences are anything but agreeable. Now, a few words at parting are naturally expected to be of a lachrymose character; but I am not sentimental, nor given to the melting mood, so you will excuse the non-appearance of my white handkerchief. As I have observed, I never say a few words except when I am going away, but, as I am always going away, you may think that I am always saying a few words. But then I am always coming back again, and I hope this will be no exception to the rule, so there really is no occasion for tears on either side. I am only going on a little pleasure trip. The weather here is very far from tempting, and I can't do better than step out of it. A severe winter is predicted, so I avail myself of the opportunity of avoiding it, and, as the Major would say, of 'enjoying my Indian summer.' It is a trip I have long contemplated. Three years ago I had nearly accomplished it, and got as far as Ceylon, but my foot slipped and I drifted over to Australia. I then determined to take India on my

way back, but the wind shifted, and I found myself in the Sandwich

Islands. This, however, I did not regret, for there passed one of the most memorable evenings of my life. I played 'by command' in the presence of his Majesty Hame-hame-ha, the fifth King of the Cannibal Islands, before an audience of Kanakas—black gentlemen, who a few years ago would have supped off me with pleasure, and who find it difficult even now to resist the occasional delicacy of a fat lady on the sly. If all goes well I calculate upon reaching Calcutta at last, and shall probably play there about Christmas time, under the patronage of the Rajah Ram Jan Cuttrey Poo, or the lovely Begum Catty Fatty Bunkum Hoy, and on my return you may expect to see me riding up to the stage door of the Gaiety on my favourite elephant. Where my next trip may be is not yet settled. I am balancing between a provincial tour to the Arctic Regions and to the interior of Africa, but have to wait till the theatres there have opened for their regular winter season. However, before I go you shall, as usual, have another few words, so that you may be kept informed of my movements. I think I see before me several well-known faces, constant attendants, who have listened to a number of few words on numerous occasions. I hope I do not misinterpret them. There is a story told of a man who went every night to see Van Amburgh put his head in the lion's mouth, in order that he might be sure of not missing the moment when it would be bitten off. Who knows but that the same sort of feeling may exist with regard to my few words, and that the hope that they may be my last may animate the listener? If so, I shall try and baulk his morbid desire, and do my best to outlast him. I have beaten him so far, and will make a struggle for it still. I have enjoyed the favour of the public for forty years, and have grown all the stronger for its support. Who knows how long I may yet enjoy it? At all events, I have had the gratification of finding that even after so long a period, and notwithstanding the growth of so many young and bright intellects around me, I am still able to afford the same amusement that I did nearly half a century ago, and that I am permitted not only to play my old parts to the satisfaction of the audience, but have been allowed to write and act a new one, meeting with even more than my old success. I shall carry the pleasant remembrance with me wherever I go, and I shall hope to return and find you all as hearty and kind as ever. I have just concluded not only a most successful but a most delightful engagement, petted by the genial manager and his cordial company, and have nothing but thanks to bestow on all my friends before and behind the curtain. These are my few words, ladies and gentlemen, and I trust they are enough; at any rate they are sincere, and I can say to you, I wish you all health and happiness (including myself), and look forward with hope and pleasure to our next merry meeting."

Prolonged cheering and applause followed the address, and the favourite actor was recalled amid a renewal of hearty demonstrations, conveying good wishes for his pleasant trip and speedy return.

DRESDEN.

(From a Correspondent.)

The number of concerts in contemplation for next winter are considerably more than usual; indeed, quite a deluge. Besides the concerts of the Chapel Royal, and the Trio and Quartet *Soirées*, there are to be the Subscription Concerts of Musik-director Mansfeldt, also two grand concerts of the Neustädter Choral Society, at the first of which Schumann's music to *Faust* will be given, complete. Then there are a number of concerts by foreign artists in view, as usual. The concerts and musical *soirées* at the Royal Belvedere, by Capellmeister Erdmann-Puffholdt, have been particularly interesting. The following is the programme of a recent *soirée*:—War March from *Altkönig* (Mendelssohn); Overture, *Lodoiska* (Cherubini); aria from *Il Seraglio* (Mozart); *Loreley*, Legend for Orchestra, with harp *obbligato* (C. Oberthür); Serenade, for flute, violin, and tenor (Op. 25), (Beethoven); Overture, *Tirandot* (V. Lachner); "Le desir," melodie for violoncello (Stahlknecht); "Songs without Words" (Mendelssohn); "Traumbilder" Fantasie (Lambye). The harp part to Oberthür's *Loreley* was played by Fraulein Melanis Ziech, daughter of the esteemed harpist of the Royal Operahouse, Herr Carl Ziech. The young lady produced a remarkably fine tone, and met with hearty applause. Beethoven's serenade was played, in excellent style, by Herren G. Schirmer, E. Puffholdt, and Ph. Faber. Herr H. Dechert, also, deserves special notice for his performance of the violoncello solo.

SIMS REEVES AT BRIGHTON.

(From the "Sussex Daily News.")

As far as Brighton is concerned, Messrs Cramer and H. Nye Chart would appear to have a monopoly of Mr Sims Reeves' services. Whenever he sings here, it is either at the concert of the former or at the theatre of the latter. And at the latter his brief engagement forms one of the brightest episodes in Mr Chart's annual programme. This year his engagement is brighter than usual. It comprises but two nights. But these two nights are appropriated for two of the works in which he is best known—*Guy Mannering* and *The Beggar's Opera*. In the first of these he appeared last evening. A fashionable and crowded house assembled to greet him. It is on such occasions that the accommodation of Mr Chart's elegant little theatre is tested to the utmost. No difficulty would have been experienced in admitting several hundred persons more had there been room for them. On presenting himself, the great English tenor was most cordially welcomed. He was in capital voice, and sang with all his accustomed success. "When other lips," "Tom Bowling," and "My pretty Jane," his three introduced songs, were given with that mellowness and suavity, that artistic style and refined expression, which has marked his vocalisation throughout his lengthened career, lengthened his career has been, but nothing so long as the prepositional period put forward by a local print. According to this eminently well-informed journal, Mr Sims Reeves has been on the stage 54 years. As a matter of fact, he has not been before the public much more than half that period. Long or short, however, Mr Reeves' career has been an unexampled success among native vocalists; and, for intellectual vocalism, he is simply unapproached. All his well-known qualities of voice and style were exhibited last night. Each of his songs was followed by loud and persistent applause; and though Mr Sims Reeves set his face against encores, he could not resist the appeal of the audience to repeat the second verse of "My pretty Jane," a song which he has made peculiarly his own. The great tenor, who, of course, took the part of Henry Bertram, was well supported by Miss Fanny Haywood (Julia Manning), Miss Annie Goodall (Lucy Bertram), Mr George Fox (Gabriel), and Mr H. Nye Chart, who sustained his old and favourite part of Dominie Sampson. The hand had been strengthened for the occasion, and Mr Sidney Naylor was conductor.

MUSIC IN PARIS.

(From a Correspondent.)

The greatest hit that has been made in Paris lately is *Le Voyage dans la Lune*, the music by Offenbach, now being given at the *Gaité*. So sanguine is the enterprising manager of a long run of the "Opera féerie," as it is entitled, that he has engaged a double *troupe* of artists, in case of accident or indisposition of any of the original cast—a capital arrangement. M. Vizenini had also an eye to the public in this double-cast arrangement. He will never have to shut up the *Gaité*, and put up a notice:—"Relâche pour cause d'indisposition."

Le Voyage is in four acts and twenty-three tableaux, and they are tableaux! No expense has been spared on the scenery, decorations, costumes, &c., and M. Cornil well deserves the hearty applause he nightly wins, for the very effective scenery he has put on the stage. The plot is not very complicated, and, as no doubt you have read all about it in the *Times* and *Telegraph*, I will not go into details. There are two very effective ballets, danced by 120 *corpôts*, Mlle Vitorina Fontabelle being the "1er Sujet." The second ballet, entitled *Les Flocons de Neige*, is unapproachable for good taste.

I see by the *Entr'acte* that M. Vizenini, the lucky lessee of the *Gaité*, is taking from 9,000 fr. to 9,500 fr. a night with *Le Voyage dans la Lune*.

On Nov. 7th I attended the fourth *Concert Populaire de Musique Classique*, at the Cirque d'Hiver, under the direction of M. Padeloup. The place was crammed; and there must have been over 9,000 persons in the building to listen to the following programme, selected from the compositions of German composers only:—

Symphonie in C major—Allegro, Andante, Minuet, Finale—(Beet-

hoven); Allegro agitato (Mendelssohn); 4th Concerto pour piano, Op. 70—Allegro moderato, Andante, Finale—(Rubinstein), exécuté par M. Diemer; Fragments du Quintet, Op. 109—Larghetto, Menuet, Allegretto con variazioni—(Mozart), exécuté par M. Griset (clarinette) et tous les instruments à cordes; Overture du *Oberon* (Weber). The whole of this was gone through under the able conductorship of M. Padeloup, in a manner which left nothing to be desired. M. Griset's clarinet playing also excited much applause, and a recall; while M. Diemer's pianoforte performance met with the same success. X. T. R.

ZARÉ THALBERG AT GLASGOW.

(From the "Scotsman.")

Mlle Thalberg is beyond question one of the most important accessions made of late years to the rank of leading *soprani*. She is very young, but she has a voice of great strength, purity, and uncommon range, which she manages with an ease and certainty that many vocalists of greater experience might envy, and which speaks volumes for the excellence of her trainer. Mlle Thalberg's style is truly artistic. Her intonation is flawless, and her declamation thoroughly tasteful. The part of Dinorah gives little scope for the display of dramatic power, but her rendering gave every indication that, as an actress, Mlle Thalberg has not much to learn, and at all events nothing to unlearn. She sang the opening *aria*, "Si Carina," very sweetly and pathetically, and gave a vivacious rendering of the sparkling duet with Corentino, which follows. Nor was she less effective in the *triolet* with which the first act closes. Mlle Thalberg's greatest effort, however, was the "Shadow song," one of the most exacting tests of a vocalist's power of execution in the whole range of opera. Its endless runs and shakes were all given in perfect precision, and the upper D flat was taken without apparent strain—a sweet, clear note, quite devoid of shrillness. The audience were vociferous in their applause, and insisted on an encore, which the vocalist accorded. All the other music of the part was effectively rendered, and, in fact, Mlle Thalberg's Dinorah was entirely successful.

MLLE TIETJENS.

We read as follows in the correspondence of the *Liverpool Daily Post*:—

"Mlle Tietjens, our great tragic singer, has not been a success in America. It was thought that she was great enough without any attempt at getting up false public excitement. Besides, M. Strakosch had been found out in getting up beforehand similar demonstrations for Madame Patti. So he let Mlle Tietjens come out without announcing her name. The result was that the people were cold. The critics, following suit, were cold also. They quizzed Mlle Tietjens for her size, and spoke of her 'worn out' voice, and kept the people away. The result is the failure of the concert. When the critics were charged with unfairness, they said that they wished to force Mlle Tietjens out in opera. The American newspapers think it right to do evil that good may come."

To this Mr Mapleson gives a smashing triumphant retort, which we subjoin:—

—"To the Editor of the 'Daily Post.'"

"Sir,—Being partly interested in Mlle Tietjens' American tour, and regularly furnished with the official returns, I have read with equal surprise and amusement an extraordinary statement in your London Letter of this morning, that her concert has failed. So far as your correspondent states that no attempt has been made to get up false public excitement he is well informed, but in every other particular he is grossly in error. Mlle Tietjens has had the greatest reason to be delighted with her reception by the American public, with the unanimous and most graceful applause of the Press, and with the financial results of the enterprise. Not only have her own terms of £200 per concert been regularly paid her on each occasion, but in several instances she has, in pursuance of her agreement, received a further emolument in the shape of profit when the receipts touched a certain amount. There has been a cry out for opera by the influential stockholders of the New York Opera-house, but the personal adherence of M. Strakosch—who had engaged Mlle Tietjens for 'concerts' only—to his original plan has not in the least interfered with the popularity or success of her appearance.—Yours, &c., 'J. H. MAPLESON."

"North-Western Hotel, Nov. 8, 1875."

This would seem (with consent of the Messrs Strakosch) to set the matter at rest.

NEW YORK.

(From a Correspondent.)

Mr Maurice Strakosch has written to the Press, pointing out the difficulties of establishing Italian Opera here. He refers to the losses incurred by every manager who has hitherto made the attempt. Everywhere else, he says, Italian Opera is supported either by State subventions or private subscriptions, and it cannot be carried on in New York more than anywhere else without either the former or the latter. He proposes, therefore, to start a subscription list. He promises that, if this list is filled up within a reasonable period, he will have in New York, by the 1st January, a company comprising the principal artists of Her Majesty's Opera, and that he will give a lyric season worthy the most important city in the New World. L 785.

CHRISTINE NILSSON'S MARGARET.

(From the "Liverpool Daily Courier.")

"The inaugural performance of the opera season given last evening must be deemed a very great success, both in regard to the crowded state of the house and the general excellence of the interpretation. The work was Gonnod's *Faust*, and the cast as follows:—Faust, Signor Gilardi; Mephistopheles, Signor Castelmari; Valentine, Signor Galassi; Wagner, Signor Costa; Siebel, Madame Trebelli; Martha, Madame Lablache; and Margherita, Madame Christine Nilsson. Madame Nilsson's assumption of the part of Margherita is undoubtedly one of the finest creations on the lyric stage. It is entirely original and invested from first to last with the strongest marks of the most intellectual study. Goethe himself never could have desired a more thorough realization of his poetic ideal. In the garden scene the charm of Madame Nilsson's vocalisation was chiefly observable, but in the later portions of the opera, the vocal effects, grand as they were, were almost lost sight of in the magnificent acting which accompanied them; in fact, it was the universally expressed opinion, and one in which we fully concur, that this is the first time that Margherita has really been played here. Madame Nilsson's charming ideal personality of course aids her very much; but the intensity of her acting, artistically, culminating to a most exciting point in the last scene, sets the whole on a standpoint we have never seen approached by any other artist. It can only be matter of regret that the exigencies of the short season prevent the opportunity being afforded of a second rendering."

BRUSSELS.

(From a Correspondent.)

The promised revival of *Le Pardon de Yvernet*, otherwise and more generally known, in England at least, as *Disraeli*, came off at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie, under circumstances of more than usual interest. The King and Queen were present, with his Portuguese Royal Highness, the Duke of Coimbra. The opera went off most satisfactorily, and it is open to doubt whether the part of the heroine ever found, at Brussels, a more efficient and charming representative than Mlle Débris, not even excepting Mad. Boulart and Mlle Marimon. As Corentin, M. Bertin displayed great intelligence and spirit, while M. Morlet made a deep impression in the character of Hoël. A word of praise is due to the orchestra. With the restoration of M. Sylva to health, *La Juive* has resumed its place in the bills. The fact requires no particular comment, save that M. Libert has ceded the part of Prince Leopold to M. Bertin. In consequence of illness, Mad. Pauline Lucca is not able to fulfil her starring engagement here at the time specified. It will be deferred, probably, a month or six weeks. The lady was taken ill at Cologne.

On Monday, the 1st instant, the Mass, with full band, by Sig. Giulio Roberti, was duly performed at the collegial church of St Gudule and St Michael, as was also the "Expectans Expectavi"—interpolated in the Offertorium—by M. Polak-Daniels. The critics have not pronounced a very favourable opinion, either of the larger or the less pretentious work. They find that both Roberti and Polak-Daniels are deficient in inspiration, and endeavour to conceal this under a mass of trivial details.

The Popular Concerts of Classical Music commence on the 21st, under the direction of Dupont, at the Alhambra.

The Fine Arts section of the Royal Academy of Belgium has offered a prize of a thousand francs for a Mass, with full band. The competition is open to musicians of all nations.

It is reported that M. Ullman has engaged Mad. Christine Nilsson for a tour of three months, during which she will visit several towns in Belgium.

— WAIFS. —

Mr John Hullah will re-publish his *Lectures on Modern Music*.

A son of Brigham Young is studying polygamy in Paris.

At the Gymnase *Barron de Valpôli* has given place to *Frou-Frou*.

The death of Marietta Brambilla, the once celebrated contralto, is announced.

M. Guillemin has published at Paris a new work on *Sound*, as connected with music.

Miss Lydia Thompson and her company will reappear at the Globe Theatre on the 22nd inst.

Frédéric Lemaître is suffering from a cancer in the tongue, and his condition is precarious.

The first twenty representations of *Panache*, at the Palais Royal, produced the sum of 94,918fr.

Herr Reichardt, composer of the popular ballad, "Thou art so near and yet so far," has arrived in London.

Mr W. G. Wills's *Buckingham* will probably be produced at the Olympic towards the close of the present month.

Christine Nilsson left London for Liverpool, on Sunday, for a series of operatic performances. She next goes to Dublin.

Among the appurtenances of the Northern Pacific Railroad now offered for sale is the small item of sixty million acres of land.

Sir Robert P. Stewart, Mus. Doc., Trinity College, Dublin, has completed a set of part songs, the words by Wellington Gurnsey.

Mr Fred Evans and his pantomime company, having concluded their continental tour, have returned to London to prepare for their engagement at Drury Lane.

Mr John Coleman is said to have completed arrangements for a ten years' lease of the Queen's Theatre, Long-acre, which establishment he proposes to open in December next.

Young Williamson, of San Francisco, showed he was not afraid, by touching his tongue to stychnine. His courage was duly accredited to him on a neat and inexpensive tombstone.

The Oxford Philharmonic Society are practising Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* and Schumann's *Pandora* and the *Perk*. The Oxford Choral Society are at work on Mendelssohn's *Elijah*.

Mr Henry Neville has again been compelled through indisposition to relinquish for a time his professional duties, but it is hoped that he will soon find in rest a complete restoration to health.

Mr Charles Mathews made his final appearance at the Gaiety, prior to his departure for India, on Monday last. Mr Mathews started on his journey on the evening of the same day.

On Tuesday Malvern could not be seen, as it was "mist."—*Malvern News*. [This is the most preposterous statement we can call to mind. We pray for more of the same liver.—A.S.S.]

The Porte Saint-Martin completed its first year of the *Foyage d'un Jeune Homme en Quatrevingt Jours* by a soirée for the benefit of the Dramatic Society, the representation producing 4,600fr.

We hear that Mr Arthur Chappell intends, during the present season of the Monday Popular Concerts, to produce many of the posthumous works of the late Sterndale Bennett. Amongst these are several songs, and a charming set of short pianoforte pieces, illustrating every month of the year. Since Sterndale Bennett's great champion, Madame Arabella Goldard, departed to practice her profession abroad, the pianoforte music of the great English master has not been heard so frequently as it ought to have been; but Mr Arthur Chappell has now taken the matter in hand, and we are convinced the result will prove the accuracy of his judgment. Of those of Sterndale Bennett's songs which have never yet been heard in public, Mr W. Shakespeare, one of Bennett's old Academy pupils, sang "Maiden Mine" and "Dancing Lightly" at last Monday's Popular Concert. "Sunset" will be sung in the course of the season, as will also "Stay, my Charming." The last-named song is alone, strictly speaking, a "posthumous" work, it existing only in manuscript, while the rest of the set (Op. 47) were printed, and ready for publication before the gifted composer's death.—*Saturday Programme*.

Out-door relief.—Being eased of your watch at a street corner.

Mr Sothern will play in Ireland before the close of the month, performing for a fortnight at Dublin, and for a fortnight at Belfast.

Miss Fanny Josepha, Mlle Fauchita, Mr J. D. Stoyles, Miss Rose Massey, Mr Perrini, and Mr Worboys are engaged for *The White Cat* at the Queen's.

The programme for the Bristol Musical Festival of 1876 includes *Israel in Egypt* or *Julius Macabreus*, Eltjoh, Spohr's *Fall of Babylon*, Verdi's *Requiem*, Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, Weber's overture to *Oberon* and the *Maschka*.

Miss Emma Barnett has returned from her tour with Mme Sherrington's party. The accomplished young pianist met with deserved success everywhere, being called upon, with scarcely an exception, to repeat her solo performances at each concert.

A Pittsfield man believes there will be a separate heaven for women, as all foolishness can be traced to them. Massachusetts is becoming a heaven upon earth, as all the men are leaving it, but foolishness still remains in the person of the Pittsfield man.

Dr Stainer is slowly recovering. He can now see a faint glimmer of light if a door be opened. It is not generally known that the learned doctor has but one eye, and that the accident which happened to him lately has therefore rendered him for the time totally blind.

Mr Ricardo Linter introduced to a Cheltenham audience, at his recital of pianoforte music last week, three movements (Allegro, Scherzo, and Fugue) of Beethoven's Sonata in B flat (Op. 106). The audience received it with so much favour that Mr Linter might have played the whole of it.

Telegrams have been received announcing the death, in Calcutta, of Mr English, the well known theatrical agent. The deceased, who expired in his 40th year, succumbed to a sudden attack of heart disease. He had recently taken out to India a carefully-chosen theatrical company composed of popular London performers.

Le Pompon, M. Lecocq's new comic opera was brought out on Wednesday night at the Theatre of the Folies Dramatiques with brilliant success. A chorus at the end of the first act, "Il a le pompon," made a great hit, and the curtain had to be raised again, the audience insisting on a repetition. The theme of "Il a le pompon" will soon be the talk of the town.

The Fox and Chansons, a piece in five acts by M. Ernest Dubrenil, has been produced at the Cluny Theatre, but with only moderate success. The idea of the piece is to pass in review all the characters celebrated by popular songs, from Monsieur de la Palisse down to Monsieur et Madame Denis, and comprising "Fanfan la Tulipe," "Madelon," "Frigot," &c.

At a meeting of the general committee, in Birmingham, the Marquis of Hertford, in the chair, a report from the orchestral committee, describing the arrangements in progress for the Birmingham Triennial Festival of 1876 was read and adopted. The report set forth that the ensuing meeting, which would inaugurate the second century of these Festivals, would be presided over by the Marquis of Hertford, and that the conductorship would devolve again on Sir Michael Costa, who has just returned to this country from the South, in good health. The subject which had principally engaged the attention of the orchestral committee concerned the new works to be produced next year, which, it states, will comprise an important contribution from "England's greatest living composer, together with a secular composition by a rising and talented native musician," and will further introduce to this country "the foremost musician of that land to which Thorwaldsen and Hans Christian Andersen owe their birth—viz., Professor Niels W. Gade, of Copenhagen, who has, at the request of the committee, undertaken the composition of a new secular cantata for the Festival, and who is to visit England for the purpose of conducting it in person." The committee, it is also stated, "have arranged with Professor G. A. Macfarren for the composition and first performance of a sacred work of important dimensions, which will occupy the greater part of one of the mornings, and which, they have reason to hope, will rise in importance and musical excellence with the recent work by the same composer, *St John the Baptist*, which has been received with so much favour by the musical public." The third new work in course of preparation for the Festival is by Mr F. H. Cowen, and will take the form of a secular cantata. Negotiations were opened with Mr. Gounod for a new work for this Festival nearly two years ago, but, so far, they have been unsuccessful. Mr Gounod, however, expresses his friendly feeling towards the committee, and intimates his willingness to negotiate on a future occasion. The Marquis of Hertford, in accepting the presidency of the Festival, expressed his intention of endeavouring to obtain the attendance of some member of the Royal Family.

A Wisconsin farmer calls his mules Facts—stubborn things.

The Bellecour Theatre at Lyons was burnt down on Wednesday night week, just before the performance commenced. The accident was caused by the gas jets in the flies setting fire to the canvas. The flames spread so quickly that the actors, who were dressing, had barely time to make their escape. One of the actresses, dressed as a Republic Conscript in M. Claretie's new drama, *Les Muscadins*, fled into the street in a shirt and the red-striped trousers of the First Republic. The losses amount to 300,000*fr.*, of which 200,000*fr.* are covered by insurance.

The works which M. Perrin purports bringing out this year at the Théâtre Français are as follows:—*Requiem*: Madame Georges Sand's *Marquis de Villeneuve*, Madame de Girardin's *Lady Turville*, and M. Labiche's *Genre de M. Poirier*. New plays: M. Dumas's *Étrangère*, four acts; M. de Bornier's *Attila*, five; M. Paul Ferrier's *Brancipione*, three; M. Lomon's *Jean d'Acier*, five; and M. Pailleron's *Petit Sœur*, one. The rehearsals of this last have commenced, the chief parts being entrusted to Mesdames Arnould Fleiss, Dinah Félix, Broisat, M.M. Fèvre, Joliet, and Roger.

DRINK AND THE DRAMA.—A letter has been published in South Wales, from Mrs Crawshaw, upon "The Drama versus the Dram." Mrs Crawshaw says that some time ago a local paper opened its columns to a discussion on the drama as a means of counteracting the pernicious influence of the dram. There were plenty who disputed the power of the stage to do this, but she feels more than ever convinced that this is its true and noble mission. After describing the play of *All for Her*, Mrs Crawshaw says, "To-night I hope to enjoy this grand play for the third time. I am thankful to say we do not see the execution; but surely such a play as this, if it were possible to put it before the masses of our people, who are drinking their hearts out because they have no innocent amusements, would deter many an incipient drunkard."

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MR C. WARWICK JORDAN, Mus. Bac., Oxon., begs to announce (in consequence of many recent applications) that he is at present unable to undertake any further Tuition in Harmony, by post, or other Musical study. He will have vacancies for Two Pupils in the latter part of December.—*Health Terrace, Lewisham, S.E.*

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—*Sunday Times*, January 10th, 1875.

The Maiden's Tear, by Lillie Albrecht, Second Réverie for the pianoforte, is a good and useful teaching piece, calculated only to justify its title in the case of the union of two such elements as incompetency in the pupil and irritation on the part of the master."—*Morning Post*, February 2nd, 1875.

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"The Maiden's Tear, Second Réverie for the pianoforte, by Lillie Albrecht. This charming piece excites in its style throughout no small share of original talent, as well as sparkling and artistic cultivation, it being full of delicate and plaintive feeling. We have no doubt that it will be very popular, both in the concert-room and saloon."—*Englishman's Domestic Magazine*, May, 1875.

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GRÉTRY AND SOME OF HIS WORKS.*

On Friday, the 11th February,† 1870, *Zémire et Azor* was performed at the Theatre, Liège, to celebrate the 129th anniversary of the birth of Grétry. The opera bears date the 16th November, 1771, so that it was then nearly a hundred years old. This is a good idea, is it not? Does the reader know many musical works destined to live as long?

Every great composer has three epochs: 1. The epoch when he is the fashion; 2. The epoch when he is old fashioned (*démode*); and 3. The epoch when, being altogether beyond any question of fashion, he is no longer judged by the form of isolated pieces of composition, but by the value of his ideas. Grétry has long since reached the last epoch. Referring to *Zémire et Azor*, the composer thus expresses himself in his *Mémoires*:

"This work occupied me during the winter of 1770; it was an almost continuous source of enjoyment to me while engaged upon it, because I felt it to be, in its expression, true and vigorous at one and the same time; I even consider it would be a difficult task to combine more truth of expression, of melody, and of harmony."

The immense success of the work justified this paternal praise. In Paris and the French provinces, people would listen to nothing but *Zémire et Azor*, and the dogged attachment of the public for it gave rise, at Marseilles, to a horrible scene, which stained the theatre with blood. In his *Essais sur la Musique*, Laborde says that, when in Germany, he went to three different performances in one day, and that *Zémire et Azor* was played at each of them, in German, Flemish, and French, respectively. In London there was an Italian translation. The only thing added was a rondo, not by Grétry. After hearing it, the audience exclaimed, "No more of the rondo; it does not belong to the piece." The revival of *Zémire et Azor* on the 28th June, 1846, at the Opéra-Comique, Paris, served for the *début* of the tenor Jordan, of whom Brussels retains so favourable a recollection. Adolphe Adam had touched up the score on the occasion. Several pamphlets thereupon appeared, full of rage, and anathematizing Adam, whom they branded as guilty of *profanation*. The last revival of the piece took place at the same theatre on the 15th September, 1862. The music, pure from any alloy, was then given in its primitive integrity. Warot obtained a great success in it.

"The score," says M. Paul de Saint-Victor, "has grown old undoubtedly, but it has done so after the fashion of fables, without losing anything of its charms or power of fascination. Its physiognomy is somewhat faded in one or two places, but its soul, delicate and naive, ingenious and tender, still preserves the bloom of its youth."

"Here at least," says Berlioz, in his turn, "we have music. The characters sing; and, if in all the numbers we find, above everything, truth (as Grétry said), and correct declamation, these qualities do not prevent us from remarking some charming melodies."

But let us go back a century. Let us open *La Correspondance littéraire* of Grimm, and allow the celebrated critic to speak, as though on the day after the representation of the opera.

"*Zémire et Azor* appeared with much success at Court during the last visit to Fontainebleau; they afterwards showed themselves in the full light of publicity at Paris, on the 16th December, 1771, where they met with the same reception. A desire was expressed to see their father and mother, that is: the pit called, with loud cries, for the authors. The composer, M. Grétry, was led forward by the actors; he took M. Marmontel, the words, in his arms, and escape the honours of a theatrical ovation. I do not know why the gentleman in the pit did not do M. de Beaumont the honour of calling for her too. It is in her *Mémoires des Enfants* that you may have read the charming story of *La Belle et le Bête*. This is the subject put on the stage by M. Marmontel, under the title of *Zémire et Azor*. *Zémire* is Beauty, and *Azor*, the Beast. Certain wit have said *la Belle* was the music, and *la Bête*, the words; but wit do not pride themselves on being always equitable, and such points are too easily made for us to attach any value to them."

"God has accorded to France that charming musician Grétry, but the tongue which he has the misfortune to interpret in music will never allow him to soar as high as the great masters of Italy. The Austrian eagle, always dragging itself along by the side of the

Léonard d'Orléans, will insensibly forget how to rise into the air, and will lose its power of soaring aloft. I fancy I remarked in *Zémire et Azor* several turns of melody after the French fashion, and these, in my opinion, sang badly. To forestall the results of these evil symptoms, M. Grétry should, from time to time, retreat the road to Italy, for the purpose of refreshing there his brain and renewing his ideas; it is a misfortune for a man to be unique in his style, and the only one in his native land who can write it. There is no communication of ideas, no friction; a man expends always—continually—without ever replenishing his riches; and who can fancy himself sufficiently happy to stand in the long line which a drain on his resources, and guarantees himself from exhaustion?"

"It is the third act which made the fortune of *Zémire et Azor*, and, in the third act, is the trio of the magic picture, between the father and his two remaining daughters. This trio is accompanied only by clarinets, horns, and bassoons, placed behind the magic picture, while the orchestra is silent; this is very charming, and produced a most favourable effect. I must, to satisfy my vanity, relate an anecdote in reference to this number. Wishing to learn my opinion of his work, Grétry asked me, last summer, to hear the principal airs in it. The day was fixed. He sat down at his harpsichord, and sang, without voice, after the fashion of a chapelmaster, that is to say, like an angel. He easily perceived the pleasure afforded me by most of the pieces. At the air of the magic picture, he said—'I had said at the preceding air: "That is charming." But I said so in a very different tone, a tone of politeness rather than of feeling. I at first attributed to absence of mind on my part the little effect produced on me by the piece in question; but, reflecting the same evening, when at home, on the phenomenon, I thought I had discovered the cause of it. As the success of the air struck me as of the highest importance for the success of the opera, I called upon Grétry next morning to communicate my reflections to him. He allowed me to finish, and then answered: "I perceived very well yesterday that my trio did not please you, and that you praised it simply out of politeness. This worried me all night long, and I have employed the morning in re-writing the trio." As he said this, he sat down at his harpsichord, and sang the piece he had composed a moment before. He had chosen my tone and made use of all my observations before he heard them. I embraced him, and said, as I left: "I see very well that, with you, advisers get up too late. Do not touch that gem again; it will make the fortune of your work." It was the piece of the magic picture which achieved so great a success, and which you will find in the score. It is made out of nothing."

"Grétry has a gentle and delicate physiognomy, and the pale air of a man of genius. He is an agreeable companion. He has married a young wife, with a pair of very dark eyes; a hazardous thing to do for any one with so delicate a chest as his. He is better, however, since his marriage; and the Comte de Crenet says 'we must glorify the Most High for it.'"

Most of Grétry's comic operas have been translated and played in Germany, England, Italy, Flanders, Holland, Sweden, Russia, &c. The Liège composer has found beyond the limits of France the success and the glory which appeared previously to be reserved exclusively for those Italian or German musicians whom Paris had attracted within its orbit. We may say that, from his time, French opera ceased to live circumscribed within the confines of the land of its birth. The subjoined letter speaks of the brilliant reception accorded to Grétry's comic opera in Italy. It is from Etienne Floquet,† who was travelling in that country to complete his musical studies, and is a praiseworthy and too rare example of deference on the part of a young artist towards a master:

"Florence, the 13th September, 1776.

"Monsieur Grétry,—I take advantage, Sir, of a happy and very agreeable moment to write and compliment you on the success your operas have in Italy. There has just passed through Florence a company of French actors, who have performed *Lucile*, *Les deux*

* A year previous to this, Grimm had already predicted the approaching end of Grétry, whose health was always very delicate. The composer, however, who was not then thirty, lived forty-three years longer, and was even contrary enough to bury his friend, the false prophet. The one died in 1807, and the other in 1813.

† Ambassador of Sweden at Paris, and a patron of Grétry's.

‡ Etienne Joseph Floquet, born at Aix, in Provence, the 10th May, 1750, was a musician, and yet wrote of a better fate, for, according to M. Arthur Pongin, who devoted to him a special essay (*Revue et Gazette Musicale*, June, 1863), Floquet contributed to the progress of musical art in France.

* From *La Guide Musical*.

† It was on the 8th and not the 14th February that Grétry was born, as proved by the baptismal register.

Arcares, and *Zémire et Azor*, with astonishing success. *Zémire et Azor* excited perfect fanaticism, although represented without scenery and by mediocre singers. You are ranked here above all other composers in the same style. The Marquis de Lamoignon, a relation of the Grand Duke's, and a great connoisseur, told me, one day that I had gone to dine with him, that a single number of *Zémire et Azor* was worth all the Italian comic operas written for the last thirty years. All your motives are thought charming, and your airs full of grace, expression, and the finest pathos, according to the situation. The quartet in *Lucie* was recommenced three times amid astonishing applause. I relate to you, Sir, things just as they have taken place. You owe a debt of thanks to *signor Rutini*, chapelmaster at this Court, and a man of high merit, who conducted all the rehearsals with the same exactitude as if the works had belonged to him; and, on the days of performance, himself sat down at the harpsichord to make the orchestra go properly. *Zémire et Azor* is being translated into Italian, and I think that, in a little time, it will be seen on every stage in Italy. My idea is that you should insert this letter in the public papers,* in order that our dearly loved nation may be convinced that we have fine music in France, and that it is rather useless to kill one's self in having Italian operas translated, when Italy herself translates our works. Enjoy your success. They speak of you incessantly in this country, and Italy claims you as one of her children. I have nearly reached the end of my journey, which I have endeavored to render as profitable as possible. May I, like you, Sir, continue to please my nation, and merit the suffrages of all Europe which applauds your productions. I have the honour to be, with the most perfect consideration, etc.

"FLOREST."

MUSICAL MUTUAL PROTECTIVE UNION.

(Continued from page 729.)

BY-LAWS.

ARTICLE IX.

SECT. 1.—*Italian, German, English, and French Operas*. A season to consist of three or more weeks, and of more than six performances per week. The salary shall not be less than \$5 dola. for the first, and \$0 dola. for the second instruments, per week. If less than three weeks, 7 dola. for every performance per man, including one rehearsal; every additional rehearsal, 2 dola. per man. All evening rehearsals the same as a performance. Every extra musician engaged in the orchestra shall receive 7 dola. for each performance, including one rehearsal, except the band employed on the stage. For extra musicians required on the stage, 4 dola. per man, including one rehearsal; each additional rehearsal, 2 dola. per man. Leader of the band on the stage, 8 dola. for each performance.

SECT. 2.—*Operettas, or Opera Bouffe*. A season of three or more weeks, 25 dola. a week per man. Single performances, 6 dola. including one rehearsal; each additional rehearsal, 2 dola. per man. All evening rehearsals the same as a performance.

SECT. 3.—*Theatres*. All Theatres in the City or Brooklyn, not less than 15 dola. per week. Leaders to receive not less than 30 dola., and Repetiteurs not less than 20 dola. per week. Extra performances, in proportion to weekly salaries. Any spectacular or other plays or pieces, with more than one ballet, shall, in all cases, pay the members of the orchestra twenty dola. per week, for six performances. Matinees, in proportion to weekly salaries. Evening rehearsals to be the same as performances. Museum, for six afternoon and six evening performances, not less than 18 dola. per week. Single Theatrical or miscellaneous performances, of less than two weeks, 5 dola. per night. For two weeks 25 dola. per week. Band, playing on the balcony, 12 dola. per week.

SECT. 4.—*Circuses*. 15 dola. per week for evening performances; day performances, 1 dol. 60 cents each. Leaders to receive not less than 30 dola. per week. *Mesageries*. For evening performances, 15 dola. per week; day performances, 1 dol. 50 cents each. Leaders to receive not less than 25 dola. per week.

SECT. 5.—*Gardens*. For every performance, from 7.30 to 11.30 P.M., 18 dola. per week, and the customary usages, Sundays excepted. Extra time and performances in proportion. Extra

musicians, employed to increase the strength of those orchestras on Sundays, or other days, for a single performance of four hours or less, 5 dola. For two performances on same day, 8 dola. Extra time in proportion.

SECT. 6.—*Watering Places*.—a. [Band of seven or more.] For one or two performances, one during the day and one in the evening, 20 dola.; Leaders, 40 dola. per week. b. For three performances, 25 dola.; Leaders, 50 dola. per week. c. [Band of three to six.] For one or two performances, one during the day and one in the evening, 20 dola.; Leaders, 35 dola. per week. For three performances, 25 dola.; Leaders, 45 dola. per week. d. [Band of two.] For one or two performances, one during the day, and one in the evening, 20 dola., and the Leader 30 dola. per week. For three performances, 25 dola.; Leader, 35 dola. per week. e. [One man.] For one or two performances, one during the day and one in the evening, 25 dola. per week. For three performances, 30 dola. per week. The day performances not to exceed one hour. One hop night during the week excepted. In all cases where the German is danced, 2 dola. extra per man will be charged. Board, lodging and traveling expenses to be furnished and paid by the proprietor.

SECT. 7.—*Private Parties*. Weddings and Sociables, not to exceed five hours, counted from the time the music is ordered to be present, if one man is engaged, 8 dola.; two, 15 dola.; three, 22 dola. All above that number, 7 dola. per man, and double for Leader. In all cases where the German is danced, 2 dola. will be charged per man above all other charges. One dollar per man to be charged for each hour over five as above.

SECT. 8.—*Concerts or Oratorios*. 7 dola. including one private rehearsal; each additional rehearsal, if private, 2 dola.; if public, 3 dola. per man. A season to consist of three or more weeks, of from four to six concerts per week. For six concerts, per week, 36 dola.; for four concerts, per week, 28 dola. Military, promenade, and open air concerts, 6 dola.; if any dancing after the concert, 1 dol. extra per hour will be charged for each man. Church music, in the morning or afternoon, 7 dola. per man.

SECT. 9.—*Balls*. At all theatres or opera houses in New York or Brooklyn, 9 dola. All other balls, including Krausdrena, in the City, Brooklyn, Jersey City, or Hoboken; surprise parties and hops at armories, engine houses, and all public halls, 7 dola., supper or no supper. All balls not to exceed eight hours, and to terminate at 5 A.M., every additional hour, 1 dol. extra per man.

SECT. 10.—*Concerts and Balls* given by singing societies (both on the same evening), 9 dola. per man, including one rehearsal; each additional rehearsal, 1 dol. extra per man. For playing at concert only, 6 dola. per man.

(To be continued.)

PROMENADE CONCERT.

At the Royal Italian Opera-house, on Wednesday, Signor Arditi gave a "last Gonnoli night." The overture to *Le Mefiste* *Malgré lui* (The Mock Doctor), the Bohemian dance from *La Nonne Sanglante*; an extract from *La Colombe*; a "Saltarello"; the grand march and the new ballet music in *Faust*; the overture to *Mireille*; the ballet music; and "Marche et Cortège," from *La Reine de Saba*; the "Funeral March of a Marionette," and the air "La Stagione arriva" (*Mireille*), arranged as a solo for the opiciele (Mr Hughes), were the instrumental, and "Ho messo nuove" (Biondina, No. 5) and "Quando a te lieta" (*Faust*), respectively sung by Mr Pearson and Miss Alice Fairman (the latter "encored"), were the vocal pieces. The whole formed a rich treat to the admirers of the celebrated French composer's music, who mustered in large numbers, and redemanded unanimously the "Saltarello" and "Funeral March," both of which were capitally played by the orchestra, under the experienced guidance of Signor Arditi. The second part of the programme was, as usual, miscellaneous. Middle Anna Melhig played Weber's Polonaise in brilliant style, and was twice recalled. A new value "Henriette," by C. Coote, introducing popular air, by the accomplished composer of "The King and I," and Meyerbeer's "Royal Wedding March" (Quatrième marche aux flambeaux), composed for the marriage of the Princess Royal of England, and introducing the National Anthem, were the chief features of interest.

* It was inserted in *Le Mercure de France*, November, 1776.

MEFISTOFELE.

A NEW ITALIAN OPERA BY A NEW ITALIAN COMPOSER.

(From a Special Italian Correspondent.)

(Concluded from page 767.)

To affirm to what school M. Boito belongs is a difficult matter; in strict truth, we should say that he belongs to his own school; but to give an idea nearer to truth we might add, however paradoxical it may seem to some people, that he stays between the *Puritani* of Bellini, the *Lohengrin* of Wagner, and the music of Chopin. He has, of the first, the delicacy of sentiment, and the calm serenity; of the second, the efficacy and strength of the symphonical descriptive element; of the last, the elegance and idealism. Never too obsequious to form, he is not even obsequious to the independence of form—he follows a logical train of thought. Where the situation requires a recitative, he makes a recitative; where it requires a melody, a melody; where a dialogue, a dialogue; where a concerted piece, a concerted piece: thus the exigencies of the development of the drama determine the various forms of the poetry, and the forms of the poetry determine the form, kind, and succession of the musical pieces. The melody is abundant, easy, spontaneous, and new; melody, the source of which was thought to be dried up with the death of Bellini. Except two phrases in the fourth act, which are taken from an *adagio* of Beethoven, in the whole opera there are no reminiscences of any other musical work: and in all this novelty there is nothing abstruse to seek consideration as an original writer, nothing that thwarts the beautiful, under a pretext of following the real. When he seeks his melodies, M. Boito does not certainly consult the piano; he consults his mind, his heart, and the inward essence of the idea that is to be set to music. Thence he takes the beautiful, the spontaneity and the novelty; for every poetical thought, if we listen attentively, has its own melody.

The instrumental parts also follow the exigencies of the drama, which is developing on the stage, now being reduced to a simple accompaniment, now having the advantage of a fantastic element. As we are writing for persons who were not present at the performance of the opera, and have not the melodrama before them, it would be superfluous to give a particular examination of the pieces; therefore we shall briefly talk of the various characters the music assumes in the principal pieces.

The first part, which, as was said, is the Prologue in Heaven, is, perhaps, the best in the opera; not because the author has worked for it with more vigour than for other parts, nor because the thoughts rose more easily in his mind; but because the poetic conception is so high, that the music following it is naturally as superior to the other parts as is superior the idealism of the poetic conception. The author gave this first part the design of the classical symphony, and added to it the chorus. It begins by the sound of seven trumpets, and the booming of seven thunders, upon which follows an *adagio*, paradoxical indeed—that is the praises of God, sung by the celestial phalanxes. When the chorus is finishing, and the echoes are still representing the last notes, Mephisto appears. The piece of the wagger, though it contains a clear melody, is yet opportunely dominated by counterpoint and recitative; as the wagger is laid, a brief "Sanctus" rises, and then the singing of the flying seraphims—a chorus of boys. Here M. Boito found a wonderful effect in the approaching and withdrawing of the flying band, by beginning the chorus with a single note, which is repeated very softly at first, and then loudly, and then softly again, and loudly again, whilst the orchestra gives only some long notes from the string instruments. The following song of the seraphims constitutes the *scherzo* of the symphony, and finishes again by the repeated note, which vanishes little by little in the distance. At this point arises from the earth the "Salve Regina" of the penitent woman—a grave, imposing melody, accompanied by the organ. The celestial phalanxes join their prayers to those that rise from the earth; then the orchestra adds by little and little, from the extreme heavens; the angels return, flying, with their pretty singing, the sonority grows more and more, till, after an admirable and very striking progression, all the phalanxes, angels and archangels, burst out into the great *adagio*, by which, in the beginning, the phalanxes sang the praises of God; and among new sounds and thunders the grand piece finishes. If not present at the acting of this piece, it would

be impossible for us to imagine the impression it produces; for it would be vain to seek in other authors anything that resembles it; and Schumann, who set the *Apotheosis of Faust* to music, did it on a different plan, so that there is no analogy between it and the Prologue of *Mefistofele*.

The desire of demonstrating the musical development that M. Boito has given to the other parts would carry us to tire out the patience of those who may read this correspondence; therefore we are obliged to indicate shortly the remaining parts, in which, if there is less idealism, because the action does not require it, there is, however, no less passion, elegance, and efficacy of descriptive power.

The walk at Frankfurt is full of gaiety, with the sound of the bells, on which the chorus makes cadence. The music of the Osterfest is elegant and imposing—the situation where the grey monk—which M. Boito, according to the legend, substitutes for the Spanish—approaches Faust, closing him in an invisible circle. Another part equal to the Prologue, but on a different ground, is the Romantic Sabbath. In the Prologue there is the sublimity, in this Sabbath the honour; there the ecstasy, here the terror. The chorus of witches and sorcerers climbing on the steep rocks, and the tumultuous dance, by which it finishes, are fit for the ridges of Brocken.

PESTH.

(From a Correspondent.)

An appeal has been made to the public in favour of the two daughters of the Roman patrician, Polcelli, pupil of Haydn's, and, for a long period, conductor of Prince Esterházy's musical establishment. One of the daughters, grand-daughter of the composer of the *Seasons*, is in a state of the greatest indigence. In this extremity, she has announced her wish to sell the last relics of Haydn—namely, a gold watch, with his name engraved on the case; a violin by Antonio Stradivari, of Cremona (1698), on which Haydn frequently played; and a collection of his manuscripts and letters.

TO DISHLEY PETERS, ESQ.

SIR,—It seems to me that the return of the Doctors to the *Musical World* has not been sufficiently appreciated. Personally I have been so pleased to see them back that I have composed a small poem, in three verses, on the subject. I have only written out the last line of each verse, and for two reasons.—Firstly, because anybody reading the poem can fill in the other lines as strongly as they please; lastly, because I can only think of one rhyme to Doctors, and that is Procters, which could scarcely be used right through the poem:—

The Return of the Doctors.

1.
— — — — —
— — — — —
— — — — —

To welcome back the Doctors.

2.
— — — — —
— — — — —
— — — — —

Back came the glorious Doctors.

3.
— — — — —
— — — — —
— — — — —

That brought us back our Doctors.

ISAAC CUNNINGHAM GRIFFIN.

[Other Doctors have packed up portmanteau, but cannot resume office until C. L. has taken their portraits. Mr Griffin's verses are adumbrous, vague, and oversketchy—too many lines in each verse by three. We prefer those of Augustus Mayhew, Esq.:—

"Good gods! what a beautiful night,
I never saw anything similar."

But that is matter of pre-convention.—D. P.]

ENGLISH ARTISTS DRAWN BY A COMPATRIOT.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Much as one usually desires to encourage the recent development of musical art in this country, yet it can hardly be a wise course to shut one's eyes wilfully to obvious defects, and to try and take credit for merits that we do not possess.

There is plenty of musical talent and plenty of good voices to be found in this country, and our native professional singers need never really be ashamed of competing with foreigners if they would only study their art in a more artistic spirit, and cease to pander for the applause of those who regard the merit of a singer in proportion to the vigour with which he or she can deliver a prolonged high note at the conclusion of a song. A tenor may make a great effect upon a native audience by the possession of one thoroughly good, moderately high, and occasionally effective note in his voice; and a singer who in fortunate enough to possess three or four good notes can, by selecting songs requiring a frequent repetition of these notes and admitting of "slurring" over the weaker notes in his voice, make a very successful effect. I have heard many singers meander through three or four verses of a popular ballad very ineffectively; but who, reserving their energy for the effective note at the close, and prolonging this note with painful determination, have gained a storm of applause—one good round; on the strength of this, they have ventured upon a repetition of the dose, and successfully added a weak-minded audience with an apparently intentional encore. Reporters notice the fact of an encore. In time, a singer's fame is made; no one exactly knows how; but people hear that Miss So-and-So is a very good singer—*"A" always gets encores, "yon know."* A "very good singer," whose voice, if carefully tested, would reveal, perhaps, four moderately good and certainly effective notes, and the rest not notes at all.

Undoubtedly the cause of all this is the insane desire of an uncritical public for *bravura* singing. We constantly hear effective ballads utterly spoiled by being rendered in this melodramatic style; and it is remarkable how similar are the endings of nine songs out of every ten—generally springing from a crotchet, jumping over a quaver, on to a high breve, prolonged *ad libitum*. Sometimes the effect of these vocal gymnastics is enhanced by a throwing back of the head, a dilation of the form, and a defiant wave of the arm. In the face of the really good singing we can hear, it is surprising that so much of this kind of thing goes down; it is only a proof that "palpable effect" exercises a greater influence upon an average audience than quiet, unforced excellence. Art has a great attraction for many who never think. Thought is required to appreciate drama. Melodrama is more popular because, no doubt, it gives a transient pleasure to the spectator, without troubling his mental complacency.

Passing from the platform to the stage, I find English singers in a still worse plight, though hardly worse than their Italian confreres. It is only on the French stage, I fancy, that we find an artistic rendering of the lyric drama. Those who remember Schneider and company, at the Princess's, and M. Humbert's company in *Milne Angel*, at the Criterion, will understand what I mean.

There, in *boffe*, which in England is buffoonery, I found true art. The minute detail, the exquisite finish, the utter absence of all consciousness of an audience, or of appealing for applause, by vocal *tour de force*.

What a lesson for all English vocalists was Mario Widmer's rendering of the ballad to Clairette. No standing over the footlights, no forcing of effective notes; but an artistic, dramatic rendering of a dramatic song like a musical soliloquy. Then the perfection of the *ensemble*, the art of Mdlle Delorme, Mdlle Luigini, Mdlle Raphael as Lange—a delicate character vulgarized on the English stage. It is in dealing with difficult characters of this sort that the true artist is revealed. Mdlle Raphael was the true artist. Art must portray, but never revolt. Lange was there. She was not inviting, but she was not offensive. Then the value at the end of the second act. Real dancing.

How many of our actors and actresses can really dance? *Opera bouffe* in English is an abomination. In French it is art—not high art, perhaps; but positively art—true art. The only kind of musical pieces which are really artistic, on the English stage, are to be found at the Strand. There is a com-

pany of artists, and their fun is real and never vulgar. *Flamingo* is very funny.

Another feature of the Humbert Company was the band. Seldom have I heard such a delicious orchestra—small, but true, well proportioned, and working as one man. In England, it appears to be forgotten that musical strength does not make an orchestra, nor the possession of great individual instrumentalists. If the members of an orchestra have not been accustomed to play together, be they the greatest living musicians, they will fail in effect. The main features of an English orchestra are: coarseness of execution, utter absence of delicate light and shade, bad proportion of instrumental selection, causing a disagreeable brassiness, and the astonishing vigour displayed by the individual who presides over the big drum and the cymbals, and who seems impelled by an earnest, but scarcely laudable desire, to demonstrate the superiority of noise over music. One of the most charming little orchestras I ever enjoyed hearing is the Reyloffs' orchestra at the Brighton Aquarium, which is remarkable for delicacy of tone and expression, and correctness and finish of execution.

F. ALLAN LAIDLAW.

TIETJENS AT BOSTON.

(From the "Boston Daily Advertiser," Oct. 21st.)

The past fortnight has been freighted with rich gifts for lovers of music in Boston; and the extraordinary course of the season now brings it to pass that one of the very greatest of living pianists is followed by a singer, who, for many years, was acknowledged to be without a superior in Europe. Mdlle Tietjens sang last night, in the Music Hall, to a large audience, and achieved a substantial and unquestionable triumph. It is impossible that she should not delight the public, for her art is of that finished sort which commands the admiration of the connoisseur, while it is inspired by a fulness of feeling which communicates itself to every sensitive heart. Mdlle Tietjens is more like Paganini-Ross than any other artist who ever visited this city. Such epithets as "magnificent" and "splendid," so often misapplied, find truthful exemplification in Mdlle Tietjens' singing. Her vocalization is as perfect as need be, but it seldom calls attention to itself; her phrasing is unsurpassed in majestic force and vitality, and her dramatic and expressive power has seldom been equalled. No one need be apprehensive, either, about the present character of the artist's voice. Of immense volume, power and resonance, full, rich, and sweet, this voice is one which gives itself with absolute sensitiveness to the control of the directing spirit.

The pieces assigned to Mdlle Tietjens last evening were three in number, viz.:—A "Grand Valse," by Arditi; Gonnod's "Ave Maria," and the aria, "Ocean, thou mighty monster," from Weber's *Oberon*. Their importance is the exact reverse of the order given them on the programme. The aria from Weber's enchanting opera is a masterpiece, and its delivery has long been recognised as an *expiementum crucis* for the singer, a union of the loftiest and most varied dramatic ability with great fulness and flexibility of voice, physical power and complete vocal culture. Mdlle Tietjens' delivery lacked in nothing, and was positively affluant and overflowing in its expressive and vocal wealth. Every phase of thought in the elaborate description of the ocean's many moods was followed with that absolute ease and graphic certainty which show the working of great dramatic genius; and, after an exact delineation of the moment of agonising fear which comes to the shipwrecked Reiza, the final burst of joy and rapture at the prospect of safety and re-union with her lover was given with electric and irresistible power. The artist was thrice recalled, and on two occasions gratified the demand for an encore, repeating a portion of the "Valse," and giving "Home, sweet home" with entire simplicity, but with searching and tender expression. Fame has, indeed, told no more than the truth about Mdlle Tietjens; and we trust that the patronage given to her concerts in Boston will do ourselves and her grand talents something approaching justice. However enthusiastic our public is, it will not be likely to be too extravagant.

HOME MUSIC—AS IT IS, AND AS IT MIGHT BE.

(From the "Leisure Hour.")

I.

The dictionary defines music as "the science of combining sounds in an agreeable manner,—vocal or instrumental harmony;" in private life, however, the word has a far more limited application. While Jones's daughter tells us that she learns music, we are not to understand that she is taking lessons on the harp, or in singing, or in harmony and counterpoint, but that she is devoting her attention to the study of the pianoforte, which has contrived of late years entirely to monopolize the term. In fact, to most Englishmen the word music simply calls up a vision of a *grand* or a *square*, with a morning gowness, a tuner, a music-stool, and finishing lessons at two guinea a quarter; while at the very mention of the word their ears are filled with scales in C major, and arrangements of "The Last Rose of Summer," mangled in wild confusion with five-finger exercises, and the daily studies of Czerny and Bertini.

Notwithstanding that every English girl undergoes a more or less extensive, and expensive, training on the pianoforte, it can hardly be said that English domestic music is improving, or even that it is so good as it was before the omnipresent instrument was invented; on the contrary, it may be fairly argued that the pianoforte has really been the indirect cause of the decline and fall of music as a welcome home recreation. We appeal to our readers: Where the pianoforte exists, is there not much more *practising* (this word has also acquired a sense of its own) than playing? When a *piece* (also in a technical sense) is ready for performance in the family circle, does it not always fall flat and stale on the ears of those whose fate it has been to hear the weeks of thumping that have preceded its final consummation?

The question will arise, What has brought the piano into such prominence in English domestic life? The reason is this: in the first place it forms a most convenient accompaniment for solo songs, one of the positions it fills to the best advantage; in the next place, a whole tune, by which we mean an air completely harmonized, may be produced by one person on one instrument; while, thirdly and chiefly, nearly every one, persons possessed of little, or even absolutely devoid of any musical taste, may, by dint of practice, play a tune passably, provided that it requires no more expression than can be produced by a judicious use of the right-hand pedal. Besides, owing to the facility of the execution in certain combinations—for instance, common chords arpeggiated in rapid notes—an air may be arranged so as to be at once brilliant, or what is so-called, and yet tolerably easy. Accordingly, a demand, and we are sorry to add, an unfulfilling supply of these jingling, expressionless pieces is created, and thus it is that that waddy opera airs, set in ornamental filigrees of demisemiquavers, common waltz tunes in the form of *Morceaux Brillants pour Salon*, and tortured variations of the "Bluebells of Scotland," disguised as *Grandes fantaisies sur un theme Ecossais*, are poured forth on the unresisting world for the sake of girls who, possessed of the digital dexterity requisite for their performance, and nothing more, believe that in playing them they are making music, and entertaining their fellow-creatures.

When a girl has received her early training in a school like this, she finds it almost impossible to adopt a more rational style. Not only is the taste vitiated, but the left hand, which has been comparatively untrained, will either be physically unable to execute the bass part in the sonatas of Beethoven, or will drop from the keyboard, tired out, before the middle of the first movement. The effect so easily procured by merely mechanical means in the pieces of the day cannot be obtained in the works of the great masters without a sympathetic mind and a cultivated taste; in short, the soul must play as well as the fingers. How absolutely painful it is to hear a player nourished on the ordinary boarding-school pieces attempt an *adagio* of Beethoven, notably that which commences his "Moonlight Sonata" (No. 14). She will carefully give each triplet its exact metronome time, play steadily, calmly, and cold-bloodedly (if the term may be used), through to the end, with no passion, with no expression; and then wonder, as well she may, what people can ever find to admire in classical music. The consequence is that fathers, brothers, and other relations—except, perhaps, the admiring mamma, who has resolved that

all her daughters, whether musically inclined or not, shall be possessed of the accomplishment—wearied by the horrible sameness attending every performance, never ask for a tune, and stealthily retire from the room if they perceive the signs of an impending encounter with the much-enduring instrument.

With the piano the accompanied ballad has grown up, and here, too, a supply of the most inferior trash is produced, usurping the place of the old glees, canons, and rouds, which, not long ago, might be heard in every house in the country. The part-song still finds its votaries among the choral societies, but at home the alto, tenor, and bass would feel that they were being eclipsed by the soprano, were they to take the trouble to get up a part in "Crabbed Age and Youth," or "Down in a Flowery Dale." Alto, tenor, and bass ballads may be had, and the poorer the singer, the readier to show off in a solo. Thus we find the tenor revelling in the mawkish sentiment of "Kiss me, mother, ere I leave thee, nevermore to meet again," or an almost voiceless bass attempting the jubilant strains of "Oh, gay is the life of a brigand bold," with perhaps a shake on the last note but one. How is it, by the way, that the untrained amateur always does try to shake?

When a glee is attempted, the great aim seems to be to stand up and sing something. It matters not that there is no tenor present, that there are five basses and six sopranos, but only one alto; that some are not only unable to sing from music, but have never seen the glee before. Some Vandal, voiceless haritone smoothes all these difficulties with "Oh, Miss B— will play the accompaniment, you know, and it will be all right;" the performers about it through some how, wandering into each other's parts, and think themselves perfect if they come in more or less together at the end, and then usually handily excuse themselves with "Let's have another try, and mind the marks of expression." The custom of publishing accompaniments to glees that were never intended to be sung with them cannot be too highly reprobated as a concession to the low ebb of modern vocal culture.

What a loss is the art of glee-singing when the time for pic-nics arrives! The pianoforte is impracticable, the guitar no longer studied, and the banjo prohibited in polite society. Solo songs are thus for the most part unavailable. Concerted vocal music alone sounds delicious under the fanfany of heaven; those only who have heard Mendelssohn's beautiful open-air summer out-door gathering; but, thanks to the rise of the ruthless piano, that lovely pic-nic music, for so it may be called, is a sealed book to all but a very few. Its place is probably taken by a song, volunteered by the humorous man of the company with what he facetiously styles a *corioux*, in which the company, on his invitation, join in unison.

It will be admitted that domestic music is generally looked upon at best as a mere pastime, taken up to fill an idle moment, or as an agreeable supplement to the conversation at the stately evening party of middle-class society, and from this view of the subject some awkward mistakes are likely to occur. The writer well remembers being present some years ago at a friend's house where it was customary for a few amateurs to meet for the sake of performing and listening to good classical music. On the evening in question, two friends of the host, but strangers to the rest of the company, were present, and under the above erroneous impression as to the use of "the divine art," annoyed everyone by carrying on a vehement political debate during the first movement of a quintet of Mozart's. At the conclusion of the *allegro*, they were politely asked by the host if they did not find the room too hot, and if they would not like to walk in the garden, but replied no; they preferred to listen to the music, which was accordingly finished with an *obligato* political accompaniment. In the next piece, however, which was a solo sonata of Beethoven's, they discovered their mistake. They endeavored to continue their conversation with the string players, who were now at liberty; but, finding that their queries were met by whispered answers, while their observations were left unresponded to, at last realized the position, and for the remainder of the evening formed a most decorous, if not an appreciative audience.

(To be continued.)

EDWARD REMÉNYI.

(From a Correspondent.)

The Hungarian violinist, M. Edward Reményi, gave a concert here last Tuesday, of which I include the programme. As M. Reményi intends to visit England shortly, it may interest you to hear a few remarks about him. A mere glance at the programme will show you that he is either a fool or a first-rate musician. I am glad to say that he is the latter in every respect. His execution is faultless, his technique infallible, and he has a wonderful way of entering into a composer's spirit. He seems to become another, according to the music he is playing. I hope he may have as much success in England as he has had here.

DEAN, CHAPTER, ORGANIST, AND VICAR CHORAL.

Musical does not seem to be the "food of love" in the West country even when it is associated with the "Gospel of Peace." What one of the local journals terms "a strange epidemic" has broken out among the quiet Somersetshire towns, three of which, as well as the Cathedral city of Wells, are more or less disturbed about matters appertaining to the service of song. A few weeks ago the Bishop of the diocese, with Lord Selborne as his assessor, sat in judgment upon a dispute between the Dean and Chapter on the one part and the College of Vicars Choral on the other—those bodies, instead of dwelling together in unity, having fallen out respecting the right of the Chapter to nominate members of the College. Peace being made, or, at any rate, a truce agreed upon, in this case, the parish churches caught the infection, and are now suffering grievously. Sherborne has its musico-religious quarrel, which seems, however, to be based more upon personal than public grounds. The organist, attacked, as he alleges, by illness, thought proper to reside out of the town—a step which led to high words between him and the vicar, and, in consequence of his refusal to apologise for certain expressions, to resign when called upon, the Vestry have now given the musical office three months' notice to quit. This is, no doubt, a paltry case unworthy attention of itself, but it is significant as one of a group. Turning to Crewkerne, we find that parish completely "by the ears," upon the double question as to what the musical service should be and who possesses the legal right to direct its performance. On one side stands the vicar, and on the other a large section of the inhabitants, between whom the fight rages hotly enough to justify the local boast about "plucky Crewkerne." The incumbent, it appears, sets his face against "services" and anthems rendered by a choir, and wishes to have plain chants and tunes sung by the people. This system, which the opposite side calls "congregational foolery," he endeavoured to establish; whereupon the choir resigned, and left the music of the church to "the small of school children and the howl of a select few admirers of discord." Then the organist retired in disgust, and the parishioners held a meeting to talk the matter over, upon which they seem to have resolved that the new organist, if a vicar's man, shall be paid by the vicar. The case on their side is now before the Ordinary, pending, whose decision congratulation prevails that "plucky Crewkerne" is not to be alarmed by the "futile flaunting of a parson's surplice." At Yeovil matters are in still worse case. Almost the last suit decided by the now defunct court of Arches was one instituted by the vicar of this parish to restrain his organist from performing voluntaries before and after service. Sir Robert Phillimore gave judgment in favour of the clerical pretension to regulate a matter in which, one might suppose, only perversity could see materials for dispute; but Yeovil, which supports the organist, is not at all disposed to tame submission. The vicar will not recognize the organist, and the parishioners, whose paid officer the musician is, sustain him at his post. Under these conditions of dead-lock a compromise was suggested—the organ to be played by a substitute during the vicar's absence for a year, without prejudice to the interests of either party. But the Yeovil men were stern, and resolved that the organist, their servant, should remain at his instrument and do his duty. So the matter stands; and now may we ask why this epidemic of disorder is sweeping over the erstwhile peaceful Somersetshire parishes? A Scottish Presbyterian would perhaps see in it a judgment upon those who use a "kist of whistles," and praise the Lord by machinery. Others may regard it as significant of

the turmoil and distraction prevailing within the National Church, consequent upon clerical assumptions. But, whatever the cause, it is earnestly to be hoped that if the angry passions of Somerset churchmen must arise, they will find vent in other matters than that part of religious service which is specially suggestive of union and concord.

D. T.

PARIS SCRAPS.

(From our Parisian Scrapper.)

At the Grand Opera, Madlle de Reszké has appeared successfully as Marguerite in M. Gounod's *Faust*. Coming after so great a favourite as Mad. Carvalho in the part, the young lady's task was not an easy one, but she acquitted herself in a satisfactory manner. She was especially happy in the Garden Scene.

A new tenor, M. Stéphanne, has come out, at the Opéra-Comique, the opera selected for his appearance being *Haydée*. His voice is fresh and agreeable; his personal appearance prepossessing. He would, however, have acted wisely, had he studied a little longer before making his bow to the public. His vocal training can scarcely be designated complete. He was well received.

Le Pompon, M. Lecocq's new opera, at the Folies Dramatiques, is highly praised by all lovers of good comic music. Among the most noticeable pieces are the duet: "L'Amour est une pure flamme" the "Sicilienne" and Piccolo's couplets. The principal characters are entrusted to Madlle Cailloil, Mad. Mats-Ferrare, MM. Lucio, Didier, and Milher.

The Committee formed to decide upon M. Adolphe Sax's plan for a monster operahouse have met and deliberated under the presidency of M. Emile de Girardin. In the course of the proceedings, the following letter was read. It was addressed to M. L. Détrouy, one of the chief movers in the business.

"4th November—Saint Charles (My Saint's Day).

"My dear Détrouy,—You are aware of the accident which will keep me a captive at home for a long time to come, and, consequently, prevent my responding to your summons. Still, as I have one hand tolerably free, I think I shall be acting rightly, and making up as much as possible for my forced absence, by sending you the few lines, which I beg you and your honourable colleagues to receive as the simple enunciation of the principal points to which, it strikes me, we should confine ourselves in the question about to occupy our attention.

"1. NOTHING COLOSSAL. This is DEATH to musical art, especially in a theatre, where too great a distance between the singer and his hearers destroys all physiognomy and all interest, reducing the singer to the necessity of exhausting himself in emptiness.

"2. We should not establish a lyric theatre, but re-establish the Lyric Theatre, that is to say: the *Normal School* where, by contact with the public and by personal experience, we may produce and form the young composers from among whom our grand lyric theatres may every day obtain recruits to maintain and perpetuate, in a national repertory worthily kept up, the honour of French music. It should be a sort of *Salon* whence the authors should rise to the *Musée*.

"CH. GOUNOD."

M. Camille Doucet, in the name of the Dramatic Authors, and M. Carvalho strongly supported M. Ch. Gounod's opinion, as M. Ambroise Thomas had previously done. The same view was taken by MM. Halanzier and Victorien Joncières.

M. Emile de Girardin observed that the meeting had not been convened to take into consideration the question of the Théâtre-Lyrique, a question which would speedily receive a most satisfactory solution. The object was to discuss the feasibility of erecting a popular Operahouse of vast dimensions, where grand classical and modern works might, by low prices, be brought within the reach of the great masses. M. Adolphe Sax then explained his plan, which, however, was rejected in favour of another submitted to the Committee by MM. Davidon and Bourdais, and already approved by the Municipality of Paris, who probably will grant these gentlemen a plot of ground in the Place of the Château d'Eau, on which to build their theatre, which is designed to accommodate 9,000 persons.

M. Adolphe Sax's proposed popular Operahouse was to have been in the form of a giant-egg. I am afraid that, like the celebrated Humpty-Dumpty, of mural celebrity, that egg is irretrievably smashed.

ACORNS, SLOES, AND BLACKBERRIES.

By GIBBS GIBB GIBBS, Esq.

No. 10.

THOMAS MORLEY, a pupil of Bird, bachelor of music, and one of the gentlemen of Queen Elizabeth's chapel, acquired some celebrity by his treatise entitled "*A plane and easie Introduction to Practical Musick*." His burial service is supposed to be the first that was composed after the Reformation. This service was performed, in the year 1760, by the united choirs of Westminster, St Paul's, and the Chapel Royal, at the funeral of George II. Dr Boyce, in his collection of cathedral music, in which the whole service is printed, speaks of the beauties of this work. Morley is supposed to have died about 1604.

St NICETIUS, or NICETAS, is said by Dr Forkell, in the second volume of his history, p. 197, to be the real author of the hymn *Te Deum laudamus*, commonly ascribed to Ambrosius.

ORPHEUS.—It is the opinion of some eminent philologists of later times that there never was any such person as Orpheus, except in Fairyland, and that his whole history was nothing but a mere romantic allegory, utterly devoid of truth and reality. But there is nothing alleged for this opinion from antiquity, except the one passage of Cicero concerning Aristotle, who seems to have meant no more than this, that there was no such person as Orpheus anterior to Homer, or that the verses vulgarly called Orphical were not written by Orpheus. However, if it should be granted that Aristotle had denied the existence of such a man, their seems to be no reason why his single testimony should preponderate against the universal consent of all antiquity, which agrees that Orpheus was the son of Eger, by birth a Thracian, the father, or chief founder, of the mythological and allegorical theology amongst the Greeks, and of all their most sacred rites and mysteries, who is commonly supposed to have lived before the Trojan war, that is in the time of the Israelitish judges; or, at least, to have been senior both to Hesiod and Homer, and to have died a violent death, most affirming that he was torn in pieces by women. For which reason, in the vision of Herus Pamphilus, in Plato, Orpheus's soul, passing into another body, is said to have chosen that of a swan, a reputed musical animal, on account of the great hatred he had conceived for all women, from the death which they had inflicted on him. And the historic truth of Orpheus was not only acknowledged by Plato, but also by Isocrates, who lived before Aristotle, in his oration in praise of Busiris, and confirmed by the grave historian Diodorus Siculus, who says, that Orpheus diligently applied himself to literature, and, when he had learned the mythological part of theology, travelled into Egypt, where he soon became the greatest proficient among the Greeks in the mysteries of religion, theology, and poetry. Neither was this history of Orpheus contradicted by Origen, when so justly provoked by Celsus, who had preferred him to our Saviour; and, according to Suidas, Orpheus the Thracian was the first inventor of the religious mysteries of the Greeks, and that religion was thence called *Theriskeia*, as it was a Thracian invention. On account of the great antiquity of Orpheus, there have been numberless fables intermingled with his history, yet there appears to be no reason why we should disbelieve the existence of such a man.

Higher Development.

Nos. 5 and 6.

LISZT FERENCZ.



Hamleti tépelődés. Faustl vívódás. Mély csend. A költőiség szohájá less.



Chopin. George Sand. Visszaemlékezés. Édes ifjúság. Illat, holdsugár és szerelem.

(To be continued.)

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

EIGHTEENTH SEASON, 1875-76.

DIRECTOR—MR. H. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE FIFTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 22, 1875.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET in C major, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—
Mme NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERRINI, and PELLE .. *Mozart.*
DUET, "Dolce cantato"—The Mdlles RADIA *Mercadante.*
ETUDES EN POEME DE VARIATIONS, Op. 15, for pianoforte
alone—Mdlle ANNA MERLIO *Schumann.*

PART II.

SONATA in D minor, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment
—Mme NORMAN-NERUDA *Rossini.*
DUET, "Nel giardino"—The Mdlles RADIA *Lulli.*
TRIO in D minor, Op. 49, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello
(by desire)—Mdlle ANNA MERLIO, Mme NORMAN-NERUDA,
and Signor PELLE *Mendelssohn.*
Conductor *Sir JULIUS BENEDECT.*

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 20, 1875.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUINTET in A major, for clarinet, two violins, viola, and violon-
cello—MM. SAINTON, LAROUS, L. RIES, ZERRINI, and PELLE .. *Mozart.*
RECIT. and AIR, "Deu vien!" (*Nozze di Figaro*)—Miss ELLEN
HORN *Mozart.*
VARIATIONS SÉRIEUSES, for pianoforte alone—Mdlle ANNA
MERLIO *Mendelssohn.*
SONATA in F major, Op. 24, for pianoforte and violin—Mdlle
ANNA MERLIO and M. SAINTON *Beethoven.*
SONG, "The best of all"—Miss ELLEN HORN *Schumann.*
QUARTET in E flat, Op. 25, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violon-
cello—Mdlle ANNA MERLIO, MM. SAINTON, ZERRINI, and PELLE .. *Schubert.*
Conductor *Sir JULIUS BENEDECT.*

MARRIAGE.

On Tuesday, November 16th, Miss SARAH EDITH WYNNE, to
AVIET AGABRO, Esq., of the Inner Temple.

DEATH.

On November 13th, ELOISE J. GIMSON, R.A.M., only daughter
of the late Joseph Gimson, Esq.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs
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With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD Subscribers will receive
four pages extra, and, again, from time to time, as expediency
may suggest.

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1875.

Dialogues in Purgatory.



Dr Ghost.—Dost thou affect the double bassoon?

Dr Serpent.—Araunt!

Dr Ghost.—What is thine impression of an orchestra which
numbereth in its ranks a double bassoon?

Dr Serpent.—My impression is that the surgeon nearest at hand
should be sent for.

Dr Ghost.—Why at hand?—to perform an operation?

Dr Serpent.—Assuredly.

Dr Ghost.—I pry thee, what operation?

Dr Serpent (*with emphasis*).—Lithotomy!

(Both vanish.)

HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

IT was with unmixed satisfaction that we read the following
in the last issue of that wide and widely-circulated mid-
land sheet, the *Hereford Times*:—

"We are permitted to state that at the Annual Audit Dinner
the Dean of Hereford availed himself of the opportunity to express
his views on the subject of the Musical Festivals. As has been
already announced, the Dean and Chapter have granted the use of
the Cathedral in 1876, as in former years; and it did not need this
act of simple justice and common sense to confirm Dean Herbert in
the respect of the citizens. Indeed, the permission to continue the
Festivals on the old footing embodies the unanimous decision of the
Dean and Chapter. None the less, the words of the Dean on Thurs-
day evening—words of wisdom and force, yet expressed in the most
tolerant and kindly spirit—will commend themselves to the approval
of the country. The Dean said that, although the recent Worcester
Festival had been a financial success, still he doubted whether it
would be as successful in future years, when the excitement and
emulation of recent opposition would have departed, and when the
money raised for charitable purposes would be in proportion to the
popularity of the Festivals. We rejoice that the Dean and Chapter
follow in the footsteps of the good men who have preceded them
in this diocese, and that a great charitable and religious movement
is still to be helped and distinguished by the adequate rendering
of some of the grandest musical and devotional conceptions of the

human mind. The conduct of the Dean and Chapter will be approved generally throughout the country."

In this manner have the Dean and Chapter of little independent Hereford declared their entire want of sympathy with bigoted intolerance. We respect them for it; and countless others will join in the homage we thus willingly pay. The so-called "Festival" this year at Worcester was a mere farce; an attempt to promote sermons and homilies at the expense of music, which should ever be an important element in the highest manifestations of worship. It is to be hoped that Gloucester, in 1877, will follow the example of Hereford in 1876. The "financial success" of the meeting at Worcester is readily explained, inasmuch as there was very little expenditure, and as, like the hundred bouquets thrown at a *prima donna*, it was organised in advance.

—o—

"REMEMBER, my Lord," said Henry VIII. to the indignant nobleman, whom Holbein had kicked down stairs, and who, not satisfied with the offer of an apology, desired nothing less than the execution of the offending artist, "remember that I can, whenever I please, make seven Lords out of seven ploughmen, but I cannot make one Holbein of even seven Lords." Had the occasion rendered more ample explanation necessary or advisable, there is no doubt the burly patron of the Divorce Court in that age would have gone further, and owned he could not make one Holbein out of the whole Peerage. As for performing such a feat with ploughmen as material to work upon, the notion would have seemed as preposterous as the idea of effecting it through the medium of an unlimited supply of Englishmen of any class, with whom to experimentalise. In those days, no one ever thought of an Englishman's becoming a painter. So, Bluff King Hal, as the marrying monarch is termed, patronised Holbein, who, despite the Lord he had shown to the street door in such summary fashion, went on, as theretofore, painting away with his left hand, until he fell a victim to the plague in 1554. Though differing in many respects from the uxorious Tudor tyrant, Charles I. evidently shared his non-belief in Englishmen as painters, and numerous works by Peter Paul Rubens, scholar, statesman, ambassador, and artist, who received the honour of knighthood from his Majesty, exist to attest the fact. Another witness in the same cause is Anthony Vanduyck, also an English knight. Then, again, it was Sir Peter Lely, who painted the Duchess of Richmond, Mrs Eleanor Gwyne, the Countess of Rochester, Lady Middleton, Lady Whitmore, Lady Denham, and a host of other fair ones, more celebrated for beauty and wit than for virtue and morality. To the foregoing adepts with palette and brush must be added Sir Godfrey Kneller, the favourite of Charles II., James II., William III., and George I., knighted by William and created a baronet by George. The list might be augmented by many other names of less note, tending to show that pictorial art was represented here almost exclusively by foreigners. England could not produce painters. Such was, in those days, the general belief both at home and abroad. At length, in 1768, the Royal Academy was founded. In what high estimation our English School of Painting is now held, or by what great men it has been illustrated, our readers need not be informed.

We have noticed the delusion about the incompetency of Englishmen as painters, because it throws an instructive light upon another hallucination, that, namely, affecting the sister art of Music. England—so, until recently, ran the parrot-cry—was not a musical nation. Nay; not only was

England not a musical nation, but Englishmen seemed determined that she never should become one. As the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone remarked in the speech recently delivered by him in the Lecture Hall, at Greenwich, when distributing the prizes to the successful students of the Science and Art Classes, a person was laughed at who contended, fifty years ago, that human beings—including, of course, the inhabitants of these islands—were, as such, musical. People used to say: "I can't tell one note from another, and I don't care a bit about Music." And woe to him who did care about it, and who endeavoured to obtain proficiency in it. While Louis XIV., by an express decree, announced that members of the French nobility might appear on the boards of the Grand Opera without derogating a title from their high estate, we find that heartless, frigid, aristocratic prig, the Earl of Chesterfield, contemptuously warning his son against fiddling and fiddlers. For a period verging upon a couple of centuries, our forefathers considered that the study of music, like the confection of Biblical pictures in worsted, or the manufacture of pickles, preserves, and cordials, ought to be restricted to their wives and daughters. Any son of theirs who manifested a predilection for it was ridiculed as a mollycoddle. It is true that country squires in their old family-houses, or Town gallants at their taverns, were not averse to indulging in hunting songs, or political catches, but they insisted on doing so without the aid of art. Just as the upholders of the old state of things in more modern times declared that the British Officer would hopelessly deteriorate if taught to perform properly the very duties he was expected to perform, and that his courage would diminish in the exact ratio that his knowledge was increased; so their predecessors in prejudice appeared to entertain the belief that their voices would be irretrievably ruined if they were instructed how to use them. This fact was the more remarkable because the example set them at a previous epoch of our history was there to teach them better. In the reign of Elizabeth, when England was famous for every thing which renders a nation great and respected; when her statesmen were renowned throughout Europe; when her soldiers and her sailors made Victory carry the national standard before them; and when the glorious list of her poets was headed by the name of Shakespeare, the cultivation of Music formed part of every man's education, and few among the higher classes would have boasted that they did not care a pin about it, or tell one note from another.

Many of us may still entertain grave doubts as to the advisability of the course pursued by Mr Gladstone when he disestablished the Protestant Church in Ireland; others, hurried away by patriotic impetuosity, may, like the Duke of Beaufort, at the Bristol gathering recently, consider that the ex-Premier ought to be impeached for allowing Russia to tamper with the treaty of Paris; but most of us will heartily agree with what fell from his lips on the subject of Music and the remarkable impetus given to it of late years. At our Universities, at our great public seminaries, and in our private schools, the rights—we use the word advisedly—the rights, we repeat, of Music are beginning to be recognized, and in such matters *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*. That first step has now been taken, and a pretty long step it is, closely resembling a stride of the celebrated Seven-League Boots in the nursery-tale. Not merely, too, have our Universities and Schools "begun it," like the kettle of which Charles Dickens wrote, but other agents have continued the task. As Mr Gladstone said—"The public mind is becoming more and more habituated to the teaching of Music; and, of course, the universal teaching of Music

implies the universal practice of it, in one shape or other." It is for this object, namely: the universal practice of Music, that a small number of conscientious and determined men have toiled long and undauntedly in this country through good report and ill report, turning neither to the right nor to the left. Not, though, for the practice of Music "in one shape or other," but in the best shape. How successful they have been is demonstrated by more than the mere spread of Music among those to whom the art was unknown; it is shown by the purer and more classical taste exhibited by those who cultivated it previously. Rewarded by the consciousness of what they have already achieved, let these brave pioneers, who have opened up and made easy one of the most pleasant and most beautiful paths by which Civilization is advancing to her sublime goal, exert themselves with even more vigour than before. When they find that a public man, holding such a position as the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, enunciates the principle which they have ever maintained, and for which they have ever worked, that "Music is a general inheritance; that the faculty of Music is a common faculty of the people forming an intelligent community," they have, indeed, good grounds for hope, and never in this country did the prospects of Music,

"Implens affectas tacita dulcedine mentes."

appear more bright and more cheering than now.—R. K.

Episodes on Change.



DR SHIPPING. Well—what did you think of Salaman's advice to the critics?

DR QUINCE. Why—nothing at all.

DR SHIPPING. Well—but how nothing at all?

DR QUINCE. Why—because I didn't hear it.

DR SHIPPING. Well—for what reason didn't you hear it?

DR QUINCE. Why—because I couldn't see it.

(*Exeunt scurrilously.*)

CHRISTINE NILSSON IN THE TROVATORE.

(From the "Liverpool Courier.")

The combined attraction of Mme Christine Nilsson and Mme Trebelli in Verdi's ever popular *Trovatore* filled the house to its utmost capacity. Every seat was let, and vast numbers were unsuccessful in obtaining admission to any part of the theatre. Mme Nilsson as Leonora achieved another triumph. It was a noble performance, elaborated with consummate art. By the force of her genius, Mme Nilsson—without effort, without striving after original effects or new readings—in the most natural manner, invests her impersonations with a charm all her own, and an originality which removes them into a sphere altogether above comparison with the same parts as represented by other great artists. They are, in fact, finished creations, which stand alone in all their beauty and perfection, and have a distinct individuality. This is equally true both of her acting and singing. Mme Nilsson is entirely original in phrasing and vocalisation; her style of singing is as perfect as her noble and extraordinary voice, and as completely the reflection of her mind, taste, and great exceptional gifts. Mme Nilsson's Margherita, Lucia, and Leonora, are all alike perfect in conception and execution—all equally original and great.

Confabulations Confidential.



Exalt.

DR FOX.—Charles Gounod has written a letter.

DR GOOSE.—What about?

DR FOX.—About big theatres.

DR GOOSE.—*Quid tum?* (What next?)

DR FOX.—He likes them not.

DR GOOSE.—*Cur?* (Why?)

DR FOX.—The one projected in "Lutetia" (Paris)* will hold from nine to ten thousand—sitters and non-sitters.

DR GOOSE.—Well, why does Gounod object to that?

DR FOX.—Sitters may be content, non-sitters anything but.

DR GOOSE.—Granted. What has that to do with Gounod?

DR FOX.—He likes not big theatres.

DR GOOSE.—You have already said it. *Cur?* (Why?)

DR FOX.—He is a man of satin.

DR GOOSE.—Velvet, you mean?

DR FOX.—Satin.

DR GOOSE.—Wax?

DR FOX.—*Satin?*

DR GOOSE.—*Quid tum?* (What next?)

DR FOX.—You have asked that already.

DR GOOSE.—Be more explicit.

DR FOX.—Well, in plain language, Gounod does not consider it right that more than from 800 to 1,000 sitters should hear any of his works at a time. The privilege is of such sort that it must not be lightly accorded to the globe entire.

DR GOOSE.—The "terrestrial ball"—as Sir Richard Blackmore styles it, in his poem, *The Creation?*

DR FOX.—Exactly so. You have swallowed *The Creation?*

DR GOOSE.—Heugh! *De chem?* (On my eyes be it!) But Richard Wagner?

DR FOX.—Oh! that is different. Wagner, an exceptional being, has invited the Universe, including archangels, Mr Salaman, Dr Stone, and sea-serpents, to Bayreuth next year, for the *Terrestrial* Festival.

DR GOOSE.—At 445 a head?

DR FOX.—Exactly so. Only, Dr Dannreuther will bring the "gigantic squirrel-shaped worm," together with other monsters of mythic notoriety;—and these are admitted on conscience.

DR GOOSE.—Open, Sesame?

DR FOX.—No.—O by Als! O by Adnan! Wagner can abide no criticism but his own.

DR GOOSE.—Then came Shiboob, like a male ostrich?

DR FOX.—Precisely. Nevertheless, Charles Gounod likes not big theatres—wherein from Jacob Meyer Beer he differs. By the way, you sup with me on Christmas eve?

DR GOOSE.—I can't. I have asked Dr Turkey to sup with me.

DR FOX.—Come both; I shall be only too happy.

DR GOOSE.—*But by no means!* (*Exeunt both edified.*)

* Those parenthetical translations are for the benighted critics admonished by C. Salaman, Dr Stone and Co.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD'S FIRST RECITAL.

(From the New York "Touchstone.")

Mme Goddard's recent pianoforte recital at Steinway's, revealed the superb genius of that great artist in a manner so impressive as to command the unanimous and instant recognition of a highly critical audience. Although of unusual difficulty, her programme was of the rarest excellence, affording ample scope for a full display of her wondrous powers. Beethoven, Schubert, Friedemann Bach, Thalberg, and Chopin, were interpreted by her in a manner so transcendent, so full of grandeur, beauty and sentiment, as to set all language at defiance, and give a *quieta* to that cheap generalization which charges her, amongst other things, with "coldness," as well as "want of breadth and individuality,"—terms understood among the initiated to be the safety valves of incompetent criticism.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

On the 17th November, 1842, Donizetti's *Linda di Chamounix* was first produced at Vienna.

BARTOLOMEO CRISTOFORI is not the only person who can lay claim, it would appear, to the invention of the piano. France advances the rights of a certain Marius—not him of Carthage—who, in 1716, presented to the Academy of Sciences models of *Clavecins à Maillets*, or Mallet-Harpichords, in which the strings, instead of being pinched, were struck by a mechanism of hammers. Germany, on the other hand, advances the pretensions of a Saxon organist named Schreuter, who, in 1717, conceived the plan of a new harpsichord, likewise with strings struck by a hammer. If Italian musicologists are not, however, blinded by patriotism, the priority is due to Bartolomeo Cristofori, who invented, as far back as 1711, a *cimbalo a martelletti*. In order to offend no one, we may say, as that Cristofori's instrument did not at once come into use, Marius and Schreuter may very well have known nothing about it, and have each invented the piano himself.

It has been said that Rossini was as fond of cookery as of music. He pretended, at least, to place them on an equality. A writer in the *Sicile* cites an unpublished letter in which the illustrious composer owns very wittily his weakness:

"Next to doing nothing, I know of no more delightful occupation than that of eating, by which I, of course, mean eating properly. What love is for the heart, eating is for the stomach. The stomach is the conductor who governs and inspires the great orchestra of our passions; an empty stomach represents to my mind the bassoon or the small flute, grunting out discontent, or squeaking forth envy; a full stomach, on the contrary, is the triangle of pleasure and the timbale of joy. As for love, I believe, to be pre-eminently the *primo donna*, the diva singing in our brain her cavatines, which intoxicate the ear and entrance the heart. To eat and love, to sing and digest, such, in truth, are the four acts of the buffo opera called life, which vanishes like the foam from a bottle of champagne. Everyone who allows it to evaporate without enjoying it is an utter idiot.—ROSSINI."

"This piano" says a Frankfort paper, "is not sufficiently appreciated. There are clever men whom its very name will put to flight. They see in the piano only wearisome concerts, an interminable series of pianists hammering through sonatas by sheer strength; and pieces profusely adorned with arpeggios to the intense delight of young ladies at boarding-schools—all things, it is true, which may well sour the human heart. But what benefits does not the instrument offer us in return for these slight drawbacks! Was it not the piano which rid us of solo-players; of flautists who twisted up their mouths to blow into a small hole; of the piston, which resembled *Zeolus*, and the noisy utterances of which made the window-panes tremble and stunned the audience; of the violinist with his irritating first string; of the languishing harpist; and of the clarinet, too accessible to prolonged squeaks. At present, the piano is the instrument in most general use. It enables one to read operatic scores and reproduces all their orchestral delicacies. It renders immense services to the study of singing and harmony, as well as musical composition. All honour, therefore, to Cristofori!"

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

Mrs JOHN MACFARREN, assisted by Miss Agnes Drummond and Mr Frank Holmes, gave a musical performance last Tuesday in connection with a grand fancy bazaar, which was carried out for a charitable object, under the auspices of Miss Northcroft, of St Mary's Hall, Canonbury. Miss Agnes Drummond sang "La Fiorita," Arthur Sullivan's "Evening Chimes," and Macfarren's "The beating of my own heart." Mr Frank Holmes sang "The Yeoman's Wedding," "The Stirrup Cup," and a charming new song, "Memories," composed expressly for him by his father, the eminent professor of the pianoforte, Mr W. H. Holmes. Mrs John Macfarren played a great variety of brilliant pianoforte pieces by Bach, Scarlatti, Weber, Schumann, Balow, Brissac, and others, several of which she repeated, and the whole went off to the delight of a numerous company.

ISLINGTON.—A musical entertainment, one of a series, entitled "Monday Popular Entertainments," was given on Monday evening, at the Wellington Hall, Islington, under the direction of Messrs Alfred Bruce and Mr W. French, who presided as conductor at the pianoforte. On this occasion one of the leading vocalists was Signorina Clelia Algiro, who possesses a very fine contralto voice, has, we understand, studied in Italy, and sung at several of the theatres. She made a most favourable impression in the Brindisi from *Lucezia Borgia*, and in Croch's ballad of "Kathleen Mavourneen"; in both of which she was much applauded, as was also Mr Edmund Stone in Balfe's popular romance "Si tu savais," Mrs Henry Vincent, Miss Grace Blatchley, and Mr F. Crowest, gave songs by Sir Julius Benedict, Mr F. Clay, &c., with more or less success, while Mr W. French received great applause for a solo on the pianoforte. The entertainment was successful.

THE ALDERMANBURY MUSICAL SOCIETY held their first *soirée* on Monday last, at the Oriental Buildings, Blackfriars. The large room of that edifice, well adapted for music, was filled with an elegant and appreciative audience. The music for the *soirée* was provided by Mr Edward Graig, was of a popular kind, including glee, madrigals, quartets, sang by the members of the society, and rewarded with true English appreciation. There were some good solo singers—Miss Heath and Miss Ainsworth, a young pupil of Signor Visetti. Mr Lionel Levy made a very favourable impression in Gounod's "Le Soir" and Reber's "Hail Lull." Mr Levy possessed a voice of good quality, and sings with taste. Herr Jacobus Rosenthal played Viextemp's "Reverie" with great ability. Herr Lehmayr added to the pleasures of the evening by his fine performance of Chopin's *Nocturne* and his own Valse. The concert was altogether a success, owing to the zealous labours of the conductor, Mr Edward Graig.—A. B.

SIG. RENDANO'S concert, given at St James's Hall on Tuesday evening, with the assistance of the "Prize Winners" of the National Music Meetings (Miss Agnes Larkson, Miss Annie Butterworth, Mr Wharton, Mr Sylvester, and the Stepten Tonic Sol-fa Society), was highly successful, a numerous audience filling the hall, and eagerly "recalling" and rewarding the performers with hearty applause at the conclusion of each piece. Signor Rendano, who is a young Italian pianist of superior ability, did not spare himself, but played no less than nine pieces, four of which were composed by himself, and were remarkable for elegance, and their suitability for drawing-room performance. His other pieces were Mendelssohn's Prelude in E minor, Handel's variations on "The Harmonious Blacksmith," a scherzo from a serenade by Jadasohn, a minuet by Mr Hamilton Clark, and Steradale Bennett's scherzo in E minor. After each of his performances Signor Rendano was warmly applauded and deservedly recalled. The "Prize Winners" were on their "best behavior," and, in consequence, they were well of success. The winning players, Miss Larkson, was especially rewarded after "Capta Diva," Miss Butterworth after Henry Smart's "By the blue sea," Mr Wharton after the same composer's "Tom Hardy," and Mr Sylvester and Mr Wharton after Walter Maynard's new duet, "The red and the blue." A very charming setting by Mr Charles Salaman of old William Whitehead's quaint description of "Celia," must not be passed over without notice. The Stepten Society gave part-songs by Hatton, G. A. Macfarren, Fests, Spofforth, and Bishop. Between the parts Mr Augustine Tamplin played some pieces on Mason and Hamlin's "new orchestral organ" in masterly style, and well deserved the unanimous applause and recall awarded to him at the conclusion of his performance. Mr Hamilton Clark accompanied the vocal pieces on the pianoforte, and Mr W. G. McNaught conducted the part-songs.

THE conductors of one of the Parisian Cafés Concerts are offering prizes for new compositions, which they undertake to produce.

PROVINCIAL.

EDINBURGH.—At the Saturday Evening Concerts, Miss Fanny Edwards' operetta party made their second appearance on Saturday evening, the 13th inst., and, despite the inclement weather, again drew together a good audience. The programme was similar to that of the previous performance, comprising concerted and solo pieces, varied by comic sketches, and concluding with an original operetta entitled *Lore's Test*. The whole entertainment is elegant and refined, and, while the vocalists are to be commended for the ability with which they discharged their parts, the highest praise is due to Mr Julian Edwards, the musical conductor and composer of the operetta. Mr Lannalen, the director of these concerts, deserves every encouragement for the enterprise he shows in catering for the amusement of the public.—*Daily Review*.

DUNDEE.—On Friday, October 27th, we learn from the *Dunfermline Advertiser*, that the Amateur Musical Society of the town gave, for the first time in Dundee, Barnett's beautiful cantata *The Ancient Mariner*. Mr W. H. Richmond (pianoforte) and Mr S. C. Hirst (harmonium) were the accompanists. Miss Annie Sinclair, Miss D'Alton, Mr Pearson, and Mr Wadmore were the solo vocalists, and Mr John Kinross directed the performance. A large audience filled the area of the Kinnaird Hall. "The cantata is replete with beauty, much of it of a highly-refined order; and though an orchestra is essential to disclose its composer's thought with integrity, there was in the performance enough to show that the musician and the poet, in power of imagination and in artistic skill, are on a level. The audience listened with unalloyed interest, and repeatedly manifested satisfaction in the performance by applause and encores."

CARMARTHEN.—The second of the series of winter evening entertainments for the benefit of St Peter's Church Schools was held at the Assembly Rooms on Tuesday evening, the 9th inst. The Vicar (Rev. L. M. Jones, B.D.) presided. Miss M. Watkins gave "Merry is the Greenwood," which was followed by a terse lecture on "The Solar System" by the Rev. Owen Jones, B.A. (curate). In a harp solo—"The March of the Men of Harlech," Miss Anne T. Jones was entirely successful, and Mr W. Spurrell then read one of Cowper's poems. After a pianoforte solo by Miss G. M. E. White, "The White Squall" was sung by Mr Duggins. Mr W. M. Griffiths read a laughable chapter on "Early Rising," and Miss Effie Spurrell having sung "La Boquetière," for which she was loudly applauded, Messrs Charles David and Cornelius Jones played an instrumental trio (two violins and violoncello). The entertainment concluded by the assembled company singing "God bless the Prince of Wales."—*Carmarthen Journal*.

SIMS REEVES.

(From the "Brighton Gazette," Nov. 18.)

Once more November and the Brighton season, and once more (may it be many times more) Miss Reeves. "He is here!" was the gratified exclamation which greeted us at the door of Cramer's, the other day, as a finger pointed to the well-known name, "and in fine form!" and this welcome news has been repeated, during the week, all over the town. There can be no doubt of the estimation in which our popular tenor is held. Disappoints you sometimes? Yes. The better for you, good Public; for when he does appear, how much more welcome he is, how heartily do you shout at him, how earnestly and delightfully listen to him, and how rapturously applaud him! The better for him, too, Possessed, as he is, of such a delicate organ, to attempt to sing when that is affected would bring the greatest disappointment to you, the severest censure to him. You have no idea, good, but fickle Public, how much of life's enjoyment he has sacrificed to preserve one of the most glorious gifts of Providence for your sake; for you are the greatest benefactors, after all. Can the faintest estimate be given of the amount of good he has effected with that beautiful voice of his? We think not. The power of music is infinite. We hear a strain in a country road, from amidst the grating of a ploughshare, and, in an instant, a hard thought is gone—one of the finest chords in our nature is struck, and we are so much the better for it. How many despairing souls have died happy in listening to a snatch of some old and fondly-cherished melody! Can any one who has watched the silent, snarled crowds listening to our national tenor, when not a hand has moved, scarcely a breath drawn, but has felt the wondrous, purify-

ing spirit of melody, that lifts us out of our grosser selves? Criticism upon this lovely voice, the charm of style, the artistic finish, the power wielded, and the thousands subdued by it, has long been exhausted, and we can now only speak of Sims Reeves as a treasured portion of ourselves, to hold firmly, and to gratefully cherish. It was many years ago when we who write this first heard him. A new institution was to be opened and flavoured with the music of his voice, and we, with scores of other disappointed folks unable to obtain admission, had to walk up and down the soft gravel path outside. But we were not so badly off, for the moon was bright, the air sweet with the scent of mignonette, and the tenor could be plainly heard through the large open windows. He sang "My Pretty Jane" of course, and his pretty Jane might have been beside him—I daresay there were several not far off him—for, as he sang, we thought the moon grew softer in its light, and the poplar trees in front of the institution kissed, and the ripening corn on the breast of a hill beyond, softly beat the time; and when the song was over, and the tenor and the corn joined in the applause, and several appreciative stars had winked, it seemed as if something had gone out of the night, and we went home sighing and wondering how all the James felt. Coming out of the cosy Theatre Royal the other night, after hearing the same air, this old remembrance was very strong upon us; for the moon was bright, the stars were blinking, and the trees in the Pavilion Gardens hugging and kissing continuously. The old voice was rounder and deeper; there was the old charm of style, and perfect, delicious phrasing that has never been rivalled; and the generally cold-blooded Brighton audience felt this, and showed it by rising, and shouting, and "Hurrahing" in such a manner as to bring the welcome presence back, and the hoped-for pleasure of hearing the old song once again. A man is rarely so much appreciated as when he is missed. May it be long before we miss this marvellous voice, the welcome presence and genial friend; for he is a genial fellow. Could such melody, such tenderness, come from a bad fellow? Believe it not. To all who know him he is most endeared. Kindly, hearty, modest of his great powers, and thoroughly sincere. So, good Public, when you feel inclined to rail at him for studying you, think a moment of the good he has done and may yet do.

Gallad.

THE SAILOR BOY'S DREAM.

(Copyright.)

On the midnight ocean slumbering a youthful sailor lies,
While scores of happy childhoods bid his dreaming sail arise;
Still chiming seems the Sabbath bell, as sweetly as of yore,
And once again he roams the fields and sees his cottage door:
In her arms his mother folds him, with affection's fond caress,
His gentle bright-eyed sisters in rapture round him press,
His aged father meets him, and his young companions come
To welcome him once more to share the dear delights of home.

Hark! what wild shrieks drip his dreams?—whence sounds those
cries of woe?

With the storm loud thunders mingle—o'er the ship the billows flow;
From his hammock starts the sailor, he rushes to the deck,
The vessel sails with lightning blast, she sails a burning wreck;
To a mast the winds have riven the sailor madly clings,
His fearful parting knell of death he's treading loudly rings.
All is dark and drear around, not a star beams o'er the wave,
As ocean spirits bear him to the sailor's shroudless grave.

Oh! never at the cottage hearth shall he again be seen,
Nor meet his playmates merrily to sport upon the green;
In vain for him the birds shall sing, the hawthorn deck the tree,
For slumbering on the sand he lies beneath the swelling sea.
Oh! where are happy childhood's scenes, where now the chiming bell,
The fields or which we used to stray, the rest he loves so well?
For ever lost, yet still he finds a home of peace and joy,
Where neither stormy wind nor wave can wreck the sailor boy.

S. N. E.

[This poem was suggested by Campbell's "Mariner's Dream."]

BRUSSELS.

(From a Correspondent.)

Owing to the illness of Mad. Pauline Luca, the managers of the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie have returned the money for the places already taken by persons anxious to hear and see the lady. It appears that, as she was proceeding from Goldenberg to Zurich, on the 27th ult., to catch the Brussels train, the ladies suddenly took fright and started off towards the Lake of Zurich. Mad. Luca was thrown from the carriage and severely shaken. Her husband jumped out and rushed to the horses' heads. Mad. Luca was conveyed to a neighbouring hotel, and, according to her medical attendants, it will be some weeks before she is in a condition to resume her professional duties. So the good people of this small capital must have patience. Meanwhile the operas are *Le Pardon de Plœrmel* (otherwise *Dinorah*), *Robert le Diable*, *La Juive*, *Le Trouvère*, and *L'Africain*, to which will shortly be added *Le Prophète*.

The Musical Society is rehearsing Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, the performance of which, with choruses, solos, full band, and orchestra, will take place at the Ducal Palace towards the end of December.

The first concert of the Schubert Society is announced for the 1st December. Mr Arthur Wilford will conduct. Among the artists are Mad. Augusta Roche, of the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts, and Herr Carl Oberthür. The following is the programme: First Part.—Concerto for Violin, Mendelssohn (violinist, M. E. Ysaye); Cavatina from *Les Huguenots* (Mad. Roche); "Souvenir de Londres," Fantasia for the Harp, composed and played by Herr Carl Oberthür; Two Transcriptions for the Piano, dedicated to A. Wilford by C. Reinecke (A. Wilford); Scotch Melodies, with accompaniment of Piano, Violin, and Violoncello, Beethoven (sung by Madame Roche)—first time of performance in Brussels. Second Part.—Trio for Violoncello and Harp. C. Oberthür (executed by MM. Ysaye, Paternoster, and Herr C. Oberthür); Toccata, in C major, Schumann (A. Wilford); Larghetto for Violin, Mozart (M. Paternoster); "Ombres et Rayons," a Musical Illustration, composed and executed by Herr C. Oberthür; Prelude, Bach, and "Hungarian Airs," Ernst (M. Ysaye); "Cari Luoghi" Donizetti, and "L'Ultimo Pensiero," Felice Pianieri (sung by Mad. Roche).

THE NEW OPERAHOUSE.

The Duke of Edinburgh has visited the works for the construction of the New National Opera-house on the Victoria Embankment. He was received by Mr Mapleson and Mr Francis Fowler, the architect. After having minutely inspected the building, the Duke expressed himself highly pleased with the rapid progress already made, and at the excellence of the workmanship. "The Architect says:—"The greatest activity prevails at the works in connection with the erection of the new Opera-house on the Embankment. Although it is little more than four months since Mr Webster entered upon the first contract for the excavations and getting in the foundation walls, the former portion of the work has been completed; and the latter is so far advanced as to admit of the superstructure being commenced in about a fortnight. The energy of the contractor, and the determination to expedite the works, with the view of the house being ready for opening during the opera season of next year, is shown by the fact that upwards of 400 workmen and five powerful steam-engines have been employed for weeks past. The amount of excavation which has been taken out and carted away is about 45,000 cubic yards, the most difficult portion of this work being the deep trenches sunk for the basement of the foundation walls. These are upwards of 12 ft. in width, carried down to the London clay, and 44 ft. below the level of the Thames Embankment. The trenches being completed, they were filled in with Portland cement to an average depth of 20 ft., and upon this the foundation walls are now being put in. These are 2 ft. 2 in. in thickness, resting upon footings double that width, in accordance with the Building Act, and will be carried up to a level with the Embankment. The foundation wall at the north-east side of the intended building is already finished; and in about a

fortnight the whole foundation contract is expected to be completed, when the superstructure will at once be proceeded with. Mr Fowler, the architect, is now engaged in getting out the details. The main walls will have an average thickness of 2 ft. 8 in. The memorial stone will be laid by the Duke of Edinburgh. The front of the boxes and amphitheatre will be in the horse-shoe form; and the depth, from the proscenium to the front of the central tiers, 90 ft., the extreme depth from the stage to the back of the amphitheatre being 131 ft. The stage, from wall to wall, beyond which are dressing and other rooms, will be 102 ft. in width and 87 ft. in depth. Negotiations are in progress with the Metropolitan District Railway Company for the construction of a subway to give direct access from the railway to the Opera-house."

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

Never was the hold which these concerts have upon the regard of amateurs better exemplified than on Saturday afternoon, when a new season began. It is said that "stars in their courses fought against Sisyra," but, however much the heavenly bodies were animated by dislike of the Eastern leader, they could not have shown more bitterness than did the weather against this opening performance. It was "dreary, dark November," indeed; but dreariness and darkness were not all. Fog, mud, rain, and wind joined in holy alliance, till the marvel was that they were not permitted to have the streets to themselves. But Mr Chappell's patrons are not easily daunted, and through every sort of meteorological discomfort they found their way to St James's Hall in numbers well nigh sufficient to fill the room. Such earnestness is good to see, because it is genuine zeal, and not obedience to conventional rule or gratification of a passing whim.

Of the three instrumental works in the programme two can here be passed with simple mention. The first of these—Beethoven's magnificent E flat quartet (Op. 74)—was played by MM. Straus, Ries, Zerbini, and Daubert as such music deserves always to be rendered. As much may be recorded of the second—Hummel's well-known Septet—wherein MM. Zerbini and Daubert were associated with Madame Esipoff, MM. Brosa (flute), Lavigne (oboe), Vanhaute (horn), and Reynolds (double bass). Hummel's work is a permanent favourite at these concerts, having now been heard twelve times, and never fails to create the most lively impression. Greater interest was due, however, to the introduction by Madame Esipoff of Schumann's Sonata in G minor, for pianoforte alone, given here for the first time last season, when the executant was Mr Dannreuther. Schumann composed but three sonatas, and the fact, taken in conjunction with their general character, encourages a belief that he did not feel happy at such labour. The history of the G minor, it suggests this in a special sense, the sonata being even more a result of "fits and starts," than the "Overture, Scherzo, and Finale," or the pianoforte concerto. Thus, the first movement was composed in 1831, when Schumann had just attained his majority, and devoted himself to music. The other three movements followed four years later, and, in 1838, the Finale was re-written. Hence we have the result of three separate efforts made at intervals extending over seven years. The work thus slowly, and, as it would appear, reluctantly built up, is by no means one of the pillars of Schumann's fame. Interesting it cannot fail to be, in common with everything proceeding from so remarkable a man, and there are many passages distinguished by the composer's characteristic beauty and feeling; but the general effect is not great, for the reason, perhaps, that the various movements have but slight coherence—a natural consequence under the circumstances of their production. The work was carefully and well played by Madame Esipoff. Difficulties abound in the music, but the artist easily conquered them, and won golden opinions, not only for mechanical skill, but also for allowing Schumann to speak freely without having forced upon his utterances the "new reading," which is the most harmful weapon used for mischief by the professors of "higher development." The vocalist was Miss Thekla Friedlander, a soprano gifted with a singularly pure and agreeable voice, as well as a cultivated and expressive style. A marked sensation was made by this young lady in a charming song of Bach's, "Willst du dein Herz mir schenken?"—which had to be repeated.—*Daily Telegraph*.

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The first of Mr Hallé's Choral Concerts of the present season, on Thursday last, was made memorable by the revival of Handel's *Saul*, and it is pleasant to be able to say that the oratorio was heard with unquestionable interest—with an attention, too, that increased during the performance. To mention all the impressive numbers of this oratorio would be to review the work, but I may say that *Saul*, as given by Mr Hallé, was in no sense either dreary or monotonous. The unusual interest of the oratorio is continuous; and, though the raising of Samuel, and the beautiful lamentation of David over Saul and Jonathan, are perhaps the finest portions of the oratorio, the choruses and airs in the earlier parts include some of Handel's grandest inspirations. The performance was admirable; and, if Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, by her singing of the air for the "Witch of Endor" gave us one of the most splendid examples of sacred dramatic singing ever heard, it may be said that the singing of all her colleagues was worthy of the occasion. The other singers were Miss Katherine Poynts, Madame Patey, and Messrs Lloyd, Foli, and Lovatt. The band and chorus were both efficient, and the success of the oratorio with the audience was frequently testified by loud applause.

Here is the programme for this week's concert:—

Overture, *Die Zauberflöte* (Mozart); Cavatina, "Una voce poco fa," *Il Barbiere* (Rossini)—Mlle Zarah Thalberg; Caprice, Allegro gioioso, pianoforte, in E, Op. 22 (W. S. Bennett); Mr. Charles Hallé; Air, "Batti, batti," *Don Giovanni* (Mozart)—Mlle Zarah Thalberg; Suite, No. VI, in A, Op. 10, first movement (Chopin); Overture, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Mendelssohn); Solo Pianoforte, (a) Nocturne, in F minor, (b) Grande Polonaise, in A flat (Chopin)—Mr. Charles Hallé; Entr'acte, from *Maurolet*, Reinicke; Aria and Vals, *Fra Diavolo* (Anber)—Mlle Zarah Thalberg; Overture, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (O. Nicolai).

Mr Carl Rosa commenced his third campaign of English opera at the Theatre Royal on Monday last. *The Marriage of Figaro* was given, with the same cast as in London, and last night (Tuesday) a splendid performance of *Fra Diavolo* followed. Mr Santley, as the brigand chief, achieved a great success.

NEW YORK.—The English Opera season at Booth's Theatre began with *Mignon*. Miss Kellogg was the heroine; Miss Beaumont, Frederick; Miss Julia Rosenwald, Filina; Mr Castle, Wilhelm Meister; and Mr Peakes, Lothario. Verdi's *Ernani* followed, with Mme Van Zandt as Elvira, Mr Geo. A. Conly as the Duke, Mr Carlton, Don Carlos, and Mr Castle, Ernani; and then came Balfe's *Bibbiana Girl*. Miss Kellogg, as Arline, never sang better in her life, and Mrs Seguin, as the Gipsy Queen, fairly shored the honours with her. Mr Maas has improved immensely, and his performance of Thaddeus was one that had not been equalled in this city for some years. "When other lips," and "The fair land of Poland," very narrowly escaped triple encours. *Faust* was the next opera, Miss Kellogg representing Marguerite. Miss Kellogg's performance was a splendid one. Mr Maas again charmed the audience by the freshness of his voice. He is graceful and earnest in everything, and controls his voice with admirable discretion. Mr Peakes was Mephisto, Mr Carlton, Valentine, and Mrs Seguin, Siebel. This was followed by Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, Mme Jenny Van Zandt assuming the part of Valentine and achieving a success far beyond anything anticipated. Miss Anna Montagne, of Baltimore, made her New York debut as Margherita. Mrs Seguin was Urbino, Mr Conly, Marcel, and Messrs Castle, Carlton, and Peakes, Raoul, Nevers, and St Bris. The *Bokmister Girl* was repeated at a *matinée*, and in the evening *Fra Diavolo* was given, with Mme Van Zandt as Zerlina. The operas announced are *Il Trovatore*, *The Bohemian Girl*, *Martha*, and, first time in America, Sir Julius Benedict's *Henry of Kilburne*, Miss Kellogg being the Eily O'Connor, and Mr Henry Allen (his first appearance), Miles as Copeland. The *New York Herald* says of Miss Kellogg's Marguerite:—"Acting with more than usual care, and avoiding a propensity to indulge in by-play, the lady presented a charming ideal of Goethe's heroine. In the garden scene and at the death of Valentine, the beauty and compass of Miss Kellogg's voice were shown in all their brilliancy; the Maas as Faust was clear and conscientious, and he sang well. Indeed, this artist improves upon acquaintance, for he possesses the quality of reserving his force, and thus maintains his part with honour. Mr Carlton was Valentine, and Mr Peakes, Mephisto."—(From a Correspondent, with leanings.)

GOUNOD AND BIG THEATRES.

(From the "Graphic.")

M. Gounod, who, we are pleased to learn, is gradually recovering from the effects of an accident that might have put his life in imminent peril, already shows himself able to enter with warm interest upon discussions affecting the art of which he is one of the chief existing ornaments. He firmly repudiates the idea of a vast opera house, capable of accommodating from 3,000 to 10,000 spectators at cheap prices. Among other passages contained in his vigorous disclaimer, it will be enough to cite the following:—

"*Pas de Colossal.—C'est la MORT de l'art musical, surtout au théâtre, où la trop grande distance entre le chanteur et l'auditeur supprime toute physionomie et toute incise, et réduit le chanteur à se murmurer dans le rôle.*"

We entirely agree with M. Gounod, with the addition that his objection applies just as powerfully to concert rooms as to theatres, and this notwithstanding the fact of M. David and M. Bourdais (both men of science), the former from an optical, the latter from an acoustical point of view, protesting that the scheme of a "vaste salle d'Opéra populaire" is quite feasible. The idea originated with M. Adolphe Sax, inventor and manufacturer of the family of wind instruments appropriately styled "Saxophones."

EDMOND ABOUT.

Edmond François Valentin About was born in 1828, at Dieppe, and is therefore 47 years old at the present date. He early evinced fondness for metaphysical speculations, and at 20 bore off the honours and prizes in philosophy at the "Charlemagne." At this age he entered the Normal College, which he soon abandoned for the French school at Athens. In this city he worked assiduously, employing even his leisure in studying the archaeology and the contemporary history of Greece. His first volume, *La Grèce Contemporaine*, was a trenchant satire upon Greek life, and created a considerable sensation. Athens was especially enraged at the slurs alike upon the ancient courage and the modern honour of the Hellenes. The volume was applauded by the *Revue des deux Mondes*, which published the succeeding work of the young author,—a novel, entitled, *Tolla: A Tale of Modern Rome*.

This book excited criticism afresh, and it was asserted that the entire narrative had been borrowed from an Italian work published in Paris in 1841. About acknowledged, in the concluding paragraphs of his book, his indebtedness to the Italian story,—which was a true one, by the way—for the materials of his romance; but, as the original publication had been suppressed on its issue, it was impossible to say how much he had borrowed and how much invented. *Tolla* was, at all events, a fascinating work, and for a time monopolized the conversation in the Parisian salons.

The next literary attempt of About was in the direction of the drama, but proved an absolute failure. In 1855 he published a work on art-criticism, styled *l'Essai sur l'Exposition des Beaux Arts*, and in 1856 a popular collection of stories under the name of *Les Aventures de Paris*. He now became one of the staff of *Figaro*, and afterwards found a place on the *Moniteur*, contributing romances and *causeries*, the latter often made up of art criticisms, afterwards reprinted in a volume. In 1857 About was one of the editors of the *Learned Ass*, a singular and short-lived sheet containing every variety of eccentric literature. In 1862 About published a second drama, which was withdrawn after four representations in Paris of the most "tumultuous character." The piece was played for several weeks in provincial towns, exciting the liveliest manifestations. At this time About was connected with the *Constitutionnel* as well as the *Moniteur*.

After extensive travels in Italy in 1858 and 1859, About produced *La Question Romaine*, a political effusion advocating the abolition of the temporal power of the Pope. In 1858 he received the decoration of the Legion of Honour from the Emperor, in whose service he had for some time been. During the Franco-Prussian war About acted as special correspondent, but his exciting letters were suddenly cut short, or rather modified, by his incarceration in a German prison. About married in 1864.

WIFES.

Madame Arabella Goddard gave a matinee at Steinway Hall, on Thursday afternoon, the 21st ult., before a select and critical audience, who listened to a very classical programme with profound attention. Mme Goddard's selections were: *Fantasia*, Op. 78, Franz Schubert; Thirty-two variations on an original air, Op. 35, Beethoven; *Fantasia*, W. Friedmann Bach; *Waltz*, Op. 34, No. 2, Chopin, and "Study in E flat," Thalberg. The fair artist laid out for herself a good deal of hard work, but she proved herself able to sustain the pressure with honour and success. In all she did Mme Goddard exhibited careful and intelligent study, and a fine appreciation of her authors, together with a rare refinement of expression. Her touch is exceedingly beautiful, being at once delicate, sensitive, firm and nervous. Her performance throughout was received with tokens of warm admiration, and the desire to hear her again was proven by frequent recalls and implied encores, to which she rarely responded. Mme Goddard was assisted by Mr Tom Karl and M. Sauret.—*Watson's Art Journal*.

HOWARD GLOVER.—The death of this well-known English musician, at New York—on the 28th ult., in his 57th year—is announced in the local papers. Howard Glover was second son of the once celebrated actress, Mrs Glover. In his earliest youth he showed a predilection for music, and was sent both to Italy and Germany to pursue his studies. He attained marked proficiency as violinist, composer, and singer, adding to this a mastery of languages, and a general culture, that not too many of his fellow artists could boast. In England Mr Glover was chiefly occupied as a teacher, imparting to others the practical experience he himself had gained after years of diligent application. He, at the same time, won no small distinction as a composer. The works by which he is principally known are an opera in three acts, founded upon Victor Hugo's *Ruy Blas*, of which he wrote both libretto and music; and a characteristic cantata, called *Tom O'Shanter* (first produced at the Birmingham Festival), for which the immortal poem of Robert Burns supplied the theme. He was, however, also author of many beautiful songs, set to verses by Shelley and other poets. Seven years ago Mr Glover left England for America, whence he never returned. He has left a large family.—*Graphic*.

Rejected lover—"But couldn't you learn to love me?" Young lady—"I might, if I never saw you again."

Mr Val Primmer, the artist, has written two or three dramas, one of which will be produced at the Court Theatre.

The *Shreveport Times* refers to a contemporary as "a sickly jackass who edits a paper half the size of his ears."

M. Gomoul has almost entirely recovered from his late accident. The last bandages have been taken off his shoulder.

The subscriptions to the proposed memorial of Lord Byron, in London, amount to £2,000. Further help is required.

The publication of the first volume of a large work on Haydn is announced at Berlin. This author is Herr C. F. Pohl.

At a concert at Florence recently a "grand fantasia" for 12 pianos was executed by twice as many young ladies playing at once.

The charming, Miss Ada (she should have been Aida) Cavendish, has been giving a series of performances at the Brighton Theatre.

After nearly three years' absence from New York, Mr Edwin Booth has made his reappearance at Fifth Avenue Theatre as Hamlet.

The Abbatre Franz List will pass the winter at Rome. He has scored his "Hungarian Rhapsody" for the Pinelli Orchestral Society.

Mr Arthur Sullivan's comic cantata, *Trial by Jury*, was represented for the first time in America on the 22nd of October, at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

Déjà-vu is again seriously ill. She was forced to take to her bed after the performance, in behalf of M. Grenier, and has since been growing gradually worse.

Mlle Iola Corani, the young vocalist whose successes in Italy and Spain have been frequently mentioned, is to make her debut in England, at the Crystal Palace, early next month.

The Messrs Gatti have re-engaged the principal members of their orchestra for the autumn and winter of 1876—a tolerably fair test of their success this year. Sig. Arditì is again to be the conductor.

The Dean and Chapter of Hereford have granted the use of the cathedral for the festival of The Church, to be held next year at that city. At the Annual Audit Dinner the Dean expressed himself strongly on the subject.

A complimentary benefit will be given to Mr Edmund Falconer, at Drury Lane Theatre, on Wednesday, November 24th. The performance will commence at two o'clock. The piece selected for the occasion is the *Colleen Bawn*.

Mr and Mrs Charles Mathews left town last week for Brindisi en route for Calcutta.

Madame Marie Jaell, the pianist, has just composed a quartet for piano and stringed instruments.

The Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, on the occasion of their late visit to the Haymarket Theatre, honoured Mr Buckstone by inspecting a picture painted by Mr Buckstone, jun., and expressed their wishes in very complimentary terms upon its merits.

There is a chance that Herr Edward Remfry, the Hungarian violinist, may pay London another visit, after an interval of a good many years. We have many foreign violinists and many foreign pianists among us just now. One the more, however, can make little difference.

The new work of M. Victor Hugo, *Pendant l'Exil*, has been published by Michel Levy. It is the second part of *Œuvres de Victor Hugo*, and is summed up by three lines on the title page:—"The Exiles.—The Graves.—The Scaffold.—The Wars of Peoples.—The Fêtes of Kings.—Struggles for Liberty and Peace."

Miss Kate Gordon, the pianist, brought an action against the Metropolitan District Railway Company, claiming damages for an injury to one of her arms, consequent upon an alleged attempt of a gang to drag her out of a carriage she had entered. The jury returned a verdict in favour of the Railway company.

Miss Mary Fisher, a daughter of the popular comedian, Mr David Fisher, and herself a pianist of no ordinary ability, gave a *matinée musicale* at Langham Hall, Great Portland Street, on Saturday week. The concert was rendered more interesting by the fact that Mr Fisher, whose talent as a violinist is well known to the public, joined with his daughter in the performance of a grand sonata of Beethoven.

It is to be hoped that the marriage of Miss "Clytemnestra," which was solemnized on Tuesday afternoon, in the Chapel Royal, Savoy, will not deprive our musical public of the artistic services of a lady, whose barbic title, "Eos Cymri" (Welsh Nightingale), so well befits her. We are not so rich in singers that we can afford to lose the eloquently sympathetic interpreters of Schubert's "Young Nun," and so many other beautiful things.—*Graphic*.

The Duke of Edinburgh lately visited the works for the construction of the New Grand National Opera House on the Victoria Embankment. He was received by Mr Mapleson and Mr Francis Fowler, the architect. His Royal Highness expressed his surprise at the great progress made on the building, and at the scope and excellence of the design. Six hundred workmen are now engaged on the edifice, and are assisted by ten steam cranes.

The Executive Committee of the Ladies' Educational Association, in connection with University College London, have issued invitations to a musical lecture, to be given on Tuesday evening, November 23rd, in the Botanical Theatre of University College, Gower Street, by Professor Bernardin Rahn, in illustration of a new method of learning musical composition. Professor Rahn will be assisted by Herr Theodore Franzen (pianist) and Herr George Wernehauf (conductor).

Italian papers continue to speak very highly of the Young English lasses, Mr Frank Foote (Francesco Franceschi). He has, during the month of October, been singing with great success at the Teatro at Monza, as Fra Cristoforo in *I Promessi Sposi*, and Metello Pio Arciflamino in *La Vestale*. He was much applauded, and called before the curtain after each piece. He is engaged to sing, this Carnival, at one of the principal theatres in Milan, and will make his appearance as the Count in *La Sonnambula*.—(*Communicated*.)

Roscoe Conkling's father was for many years a prominent man in public life, and to the last preserved a full sense of his importance. He was on one occasion present at a great public meeting where his son had entertained the delighted crowd in his usual eloquent style. An officious friend led the veteran to the front of the platform and introduced him with a great flourish as "our father, Roscoe Conkling." "Good Heaven!" said the disgusted old man. "United States Minister to Mexico, and over twenty years judge of the United States Court, and now known as the father of Roscoe Conkling!"

There's not much in a name after all,—especially in the name of a stock. The prettiest names on the California Stock Board, for instance, are not the most highly valued. The Silver Cloud and the Golden Chariot Companies have seemed to inherit the goodly name. Both of them are in financial difficulties, clamouring for assessments. At a recent meeting of the Golden Chariot stockholders a very ignorant capitalist rose and said: "Permit me to say that I have owned Golden Chariot stock for two years; that I paid 19 dols. 50 cents a share, and have paid 9 dols. 50 cents assessments, and 'm d—d if I pay any more."

Frédéric Lemaitre is suffering from a cancer in the tongue, and his condition is thought to be serious.

The *Marriage de Victorine* of Georges Sand is shortly to be rehearsed at the Théâtre-Français. The piece, formerly represented at the Gymnase, is a sequel to the *Philosophe sans le savoir*, the characters being the same as those of *Séraphine*.

"Mr Barry Sullivan"—says the *Baltimore Bulletin*—"has been detailing some grievances to the inquisitor of the *Boston Times*, and has taken occasion, among other absurd things, to express belief that there has been a conspiracy against him since his arrival in this country, to prevent, if possible, his succeeding. We think Mr Sullivan has been fairly and generously treated wherever he has appeared in the United States. He is simply reaping the results which have followed hard upon the ill-advised buncombe and claptrap of his managers. He was heralded here as the greatest of living actors; he was received as if he were the Shah of Persia, or the Seyyid of Zanzibar, and when he came to play he was found to be only an ordinarily good actor with vastly more pretensions than capacity. We confess that we were more than disappointed in him as an actor, and now when he attributes his failure to a conspiracy we think it is just what might have been expected from him."

In the Royal Chapel of the Savoy, on Tuesday, Miss Edith Wynne was married to Mr Aviet Agabeg, of the Luter Temple. Among the numerous friends present were Madame Patey, Mr Cummings, Mr John Thomas, Miss Lewis Thomas, Mr Kingsbury, and other members of the musical profession. The bridesmaids were the Misses Ida and Josephine Wynne (sisters of the bride), Miss Bessie Waugh, Miss Clinton-Fynes, and Miss Patey. The bridegroom's best man was Mr J. R. l'Anson, and the bride was given away by her brother, Mr Richard Wynne. The service was read by the Rev. Henry White, M.A., chaplain of the Savoy Chapel Royal and Chaplain-in-ordinary to the Queen, assisted by the Rev. Robert Jones, who, as an old friend of the bride, preached a short sermon, in which he spoke of her virtues and the dutiful affection she had shown to her parents in their declining years. Mr Henry Frost, the organist, commenced the service with Handel's occasional overture, after which was played Wey's march in E flat. The procession music was from *Lohengrin*, and, on the departure after the ceremony, Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." The hymns, sung by the full choir of the chapel and by the congregation in naison, were "Be present, Holy Spirit," "To Thee, O loving Saviour," and Christina Rossetti's vespers chant, "God, the Father, we adore." As the bride and bridegroom passed down the centre aisle, after the ceremony, they were warmly congratulated by their many friends.

There is undoubtedly a vast difference between Mr John Ruskin, the author of *Forerunners*, and Mrs Girling, the head of the New Forest Shakers; but on one point the gentleman seems disposed to accept the doctrine, if not to follow the practices of the lady. Mrs Girling has elevated dancing to what it seems to have been in the days of David, and what it still is in some parts of the "changeling East"—a religious exercise. With her, dancing is a manifestation of the Divinity, and the highest proof of spiritual life. Mr Ruskin does not go so far, but he holds not only that the terpsichorean art is a primal instrument of education, but also that, under certain conditions, it would become "the karol-dance of Christmas evermore." We are not sure that we quite comprehend the nature of the blessing thus described, but it must be something very good, and the question naturally arises, what are the conditions? Mr Ruskin, first of all, points out that both dancing and music can be made licentious, in which case "the dance becomes death's, and the music—a shriek of death by strychnine." But opposite results ensue when "Miriam and David, and the virgins of Israel" have the ordering of these arts; wherever he calls upon young ladies with aspirations after the highest good of humanity to take the work in hand, addressing them as "virgins of Israel, or England, richly clad by our kings, and 'rejoicing in the dance.'" It would appear that Mr Ruskin is most anxious for the new reformation to begin in Sunday Schools, where the catechism receives too exclusive attention. "At present," he observes, addressing the virgins aforesaid, "you keep the dancing to yourselves, and graciously teach them the catechism. Suppose you were to try for a little while learning the catechism yourselves and teaching them—to dance?" Are we to understand from this that neither the catechism nor dancing is good alone—that a knowledge of one's duty towards one's neighbour and of the Ten Commandments requires to be supplemented by proficiency in quadrille figures, and vice versa? However this may be, Mr Ruskin's idea has the charm of novelty, and we commend it to the next meeting of the Sunday School Union, who may not, perhaps, see their way to adopting it, but possibly would recognise another form of the demand for "sweetness and light," as a setting off against the hard and sordid conditions of modern existence.

Notice has been given that application will be made next Session for "an Act to make better provision for the maintenance of the Royal Albert Hall, and for that purpose to charge the members or holders of seats in the said Hall with the payment of an annual sum in respect of each seat held by them respectively, and to make provision for enforcing payment of such annual sums, and for the commutation of any such annual payments at the option of the holders of seats, for a sum in gross, and for the establishment of an endowment fund, and for the keeping of accounts, and for the appointment of trustees to see to the proper administration of the funds received under the powers of the Act."

FISHY.

I reposed at her feet in a punt near the Weir,
In the cool of the eve, when the setting sun's glare
Lends a warmth to the landscape, the head and the heart,
And we vowed that no power on earth should us part.

No guardian, no uncle, no father, no mother,
I swore should e'er keep as the one from the other;
I swore this with safety, for hadst thou I been
Just informed by my darling that she was sixteen.

I married her shortly; though sixty years older;
And then she grew colder and colder and colder.
But from her bad temper I've nothing to fear,
As I manage to live on her thousand a year.

PISCATOR SENIOR.

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VOL. 53—No. 48.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1875.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT. This Day. The Programme will include: Concert Overture in E (Wingham), first time at these Concerts; "Sinfonia Eroica" (Beethoven); Organ Concerto in F, No. 4 (Handel)—orchestration and cadences by M. M. de Fontaine, first time; Overture, "Frederick" (Wagner); Violata—Mlle. Charlotte Hahn, Mlle. Antonietta Badia, Mr. Edward Lloyd. Pianoforte—M. Mortier de Fontaine, Conductor—Mr. August Massé. Numbered seats, 2s. 6d. and 3d. Admission to Palace, Hall & Green, or by Palace Season Ticket. After the Concert, the Princes of the London Rifle Brigade will be presented by the Lady Mayoress, in the presence of the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, Sheriff, and other distinguished visitors.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—SIXTH SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT. SATURDAY, December 4th. HANDEL'S "MESSIAH." Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Palmer, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Signor Foli. Increased Orchestra and Choir. Conductor—Mr. H. WEIST HALL. Reserved seats, 2s. 6d. and 1s. Admission, One Shilling.

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"MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY." MR WILFORD MORGAN will sing his popular Ballad, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at the Alexandra Palace Evening Concert, Dec. 1st.

"MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY." MR WILFORD MORGAN will sing his popular Ballad, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at Brighton, Dec. 4th; and at Brighton, Dec. 12th and 14th.

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"COULD I BUT CALL HER MINE." MR WILFORD MORGAN will sing his Ballad, "COULD I BUT CALL HER MINE," at Brighton, Dec. 17th.

"I MARINARI"—"THE MARINERS." MISS SAIDIE SINGLETON, Mr EDWARD LLOYD, and Signor FOLI will sing RICHARD'S admired Trio, "I MARINARI" ("THE MARINERS"), at Brighton, on Wednesday Evening next.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" MR EDWARD LLOYD will sing ASCHER'S popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Brighton, on Wednesday Evening next.

MR W. H. HOLMES (Pianoforte) will perform "LA CONSOLAZIONE" (DUPRE), at his First Concert, Dec. 21—23, Beaumont Street, Marylebone.

ORGAN WANTED.—Any parties having a very superior Instrument to DISPOSE of, at a moderate price, will please address particulars to M. B., Pall Mall Club, London, S. W.

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HERR SCHUBERTH begs to announce that he will return from the Continent on the 15th December. All letters to be addressed, care of Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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My Lily.	Gentle Flowers.
Sing, dearest, sing.	The Buckles on her Shoes.
Many weary years ago.	The Flight of the Birds.

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Ominous.

GREGORIAN FESTIVAL.

(From the "Richmond and Twickenham Times," November 20.)

One of the most remarkable services that has ever taken place at the Richmond parish church was the Gregorian festival, on Thursday evening last week. The introduction, or rather the revival of Gregorian music in the Established Church of this country has been watched with great interest, both by friends and foes, and this gave an unusual importance to the festival. Centuries ago the Catholic Church, including its English branch, had a kind of plain song or chant for every part of divine service when rendered chorally, and in England, as well as other parts of the Western Church, the system which prevailed was called the Gregorian Chant (*Cantus Gregorianus*), from St Gregory the Great, who was Patriarch of Rome at the end of the sixth century. It must not be implied from the name that all the music of this system was composed by St Gregory, for a considerable portion of it is known to have been contributed in later ages, while there can be but little doubt that the Gregorian chants for the Psalms were derived from those used by the Jews of old. The chants of the verses and responses and the monotone of the collects have been retained in our cathedral and collegiate churches to the present day, and several of the Psalm chants were in daily use at least down to the time of the Great Rebellion. Various causes have been assigned for their falling out of use, most prominent among them being the preference for music in harmony, and the light, and some think, improved taste in music which prevailed after the Restoration. The plain song of the Holy Communion and a number of Gregorian hymn tunes had never, till of late years, being set to English words, though perfectly capable of such adaptation. The London Gregorian Choral Association, under whose auspices the festival at Richmond was given, have already succeeded in spreading a taste for this kind of music, and, whilst holding the principle that modern tunes are adaptable to modern hymns, they seek to promote the use of the ancient tunes, tones, or music of the Church, to her ancient songs and hymns. The festival of which we now have to speak was the last of a series of four which have been arranged to be held in various churches in London preparatory to the grand festival service which the association hopes to celebrate in the spring of next year. By the consent of the churchwardens, the whole of the seats in the church were thrown open, and before the service commenced they were fully occupied. The choir who took part in the service were those of St Mary Magdalene, Richmond; St Mary the Virgin, Soho; St John the Evangelist, Hammersmith; St Matthias, Stoke Newington; St Stephen, Lewisham; Selhurst; St Mary Magdalene, Paddington; St Ambrose, Paddington; St Barnabas, Rotherhithe; St Peter, Bethnal Green; St Agatha, Finsbury; Christ Church, Endell Street; St Agatha, Beckenham; and St Gabriel, Newington. The procession entered the church in the following order:—

- Procession Cross.
- Boys of the Plain-song Choir.
- Boys of the Harmony Choir.
- Banner of the Cross.
- Band.
- Men of the Plain-song Choir.
- Banner of the Cross.
- Men of the Harmony Choir.
- Banner of St John the Evangelist, Hammersmith.
- Cantors.
- Lay Reader.
- The Clergy.
- The Vicar.
- Banner of St Mary Magdalene.
- The Bishop.

Mr C. Warwick Jordan, Mus. Bac, presided at the organ, and, in addition to this, there was the band mentioned above, consisting of four brass instruments. The music for the festival was selected with great care, and the way in which it was rendered reflected credit not only on the choir who sang, but also on Mr Warwick Jordan, who is the honorary organist of the association, and who personally conducted the rehearsals for the service. The processional canticle was *Benedicite Omnia Opera*, set to the well-known 1st ending of the 5th tone; and, as the tone was one to

which the congregation of the parish church are well accustomed, it was immediately taken up with spirit by those in the church. The verses and responses were a harmonised adaptation from the Mecklin *Recitatorium and Processionale Parvum*. The plain-song or melody was sung by the choir in the body of the church, and the accompanying harmonies by those in the chancel. The Proper Psalms were xlix., xlv., and cxix., sung to the 5th, 8th, and 3rd tones respectively. The Psalms were sung in unison throughout, the boys and men taking alternate verses, but the *Glorias* were in four-part harmony, the plain-song being in the tenor in the last verses. The *Magnificat* was an elaborate setting of the *Tonus Peregrinus* with the festival intonation, harmonised by the great composer Bach in the *Vierstimmige Choralgeänge*, and, after the *Te Deum*, was undoubtedly the most difficult piece of music in the service-book. The variation in the voices was particularly pleasing in this canticle, some verses being sung by the harmony choir only, others by all the choir in unison, others again by the boys, and others by the men only. The band also assisted, with magnificent effect, and many sat down at the conclusion of the *Magnificat* with the conviction that for grandeur of effect Gregorian music is unsurpassed. The *Nunc Dimittis* was set to the 1st tone, 4th ending, harmonised by W. H. Monk, the musical editor of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. This chant, subdued and almost plaintive in its character, was sung very sweetly by the choir, the contrast from the swell of the organ, combined with the band and voices in the preceding canticle, being peculiarly impressive. The anthem was the only piece of modern music in the service-book, the composer being Dr Stainer. It was sung by all the choir, accompanied by the band and organ with precision and effect. The hymn before the sermon, "Lucis Creator Optime," from the *Salisbury Hymnal*, was sung in unison by boys and men in alternate verses. The gem of the service-book, however, was generally considered to be the hymn after the sermon, "Jesu Dulcis Memoria." This hymn, called the *Tablitas* of St Bernard, and known to mediæval writers as the "Rosy Hymn," was sung to a most beautiful sequence from the Salisbury Gradual. The melody, although varied in every verse, preserved its identity to the end; and, while listening to the hymn, it was difficult to believe that the music should have been composed hundreds of years ago for the English Church, and yet should have passed into obscurity in these modern times. The *Te Deum*, sung after the Benediction had been given by the Bishop, was a very strict Gregorian composition. The arrangement was an adaptation from the *York Processional* of an old English form of the original melody. The alternate verses were sung by the harmony choir, the other verses being taken by both choir in unison. We can understand that the *Te Deum* might be found too severe for any who may have heard it on this occasion for the first time. We were assured, however, that a more intimate knowledge of the music would soon overcome any possible objections from ordinary critics of church music. The service was concluded by two recessional hymns—viz., "There is a blessed home," sung to the melody *Anna Christi* from La Fèille, and the well-known *Urbs Beata Hierusalem*, the latter printed for use at this last of the four great autumn Gregorian festivals.

(To be continued.)

Reminiscences of a Gourmet.

HOTEL DE RUSSIE.
(DREXEL FRÈRES.)

M E N U.

1 heure.
Consumé aux Orléans.
Turbot Ste Maximilien.
Roastbeef à la Flamande.
Vol-au-vent marinière.
Haricots verts.
Foules rôties.
Salade.
Poussin à la Reine.
Fines de Mirabelle.
Dessert.

Frankfurt, 13 Août 1875.

HOTEL JUNGFRÄUBLICH.

M E N U.

Consumé aux Vermorel.
Filet de bœuf à l'Orléans.
Oglet de Morillon à la Flamande.
Tête de veau frais.
Pommes aux champignons.
Epinards aux crudités.
Chapons du Mans.
Salade.
Poussin à la Victoria.
Pâtisseries.
Desserts divers.

Interlachen, 29 Août 1875.

MILAN.—Der Freischütz has been performed at the Teatro Carcano, but so disfigured by cuts and alterations as to be scarcely recognizable. The principal characters were sustained by Signore Blinze, Bardelli, Signori Atty and Cornago.

HOME MUSIC—AS IT IS, AND AS IT MIGHT BE.

(From the "Leisure Hour.")

(Concluded from page 781.)

II.

With regard to the second part of our title, "Home music as it might be," let us adopt, as our leading maxim, that the violin is as much an instrument for girls as the pianoforte, and abolish the absurd notion that there is anything fast or forward in a violin-playing lady. Fast and forward it may be to adopt the slang, the smoking, and other bad habits of the other sex; but there is nothing more blameworthy in a girl's learning the violin, than in her working a telegraph, or exercising any other rational occupation which it has been the custom to consider, though without just grounds, the exclusive property of men. As an instrument, the violin is, in fact, more suitable for girls than boys, requiring as it does, in a higher degree than any other, that delicacy of manipulation, that careful attention to matters of detail, and that neatness of execution with which a girl is naturally endowed more liberally than a boy. The brothers will take to the violoncello if the sisters will only learn the violin and viola, and then what a feast of music is opened as soon as a moderate progress is made. Haydn wrote eighty-three string quartets, and Mozart twenty-seven, few of which require any exceptional degree of skill to play, and all of which might be compassed with half the labour and five times the effect bestowed on and gained from the senseless pearl and diamond style of modern piano music. Necessarily requiring a deeper knowledge and sound contrapuntal skill, quartet-writing could not fall into the hands of those who write down to the capacities, and so vitiate the tastes of the learner. It is objected with much bitterness that beginners on the violin incommode the household with scraping. Granted; but the scraping never lasts longer than a few months at the most; the violinist soon gets a firm tone, while on the piano, even with a great artist, the discordant exercises and thumping scales are an unceasing bugbear to dwellers in the same house.

The pianoforte, when music exists as it should be, will be for the most part relegated to its most becoming duty; that is, of supporting a song, or will appear almost as a new instrument in Mozart's and Beethoven's delicious quartets, quintets, and trios for piano and strings, where it forms a beautiful and unobtrusive groundwork for the more marked phrases of the stringed instruments, varied now and then by tasteful solo passages; or will be heard as a solo instrument in the sublime sonatas of Beethoven, and the tender "Lieder ohne Worte" of Mendelssohn, to a taste for which the habit of accompanying and listening to violin music cannot fail to pave the way.

The word "Classical," if approached through the lively string music of Haydn, soon loses its terrors. The father of modern music abounds in light gay melodies as pretty and fanciful as any of the present day, supported, moreover, by the most fascinating, and at the same time scientific harmonies. Haydn leads to the tender, pathetic Mozart, and Mozart, by a somewhat longer but still an easy step, to Beethoven, and classical becomes no longer synonymous with heavy. Played by an unsympathetic hand, Beethoven may sound dull; but, when approached by a cultivated taste, he has more beauties to show than any two other composers; while, as a master of the grand and sublime in music, always excepting Handel, he is absolutely incomparable.

Let it, then, be adopted as a rule, that one pianist in a household is sufficient, and that the extra talent, if any, shall be drafted to the violin; and then one family would soon be able to produce an entertainment as interesting if not so highly finished as the Popular Concerts.

With regard to the singing of the present day, the root of the evil is the ever-increasing neglect of the art of sight vocalization. Amateurs think it so much easier to learn each new song by ear, with the aid of the piano, than once for all to master the principles of vocalization. Even the singing-master, instead of going through a rigorous course of instruction with his pupils, lets them learn an air by thrumming it on the piano, and then gives

few hints as to style, phrasing, and the management of the breath; putting on the roof, in fact, before the foundations are laid. It cannot be denied that self-teaching and interval practice are tedious and uninteresting even to those who have a natural taste

for the art, but yet every child in Germany makes a good sight-singer; and the plan which succeeds there would be perfectly feasible here. The school children there, although they cannot read music, and however young, have the notes before them, either on the black board or on paper, whenever they sing; so that a child singing by ear learns to identify certain progressions of sounds, with the corresponding series of printed notes, and with the help of a few explanations, soon recognizes and understands the whole principle without much necessity of interval practice. This is probably enough the way in which our forefathers learned the art in the days of Elizabeth, James, and the Charleses, when the glee, madrigal, and catch-book were to be found in use round the fire-side every winter's evening. When sight-singing becomes universal again, then will part-singing once more flourish in the domestic circle, for really good singers are never so anxious to be heard in solo pieces as those who have spent weeks in getting up a song, and are resolutely determined to let it off when an opportunity presents itself. At present, if we wish to hear one of Bennett's or Marenzio's evergreen madrigals, or Stevens' or Webb's genial glees, we must pay a handsome price at a public concert, a pleasure that few of us can indulge in more than three or four times a year.

In conclusion, we would desire to impress it on our readers' minds that music can be made something more than a mere pastime; it can soothe and benefit the mind of a listener, more than one who is a stranger to the great masters can imagine, besides forming for its cultivator an intellectual, but at the same time always an interesting pursuit.

ACORNS, SLOES, AND BLACKBERRIES.

By GIBBS GIBBS, ESQ.

No. 10.

GASPARO PACCHIAROTTI was born in the Roman States about the year 1750. He began his musical career in 1770, at Palermo in Sicily. In 1773 he was the principal singer in the Theatre San Carlo at Naples, with De Amicis. In 1778 he came to England. Dr Burney says "that the natural tone of Pacchiarotti's voice was so interesting, sweet, and pathetic, that when he had a long note or *mezza di re*, he (the doctor) never wished him to change it, or to do anything but swell, diminish, or prolong it, in whatever way he pleased." During his long residence in this country he was greatly admired for his voice, which was considered to be naturally most sweet and touching. He had a fine shake and exquisite taste, great fancy, and a divine expression in pathetic songs. The following anecdote is related of Pacchiarotti. During the performance at one of the first theatres of Rome in the *Artaxerxes*, of Metastasio, with the music of Bertoni, Pacchiarotti executed the part of Arbaces. At the famous judgment scene, in which the author had placed a short symphony after the words "*Eppur sono innocente*," the beauty of the situation, the music, and the expression of the singer had so enraptured the musicians, that Pacchiarotti perceived, after he had uttered these words, the orchestra did not proceed with the symphony. Displeased, he turned angrily to the leader, exclaiming, "What are you about!" The leader, as if awaking from a trance, sobbed out with great simplicity, "We are crying." In fact, not one of the performers had thought of the symphony, and all had their eyes, suffused with tears, fixed on the singer. Pacchiarotti continued principal singer at the opera till the commemoration of Handel in 1784. He then went to Italy, and afterwards lived in retirement at Padua.

GIOVANNI PARSIELLO was born at Tarento in the year 1741. His father was a veterinary surgeon, particularly distinguished in his art, being employed by the King of Naples, Charles II., during the war of Velletri.

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL MUTUAL PROTECTIVE UNION.

(Continued from page 778.)

BY LAWS.

ARTICLE IX.—(continued).

SECT. 11.—*Soirées*, given by professors of dancing—four hours or less—not extending beyond 1 o'clock A. M., 5 dols. For each additional hour, 1 dol. extra per man.

SECT. 12.—*Serenades*, not exceeding one hour, 5 dols.; every succeeding hour, 1 dol. extra per man.

SECT. 13.—*Parades*. All military and civic society parades, 6 dols. Company parades 5 dols. Public or holiday parades, 8 dols. Bands to be dismissed at the place of starting, by 7 P. M. Extra hours, 1 dol. per man. Limitation of time not to apply to parades called after 3 P. M. Battalion drills, same as promenade concerts.

SECT. 14.—*Meetings*, 5 dols.; with marching, 7 dols.

SECT. 15.—*Reception of Fire Companies*, 6 dols.; for each additional company, to play in and out of line, 1 dol. extra per man. Torchlight processions of fire companies, 7 dols.

SECT. 16.—*Dinners and Suppers*, the same as private parties. Commencement, 6 dols.

SECT. 17.—*Fairs*. One performance in the day or evening, 5 dols. Two performances—one in the afternoon and one in the evening, 9 dols. One week, or more, for one evening performance, 25 dols. for two performances, afternoon and evening, 35 dols.

SECT. 18.—*Picnics*. All picnics, 7 dols., supper or no supper, not exceeding eight hours, counted from the time the music is ordered to be present. Every additional hour, 1 dol. extra per man. With procession, 2 dols. extra per man. All picnics, commencing after 4 P. M., if continued after 12 (midnight) to be charged as summer night's festivals. All summer night festivals, from 8 P. M. to 4 A. M., 8 dols. per man. Every extra hour 1 dol. extra per man.

SECT. 19.—*Steamboat Excursions*. Commencing in the forenoon, until 7 P. M., 7 dols. Extra leaders to receive an additional 3 dols. Night excursions, commencing at 8 P. M. until 4 A. M., 8 dols. per man.

SECT. 20.—*Daily Excursions*. To the fishing banks, 3 dols.

SECT. 21.—*Target Excursions*. 6 dols.; with dancing, 2 dols. extra per man; to be dismissed by 7 P. M. in the city.

SECT. 22.—*Excursions*. Of military, fire companies, or civic associations, for three or more days, 7 dols. per day. Serenades, concerts and balls, connected therewith, to be charged extra.

SECT. 23.—*Funerals*. Regimental or battalion funerals, within the city limits, or to any of the city ferries, 6 dols.; to any of the cemeteries, 2 dols. extra per man. In Brooklyn, to the bridge in Hamilton avenue, or to Ninth street, and Fourth or Fifth avenues, 6 dols.; to Greenwood, 7 dols. per man. Company funerals, within the above limits, 4 dols.; to any of the cemeteries, or out of the above limits, 6 dols. per man. Funerals of civic societies, within the above limits, 4 dols.; to any of the cemeteries out of the above limits, 6 dols. per man.

SECT. 24.—*Leaders*. To charge double price, commencing from section 9. In the absence of the Leader, any one acting or attending to the Leader's duty, shall receive one-half of the Leader's pay extra.

SECT. 25.—*All Business* out of the city, Brooklyn, Jersey City, or Hoboken [within two miles from the ferries excepted], shall be charged 2 dols. extra, or more, according to the time consumed, over and above all other charges or expenses mentioned in previous sections.

SECT. 26.—*It shall be deemed an Offence* for any Leader, or member, to take more than the number engaged or paid for, according to the price stipulated in this article. Any one committing such offence shall be fined the same as for violating Art. XI.

SECT. 27.—*Any Member of this Union*, accepting an engagement from another member, and disappointing him, shall be fined to the amount of the engagement.

SECT. 28.—That the celebration of New Year's, the 22nd of February, the 17th of March, the 4th of July, the 25th of November, the 25th of December, Thanksgiving day, and all other

public days, are considered holidays, and must be charged accordingly.

At the quarterly meeting held March 14th, 1879, the following resolution was amended and revised and unanimously adopted: *Resolved*, "That whenever a member, or members, of this Society have not been paid his or their just salary by the manager, managers, conductors, or agent, whether member or non-member of a theatre, opera or concert, he or they shall notify the Secretary of this Union thereof. The Secretary shall notify the members, and no member, after being duly informed of the case, shall accept or make any engagement with such manager, managers, conductor, or any agent of his or theirs until all claims of the complaining member or members are paid in full. Any member committing such an offence shall, when proved, be expelled by the Board of Directors, whose decision shall be final and binding. This resolution shall also be binding on all other branches of business, mentioned in Art. IX. Subject to Sec. 5, Art. XI."

SECT. 29. It shall be deemed an offence equal to a disappointment, and fined accordingly, for a member to take an engagement and send a substitute, without the consent of the person that engaged him.

SECT. 30. Should cases of emergency arise, or any business, the nature of which is not clearly specified in this price-list, the Board of Directors shall have power to regulate the same.

(To be continued.)

ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

The attraction and popularity of the great musical services, which are given from time to time in St Paul's Cathedral, was again proved on Monday night, when, the occasion being the Feast of St Cecilia, the College of Organists celebrated their annual festival. Every part of the building—choir, dome, transepts, and nave—was so early crowded that, long before the time for beginning, the gates had to be closed and admission refused to hundreds of applicants. In some measure this large and eager attendance may have been due to the announcement that an orchestra would take part, and also that Purcell's grand *Tu Drums* would be performed. The arrangements for seating the choir and people were, as usual on these occasions, inefficient, and a good deal of delay and confusion took place before the 300 surprised singers found accommodation. This obstacle over, the order of Evening Service began. The special Psalms were chanted fairly well, considering the difficulty of obtaining precision from a large body of voices brought together, so to speak, accidentally, but the effect of the *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* from Stainer's Service in A was simply ruined by the difference in pitch between the organ and the orchestral wind instruments. As the same cause worked out sad results upon Purcell's *Tu Drums*, we trust that the College of Organists will seriously debate the question whether it is worth while in future to use a band with the organ on the terms in force last night. Last night the "king of instruments" asserted its power so much that the small orchestra was practically silenced, or only asserted itself to the annoyance of sensitive ears. The anthem, sung without accompaniment, to the immense relief of the hearers, was Croft's "God is gone up"—an example of English church music hardly worthy of the occasion, the less because it was robbed of the dignity its first and last movements should possess by being taken too fast. Before the sermon, preached by the Rev. Dr Barry, a hymn was sung with fine effect, and after it came the overture to Handel's *Occasional Oratorio*, the organ again dominating over the little orchestra with painful results. Finally Purcell's work was given according to the version of Dr Boyce, who not only corrected the imperfect early edition, but added, with questionable taste, oboes, bassoons, and drums to the composer's score. Much might be said of the *Tu Drums*—of its dignity, of its—for the period when it was written—daring use of harmonic resources, and of the consummate style, which unites the breadth and power of Handel with the polyphonic yet expressive manner of Bach. But we must forbear, simply expressing a hope that the work will be taken up by some of those who cater for the concert room—Mr Manns, for instance—and so heard to its own advantage and the renown of its composer. The offertory was devoted to the benevolent fund of the college—an institution which thoroughly deserves the liberal assistance we trust it received. It should be added that Mr C. Warwick Jordan, Mus. Bac., presided at the organ, the conductor being Mr E. H. Turpin.—D. T.

BIRMINGHAM.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The first of Mr Stockley's three series of "Orchestral Concerts" was fairly but not fully attended, and justified the remark that the Birmingham public requires the attraction of "stars" to ensure anything like financial success. True, the band, mainly composed of local professors, is far short of perfection, their opportunities for combined practice being, like angels' visits, "few, and far between;" but, with greater encouragement accorded to the spirited efforts of such caterers as Mr Stockley, concerts of a high-class character would be more frequently given, and a proportionate improvement expected. The most important feature in the programme on this occasion was Mendelssohn's incidental music to Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*; and, as the immortal bard was a Warwickshire man, and the equally immortal musician's fame is no less closely allied to the county, by his great work, *Elijah*, having been first introduced to the world at a Birmingham Festival, the "eternal fitness of things" could hardly have been more adequately celebrated. That the execution of this marvellous production of genius left much to be desired, on the score of delicacy and requisite intonation to light and shade, cannot be denied, the absence of the first oboe, the defective intonation of the horns (notably in the *Notturno*), the substitution of cornets for trumpets (whereby the Wedding March suffered considerably), being all more or less drawbacks to the general effect. An overture by Suppé, entitled *Port and Peasant*, consisting mainly of two waltz movements and a romance for violoncello (charmingly played by Herr Daubert), reminded me of a remark once made by that excellent musician, Molière, who, on hearing an overture named "Peace and War," observed, "Which was peace and which was the war, I have not known." Sullivan's tuneful overture, "Di Ballo," written for the Birmingham Festival of 1870, and Mozart's overture to the *Clemenza di Tito*, were also included in the scheme, as was Handel's Concerto in F major (No. 4), for organ and full orchestra, the solo instrument being in the able hands of Mr Stimpson. Strange to say, this was the first time in the annals of Birmingham that an organ concerto has ever been heard in its entirety. Herr Daubert contributed Schumann's *Abendlied* for violoncello (exquisitely played), and the accompaniments by Herr Joachim, who has therein shown himself as thorough a master of orchestral effects as he is *facile princeps*, emperor indeed of the violin. Miss Blanche Cole was called back to receive the plaudits which followed her rendering of Gounod's *Ave Maria*, in which the violin and organ *obbligati* were ably sustained by Mr J. M. Abbott and Mr Stimpson respectively, the work (a false start allowed for) going, on the whole, fairly well. Mr Barton McGuckin, a new tenor, whose voice is more euphonious than his name, created a favourable impression in the recitative, "And God created man," and subsequent air, "In native worth," from Haydn's *Creation*; being later on encored in Bala's serenade "Good night, beloved." Mr McGuckin (who is said to hail from Manchester, but of Irish extraction) possesses an organ of good quality and compass, well worth cultivating, but at present somewhat crude and amateurish, which defects diligent study and continuous practice will no doubt go far to correct and improve.

Messrs Harrison's Second Popular Concert was densely crowded, Mr Sims Reeves having been originally announced to take part in it. Unfortunately the cold caught during his recent engagement at the Brighton Theatre prevented our great tenor from appearing—a fact which was, on the morning of the concert, duly notified in all the local daily papers; and Mr Cummings, at the shortest notice, ably filled the place of the absentee, singing "Sweet and deeper still," "Waft, her, angels," "Good-bye, sweetheart," &c., with his accustomed care and musicianly skill. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Madame Patey fully sustained their reputation, and well deserved the applause which waited upon their respective efforts. The instrumental portion of the programme was, however, more than ordinarily conspicuous by the fact of Madame Esipoff making her first appearance before a Birmingham audience, and it need hardly be said, with most complete and unqualified success. Her solos included "Nocturne," "Mazurka," and "Etude," by Chopin, and Liszt's "Chant Polonoise," and "Ronde des Intins" in addition to which she took part in Schubert's trio in B flat, with MM. Sainton and Lameré,

and Beethoven's sonata for pianoforte and violin, in C minor, Op. 30, No. 2. Since Madame Arabella Goddard last delighted us with her presence, no such pianist as Madame Esipoff has been heard in the Town Hall; and the wish was earnestly expressed that, in their next series of concerts, the talented Russian (or Polish?) lady might not be omitted from the engagements made by Messrs Harrison. M. Sainton is an old and deserved favourite here—as, indeed, he is everywhere—and his Romance and Tarantelle were received with deserved favour and hearty applause. Mr Lindsay Sloper fulfilled the office of accompanist, besides taking part in Heinsiger's trio with MM. Sainton and Lameré, with credit to himself and satisfaction to his hearers.

The third concert of the series will take place on December 21st, when Madlle Albani, Madlle Zaré Thalberg, and Herr Wilhelm are announced among the principal attractions. As the Town Hall will, early in the ensuing year, be given up to the decorators and builders, important alterations in the entrance, waiting-rooms, &c., having to be made before the Festival of 1876 can be held, the musical season will have to be concentrated into a shorter space of time than usual. D. H.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.

The fourth of the new series of Saturday Popular Concerts took place last Saturday, the 20th inst., and was well attended—better, perhaps, than were the equally attractive Summer Concerts during the past season. A glance at the list of music for performance showed that the spirit of enterprise which characterized the direction of these entertainments from the first is by no means abandoned. Including among other well-known works of celebrated composers, Sterndal Bennett's beautiful overture "The Naiades," the concert was agreeably varied by vocal contributions from Madme Blanche Cole, Miss Emily Mott, and Mr Edward Lloyd. Out of fourteen pieces in the programme, no less than four were comparatively new to an English audience. Of these the first—a "Pièce Symphonique," by M. Devin-Duvivier, a composer who, by his birth on British soil, his French parentage and proclivities, might be claimable both sides of the Channel—bore out its title of "Le Triomphe de Bacchus," in so far that it included a triumphal march and a rustic dance, cleverly if not very attractively orchestrated. The second—a *Preludio e Tristopio Valse*, for pianoforte with orchestra, played and composed by Signor Tito Mattei in the brilliant and showy style naturally to be expected of the author of the popular "Valse de Concert" and other pianoforte pieces—abounded with executive intricacies so effective that the composer-executant was rewarded by a unanimous recall. The third was a "Tarantella" for stringed instruments, by M. Halberstadt, which will be better judged after a second hearing; and the fourth, a "Suite" for orchestra, by the French composer, M. Jules Massenet, leads us to hope for further acquaintance with his works. Each of the full-known works—"Marche," "Air de Ballet," "Angela," and "Fête Bohème,"—marked as they are in several instances by over-anxiety to produce the effect desired by the composer—owe their refined grace, their touching charm, to poetical genius. Except in the "Air de Ballet," where the scheme of modulation is more original, the mannerism which is so monotonous in the works of many modern French composers is almost unpleasantly conspicuous. The "Fête Bohème," long before its close, quits the realm of music for that of noise; and there are other defects that prove how genuine the power must be that, weighted with such drawbacks, can yet be instinctively felt. It is not a matter of wonder that, when such novelties as these are produced at the Alexandra Palace, week after week, that a preponderance of musicians should be *de rigle* among the audience. For many years the works given by our various orchestral societies have been heard to repletion, and the selections from the modern German school, so repeatedly given, merely serve to make the public accept gratefully its former pleasing, if monotonous fare. Therefore, when a skilled conductor like Mr Weist Hill makes use of his powers to refresh the wearied public ear, and console it with the promise that "Melody yet reigns, and the day of future chaos has still to dawn," a vote of thanks is due to him from musicians collectively, while individually few will fail heartily to bid him "Go on, and prosper!" Z.

A STUDY OF HAMLET.*

This book is a striking instance of the veneration of Shakspeare entertained at the present day, in contrast to the not always continuous respect paid to him in the last century. How would Johnson, Malone, and Stevens have stared had they read the words which Mr Marshall put on the very first page of his preface!—"Those I would fain have as my readers are those who love Shakspeare as one who has added to the beauty and happiness of life; who reverence his mind as one of those precious gifts of God to the world; whose beings, born of Fancy indeed, but, nevertheless, real in their nobleness and purity, may spring to gladden the hearts of those whom earthly lot it is to find few friends save in the realms of imagination."

The language may be somewhat high-flown, but any one imbued with the modern spirit may perceive that it exactly corresponds to the feeling of the time. The rage for seeing Shakspeare on the stage seemed to be dying out till it was resuscitated at the Lyceum Theatre a twelvemonth ago; but the reverence for Shakspeare as a poet whose works are to be accepted as something almost beyond criticism is a plant of comparatively recent growth. Our play-going fathers took the plays mentioned in the programme as a matter of course, but whether they had the genuine article, or a mixture towards which Cibber, Garrick, or Tate furnished ingredients, was a question which troubled them little, if at all.

Mr Marshall's "Study," which is in four parts, sprang from a couple of lectures, which he gave before the Catholic Young Men's Association, and which he felt were too short to comprise all that he wanted to say. He modestly confesses in his preface that, though he has studied *Hamlet* more or less for the last 14 years, he never knew till he began sincerely to bring his work to the shape which it now bears how scanty was his knowledge of the subject he had undertaken to illustrate. He says:—"One of my principal objects will have been gained if I can induce any of my readers to study the text of Shakspeare's plays more carefully and with a higher aim than mere verbal criticism; they will find that he is himself his best commentator, and that such study will open to them new fields of enjoyment."

Mr Marshall, to perform his task, takes the play into his hand, and expounds it to his readers scene by scene, we may almost say, speech by speech, as if he were making these discursive views something of which they knew nothing before. Dr Johnson's remark with reference to the tragedy, that "the incidents are so numerous that the argument of the play would make a long tale," here receives full illustration. The argument, as given by Mr Marshall, is indeed a very long tale, further lengthened by his exposition, always shrewd and to the purpose, of the motives of the personages. Whatever they say or do he is close upon them, prepared to explain what they are saying or doing. Opinions may differ as to the correctness of his portraiture; that he has produced a highly-finished and consistent picture of character no one can doubt.

That in portraying the idiosyncrasy of the Royal Dane he has been guided by the lamp of Goethe is obvious enough, though, as he shows upon occasion, he has but scant respect for his illuminator. The man with a big tag set before him, and with weak resolution to perform it, with which the world was first made really acquainted when "Wilhelm Meister Lehrjahre" was a new book, is here presented to the view, depicted with the utmost regard to detail; but Mr Marshall strikes out for himself a new path, when he constantly draws attention to the intrinsic nobility of Hamlet's nature. He admits that the Prince has his shortcomings when action is required of him; but he will not have his moral rectitude called into question. The revolting sentiments expressed in the soliloquy, "Now might I do it pat," &c., he attributes (rightly, we think), not to Finnish malignity, but to a desperate attempt to find a motive for inaction; though, be it observed, he recommends the omission of the scene in which the speech occurs. The assertion of Dr Johnson, that in the apology made to Laertes in the last scene of the play ("Give me your pardon, Sir," &c.), Hamlet shelters himself in falsehood, inasmuch as he excuses a manifest outrage on the plea of a madness, which was only assumed, is met by Mr Marshall with the counter-assertion that the madness to which the Prince here refers is not the "antic disposition" he deliberately "put on," but another madness, the "sore distraction" into which the calamities of his life had driven him, and, above all, the anguish which he felt on suddenly hearing of Ophelia's death. He contrives to make as good a case as he can out of the death of the two courtiers, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, though here he obviously finds himself in a difficulty. "It is possible that Shakspeare meant to mark as strongly as he could the hatred of a noble, honest nature for that complicity in crime which is the result of wilful blindness and self-interested negligence."

* "A Study of Hamlet." By Frank A. Marshall. London, Longmans. 1876.

The possibility to which Mr Marshall refers cannot be called in question, but the defence is not very strung after all, especially when it comes from an advocate who shows himself so powerful in the prosecution of Laertes as one of the worst of scoundrels. To this Mr Marshall is stimulated by the very lenient manner in which Laertes is treated by Gertrude, and few, we think, will deny that he has the best of the argument. Mr Marshall's definition of the irresolution proper to Hamlet, to which Goethe first gave due importance, is accurate. It may be attributed to moral timidity, or it may be attributed, as it is by Mr Irving, to a tenderness of nature which shrinks from the commission of murder. Prompted by a remark made to him by Signor Salvini in the course of a private conversation, "L'Amleto c'è il dubbio," Mr Marshall arrives at the conclusion that the principal flaw in the Prince's character is the want of humility, and consequently of faith, meaning by humility "a complete subordination of one's own prejudices and desires and will to some great purpose, and a belief so thorough and unquestioning in the justice of that purpose as to render any hesitation in one's efforts to accomplish it impossible." Had Hamlet been endowed with this quality, he would have been convinced that the Ghost's charge of vengeance was to be fulfilled at any cost. "Such humility," he cautiously observes, "does not always lend itself to the accomplishment of great or good ends; the fanatic shares it with the enthusiast, the assassin with the liberator." Let us add that the duty which Hamlet is enjoined to perform is the duty of assassination, wholly unrecognised in the civilised Europe of the present day, and of very dubious stringency in the 17th century. The Hamlet of the play does not belong to the mythical period of which Saxo Grammaticus was the historian, and in which a Corsican *rendito* may be presumed to have existed, in consonance with the natural order of things, but lives at some imaginary Court, with the sentiments of which an English Elizabethan gentleman might be supposed to sympathise.

The fair fame of Ophelia is triumphantly cleared by Mr Marshall of the imputations cast upon it by Goethe, who, to a certain extent, followed by Gervinus. This is done in an appendix; but we may here take occasion to remark that the appendices which follow the "study" are, for the most part, as important as the text which they supplement, and comprise an "early life of Hamlet," most ingeniously constructed out of materials furnished by the text. One curious inaccuracy in the estimation of Goethe's treatment of Ophelia should not, however, pass unnoticed, says Wilhelm Meister, "Mr Marshall," "is a work written by one advanced in years, in which we find all the cynicism and selfishness of old age coupled with an amount of animal passion which youth alone could excuse." No doubt there is plenty of cynicism and of animal passion to be found in the world-famous romance, but it was not written by one advanced in years.

The composition of "Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre," to which the animadversion would alone apply, was frequently interrupted, and extended over a period beginning with 1777, when the author's age was 26, and ending in 1796, when, consequently, his years numbered 47. Mr Marshall has, probably, been misled by the date of the sequel, Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre, which was not completed till 1821, and reconstructed in 1829. However, the vindicator of Ophelia carries out his main point, and gives good reason for his opinion that she is "Shakspeare's most perfect picture of virginity, as Desdemona and Imogen are his faultless pictures of true widowhood."

Those who are in earnest with their Shakspeare may profitably pass an hour or two in the perusal of this very interesting "study."—*Times*.

St Henry Stratford.

PURPLE POWIS.—What, dear Baylis, in a musical sense, is the difference between a "solicitor" and an "attorney"?

BAYLIS BOIL.—Dear Purple Powis, I don't know. PURPLE POWIS.—What, dear Boil, is the difference between law and equity?

BAYLIS BOIL.—Ah! dear Powis, that's easy—*Equity's not Law, and Law's not Equity.*
(*Exeunt, troubled in their minds.*)

COLOUR.—In the course of the winter, the Association for Sacred Music will, under the direction of its conductor, Herr Eduard Mertke, give three performances with solos, orchestra, and chorus. Among the more important works will be a "Magnificat" by Philip Emanuel Bach; Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and *Ein Deutsches Requiem*, by Johannes Brahms. In order to place the concerts within reach of the masses, the prices of admission will be lowered.

BRUSSELS.

(From our Correspondent.)

In consequence of Mad. Lucas's inability to put in an appearance owing to the accident which lately happened to her, *L'Africaine* has been produced at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie with another lady, Mlle Vanden Berghen, as Solika. Mlle Vanden Berghen is a great favourite here, but she would never have become so, had she made her debut in this character. The other characters were represented by MM. Warot and Devoey.

After a lapse of some seventeen or eighteen years, Griaux's little comic opera, *Les Traverses*, has been revived. It was not very well received. Mad. Morlet, like Mlle Vanden Berghen, in *L'Africaine*, was not strong enough for the leading female rôle. The lady acts well; but something more than acting is needed in opera. Then, too, the orchestra lent much to be desired. The rough manner in which they played Griaux's light and airy music suggested the action of a man who should set about engraving a delicate drawing on wood with a mason's chisel.

Offenbach's *Madame l'Archiduc* has been brought out at the Fantaieses Parisiennes, with Mlle Théo in the principal part.

PARIS SCRAPS.

(From our Parisian Scripper.)

While tolerably certain of saving M. Faure's life, Dr Lowe was far from feeling the same assurance that his patient's voice would not suffer irrevocably. Fortunately, all fear on the subject has been dispelled. Faure has returned triumphantly to the Grand Opera in the full possession of his vocal resources. Such being the case, it is superfluous to say how he sang. His acting, too, was as fine as ever. The opera was M. Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*. Faure had a tremendous reception from the public, who seemed scarcely to know in what manner they could testify sufficiently their pleasure at greeting so popular and deserving a favourite. Mad. Carvallo resumed her part of Ophelia, and shared the applause so lavishly bestowed on Faure. Mlle Rosina Bloch proved a satisfactory substitute for Mad. Gueymard, as the Queen. The latter lady had been suddenly summoned to Brussels in consequence of the death of her father, M. Paul Lauters, a highly-esteemed and well-known painter, who expired in that capital on the 12th inst., after a long illness.

At the Opéra-Comique, *Carmen*, the work of that promising young composer, Georges Bizet, so prematurely snatched away from art, has been revived, with every mark of success, before an audience that filled every part of the house. Mad. Galli-Marié sustained her original character of the heroine, and Mlle Chapuy that of Michaela. Meslles Nadault, Bell, MM. Potel Duvernoy, Bouhy, Lhéry, and Barnolt, also, were included in the cast.

M. du Locle, who has been in a bad state of health for a considerable time, has gone to pass a month in Egypt. Meanwhile, M. Charles Nutter will replace him as manager of the Opéra-Comique.

La Reine Indigo has been revived at the Théâtre de la Renaissance, with Mad. Pechard in the part created by Mlle Zulma Bouffar, when the opera was first brought out. Herr Johann Strauss desired very much to attend the rehearsals. He was prevented by illness from doing so. He will, however, visit Paris this winter to superintend the production of his new opera.

The Théâtre-Lyrique has at length found a home. The home in question will be the Théâtre de la Galté, and the manager, chosen by the Committee of the Academy of Fine Arts, is M. Albert Visconti. The transformation, however, will not be actually effected until after the run of the *Voyage dans la Lune*, and when that will be it is impossible to say. It was necessary to settle several important points before M. Visconti's appointment could be officially ratified. In the first place, there were his engagements with his predecessor, M. Offenbach, and the proprietors of the Theatre, and, dependent upon these engagements, the question of the rate at which he was entitled to receive the subsidy voted by the Assembly for the new lyric establishment. In addition to these knotty points, at present satisfactorily solved, the entire company has to be formed, and so has

the repertory. All things considered, it appears scarcely probable that the first season of the resuscitated Théâtre-Lyrique will begin, as some persons say it will, next March.

The following letter has been addressed by the Minister of Fine Arts to Sig. Rossi:

"DEPARTMENT OF THE MINISTRY OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,
WORSHIP, AND FINE ARTS.

"SIR.—May I beg you to accept the *Sèvres* tazza, which I forward herewith, as a memento of your visit to Paris, and as a mark of homage which I am happy to pay to your distinguished talent.—I remain, Sir, etc. "WALLON."

Accompanying this flattering epistle was a handsome vase in *Sèvres* china.

DEATH OF HOWARD GLOVER.

(From Watson's "Art Journal"—New York.)

To Mr. Henry C. Watson.

Mr Howard Glover, the well-known British composer, died, on the 28th inst., at his residence; after a severe and lingering sickness, which had grown rapidly worse within the last two or three weeks. The scene at his deathbed was one which leaves an impression on the minds of those who witnessed the sad affair which time can never erase. Surrounded by his sorrowing family and a few friends, Howard Glover suffered the most intense agony for twelve hours previous to his death. All night long this truly great and much-abused man lay upon his bed of pain, and tried hard to speak a parting word to his family, but, added to his many other misfortunes, his loss of speech rendered him perfectly helpless. Standing by the bedside of this man, whom it was the will of God to take away in the very prime of life, many sad reflections came into the mind of the writer. The inevitable separation of this peaceful and hitherto happy family; the heart-rending conviction that other lives may be swiftly shortened by this misfortune; the thought of these friendless girls thrown out upon their own resources, in this cold world, to battle against jealousy, hatred, scorn, and disappointments—all left their life-long impressions on the mind.

Misfortune has followed Mr Glover since he first came to this country, seven years ago. The many beautiful songs and ballads composed by Mr Glover, and published by Messrs Peters, Ditson, Pond, and Hall, may be found in the parlours of our most refined society; also numerous operas, and other large musical works. In some cases the honours due to Mr Glover for his compositions have been attributed to other parties. The effect upon his mind produced by these things had a tendency to shorten his days. In his last rational moments he spoke of Mr John Brougham in affectionate terms. Mr Glover was a man of tender feelings, and appreciated the friendship of Mr Brougham. He was fond of his home and his family, of an affectionate, kind-hearted, and forgiving nature.

It is a most unfortunate circumstance that Mr Glover, after his life of toil and deserved honours, should pass his last moments in poverty and misery. Mr Glover's family are celebrated as theatrical people. He descended from the well-known family of Betterton, of British fame. His daughter, Miss Nellie Glover, has for years been under his instruction, and is deserving of much credit for her musical talent. She has exhibited a love for the divine art from early childhood. Mr Glover was born in London, England. He was 56 years of age.

Oct. 29, 1875.

THOMAS PEARSHALL.

CRITERION THEATRE.

On Saturday afternoon the first of a series of three private performances (having no connection with the regular business or the regular company of the theatre) was attended by a numerous and select audience. The entertainment consisted of a comic opera, in three acts, the music composed by Herr Adolph Gollmick, for many years favourably known in this country as a teacher of the pianoforte, and also as a composer for that instrument. Herr Gollmick, like others in the same position, would fain take a higher flight. To compose operas, and have them performed in public, is the aspiration of many a professor condemned by circumstances to employ his time almost exclusively in less ambitious pursuits. Herr Gollmick respects his art, and desires to make known that his powers are not limited to one particular sphere. If *Dofia Costanza*, played for the gratification of his friends on the present occasion, be not a masterpiece, it at least shows capacity to excel in operatic composition, which, with more frequent opportunity, might lead to results not inconsiderable. Herr Gollmick exhibits more than ordinary skill in writing for voices, as well as in the treatment of orchestral instruments; and throughout *Dofia Costanza* the hand of a practised adept is apparent. There are no choruses; but the voices of the leading singers are frequently brought together in the most effective manner—as an instance of which may be cited the *finale* to Act Ist, when the *dramatis personæ*—seven in number—are both separately and simultaneously engaged. We have heard less spirited pieces signed by names more widely recognized. In fact, there is a great deal of genuine concerted writing in each of the three acts—not merely clever, by the way, but occasionally even dramatic. In addition to this, more than one solo might be named that, if heard from time to time, could scarcely fail to meet with general approval. Into closer particulars it is needless to enter. Herr Gollmick has not been furnished with a libretto admitting any great variety of musical development in the style conventionally accepted as "comic opera." The materials upon which it is constructed borne in mind, it is drawn out to unreasonable length; and the issue can be readily anticipated before the plot has advanced half way. The scene, as may be guessed from the title, is laid in Spain; and the story, somewhat improbable, and for the most part wanting in dramatic interest, is of the simplest. To give a detailed account of it would be filling space to no purpose, and we must be satisfied with congratulating Herr Gollmick on having made so much out of so little. The performance, though by no means irreproachable, was in many respects good. Miss Annie Sinclair, whose appearance again on the London boards is welcome, sang and acted the part of the heroine, *Dofia Costanza*, with grace and animation; Miss Emily Pitt, as *Dofia Barbara Munez*, was an excellent "*comprimento*;" while the remaining characters were more or less effectively sustained by Miss Dolores Drummond, Messrs W. Courtenay, F. Penna, Connell, and Wakeford. The orchestra, though comparatively small, was efficient, and its part in the performance, one of responsibility, was all that could be desired. The opera was throughout favourably received, and the composer summoned forward at the conclusion.—*Times*.

From *Trübzburg*.

Could it but be that thou loved'st me
Could it but be that thou loved'st me
The Heav'n above would bless
With scorching blinding rays
The stars would meet and kiss
In fiery godlike bliss
The moaning trees would cease
The flowers again have cease
The midnight death-dark stream
Would brighten into gleam
The trembling soul would leap
Like broken heart from sleep
The whispering leaves would breathe
Of hope to all that grieve
The waves flow into each
The pow'r of love to teach
The sea would hush and smile
To love with me awhile
Could it but be
Could it but be
Could it but be

Ams. Glas!

COPENHAGEN.—Niels Gade, born in 1817, celebrated lately his twenty-fifth anniversary as conductor of the Musical Association, the members of which presented him with 9000 crowns.

Higher Development.

Nos. 7 and 8.

LISZT FERENCZ.



Dante. A pokol. Az elkárhozottak (kőstők a szorga is) jajgatnak. Lázos ugratóság. A pokol kapuit bevágja a szélvész. Bum!



Csak játszott. Nem csak nézett, de volt is. Impozáns szerénységgel hajtja meg magát. Csattogó tánc, kábító éjen.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR.—Curiosity plays a great part in the affairs of this world. In fact, we may very fairly apply to it the lines—

"Æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres."

written by Horace of something else to which wretched Humanity is subject. It was curiosity which prompted the last Mrs Blin Beard to enter a certain chamber, of which she dropped the key, a circumstance resulting in the discovery by Blin Beard of what she had done, and of her being doomed by him to instant death. It is curiosity which induces juvenile horticulturists to dig up, after the lapse of a day or so, the seeds they have sown, that they may see how the said seeds are getting on. Curiosity has caused many a pair of bellows to be cut open, that the operator might learn whence the wind came; and to curiosity must be set down the fact that so many dolls are eviscerated in their prime, and shed their life's sawdust prematurely on the floor of the nursery.

The same feeling, only purified and ennobled by reverence and admiration, renders us so desirous of learning all we can about great and justly-celebrated individuals, not regarded as Emperors, Kings, Generals, Statesmen, Poets, Painters, Divines, or Musicians, as the case may be, but considered as men. When we have read about high deeds of arms or peace, which have changed the aspect of the world, we would fain extend our knowledge of those by whom they were effected. The recollection of Trafalgar impels us to peruse, again and yet again, the adventure of a young midshipman, named Horatio Nelson, with the Polar Bear, in the ice-bound regions of the far North. With what delight do we not treasure up every detail connected with the "grit bare-legged laddie" who was so fond of animals; who had tame blackbirds flying unconfined about the poor cottage in which he lived; and who, as George Stephenson, the famous engineer, has given a fresh impetus to civilisation throughout the globe! Who would have missed the account which informs us how a young scapegrace once climbed to the top of the lofty steeple of Market Drayton Church, and terrified the inhabitants by sitting complacently on a stone spout near the summit! But then the name of that young scapegrace was Robert Clive, without whom, and without certain victories, among which was one achieved at a place called Plassey, His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, would not, in all probability, have been hunting lately with the *cheetah*, or pig-sticking with the Guikwar, at Baroda.

Genius sanctifies, as it were, every one and every thing with whom or which it comes in contact. Like the prophet's rod, at whose touch the water poured forth from the sterile rock, it enables us to derive the keenest enjoyment and profoundest delight from objects which we should otherwise have treated with indifference. The vilest trifle, if it ever belonged to or emanated from a Shakspeare or a Crönnwell, a Beethoven or a Michael Angelo, is, for loving minds, a priceless treasure. It is with a firm conviction of this truth that I beg to bring under your notice the following letter. I am sure it will be gratefully received by every one who admires the immortal composer of *Don Giovanni*, and *Die Zauberflöte*, of *Le Nozze* and the *Requiem*. Here it is:—

"A MADAME COSTANCE DE MOZART, à Baden.

"by HERR SYNDICUS *abgesehen*.

"LIEBSTER BESTER WEICHEN!—Mit unbeschreiblichen Vergnügen erhielt ich die Nachricht des sicheren Empfangs des Geldes—ich

kann mich nicht erinnern dass ich Dir geschrieben hätte, Du sollst alles in Richtigkeit bringen? Wie konnt ich denn das als ein vernünftiges Gesehof schreiben?—Ist es so—so muss es sehr in Gedanken geschehen sein! Wie es dormalen, da ich so viele wichtige Sachen im Kopfe habe, sehr möglich ist. Das ubrige ist für Deinen Gebrauch, und was dann noch zu bezahlen ist, wozu ich schon so meine Rechnung gemacht habe, werde selbst bei meiner Hinkunft in Ordnung bringen. Eben wird Blanchard entweder steigen—oder die Wiener zum 3ten male foppen! Die Histoie mit Blanchard ist mir heute gar nicht lieb—sie bringt mich am den Schluss meines Geschäftes—N. N. versprach mir bevor er hinaus fuhr zu mir zu kommen—kam aber nicht—vielleicht kommt er wenn der Spass vorbey ist—ich warte bis 2 Uhr—dann werfe ich ein Bischen Essen hinein—und suche ihn aller Orten auf. Uns ist ein nicht gar angenehmes Leben. Geduld! es wird schon bessern—ich ruhe dann in Deinen Armen aus!

"Ich danke Dir für Deinen Rath mich nicht ganz auf N. N. zu verlassen. Aber in dergleichen Fällen muss man nur mit einem zu thun haben—wendet man sich an zwei oder drei—and das Geschäft geht überall—so erscheint man bey den andern, wo man es dann nicht annehmen kann, als ein Narr, oder unverlässlicher Mann.

"Nun kannst Du mir aber kein grösseres Vergnügen machen, als wenn Du vergnügt und lustig bist—denn wenn ich nur *grüesse weiss* dass Dir nichts abgeht—dann ist mir alle meine Mühe lieb und angenehm; denn; denn die fatalste und verdrehteste Lage in der ich mich immer befinden könnte, wird mir zur Kleinigkeit wenn ich weiss dass Du *gesund* und *lustig* bist—and nun lebe recht wohl.

benutze Deinen Tischnarren—denkt und redet viel von mir—liebe mich ewig wie ich Dich liebe, und sey ewig meine Staari Marini, wie ich ewig seyn werde Dein.

"Stu!—Knaller paller—

"schnip—schnap—schnnr—

"Schneppel.

"Spai!

"Gieh dem N. N. eine Ohrfeige, und sag Du hast eine Fliege tod schlagen müssen, die ich sitzen geschen hatte! adieu.

"pass auf—fang auf—hr—hr—br 3 Buserle, zuckersüsse fliegen daher!

"Mittwoch, Wien, den 6ten Juni 1791."

For those of your Readers who are not conversant with German, I append an English version:

"TO MADAME COSTANCE DE MOZART, Baden.

"Care of HERR SYNDICUS.

"DEAREST, BEST, LITTLE WIFE!—It was with indescribable pleasure that I received intelligence of the safe reception of the money;—I cannot recollect having written to say you were to settle *everything*.—How could I as a reasonable being write so!—If I did—it must have happened when I was deep in thought!—This, at present, is extremely possible, as I have so many important things in my head.—The surplus is for your own use, and what then remains to be paid, for which I have pretty well allowed, I will arrange on my arrival.—Blanchard will ascend directly—or have a joke at the Viennese for the third time!—I do not at all like the affair with Blanchard to-day—it will spoil the conclusion of my business.—N. N." (the name is scratched out here, and "N. N." written above) "promised he would call on me before he drove out—hint has not come—perhaps he will come when the joke is past—I shall wait till two o'clock—then take a snack of something—and go and look for him everywhere.—Ours is by no means a pleasant life—Patience! it will improve—then I shall repose in your arms!

"I thank you for your advice not to rely entirely upon N. N.—But, in such cases, you must have to deal only with one—if you apply to two or three—and business is everywhere—you appear with the others, from whom you cannot accept it, a fool or a man who is not to be depended on.

—You cannot afford me greater pleasure than by being pleased and merry—for if I only feel certain that you want for nothing—all my trouble is welcome and agreeable; for—for the most desperate and most intricate position in which I could possibly be placed is a trifle, if I know that you are well and cheerful.—And now a fond, fond farewell.

"Profit by your Tischnarren. Think and speak a deal about me.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MOLLE TIFTHENS and Madame Arabella Goddard are at present in Canada. Their first concert (at Montreal) was an extraordinary success.

SIGNOR and SIGNORA VASSELLI, to whose family Donizetti's wife belonged, have made a present of the composer's piano to the Municipality of Bergamo. The instrument will be placed in the Town Library, and to it will be affixed an extract from an autograph letter in the possession of the Vasselli family, which proves the authenticity of the gift.

M. L. A. MALEMPREZ, the eminent sculptor, who made the fine statue of Balfe which stands loftily erect in the Drury Lane Theatre vestibule, is now engaged upon a similar work for the late Sir Sterdale Bennett, to be erected in Sheffield, our great musician's native town. It is a fact worth noting that M. Malemprez never saw either Balfe or Bennett.

At the "St Cecilia Festival," in St Paul's Cathedral, the organists were Dr Stainer, Mr G. Martin, Miss Bac., and Mr C. Warwick Jordan, Miss Bac. Some inconvenience was experienced in consequence of the choir seats being taken possession of by persons admitted into the chancel, and some difficulty was felt by the ticket holders not finding places owing to want of correspondence between the numbered seats and ticket holders—a difficulty increased by the enormous quantity of applicants for admission.

A MUSICAL amateur of Berlin has just made the Emperor Wilhelm a most valuable present, a collection, namely, of manuscripts by celebrated composers. The collection includes two Quintets by Spohr; a setting of an Italian Song, with Orchestral Accompaniment, by C. M. von Weber; a Symphony by Schubert; and four volumes containing the first plan of the Eighth Symphony by Beethoven. Some passages are written in ink, others in pencil, black and coloured; at times the writing is hurried, and then again it is most scrupulously neat. The entire sketch presents an exceedingly varied appearance, and is extremely difficult to decipher. Certain portions are entirely erased with the remark: *So wird es nie etwas* ("That will never be worth anything"); or: *Das ist nichts* ("That's worth nothing"). In one place we read: *Ob ich das wiederholen lasse?* ("Shall I repeat this?") These indications of value in which the composer's first ideas were gradually modified are highly interesting.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

SOUTH LONDON CHORAL ASSOCIATION.—The members of this society held their first subscription concert at the Walworth Lecture Hall, on Monday evening, before an appreciative and demonstrative audience. The soloists were Miss Josephine Cravino, Mad. Arthur, and Mr Fryer. The various pieces were well chosen, and among those deserving special commendation were a recit. and aria from *St Paul*, charmingly sung by Miss Cravino, and Mad. Arthur's rendering of "Lo, here the gentle lark" with flute *obbligato*. The best choruses were "Oh! the pleasure of the plains" (*Actis and Gelatus*), and Haydn's "Come, gentle spring." Mr Leonard Venables conducted. At the next concert the *Messiah* will be given.

BRIGHTON.—The Brighton Choral Society opened their winter campaign last week, with a performance of *Elijah*, at the Angell Town Institution. The Society appeared to great advantage in the choruses, most of which were given in a manner that left little to be desired. There might, perhaps, have been a little more vigour in the dramatic "Baal, we cry to thee," and the two subsequent choruses; but, on the whole, they were not come to find fault with. The solos were safe in the hands of Miss Foynt, Mame Poole, Mr Henry Gny, and Mr Wadmore, and in each case the rendering was deserving of the highest praise. Mr Wadmore sang the music of the prophet carefully and well, and fully bore out the promise he gave some time ago. The quartets were well sung, with the assistance of Mesdames Stroud, Cubitt, and Smith, and Messrs Barber and J. H. Boardman. The singers were ably supported by a small orchestra, and Mr Lemare conducted with his usual care; Mr Boardman presiding at the organ.

The second of Mr William Carter's present series of concerts, at the Albert Hall, took place on Monday, the 18th inst., and drew a large attendance of visitors—the cheap tariff of admission having its natural influence in producing this result. The miscellaneous public never fail to enjoy Haydn's *Creation* when it is set before them with reasonable efficiency; and such was the case upon the present occasion. Their new choral lodges, any member of the association will be familiar with this most agreeable work. Its light and easy tunefulness has long since made it the property of all amateur societies; and hence it is seldom given by associations of this class in an imperfect or unworthy manner. The large choir, provided over by Mr W. Carter, has too often been engaged in this particular performance as to have earned for itself a special credit, and to have achieved in it a reputation for bright and truthful singing, hardly to be surpassed by that of its more pretentious rival at Exeter Hall. Mr Carter's energy as a conductor is well known, and to this may be chiefly ascribed the executive proficiency which is hereby witnessed. Amendments, however, might possibly be made in the dramatic expression belonging to certain of the pieces, by a more vivid exemplification of the contrasts of which the sentiment is susceptible. As a series of musical pictures the choruses of Haydn's charming oratorio are, doubtless, among the best of their kind; but they fail in their legitimate effect if they are handled with but partial reference to their descriptive and pictorial character. Mr Carter's readings, as musical exercises, are unquestionably clear and vigorous, but are occasionally wanting in those *successes* in which there is meaning as well as grace. But this, by the way. The two well-known choruses, "The heavens are telling" and "Achieved is the glorious work," could not have been better received by the audience than at this hearing. They were both delivered with suitable breadth; and, in the former case, as usual, a repetition would not have been distasteful to the majority of the listeners. The exponent of the principal soprano music was Madame Lemmens-Scherrington, who invested the two airs, "With verdure clad" and "On mighty pens," with her customary charm and beauty. Singing purer in taste, or more satisfying as examples of art, could not well be imagined. Her associate in the soprano duties was a Miss Julius, but whose obvious timidity proved a stumbling-block, and delayed the good opinion that will, perhaps, by and bye await her. To Mr Edward Lloyd and Signor Foli were assigned the tenor and bass music, and as both sang carefully and steadily, the result was everything that could be wished.

PROVINCIAL.

THAMES DITTON.—A concert took place on November 19th, and was in every way highly successful. An excellent string band played several operatic pieces with effect. Miss Robinson, Miss Heister Robinson, Mr Stoward, and Mr Matthias sang some part-songs in excellent time. Mr Charles J. Bishenden, the popular bass, gained encores for his well-known singing of "The brave old oak" and "The Wolf." Great praise is due to the givers of the concert, Messrs Bailey and Smith, for their excellent arrangements.

BRIGHTON.—The Brighton Philharmonic gave a capital performance of *Elijah* on Saturday the 13th inst., under the direction of Mr F. Kingsbury. Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Signor Foli, were the principal vocalists, assisted by Miss Saldie Singleton, Miss Thekla Fischer, Mr G. T. Carter, and Mr H. Pyatt. Several pieces had to be repeated. The land and chorus were first rate, and Mr Welling was the organist. Mr Kube has given his third recital of pianoforte music, assisted by M. Poque, with whom he played Mendelssohn's Sonata for violoncello and piano, and the Misses Allitons, two young vocalists who, it may be remembered, were a very favourable *début* last season in London. Unfortunately, one of the sisters, being taken unwell, was unable to get through her task, so we must soon to have another opportunity of hearing and judging of her talent. Miss Allitons, the contralto, sang the "Three Fishers" with such dramatic force and touching pathos—as the *Lays* sang the *Brighton Gazette*—that an encore was the result, when the lady sang with equal success "Many a time." This was quite a feature of the concert, and the audience appeared electrified by the feeling she threw into the two ballads. Her emphasis might have been a little too forced sometimes, but this fault escaped notice in the general effect she produced. Madame Esipoff has given a "recital," and quite won the hearts of her audience. She is truly a most charming artist. Mr Charles Halle and Madame Norman-Neruda announces a "recital" for Tuesday morning; and next Wednesday evening Mr George Watts announces the last of his present series of orchestral and chamber music. Mr Sims Kennedy is to be the director, and the great tenor will be assisted by Madame Blanche Cole, Miss Singleton, Madame Patey, Mr Edward Lloyd, Signor Foli, and Mr D'Alquen. Mr Watts may safely calculate on a "full house."

Dialogues in Purgatory.



A Mystery to be Expounded.

DR SERPENT.—I was going to say—What of 'em?—dear Ghost. Excuse?

DR GHOST.—No excuse necessary. What of 'em?

DR SERPENT.—I have heard with satisfaction that (pace Thaddens Egg) some Doctors have come back.

DR GHOST.—All skeletons, dear Serpent—all skeletons; "fleshless bones and ribs," as Wagner says of the Berlioz orchestra.

DR SERPENT.—O! by Als!

DR GHOST.—O! by Adnan!—What could he expect? Can you tell me the names of doctors about whom *Augustus Mayhew wrote, as repairing to Cremorne, in guise of Bristol merchants?*

DR SERPENT (*furtively*).—I know them; Doctors Commons.

DR GHOST.—How Commons?

DR SERPENT.—They were twins, and had one name in common.

DR GHOST.—But, were they not pre-named?

DR SERPENT.—One was called Kensington, the other, *Sentent*.
DR GHOST.—One shilling and nine pence. Good news for Caradus, Weiss Hill, Amor, Politzer, &c.

DR SERPENT (*slily*).—Sainton wouldn't have it.

DR GHOST.—Nor Costa?

DR SERPENT.—Costa (may his shadow never be less!) likes instruments that cost a (Costa—no pun) great deal of money.

DR GHOST.—I am told that Costa has the finest orchestra in the world, but that (Sainton excepted) the members are penniless, in consequence of pounds laid out on sterling instruments.

DR SERPENT.—*Ha dello spirito, il maestro Grifologo!*

DR GHOST.—Who!—Goldoni!

DR SERPENT.—Perché?

DR GHOST.—Never mind. About the Mayhew doctors.

DR SERPENT.—They were twins.

DR GHOST (*interrupting him*).—Well?

DR SERPENT.—Well (pace Dr Shipping), their father was old Common of Axminster, who died of leaches, and —

DR GHOST (*interrupting him*).—And leeches? Make phonetic difference.

DR SERPENT.—I speak with gravity. Their father was old Common, an excellent fellow in his way, although his way was not excellent. They left Axminster, and settled, as probers, at Illminster.

DR GHOST.—Well?

DR SERPENT.—Well—they were probers, probed in common, and expended precipit in common.

DR GHOST.—You said their name was Commons?—How, then, Common?

DR SERPENT.—Don't talk commonplace;—I will shortly explain.

DR GHOST.—Shortly, please.

DR SERPENT.—He not intertempe. You said, "What of 'em?'"

DR GHOST.—I did.

DR SERPENT.—Well, the precipit of the brothers Common, who practised commonly in common, was one shilling for a tooth, half-a-crown for an arm, a crown for a leg—and so forth.

DR GHOST.—About vivisection?

DR SERPENT.—For elaborate and long protracted vivisection they exacted one half guid; and, seldom getting it, confined their practice to effete heads and trunks, or, now and then, to what Julius Caesar

Vanini (burnt alive, for his Dialogues) would have termed *effigies rerum*—and —

DR GHOST (*interrupting him*).—Serpent, this is thrilling. Proceed.

DR SERPENT.—Don't stop me again in the middle of —

DR GHOST (*interrupting him*).—A sentence?

DR SERPENT.—I would forgive you; but you know my idiosyncrasy.

DR GHOST.—Continue.

DR SERPENT.—At Illminster their practice began to totter; whereupon, without looking at accounts, and regardless of obloquy, they flew to Datchet, and (through partners), finding the name "Common," too common, changed it to Commons. Being twins, they were justified. Nevertheless, their affairs did not prosper. Perceiving one night, between two hedges, the ghost of old Common, their common father, with contempt for issue, they resumed the patriarchal nomenclature, and now probe as Commons and Common. (*Exeunt perplexed.*)

A FLYING NOTICE OF AN OVERTURE BY

MONSIEUR.

The last orchestral piece was the overture to *The Flying Dutchman*, which we hope never to hear again, except, perhaps, as a prelude to the work which claims it as its own. The opera of *The Flying Dutchman* is full of interest. For an opera is made up of music and drama, and Wagner, as a dramatist, is always impressive. Even the music of the *Fliegende Holländer*, composed in what would now be called Wagner's "first manner," is in many places beautiful, if only from its appropriateness to the dramatic situation. But the overture, taken by itself, is written in a sort of musical jargon not easy to understand, even with the help of interpreters, and which few, indeed, can like. A really fine piece of music, even if professedly descriptive music, ought to be admirable in itself apart from its outside significance, real or supposed. Now, the overture to *The Flying Dutchman*, besides being "full of sound and fury," signifies absolutely "nothing" to those who do not listen to it programme in hand. With the aid, however, of a sworn dragoman, one finds out that this tale told by a man of genius has really a beginning, a middle, and (fortunately) an end. The stormy introduction, for instance, is, we are assured, followed by a "beautifully tender melodic phrase," in which is to be heard the voice of an angel of mercy as, full of pity, she declares to the lost one his hope of salvation. This is found in the opera at the end of each verse of Senta's ballad in the second act. Lamentations now ring forth from the horns, while the trombone play a descending passage which occurs again in the first act, when the phantom ship reeds her red sails previous to anchoring upon the shore where her spectral voyage comes to an end. The "damnatory" motif is heard again, quickly followed by the principal phrase which accompanies the Dutchman's monologue in the first act, and may be looked upon as indicative of his presence. He now seems to speak for the first time, addressing himself to the wind as the confidant of his woes. The storm rages with redoubled force; in the face of its terrors and troubles he stands unmoved, longing for death to release him from his woes. After seventy bars of an extremely grand and phantastic forte, one hears drawing nearer and nearer one of those rhythmic cadences with which sailors are wont to accompany their manoeuvres, and which leads to a strongly marked joyful song of the crew of a ship innocently sailing in the ill-fated track of the Dutchman, without being aware of his proximity. Hoarsely roaring and boiling, the battle of the billows continues, while the Senta phrase, like an angel of light, persistently returns. The "damnatory" motif is heard again in its utmost intensity. The ship sails away over the waves, which forbear to harm her, till at last she is suddenly and violently driven upon the rocks. Silence ensues. Then, like barbed arrows, tempestuous passages of sevenths burst forth from the violins, and with a fresh rhythm the melody of the ballad is heard as a hymn of triumph accompanying the final apotheosis of the Dutchman, as, in company with his angel of deliverance, he rises from the sea and in glory ascends to heaven.

For this eloquent exposition of music, which cannot indeed speak for itself, a writer who signs "C. A. B." is responsible.

Hubert Gilbert.

IDEAS FOR OPERA LIBRETTO, MODERN STYLE.

(Translated from the German "Uhu.")

The old rules and forms of art are no longer sufficient for present requirements. As far as the elastic qualities of these rules permitted, they have been expanded. Where this was not practicable they have been exploded by dynamic powders. "What makes noise, makes effect!" This keep in mind, young composer:

"This principle is the root of all."

But many a one it brought to fall."

No composer will at the present day dream of writing an opera like the *Swiss Family*, because the public would exclaim, "Oh, that's flat, like Louisa's lemonade in *Cabale und Liebe*." It might perhaps be said that Weigl's music, in its idyllic simplicity, once delighted many hearts; but it must not be forgotten 'twas fifty years ago! Since then both "heart" and "feeling" have been set aside; "sensation," from beginning to end, is now the word, otherwise it will not do at the present day.

As an opera must have a title, so your endeavors must be to invent one which alone will make the blood freeze in every one's veins; call it—"Abdollar, the Bloody Knight; or, Monster, why Persecutest thou me?" As a matter of course, you make your libretto yourself, for it looks far more imposing when it is stated, on the bill, "Words and music by Stiffellus." You describe your opera as "heroic, romantic," and might, perhaps, also call it a "Musical Drama," under which one may understand anything one likes. The number of acts you will have to regulate in accordance with the patience and endurance of your audience. You will begin your opera, not with an overture, for that is absurd, and can be done by anyone; you begin, as it is now customary, with an introduction, as it is only the object to remind the audience that the opera is about to commence. It does not matter much what you fiddle or blow; roam about in chromatic chords, which nobody understands, and growl away with the contra basso; the wisecracks will then say your music is deeply thoughtful. The last *souspir* of the introduction has expired on the piccolo-flute; the curtain rises. The stage represents a charming landscape, of which, however, nothing is to be seen, for it is a pitch dark night; this may be effectively represented by putting the lights out in the orchestra. By-and-by daybreak approaches, which you may musically express by a few shrieks of the first clarinet and oboe; this gives rise to the supposition that the geese and chickens think it is time to hold their *leese*. Gradually Nature becomes alive; in the distance one hears the beating of a blue frock coat (if no blue one is at hand, a black coat will do equally well); then a number of knights and troopers appear on the scene—if possible, on horseback; they sing a chorus, and make an infernal noise. To the orchestra you simply say, "Every voice, *laudamus te*." Now appears Abdollar, "the bloody knight," who, however, is as yet very tame. As he has nothing better to do, you may give him an aria, in which he expresses his intention to go to Palestine, where he will teach the Saracens "Who is who."

In the second act appears Irmentrant on the balcony. One hears the gentle wailing of the zephyr, which you will express musically by sweeping a cow's tail over the kettle-drum—although this idea is not quite new, since Berlioz in his *Requiem* already employs it, by using a sponge in similar manner. Irmentrant then, of course, sings of "love," which will cost you in the orchestra a good deal of "Cor Inglesce," with additional seasoning of ardent, longing violoncello and languishing flute passages. Then Abdollar appears on the scene, and when there are two, the result is always a duet. He tells her in the *toutie* that he loves her; she afterwards tells him the same thing in the *dominant*; and, to avoid any mistake, they tell each other the same once more together. When this is worked up to the climax, Abdollar, entirely carried away by it, passionately exclaims, "All right," and "that'll do." After they have now loved enough and to spare, it is time that you bring contrast in the situation. This will be done by Abdollar's declaring that he must leave his Irmentrant. On hearing this, she gives a cry of pain, which may be expressed by the deep B flat of the bassoon. But this does not at all concern Abdollar; on the contrary, in the next recitative he simply mentions that he has already taken a Cook's Tourist Ticket, first class, for the Orient, and goes, that he cannot retract. It may be that there are short-sighted critics who will reproach you

with this being an anachronism, because there were no railroads, and much less were tourist tickets in existence. To such sticklers only reply that this is "poetical licence," which, as we all know, is very elastic. This recitative, however, you must turn out highly dramatic. If you cannot think of anything better, give the strings a good deal of tremolo; it is always effective, and, besides, it is cheap!

In the next act you will have to describe the journey of the brave Abdollar. There will be the sea, with the vessel which bears Abdollar and his retainers—all that furnishes you with splendid opportunities to show off your talent for tone-painting; and to prove that, you can use the orchestra as a sound-brush. Picture a storm—but no, that has been done already, has been used up by Rowlin, in his *Guillaume Tell*. Better you choose an earthquake; such a one in the middle of the sea is something new. Of course the whole ship sinks, with men and mouse; you make thereby such noise with your music, that Weber's music to the *Wolfgögen* is a cradle-song in comparison to it, and, in order to reach the highest climax, you arrange with the theatre machinist that, simultaneously with the fall of the curtain, after this highly dramatic act, the chandelier precipitates down into the parquet. By this you give yourself at the same time the air as if you understood something about the Grecian drama, where, as it is well known, the audience also took part in the dramatic action.

In the following act it must be made clear how Abdollar and his wife have been saved by an obliging hippopotamus from the shipwreck. Then you bring a camp on the stage, but not the "Camp of Silesia," for that has been farmed long ago by Meyerbeer. Sound the war-trumpets, Abdollar bears down, but does not care for them; but at last he says to his man, "I feel so queer yet, after last night's potations, that to-day I shall not battle at all; but I tell you what—put on my suit of armour, and fight for me!" The man, in his stupidity, does so; he rashly goes in the middle of the fighting, where a chief of the Saracens plunges his sword in his breast, so that its point comes out of his back at the length of six yards. When Abdollar hears of this, he thinks, "I am glad that I was not of the party." He also finds that he requires change of air, and hastens, therefore, back to the arms of his Irmentrant, who, on seeing him, is startled, since she already mourned for him as dead. However, he explains to her that, like the man in the *Freischütz*, he was not at all at the bird-shooting. All is right; they get each other, and the opera is therefore at an end. Here, now, it would be quite in order to have a triumphal procession, with festival march, etc. The triumphal car, with Abdollar and Irmentrant, might be drawn by two hippopotami, and, should there be difficulties to get two such gentle creatures, it might be done by three.

Now I have only to draw the young composer's attention to the following: He may succeed to compose the opera according to all the present rules and want of form, but will he also succeed to get it performed? If you are not in possession of the "golden key," you will not succeed, still less as long as you are amongst the living. But perhaps you will find an obliging friend who, for a small consideration, will kill you, and thus help your opera to life!

A FREEMASON.

To Mr. Sergeant.

DEAR PRICE OF HUMANITY.—The Theatre be blowed!—Also you wrote, in my room, an article, when I, with scorched liver and oppressed bacon, was attempting to manufacture another. Then spake you words (with triumphant *aghwinngtrawpunggraboutches*) which I still remember. Never mind—as Mendelssohn said to Sterndale Bennett—"You have the ears of a serpent; come up-stairs and let me play you my Symphony again." And thus it was. So have I the ears of a serpent, and also the gastronomic juice and detestful collaboration (*qxlmpdngbcbgjhklmhpz*) allowed for, all the attributes of a scolopendra without rattle. At the same time you ought not to have gone to the theatre. Yours, without caring a straw for anything.

Amstadius Cull.

138, Somewhere; November, Someday.

* The Scotch, in A minor.

Confabulations Confidential.



DR FOX.—By Abbs! that's a queer report.
 DR GOOSE.—What?—about old Simbottom?
 DR FOX.—No—both old Simbottom!
 DR GOOSE.—About what then?
 DR FOX.—About C. Salaman.
 DR GOOSE.—How about C. Salaman?
 DR FOX.—He revives his "Admonition."
 DR GOOSE.—You don't say!
 DR FOX. (loudly).—I have said. By Abbs!—it wanted revision.
 DR GOOSE.—By Abbs! it did.
 DR FOX. (quietly).—You hunt with the hounds this winter?
 DR GOOSE. (undecidedly).—Ye—s.
 DR FOX. (stealthily).—With harriers?
 DR GOOSE.—No—with beagles. I stay a week with the Marquis d'Attrappe-lennard, an enthusiast for the brush.
 (Exit Dr Fox, hurriedly. Dr Goose remains, astonished.)

TIETJENS IN ELIJAH.

(From the "Boston Transcript" of November 9.)

The production of *Elijah* by the Handel and Haydn Society on the occasion of the visit of Mlle Tietjens, as one of the greatest living interpreters of oratorio, to this city, will be a red-letter day in the annals of our Music Hall. The great *prima donna* sang in the double quartet with a due sense of the native dignity of her art, and made no effort to maintain more than her position as the leading voice of the eight; and yet her voice seemed almost to equal in volume the voices of all the rest. The same gracious reserve and absence of parade characterised her performances throughout. There was never any straining for effect or any eagerness to "bring down the house," and it is evident that, had the oratorio been one to better display the leading soprano than does *Elijah*, there would have been only the calm and entirely self-possessed pouring out of that matchless voice, too grand to require more than the chastest decoration of art, such as has been noted in her concert performances. In the dramatic passages, between the prophet and the widow, Mlle Tietjens' expressiveness of phrasing was most satisfyingly exhibited and quickly recognised by the audience. Another incident was the singing of the trio "Lift thine eyes," in which Tietjens, while again artistically refraining from concentrating attention on herself, made her full melodious and ringing voice leap up all the rest.

After the performance, Mlle Tietjens was awaited on by a number of gentlemen of the society in parlour No. 3, Revue House, who presented her with a magnificent silver epergne. Mlle Tietjens, in accepting the gift, spoke of the enjoyment she had felt at the manner in which the oratorio had been produced, and intimated her desire to sing in future concerts in Boston.

MUSIC IN CALCUTTA.

(From our Correspondent.)

Miss Alice May has become the greatest favourite ever known here. She has excellent "notices" from every paper published in Calcutta; in fact, they have almost given up criticism in her case. *The Indian Statesman* says:—"Criticism on Miss May's performances is apt to become monotonous, for, in simple justice, it has to consist of a continuous song of praise;" and *The Englishman* says—"As Elvira, Miss Alice May did the fullest justice to a part which contains some very difficult passages. Her singing was thoroughly artistic, and in her execution of some of the more florid parts she was really wonderful."—Apart from the interest felt in the company, there is considerable sympathy shown, in consequence of the "Corinthian" company being unable to carry out the contract made through their agent in Melbourne and Mr Allen. It appears that this gentleman and the directors do not agree in their views of the case, and the latter, therefore, repudiate the contract. After some law, it was found unadvisable to proceed, as the company "had no funds," and, therefore, Mr Allen had to take the theatre off their hands. However, it may turn out a better speculation for the management than had the contract been carried out; but it, nevertheless, warns all who are asked to visit India to be more than sure that the parties engaging are able to carry out their contract.

October 20th, 1875.

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Mr Hallé's last concert was in many respects interesting, though the promised appearance of Mlle Tietjens had not taken place. The young lady had taken cold in Liverpool, and Mr Gye sent Mlle Bianchi and Mlle Ghiotti to replace her. A "Snite" by Franz Lachner was the novelty of the evening. It was generally admired, and not least by those amateurs who are jealous of any departure from the traditions of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert. Sterndale Bennett's delightful "Allegro gioioso" was splendidly played by Mr Hallé and the orchestra; and, in the second part, Mr Hallé was no less successful in a Nocturne and Polonaise by Chopin.

At Mr De Jong's concert, on Saturday, Mlle Nouver and Signor Foll were the singers, and the lady and gentleman both distinguished themselves. A flute solo by De Jong was enthusiastically encored. Among the orchestral selections were the overture to *Obéron* and Gounod's Funeral March of a Mariouette.

At the Gentlemen's Concert, on Monday last, Mlle Kempf appeared for the first time in Manchester, and played Rubinstein's 4th Concerto and Liszt's arrangement of Weber's Polonaise. It is, of course, unnecessary to say that the fair pianist achieved an unquestionable success, and the critics are unanimous in recognising the firmness of her touch, the brilliancy of her execution; and her originality was not less admired than her artistic conscientiousness. Haydn's letter to symphony, and Cherubini's overture to *Lodoiska*, were also in the programme. Mlle Lemmens-Sherrington sang a new scene, *Sofia*, by Randegger, with rare insight and admirable vocal skill. The scene itself was quite worthy of the fine interpretation. Mr Ed. Lloyd charmed the audience by his singing of a song from Loder's "Night Dancers," and he was no less successful in Bennett's beautiful air from *The Woman of Samaria*, "His salvation is nigh."

Mr Carl Rosa has been gleaming fame, if not gold, by the admirable performances of his opera company. *Fra Diavolo* has been the most effective of them, though *The Bohemian Girl*, we believe, drew the largest house. As yet Mr Rosa has given us no novelty; but *The Siege of Rochelle* and *Zampa* are promised. Mr Santley has appeared in *The Marriage of Figaro*, *The Trovatore*, and *Fra Diavolo*. Miss Gayford has made a most favourable impression in *Fra Diavolo* and *The Bohemian Girl*, and Mlle Torriani and Miss Josephine Yorke are also valuable additions to the company.

St Paul will be given at Mr Hallé's concert this week. Mr Sims Reeves is engaged for the tenor music, and Mrs Osgood for the soprano solos.

November 24, 1875.

WAIFS.

Civil cabmen, like the brave, best deserve the fare.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE POWER OF THE PRESS.—Cider.

CURIOUS GEOGRAPHICAL FACT.—Wales is not present in India.

Mr Gilbert's new fairy play will be brought out at the Court Theatre before Christmas.

Mr Henry S. Leigh is turning *La Chatte Blanche* into *The White Cat*, for the Queen's Theatre.

Mr J. P. Goldberg has been appointed a professor of singing, in the Royal Academy of Music.

The title of the new annual by the authors of *The Coming K—*, &c., will be *Edward the Seventh*.

Herr Schnberth has left town to fulfil some engagements in Holland, Germany, and Brussels, &c., &c.

Mr J. H. Cowen has left London for Binsacre Hall, Suffolk, the seat of the Earl and Countess of Dudley.

Mr Sothorn is expected shortly to leave England, so as to reach New York in January, to fulfil a professional engagement.

The Bristol Musical Festival of 1876 has been fixed for October 16th, and following days. Mr Charles Hallé has accepted the conductorship.

The prospectus has been issued of a new Gaiety Theatre contemplated at the west-end of Brighton, for the production of opera-bouffe, ballet, and comedy.

M. Beer, formerly a music-publisher in New York, but resident for some years in Paris, has been made an officer of the Persian Order of the Lion and the Sun.

Ferdinand Hiller proposes to give, at the Gürzenich concerts, this season, Verdi's *Requiem*, Carissimi's *Jonah*, Bach's *Matthew Passion*, and Handel's *Alexander's Feast*.

A new drama by Mr Wilkie Collins will, it is said, shortly see the light at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool. Miss Ada Cavendish will represent the heroine.

Up to the present time, the band-masters of the Italian army have been ranked as corporals. The Minister of war has announced his intention of giving them in future the grade of officers.

An old author quaintly remarks:—"Avoid arguments with ladies. In spinning yarns among silks and satins, a man is sure to be worsted and twisted; and, when a man is worsted and twisted, he may consider himself wounded up."

According to the *Vossische Zeitung* the luxurious Wahnfried Villa which R. Wagner erected at Bayreuth, to symbolise the peace (*Friede*) which he obtained on getting of his illusions (*Wahn*), is advertised for sale. The price asked is 15,000 thalers.

Balzac says that Parisian ladies have a genius for graceful walking, and seem to imprint in the fold of their robe the mould of their tiny feet. When an English or a German lady attempts this step, he states, "they have the air of a grenadier marching to attack a redoubt."

M. Henri du Bornier, the successful author of the *Fille de Roland*, the play which is acted nearly every other night at the Théâtre Français, is a candidate for the seat left vacant in the French Academy, by M. de Ricusant's death. M. Jules Simon is also a candidate for the seat.

An engineer in Liverpool when going on board his steamer was accosted by a son of Erin's Isle, "Got all your hands engaged, sur?" "Well, no. What can you do?" "Sure, an' I can either trim or fairs." "Have you ever been at sea before?" "D'ye think I came from Ireland in a cart?"

Some Milanese journals speak in enthusiastic terms of a new baritone singer, by name George Walker, Italianised into Giorgio Valcheri. They say that his voice is of extraordinary beauty, resonance, power, and compass, and that he sings and acts like an artist of the highest culture.

Investigation has shown that not only persons of great mental capacity, but also lunatics, occasionally possess brains which are considerably heavier than the average brains possessed by ordinary but sane people. Tell this to the man with a big hat when he next remarks upon the capacity of his head.

The *Morgen Post*, of Vienna, in their "Personal Nachrichten," says that their highly-esteemed countryman, Mr J. P. Goldberg, has just left Vienna for London, where he has been staying for a short time, on a visit to his aged mother, who had been suddenly taken seriously ill, but, we are glad to say, is now out of danger.

A new ballet entitled *India*; or, the *Prince of Wales's visit to our Eastern Empire*, is in preparation at the South London Palace of Amusement, and will shortly be produced on a scale of great magnificence.

John Bright makes the sweeping assertion that in mental power girls are not inferior to boys. There is room for discrimination here. Girls differ from boys as one star from another in glory; and it would be a mistake to say that the constellation Virgo is either inferior or superior in power to the constellation Aries.

Six busts of the finest white marble, representing the first six Roman Emperors, have been placed in the Louvre recently. They were discovered in Africa, and, although evidently many centuries old, they are as perfect as if chiselled yesterday. The modelling of the faces is said to be very fine, the profile of the Augustus especially so.

The police of San Francisco recently captured and locked up a Chinese theatre-actors, spectators and all—for violating a city ordinance which requires all places of amusement to close at 1 o'clock. The Chinese, for whose benefit the ordinance was particularly intended, disregarded it, and kept up the infernal tom-tom night after night until early morning.

Spitz, Spider, Crab, in the title of the forthcoming pantomime at the Grecian Theatre. Mr George Comquest is to be the Crab. The famous pantomimist has, for something like eight months, turned his studies in the crab direction. He has made more than a dozen models, has passed a week in the Brighton Aquarium, and has listened to the sage counsel of Mr Frank Buckland.

We give the following exactly as we have received it:—"Sir, I have a hold day that is worn out and I am going to have it destroyed but I wish to try an experiment upon it first Sir I said to see how it would act upon rats when it was mad if you will oblige me by letting me know what will do it through your paper I should feel thankful."—If the society of such an amiable owner does not drive the poor dog mad, we do not know what would.

Mlle Tietjens has been somewhat astonished at Americans, and especially disgusted with some of the critics. A few days after her arrival, she wanted to go home, and begged Mr Strakosch to release her from her engagement. And with good cause; for the present critics on the New York daily press seem unusually stupid. Thus: the *Times* man heard her sing the "Last Rose of Summer," and criticised it as "Home, sweet home."

The programme of competitions for the Great National Welsh Eisteddfod of 1876, at Wrexham, is now completed, and the adjudicators have all been selected and published. The programme embraces Welsh and English subjects in poetry, prose, translations (Welsh English, and Latin), music (vocal, instrumental, and composition), art, science, and history, and others, for which nearly £1000 is offered in prizes. An art exhibition on a large scale is being arranged to be held in connection with the Eisteddfod.

"At a swell-wedding lady in England," observes the *Chicago Tribune*. "The Ladies (Gwendoline and Muriel Talbot) wore mob-caps. The mob-cap is a loose bag of net, edged round with a broad frill, and tied between the frill and the crown with a gray ribbon, and having a bow in front. Our girls would call the mob-cap dowdy and trying, but, on a girl with any kind of a rolling eye, it wears a saucy and piquant expression. Ladies Gwendoline and Muriel may have looked quite as sweet in them, but not all the blue blood of all the Howards and Talbots combined can resuscitate the fashion of mob-caps, except for night furniture."

"As *Vesta* was descending," a very fine specimen of the madrigalian school, is remarkable for the admirable counterpoint in the development of the subject introduced with the words, "Long live fair Oriana." This is taken up consecutively by second tenors, first sopranos, second sopranos, basses, first tenors, alto, when basses are heard singing the subject in notes eight times lengthened, with imitative points going on in the other parts. Further on, another effect is produced by basses giving subject four times lengthened. Thomas Weekes, Mus. Bac., Oxon., was organist of Winchester Cathedral, and afterwards held same post at Chichester.—T. DUFF SMITH.

Mlle Victoria Bunsen was unanimously and deservedly recalled after Rossini's beautiful cavatina, "Oh, Patria" (*Inferno*), at the last Crystal Palace Saturday Concert. The beautiful contralto voice of this young Swedish lady has greatly improved during the last year or two. She has just returned from a tour in her own country, where she has been serenaded and generally received as an artist worthy to maintain the credit already achieved by her compatriots. With the patriotism peculiar to the Swedes, Mlle Bunsen's second concert consisted of national melodies, when she was accompanied by her sister, Mlle Felicia Bunsen, who is a talented and accomplished pianist.—Court Circular.

Charity should be blind to sectarianism.

M. Faure, entirely recovered from his long and severe indisposition, has made his re-appearance at the New Grand Opera, as Hamlet, the *Uphélie* being *Mme. Miolan-Cavallo*.—It is now decided that the performances of the "Théâtre-Lyrique" (so called) will be held at the *Gaité*, with M. *Vizzini* as manager and conductor—a position of no small responsibility.—The *Reformation Symphony* of Mendelssohn was the feature of M. *Pasdeloup's* last concert in the *Cirque d'Hiver*. It is curious that this great work—which, through some caprice of the orchestra, or conductor, or both, was for more than one rehearsal, denied a hearing at the *Académie de la Musique*, at the time of Mendelssohn's second visit to Paris—should now be so frequently performed, and so universally popular, in the French capital.

Seldom before in the memory of the present or any previous generation has there been such a combination of musical celebrities of the very highest character as there was at the *Théâtre Royal* last evening to interpret the delightful and popular opera of *Proserpine*, *Nilsen*, *facile princeps*, the queen of *prima donnas*; *Trebelli*, the unapproached contralto; *Brignoli*, who has given his best days to the Americans, but is now declared to be the first living tenor, and, if second to any of the past, only to the divine *Mario*; and *Gallasi*, a magnificent baritone. The result was as might have been expected, the most crowded house ever known in the annals of the *Théâtre Royal*. It is estimated that thousands were turned away from the doors, the house being completely jammed full at half-past seven o'clock.—*Irishman, November 20th.*

Ralph Waldo Emerson, in talking of his political friends, says, "Holmes is so full that he can write at any time. Lowell broods over his subject for a time, and then composes with great swiftness. He does not like to write to order, through desirous of employing the stimulus of great occasions. We asked him to read a poem at Concord on the one hundredth anniversary of the fight, but he said he could not. His wife, a day or two before, wrote to me, saying, 'I cannot speak for James, yet I think you may expect a poem from him on the 19th. He has been going about for some time in that peculiar way which is promise of something,' and on the 19th Lowell was on the ground with his poem—and a grand one it was. Longfellow prepares his poems to be read on any great occasion, as a minister who lives near Boston prepares his sermon, nearly a year ahead. He wrote the poem read at Bowdoin College last summer early in the fall of the preceding year."

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—The event of the ensuing week at the Alexandra Palace will be the celebration of the birthday of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, on Wednesday next, the 1st December. Amongst the special arrangements made for this occasion will be performances in the theatre, when Mr Toole will play his favourite parts in *Paul Pry* and the *Spitalfields Weaver*, supported by the members of the Gaiety Theatre Company. In the evening there will be a grand Promenade Concert, at which the band of the Grenadier Guards will unite with the company's orchestral band in rendering the Danish National Anthem, a march, composed for the occasion by Walderstadt, and the most successful pieces performed at the great Musical Jubilee, at Boston, in America. Mr Wilford Morgan and other popular vocalists will appear, and there will be an illumination of the Italian winter garden, with appropriate devices. The ordinary orchestral and organ performances will be continued daily. *Bustier*, the *prestidigitateur*, will repeat his performances; and, on Saturday, Handel's *Messiah* will be produced, under the superintendence of Mr H. Weiss Hill, with a largely increased orchestra and chorus.

At the popular concert on Monday evening week, the lovers of Schumann's music were treated to the Quartet for strings' instruments in A major, second of the set of three quartets (Op. 41), which he dedicated, "in *saniger Verlehnung*," to his friend, Mendelssohn. It is a beautiful, though somewhat unequal, work, and was admirably performed by MM. Straus, Ries, Zerbin, and Daubert. The pianist was again *M. Esnoff*, who played Beethoven's sonata in D minor with the *recitativo*, and joined MM. Straus and Daubert in the B flat trio of Schubert, so much beloved by Schumann. Her great power of execution and delicacy of touch were especially manifest in the trio, of which she played her part admirably from beginning to end. The singer at this concert was Miss Helene Armin, who gave airs by Gluck (the irrepressible "O faro senza Eurilione"), Clara Schumann, and Schubert, with the best good taste; and the concert was brought cheerfully to an end with one of the merriest quartets of "Papa Haydn." Mr Arthur Chappell has also commenced his "Saturday Popular Concerts," which take place in the afternoon. A boon to residents in the suburbs, to whom late hours at night are materially inconvenient. The first and second were very successful.

A HANDICAP.—A capful of money.

Mr Arthur Sullivan has completed his orchestral arrangements for the Westminster Aquarium. His assistant conductor is to be Mr George Mount.

The New Series of Plays, under the direction of Mr Charles Wyndham, at the Crystal Palace, will commence on November 27th. The plays, as at present arranged, are—*Shakespeare's Tempest* (with Sullivan's music), *Shakespeare's Comedy of Errors*, *Sheridan's Rivals*, G. W. Wills's *Man of Air*, *Poole's Paul Pry* (first time), *Rowell's Love's Sacrifice*, and *Sophocles' Antigone*, as adapted by Mr W. Bartholomew, with Mendelssohn's music.

QUEEN MAB'S FLOWER-SONG.

Come, gather sweetest flow'rs,
And blithly trip along;
We'll deck our fairy bow'rs,
Then sing our flower-song.
The fragrant violet seek;
But lightly, gently tread;
This fragrant flow'ret meek
Lies hid 'neath leafy bed.
Now call the bright blue-bell,
The snowdrop ne'er forget,
Some grow in hollow dell,
And some by rivulet.
Sweet flowers white or blue,
Look meek, and so they give
A lesson good and true,
The loveliest way to live.

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3.	POSTHUMOUS RONDO in B Flat.....	MOZART.....	4	0
4.	SONATA in D..... (Op. 47).....	DUSSEK.....	5	0
5.	SONATA in C Sharp Minor.....	HAYDN.....	5	0
6.	SONATINA in E Flat..... (Op. 37).....	CLEMENTI.....	4	0
7.	BOURREE in A Minor..... (Suites Anglaises).....	BACH.....	3	0
8.	SONATINA in G.....	BEETHOVEN.....	2	6
9.	ECHO..... (from the Partita in B minor).....	BACH.....	2	6
10.	SONATINA in F..... (Op. 38).....	CLEMENTI.....	1	0
11.	SONATINA in F.....	BEETHOVEN.....	3	0
12.	SONATA in C.....	HAYDN.....	4	0
13.	PRELUDE & CAPRICE in C Minor..... (1st Partita).....	BACH.....	4	0
14.	SONATA in E Minor.....	HAYDN.....	5	0
15.	L'ADIEU.....	DUSSEK.....	3	0
16.	TWO MINUETS in C and D.....	BEETHOVEN.....	3	0
17.	LA CONTEMPLAZIONE.....	HUMMEL.....	4	0
18.	ABSCHIED.....	SCHUMANN.....	3	0
19.	ALLEGRO, SARABANDE, & SCHERZO in A Minor..... (3rd Partita).....	BACH.....	4	0
20.	SONATA in F.....	HAYDN.....	4	0
21.	ANDANTE in B Flat..... (Op. 75).....	DUSSEK.....	1	0
22.	RONDO A CAPRICCIO..... (Op. 129).....	BEETHOVEN.....	5	0
23.	SOUVENIR.....	SCHUMANN.....	2	0
24.	ALLEGRO, SARABANDE, & PASSACALLE in G Minor..... (7th Suite).....	HANDEL.....	4	0
25.	GAVOTTE & MUSETTE in D Minor..... (Suites Anglaises, No. 6).....	BACH.....	3	0
26.	ALLEGRO CON BRIO in E Flat..... (From Sonata, Op. 13).....	HUMMEL.....	4	0
27.	SONATA in D..... (No. 10).....	PARADIES.....	4	0
28.	DEUX ROMANCES.....	STEIBELT.....	3	0
29.	PRESTO in A Flat..... (From Sonata, No. 6).....	HAYDN.....	3	0
30.	SONATA in C..... (Op. 53).....	WOELFL.....	5	0
31.	SAXON AIR with VARIATIONS.....	DUSSEK.....	4	0
32.	PASSEPIED..... (Partita in B minor).....	BACH.....	2	0
33.	TWO MINUETS in E Flat and C.....	BEETHOVEN.....	3	0
34.	RONDO BRILLANT in B flat..... (Op. 107).....	HUMMEL.....	4	0
35.	TOCCATA in A..... (From Sonata, No. 6).....	PARADIES.....	3	0
36.	GIGUE in F Sharp Minor..... (Suite, No. 6).....	HANDEL.....	2	0
37.	INVITATION POUR LA VALSE.....	WEBER.....	4	0
38.	MINUET & TRIO in E Flat.....	BEETHOVEN.....	3	0
39.	SONATA in E.....	PARADIES.....	4	0
40.	NOCTURNE in E Flat..... (Op. 9, No. 2).....	CHOPIN.....	2	0
41.	ARIA..... (4th Partita).....	BACH.....	2	0
42.	LA GALANTE, RONDO..... (Op. 120).....	HUMMEL.....	5	0
43.	RONDO BRILLANT in E Flat..... (Op. 62).....	WEBER.....	4	0
44.	WIEGENLIEDCHEN..... (Op. 124).....	SCHUMANN.....	2	6
45.	ARIA CON VARIAZIONI in A..... (Op. 107, No. 3).....	HUMMEL.....	4	0
46.	OCTAVE STUDY.....	STEIBELT.....	3	0
47.	TWO MINUETS..... (1st Partita).....	BACH.....	2	6
48.	POLONAISE in C..... (Op. 80).....	BEETHOVEN.....	4	0

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VOL. 53—No. 49.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1875.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT, Dec 4th.
Professor MACPHERSON'S Oratorio, "ST JOHN THE BAPTIST." Vocalists—*Mme Lemmens-Sherrington, Maudie Pacey, Mr Wilford Morgan, Mr Wadmore.* The Crystal Palace Chorus.—*Mr AUGUR MARSH.* Numbered stalls, 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. Admission to Palace, Half-a-Crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

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Repetition of HANDEL'S ORATORIO "JESU, MY SOVEREIGN."
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MUSICAL ASSOCIATION, 27, HARLEY STREET, W.—SECOND SEASON, 1875-6. SECOND MONTHLY MEETING, Monday, December 14th. At 8 p.m. punctually a Paper will be read by WILLIAM POLA, Esq., F.R.S., Mus. Doc. Oxon.: "On the Graphic Representation of Intervals, with Illustrations of the Construction of the Scale."

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My Lily.	Little Pa.
My dearest, sing.	The Burlesque on her Shoes.
Many weary years ago.	The Flight of the Birds.

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"The most interesting feature was, perhaps, the singing by Mme Nilsson of two songs by Mr J. W. Davidson, a musician who, in his capacity of composer, is much too little known. The ballads we allude to were 'I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden,' one of a set of vocal illustrations of Shelley, and 'Sweet Village Bells,' words by the late Desmond Ryan; the music in either case being of high artistic merit, and worthy the notice of the famous artist to whom the public are indebted for their acquaintance with the composition. The first of the songs was an equivalent, the vocalist being recalled to the platform no less than three times."—*Concurrence.*

THE SCOTCH BALLAD CONCERT.

With St Andrew's Day came appropriately the first snow of the season—

"Cauld blew the wind frae north to south,
The drift was driftin' sairy."

Timid people might have feared an array of empty benches at St James's Hall; but the *perferendum ingenium* of the hardy sons and daughters of the North was not to be damped by such trifles. Seldom has the well-known hall presented a more animated appearance, every part being crowded, and many unable to gain admission. From first to last the concert was a great success, and must have fully justified the expectations of its promoters. Artists and audience seemed to enter heartily into the spirit of the music, whether grave or gay. After an excellent performance of the overture to *Gug Monnering*, by the band of the Scots Fusilier Guards, under the conductorship of Mr J. P. Clarke, came the well-known but ever welcome ballads of Scotland. It is a difficult matter for those who are not "to the manner born" to give the "suld Scots songs" in all their purity, but such artists as Miss Enriquez, Madame Edna Hall, Miss Emily Mott, Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Lloyd, Mr Sydney Smith, &c., &c., could not fail to please. Many were the encores, and the applause throughout unstinted. "Castles in the air," by Miss Emily Mott, "Oh, are ye sleeping, Maggie," by Madame Edna Hall, "John Anderson, my jo," by Miss Enriquez, all well deserved the encores which they received. Miss Enriquez particularly delighted us by her charming rendering of "Dreams of Home"—written and composed (by Mr Henderson and Herr Reichardt) in memory of Dr Livingstone. Mr Lloyd was most successful in "Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane," and in "Draw the sword, Scotland." Mr Greaves sang "Scots wha hae" so well, it was a pity he felt obliged to "improve" the music; Mr Almsworth was evidently suffering from a cold. Greatest of all came the Prince of Tenors. The first appearance of Mr Sims Reeves was the signal for long-sustained applause. He sang "The Land o' the Leal" with most touching pathos. When recalled, as a matter of course, he accompanied himself in his old favourite "My love is like a red, red rose;" and when, in the "Macgregor's Gathering," the war-cry, "Griegalach," resounded through the hall, he received a tremendous ovation—truly the heather was on fire! The pipers of the Scots Fusilier Guards appropriately brought to a conclusion one of the most successful concerts of the season. A Scotch Ballad Concert on St Andrew's Day must now be regarded as an established institution.

MUSIC AT GLASGOW.

(From a Correspondent.)

Two of the long expected orchestral concerts have already taken place in Glasgow. The programme of the first concert was devoted entirely to Sir Michael Costa's oratorio, *Eli*, under the direction of the renowned maestro himself. According to the *Glasgow Herald*, the performance was such as to give entire satisfaction to the composer. The second concert, under the direction of Mr Arthur Sullivan, according to the same authority, was alike successful. About the orchestra, the *Herald* says:—

"The concert just concluded enables us to state, in general terms, that the orchestra is composed of unrivalled exponents. The strings are remarkable for exquisite tone, and for the perfect execution of the most difficult passages; the woods are finer than any to be found in any one orchestra in the country; while the brasses are also, on the whole, very good, although Mr Sullivan would do well to moderate their vigour in some of the *forte* passages."

Among the pieces performed were Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, the overture to *Oberon*, the *Flying Dutchman* of Wagner, and *Zanetta*, together with an *entr'acte* of Gounod's *Colombe*, and a *gavotte* from the *Mignon* of Ambrose Thomas. These pieces received full justice under the direction of Mr Sullivan, about whose conducting the *Herald* writes as subjoined:—

"As to Mr Sullivan's conducting, we shall take occasion before the series closes to refer to it with some degree of minuteness. Meanwhile, it may be said that, knowing as he does every bar of the music, he is able without apparent effort really to conduct his

orchestra, and by careful preparation and frequent rehearsals he gains every effect desired. He is proud of his forces, and we happen also to know that the gentlemen of the orchestra, reposing every confidence in their conductor, are anxious to do their very best to make the present series an exceptional success. Now that Glasgow possesses such a superb orchestra, marshalled by one of the best conductors of the day, it remains to be seen whether the general public will give that measure of support necessary to make the scheme one of permanency. To let the undertaking fall would be no credit to the city."

The solo was Spohr's so-called "Dramatic Concerto," the player being our great English violinist, Mr Carrodus, who is thus appraised by the intelligent critic of the *Herald*:—

"It is manifest that Mr Carrodus is one of those thoroughly conscientious performers who, not contented with the substantial successes of the past, seek by continuous and ever-widening study to reach even a higher standard of artistic excellence."

The singer was Madame Sinico-Campobello, who selected Mendelssohn's superbly dramatic air, "Infelice," and "Doh vieni" from *Figaro*, and, being encoired in the latter, substituted "Robin Adair." The whole concert gave unqualified satisfaction to a very large audience.

BRUSSELS.

(From our Correspondent.)

The principal event lately worthy of note at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie has been the appearance of M. Sylva as Vasco de Gama, in place of M. Warot, the former representative of the adventurous but not too moral navigator. M. Sylva has passed through the ordeal very creditably, though he makes Vasco a totally different personage to what M. Warot made him. The latter gentleman gave especial prominence to the lyric and idyllic side of the character. He was all sweetness, all gentleness. M. Sylva, on the contrary, is made of sterner stuff, and invests the Portuguese discoverer with a vast amount of energy and roughness, as marked as it was unexpected. The public seemed to like the new version; at any rate, they dispensed their applause with liberal hands. Madlle Van den Berghen, as Selika, was better than she was when first she assumed the part, but still leaves much to be desired. The way in which the opera was put on the stage showed marks of haste and carelessness. It was not what it should be in the leading and subordinated theatre of a European capital, even though that capital be one of the smallest.

The season of Popular Concerts of Classical Music has begun at the Alhambra, the locality in which the concerts were given last year. There was a large and appreciative audience on the first night. M. Joseph Dupont, the clever and energetic director, was warmly welcomed on taking his place. The concert commenced with Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. Mdmé Jaell played Liszt's Pianoforte Concerto in E minor, Brahms' Variations on a theme of Paganini's, and, with M. Jaell, the Variations of St Sæns on a theme from Beethoven's Eighteenth Sonata. The other principal pieces in the programme were the ballet music from Schubert's *Rosamunda*, and Ferdinand Hiller's mastery overture to Schiller's *Demetrius*.

A new mass, with full band, was performed at the Church of St Gendele, on the Festival of St Cecilia, under the direction of M. Fischer. It is from the pen of M. Wouters, and produced a decidedly favourable impression.

M. Offenbach has paid us a visit. Of course he went to see his own work, *Madame l'Archiduc*, at the Alcazar, and, of course, expressed himself charmed with every one in it, more particularly with Mdmé Théo. When it was known that he was in the house the audience gave him a most hearty welcome, in acknowledgment of which he bowed repeatedly from his private box. On the following evening the band proceeded to his hotel, and serenaded him with some of the best-known pieces from his works. A dense crowd filled the large square in which the hotel is situated, and testified their delight by loud and frequent cries of "Vive Offenbach." After the serenade there was a joyous supper inside the hotel. Observed of all observers were M. Offenbach and Mdmé Théo.

Important to Managers.

CLERKENWELL COUNTY COURT.—THURSDAY, NOVEMBER, 25.

FOINTER v. HART.—The action was brought by Mr. Harry Wall, for and on behalf of, and under a power of attorney held from Miss Elizabeth Ann Fointer, the registered assignee and proprietor of the sole liberty of representation in public for gain of the opera of *Martiano*, against Mr. Henry Hart, the Responsible Proprietor of the "Raglan" Music Hall, for having "caused and permitted" a performance there on two several occasions by a certain performer on the stage, and by the musicians comprising the orchestra in his employ, of two airs, entitled respectively "Scenes that are brightest" and "There is a flower that bloometh," from the above-said opera, the words of the same not having been used, but others substituted in place thereof of a totally different character, to recover the sum of £4, being the statutory penalties of £2 for each performance, "without the permission, in writing, first had and obtained from the above-named Proprietor of such sole liberty," as the statutes require. The Act 3 and 4 William IV., cap. 15, sec. 1 and 2, which protects the Proprietor of the right of representation of an opera, or of "any part thereof," was cited, as under it the two airs forming a portion of the before-named opera were protected, and 5 and 6 Victoria, cap. 45, sec. 20 and 21, which protects any "musical composition" from being infringed. The "Raglan," although not a licensed "place of dramatic entertainment," was proved to have been rendered and constituted such for the time being, owing to the nature of the performances on the particular night in question (July 12th and 13th last), sufficiently for the purposes of these Acts, and the chief points raised and argued, and on which judgment had been deferred, were whether it is incumbent on the part of a plaintiff to give previous notice to prevent the commission of such an offence, and prove that such notice had been given, or whether a Proprietor or Manager be rendered liable to the penalties, although he may have quite innocently, ignorantly, and unknowingly caused and permitted an infringement to take place; and also if the performance of two melodies from an opera constitute "any part thereof" so as to subject an offender or offenders to the penalties named.

His Honour said he had well considered the many cases previously settled in superior courts to which his attention had been called, and that he had found all the points of law fully in the plaintiff's favour, to whom he must, therefore, award a verdict for the amount claimed, together with full costs, according to the rules of the court, including all witnesses present or absent.

MAVENCE.—On Thursday, the 25th ult., the second concert of the "Kunstverein" took place, with the following programme:—String Quartet in E flat, by C. von Dittersdorf (contemporary of Haydn, died 1799); *Aria* from the *Creation*; *Fantasia* on *Oberon*, for harp, by Parish-Alvars; Andante and Variations from Schubert's D minor Quartet; Songs by Rubinstein and Gounod; "Clouds and Sunshine," musical illustration for harp solo; Scherzo and Finale from J. S. Svendsen's Quartet in A minor. The artists were Fran Zidia Klehmet, from Cologne (soprano); Herr Charles Oberthur, from the London Academy of Music (harp); Herr Concertmeister E. Heckmann (first violin); Herr Aliekotte (second violin); Herr Concertmeister Otto Forberg (tenor); Herr Music-director Gruters (violincello). Fran Klehmet sang the *Aria* from the *Creation*, with taste, and was particularly successful in the songs by Rubinstein and Gounod. The Quartet by Dittersdorf was an interesting and by no means an antiquated composition; it was very excellently played, and deserved a warmer reception than it met with. The fine Adagio from Schubert's D minor Quartet was, however, more appreciated, and also the movements from Svendsen's A minor Quartet. Herr Concertmeister Heckmann, as the leader of these quartets, proved himself a violin player of the first order. The "lion" of the evening was Herr C. Oberthur, who, after his splendid performance of Parish-Alvars' *Oberon Fantasia*, was unanimously recalled, as well as afterwards, when he played his own harp solo, "Clouds and Sunshine." The next concert takes place on January the 7th, with the Florentine Quartet Society, under Jean Becker. At the third concert (January the 28th), Fran Professor Rappoldi and her husband, Professor E. Rappoldi, of the Berlin High Music School, will play.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The Students' Evening Concert, at St James's Hall, on Thursday evening, December 2nd, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, was remarkably well attended. The following is the programme:—

Duet, "Il core vi dono," *Così fan tutte* (Mozart)—Miss Matilda Ealy and Mr Jarrett; Pianoforte, *Capriccios*, in E, No. 2, and *Agitato Assai*, in E minor, No. 3, from *Suite de Pièces* (Op. 24), (W. Sterndale Bennett)—Miss Minnie Ewell; Song, "The Charmer" (Mendelssohn)—Miss Lizzie Williams; Trio, "Love" (Henry Leslie)—Miss Marie Duval, Miss Bolingbroke, and Mr H. Seligmann; Rec., "They err," and Air, "Love's Holy Flame" (T. A. Mudge)—Miss Mary Webb; "Springtime," for the pianoforte, with Accompaniment for second pianoforte (J. Raff)—Miss Jenkins and Miss Banks; *Aria*, "Salve dimora," *Faust* (Gounod), (violin obbligato, Miss Gabrielle Vallant)—Mr Seligmann; Pianoforte, Introduction and Rondo, from *Sonata* in C (Op. 53), (Beethoven)—Miss Borell; *Barcarola* (Gounod)—Miss Mary Davies and Mr Sauvage; Part Song (MS.), "The Pole's Farewell," George F. Smith (Student); Song, "I hear thee speak of a better land" (Arthur Cecil)—Miss A. Butterworth; Violin, Two Romances, in B flat and F (Walter Macfarren)—Mr Frank Smythies; Song, "I'm Alone," *Lily of Killarney* (Benedict)—Miss M. Lewis; Organ, *Fugue*, in C minor (J. S. Bach)—Miss M. E. Butterworth; Song, "O, that we two were maying" (Gounod)—Miss Bolingbroke; (Arecia-Rosa scholar); Solo and Chorus, "Ave Maria" *Loreley*, (Mendelssohn)—Solo, Miss Shaboe; Pianoforte, *Cradle Song* (Henselt), *Rondolletto*, "La Primavera" (Walter Macfarren)—Miss Chute; Madrigal (MS.), *Walter Fitton* (Student); Trio, "Giovinetto Cavalier," *Crociato in Egitto* (Meyerbeer)—Miss Maricetta, Miss Kate Brand, and Miss Orridge; Song, "On the Water" (Croschaw Johnson)—Mr Robert George; Solo and Chorus, *Ladies' Voices*, *Bride of Dunkerron* (H. Smart)—Solo, Miss Kate Brand; Pianoforte, *Octave Study* in C minor (Steibelt), and *Study* in C (Chopin)—Mr Matthey; Song, "Sleep, beloved, sleep" (Sullivan)—Miss Thekla Fischer; Anthem, "Behold, I bring you glad tidings" (Goss).

The accompanists were Miss Alice Curtis (Potter Exhibitioner), Miss Katie Seale, Miss Farrer, Miss M. E. Butterworth, Mr F. W. W. Humphreys, and Mr Walter Fitton.

Although the weather was bitterly cold, the audience were liberal in their applause, and warmly recalled several of the young students, a custom, however, we think, at these concerts, more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Among the works that require more than ordinary notice was an air entitled "Love's holy flame," by Mr T. M. Mudge, one of the most distinguished musicians for whom we are indebted to our Royal Academy of Music, and whose compositions, both instrumental and vocal, are far too rarely heard in public, being as they are, immeasurably superior to so many things that we hear as far too often. We must not pass over, without a word of praise, the performance of the introduction and rondo from Beethoven's pianoforte sonata (Op. 53), by Miss Borell, and that by Miss M. E. Butterworth, of a fugue for the organ by J. S. Bach. Miss Kate Brand, too, deserves commendation for the way in which she gave the solo part in the solo and chorus from Henry Smart's *Bride of Dunkerron*; Mr. Seligmann, for the unobtrusive way in which he gave "Salve dimora" (*Faust*), the violin part being carefully played by Miss Gabrielle Vallant; and Mr. Robert George, whose voice was heard to advantage in an agreeable song, entitled "On the water," by Mr. Croschaw Johnson, a former pupil of the Royal Academy of Music.

The next orchestral concert, under the conductorship of Mr Walter Macfarren, is announced to take place on Wednesday evening, December 15th, instead of the afternoon, as previously announced, when several compositions by students will be given, including the first movement of a Symphony in C minor (MS.), by Mr Eaton Fanning; a Sacred Cantata (MS.), by Mr A. H. Jackson; and a song (MS.) by Miss Oliveria Prescott.

ST PETERSBURGH.—Camille Saint-Saëns, the pianist and composer, has arrived here for the purpose of giving concerts and introducing his compositions to the local public.

NAPLES.—In addition to Carlo di Borja, by Sig. Musone, and *Rita*, by Sig. Guercia, two other novelties, *Maria di Fances*, by Sig. Vincenzo Magnetta, and *Waldstein*, by Sig. Luigi Denza, will most probably be produced at the Teatro Mercadante during the ensuing season.

THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

(From the "Liverpool Porcupine.")

Being entrusted with the duty of describing the jolly Wagner's music of the future from a high-art or upper-attic point of view—viz., the gallery, I duly attended the Alexandra Theatre early in the afternoon. I had heard of the difficulties and dangers of the long passage, and was, therefore, prepared with remedial measures. I went provided with the following appliances:—a set of Woods' life-saving pillows and mattresses, a book of words, a telescope (in order to bring the beauties of Wagner as distinct as possible), a box of sandwiches, a packet of rockets and fireworks, a large pepper-caster, a bottle of anafetide, half-a-dozen of pale ale, and an axe to cut my way through, if necessary. I went early in the afternoon to the long passage in Paddy-street, and spent several hours instructively in contemplating the business premises of the Liverpool Omnibus and Tramways Company (Limited)—manager, Mr D. Busby, and was greatly edified by the variety and vigour of the language used by the stable-boys and 'bus-washers of that enterprising company. But the day wore on, my interest wore off, and my supply of creature comforts waned as the crowd of expectant opera-goers increased. I made up my mind to prepare for the worst, and accordingly fortified myself with the life-saving pillows and mattresses, which I strapped firmly round my body, so that I was protected against all buffets and the shocks of projecting rocks, and floating wreckage, in the shape of broken umbrellas, dismembered coat-tails, and ownerless hats.

I paddled myself with my book of words (the large size, bound in boards), and for fear that I might never see daylight again, I took one of my bitter-ber bottles (which I had previously emptied) and placed inside it a slip of paper, with my name, the date, longitude and latitude, and the ominous notification "Going up with all hands." No help for it! Anyone finding this paper who will communicate the sad intelligence to my bereaved family will be liberally rewarded—with the knowledge that they have done their duty." The bottle and contents I then committed to the deep, flinging it as far over the heads of the crowd as I could. It did not go far without striking somebody or something, and curses both loud and deep were followed by some fellow pitching the bottle back again. This sport went on playfully for some time, and several contused optics were the result; but I have every reason to think the bottle ultimately found its way into Paddy-street, where one of Busby's men, thinking there might be some beer left in it, drew the cork, drained the dregs, read the paper, smiled a ghastly smile, and lit his pipe with his farewell "message from the deep." A couple of hours were pleasantly whiled away with operatic selections, volunteered by members of the crowd, the air "Tommaso make room for your avunculo," and the scena "You'll remember me," both from the opera of "Il Guardo Mulliganio," being especial favourites. The rondo, "I want to go home alla mia madre," expressed a general but utterly futile wish, for the crowd so increased in dimensions and combativeness that locomotion in a homeward direction was impossible. It was now time to bring into active requisition my pepper-caster and bottle of anafetide for testing the endurance of the animate surging volume that was threatening to squash me into a conglomerate gelatinous mass. With one hand I liberally besprinkled the surrounding crowd, with the other I dashed out the pleasing contents of the bottle against the wall. The immediate result may be more easily imagined than described. Some ladies fainted from the overpowering strength of the perfume, but were quickly brought to again by the fits of sneezing, which became general and violent. Those who could use their hands did so, and those who couldn't (and their name was legion) earnestly requested those who could to hold their nasal organs for them. The air of the long passage was heavy with unusual odours and imprecations, and the fun of it all was that I myself, being unable to move, got the full benefit of both. But it's a long passage that has no ending, and misery, however protracted, must have some limit.

There was a sigh of relief sent up from hundreds of aching hearts, allied with bruised bones, and this was followed by a rush and a swaying to and fro of the heaving mass of people, and then an opening of the floodgates of humanity and a surging onwards of the crowd. Thanks to my protecting precautions, I floated

serenely and safely on the top of the human waves, only being turned round and round like a buoy in an eddy, and was carried with a triumphant rush right up to the top of the apparently everlasting staircase. The first and only obstacle I encountered in my passage was the old checktaker at the head of the stairs, who demanded of me my proper pass before allowing me to be borne bodily down to the front row of the gallery. Unfortunately, I had omitted in my excitement and floating passage to perform the necessary preliminary of securing a check at the bottom of the stairway, and I now got a decided one at the top. I could not pass in without a proof of payment. What was I to do? Were all my preparations and precautions to be thus rudely negated? I tried bribery and corruption on the man, but without avail. I offered him my life-saving apparatus, a couple of bottles of beer I had still left, secreted beneath the pillow-fenders—but it was no use. I had to float downstairs again, my downward progress against the current being much less smooth and pleasant for all parties concerned than had been my upward flight; and, after a hard battle for a quarter of an hour, I managed to fight my way to the pay-place, deposited my eightpence, and returned, a sadder and a wiser man, up the interminable staircase, to find that the gallery of the theatre was so crammed, rammed, and jammed, that seeing the stage was out of the question, and hearing the singing still more so. I departed, dejected, despairing, and defeated, and the elaborate critical opinion I was about to give to the expectant musical world remains a part of my inner consciousness. Wagner's music is still for me emphatically "the music of the future."

CHRISTINE NILSSON'S MARGARET.

Probably Margaret had never such an idealistic representative as Madame Nilsson. On her first entrance she looked as if she had stepped out of the frame of Ari Schaeffer's celebrated picture. She was the embodiment of the character, never losing sight of the portrayal, even when having to sing the most florid music. The breathings of her growing affection for Faust in the garden scene—her acknowledgment of her love—her rapture when he embraced her in the window—her agony over the dead body of her murdered brother—her almost insane despair in the church, and her triumph over her tempter at the close—all showed histrionic talent of the highest order, which could only be the result of patient study and large intelligence. Then, when, added to this, she manifested vocalistic skill of an equally high class, expressed by a voice whose tones make their way to the heart, we have a singer of the choicest finish and most exquisite feeling, combined with an actress of such dramatic instinct as is seldom to be realized in one gifted being. But such is Mad. Nilsson. To enumerate the different points of excellence she exhibited would be tedious. They were all taken up by the audience, and she was frequently recalled with acclamation.—*Saunders' News Letter.*

Under a Portico in a Spbors.

BATLIS BOIL.—The critics have caught it!
 PERPLE POWIS.—What—from old Simsbotten?
 BATLIS BOIL.—No—bolder old Simsbotten!
 PERPLE POWIS.—From whom, then?—C. Salaman?
 BATLIS BOIL.—No—nor Dr Stone neither. From Dr Hans von Bulow.
 PERPLE POWIS.—On what account?
 BATLIS BOIL.—All foreign pianists have been kept out of England for sixteen years; if they come, they are not allowed independent "readings."
 PERPLE POWIS.—What are "readings"?
 BATLIS BOIL.—I can't say.
 PERPLE POWIS.—Nor I.
 (Shower abates. Eminent both, with spread umbrellas.)

MOSCOW.—Mad. Adelina Patti's benefit went off magnificently. The lady was called on a hundred times. She received 15,000 bouquets, besides an infinity of emeralds, diamonds, and artistic objects. The opera was *Les Huguenots*. The receipts amounted to 400,000 francs.—*Dr Whig.*

MUSIC IN BERLIN.

(From a Correspondent.)

The revival of Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis* at the Royal Opera-house reflects credit on the Management, but will not increase the reputation of the leading artists concerned, any more than it will bring grief to the financial mill. Herr Niemann is far from being a perfect Achilles, while Mad. Mallinger is quite as unsatisfactory as Iphigenia. Mad. Brandt as Clytemnestra and Herr Betz as Agamemnon were not much better. The subordinate parts were filled by Mad. Horitz, Herren Salomon, Fricke, and Barth. The band under Herr Radcke set an example which the singers would have done well to follow. The scenery, dresses, and appointments, were good. Owing to the inefficiency of the singers and other reasons, I am afraid the work will not long remain in the bills. The following observations by Herr Gumbert, the well-known critic of the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*, strike me as worth quoting:

"By producing Gluck's work, the General-Intendency certainly deserves the sincere thanks of every competent judge of art, the more so as the time and trouble expended will not be rewarded by a real success. The few persons impelled to visit the theatre by love for such creations, and the few who like to be seen there that they may pass for admirers of classicism, all vanish after the first night, and, when it has been repeated once or twice, the work returns for an indefinite time to the library. Our life to-day is of a far too material kind, and far too much diverted from the ideal, for the antique element and Gluck's simplicity possibly to please it. Our singers, too, are children of their age; they want to modernise Gluck, and they thus mar the effect which might otherwise be produced. The misguiding doctrines of certain prophets; remarks about the 'subordination of the tone to the words'; of 'the delicate feeling underlying the conception'; and of 'giving greater depth of expression,' have sown a seed which is now blossoming luxuriantly."

Every word of the above is unfortunately only too true, and exemplified to the fullest extent at the Royal Opera-house.

Miss Minnie Hauck is a greater favourite than ever. She is certainly the most popular artist under the sway of Herr von Hülse. Being in a quoting humour, I append an extract from an article suggested to Herr Richard Wüerst by the fair young American in *Il Barbiere*:

"The present season—so every thing indicates—seems destined to bring about a healthy reaction in vocalistic matters at Berlin. The events of the last few weeks have been full of significant lessons. In the first place, various pupils of the Berlin school have come before the public, and, as regards technical capability, shown themselves so defective as to appear almost useless for the stage; then a young lady (Miss Hauck) has furnished a proof that a person who can sing *l'esprit* admirably is the more competent to render satisfactorily Mozart. These facts have, apparently, produced a profound impression in all circles interested in them. This is, at any rate, highly cheering. But when people who have hitherto stuck their noses so persistently in the clouds as not to see what is taking place upon earth, people who were continually holding forth on the 'last aims' of singing, without understanding that we can attain the last before they have got over the first—when these people, who had only such contemptuous expressions for bravura singing as 'modern tinsel-firery,' or 'superficial senseless tone-trifling,' to-day suddenly raise their voices to urge the necessity of bravura, their words read like a confession of repentance. To these people who would teach without having learnt, I exclaim: 'For you the recognition of the truth comes much too late! You would never see how indispensably necessary bravura is, from the very outset, for every one practising singing, because that alone gives the voice volubility, and with volubility, the correct Legato, grace, and elegance, together with breadth of phrasing, clearness of delivery, and, lastly, the power of taking long breath, a power accompanied by composure in the application of every vocal resource. It is true that you do not know how to treat bravura, because you never went through years of laborious study to attain it. If you were now to commence attempting to render your voices proficient in bravura, instead of benefiting and advancing, you would injure or even totally ruin them.'"

Herr Wüerst is not flattering to the professors of the vocal art in the Prussian capital. How delighted Miss Minnie Hauck must have felt, on perusing the above, to think that she did not learn how to sing, or, more strictly speaking, how not to sing, in Berlin.

The fiftieth professional anniversary of Herr Paul Tagliioni was kept with due solemnity. On the morning of the eventful day he received the presents and congratulations of his numerous friends and acquaintances, together with the orders and decorations which German potentates are in the habit of bestowing on such occasions, and which German artists so greatly covet and so dearly prize. In the evening, an act from each of four of his ballets—*Elmer*, *Flick und Flock*, *Milleville*, and *Fontaine*—was given at the Royal Opera-house. After each act, the veteran ballet-master was called on and duly honoured by applause, bouquets, and laurel wreaths.

Mad. Mallinger is already engaged for two months and a half of her stipulated annual leave of absence. From the 1st to the 12th December she will fulfil an engagement at the Stadttheater of Barmen and Elberfeld; from the 14th to the 20th she will sing at the Stadttheater, Crefeld; and during the first half of January at the Joint Stock Theatre, Zurich. She will then return to Berlin till April. During the first half of that month she will appear at the Stadttheater, Mayence, and, during the last half, at the Stadttheater, Cologne, where, during the first half, she will have been preceded by Miss Minnie Hauck.

The stage rehearsals of *R. Wagner's Tristan und Isolde* have been going on ever since the 10th November. Herr Niemann will play Tristan, and Herr Betz, Kurwenal. The part of Isolde, unconditionally rejected by Mad. Mallinger, will be sustained by Mad. von Vöggenhuber, and that of Brangäne by Mad. Brandt.

The Manager of the Friedrich-Wilhelmsstädtisches Theater continues offering in turns to his patrons *Die Fledermaus*, *Copiloten*, *Mad. l'Archiduc*, *La Fille de l'Air*, *André*, and *Giorgio*. The next novelty will be a three-act opera in the same style, by Herr Bial. It is entitled *Der Liebesring*.

FRANKFORT-ON-THINE-MEINE.

(From a Correspondent.)

The "Cäcilien Verein" is justly entitled to mark its concert of the 26th November with golden letters in its annals. The day having been set apart by the authorities for general prayers and penitence, nothing could have been more appropriate than a performance of Joh. Seb. Bach's High Mass in B minor, which gigantic work was given by the society in a manner that cannot be praised too highly. The solo parts were sustained by Francis Marie Breidenstein (soprano), Frauälin Amalie Kling (alto), Herr H. Vogl, from Munich (tenor), and Herr George Henrich, from Berlin (bass). The work was given complete, with the orchestral accompaniment and organ, the latter played by Herr Wigand Oppel. The choruses were supplied by the society's members; and the whole under the direction of Music-director Herr Carl Müller, who, with the energy and conscientiousness which such a work demands, secured its great success, for which, however, every one concerned did the utmost with best will and spirit. The alto solo of the *Gloria*, "Qui sedes ad dextram Patris," was particularly effective; and likewise so the duet in the *Credo*, "Et in unum Dominum"; also the *aria* for bass, "Et in spiritum sanctum Dominum," was sung admirably; as likewise the tenor solo, "Benedictus qui venit." The choruses went with a precision that left nothing to be desired; and indescribable is the effect that was produced by the delicacy with which the "Crucifixus etiam pro nobis, sub Pontio Pilato passus et sepultus est," was sung, in which the voices died away in the softest of *pp.*; after which the powerful chorus, "Et resurrexit tertia," formed a magnificent and glorious contrast. Herr Concertmeister Heermann also deserves particular notice for his chase and exquisite playing of the violin solos in the *Gloria* and the *Benedictus*. The concert which took place in the large room of the "Saalbau" was fully attended by all classes of the population.

DARMSTADT.—The once popular contralto, Mäme Schönbürger-Maroni, celebrated, on the 22nd November, her 90th birthday. She is still in the enjoyment of her faculties, mental and bodily.

WIESEL.—A deplorable accident occurred here lately at the Theatre. The second gallery gave way, killing some persons and seriously injuring many more. The confusion and terror among the audience were indescribable.

CHICKERING HALL.

(From the New York "Touchstone.")

On Monday evening next, the 15th inst., at 8 p.m., this fine structure will be opened by Dr Hans Guido von Bulow, the great German pianist. The occasion is looked forward to with the deepest interest by both amateurs and professionals, as well as by the general public, inasmuch as it will be marked by the introduction of one of the most distinguished performers of the day to a New York audience, and by the throwing open, for the first time, of the doors of one of the handsomest halls, if not the handsomest hall in this city. Of course the sitting capacity of the hall will be tested to the utmost.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

Last night's proceedings at St James's Hall gave a proof of the favour in which these concerts are held, apart from anything of a novel or "sensational" nature. Every instrumental work in the programme was familiar to amateurs, and not a single performer could lay claim to the often dubious distinction of being a "lion." Yet a large audience assembled, listened, and applauded, with as much apparent zeal as though efforts had been made to gratify their curiosity. A more healthy sign could not possibly challenge notice. Schubert's well-known quartet in A minor (op. 29) headed the programme, and was heard, for the thirteenth time, with as much pleasure as when its delicate beauty and tender sentiment first charmed the world of music. To say that the poor Viennese chloostmaster never produced anything more lovely than this quartet is to tell but half the truth, because the scope of the assertion should include the whole repertory of chamber compositions. We do not forget the marvellous works of Beethoven, a greater man than Schubert; but, extraordinary as was the power of that mighty genius over all forms of musical expression, there is, in the A minor quartet, a tenderness, a graciousness, a gentle and winning loveliness, which are peculiarly Schubert's own. The work concentrates within itself nearly all that is most characteristic of the master, and, whatever else may pass into oblivion, will remain the monument, more durable than brass, of a delightful writer. It was well played by Madame Néruda, M.M. Rios, Zerbin, and Pezze; the accomplished lady violinist doing especial justice to a theme of which she is perhaps the best living exponent. Madame Néruda always has sympathy with Schubert. Her artistic nature responds quickly and fully to his appeal, and, when playing his music, she is heard at her very best. The second concerted work was Beethoven's early yet very characteristic sonata in E flat (op. 12), for pianoforte and violin. This, too, is well known in St James's Hall, where its beautiful slow movement, and joyous, not to say rollicking, rondo are special favourites. Played by Madame Néruda and Miss Agnes Zimmermann, with as much insight into the meaning of the music as capacity for its execution, the sonata was the success of the evening, and the ladies had to reap in acknowledgment of unanimous applause. Haydn's quartet in B flat major (op. 76)—one of the best examples of the good old master—completed the trio of concerted pieces. Miss Zimmermann's solo was Mozart's sonata in A minor—the one easily recognisable by its brilliant *presto* finale. The choice of Mozart's pianoforte works demands something like courage now-a-days. They are not emotional enough, not sufficiently marked by "sound and fury," to please the "popular" taste of the age. To play Mozart or the other masters is therefore to run some risk, from the executant's point of view; and, though the danger is smallest at these concerts, we rarely have to record the fact that it has been braved. The more does Miss Zimmermann deserve thanks for trusting her audience to an example of the "divine" musician. That she played every bar like a true and conscien-

tious as well as able artist needs no telling. The vocalist was Miss Thekla Friedländer, who again introduced, among other things, Bach's song, "Willst du dein Herz mir schenken?" Charming! sung, this interesting example of the grave Cantor in his lighter mood elicited an encore not to be denied. Miss Friedländer is fortunate in having been the means of bringing before the English public a quaintly graceful trifle which is now certain to secure popularity.—*Daily Telegraph*, Nov. 30.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

The Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden Theatre, conducted with such spirit and enterprise by Messrs A. and S. Gatti, came to an end on Saturday night with an excellent programme, which brought together a very large audience. Among the chief attractions was the first appearance at these entertainments of the Russian pianist, Mad. Essipoff, who played the *Rhapsodie Hongroise* of Liszt, and fairly took the audience by storm. Mad. Essipoff has this music at her fingers' ends, and executes it with a facility little short of prodigious. Being unanimously encored, she substituted another piece, which was equally successful. There were two grand "selections" for the orchestra—the one from Gounod's *Faust* (by the late Alfred Mellon), the other from the still popular *Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein*. These served to exhibit conspicuously the ability of some of the foremost instrumentalists Signor Ardit, the well-known conductor, has under his control—the solos for flute (Mr Young), oboe (Mr Horton), clarinet (Mr Egerton), trombone (Mr Geard), ophecleide (Mr Hughes), and cornet-a-pistons (Mr Reynolds), being all given in such a manner as to create the liveliest impression. Then, in these selections, as in others during the evening—quick marches by Herr Gungl and Signor Ardit included—the admirable band of the Coldstream Guards, under the direction of Mr Fred. Godfrey, figured conspicuously. Overtures by Anber and Hérold (*Marco Spada* and the *Pré aux Clercs*), some of the ballet music from Schubert's *Rosemunde*, a "Torch March" by Meyerbeer, the orchestral arrangement of Weber's *Invitation à la Valse*, the bustling *Tarentella Napolitana* of the late Jullien, and a new galop, "Down the Road" by Mr T. Harper, were also in the programme. The singers were Miss Joyce Mass and Mr J. H. Pearson. The very effective manner in which Mr Pearson gave Sir Henry Bishop's time-worn, but never unwelcome, recitative and air "Orynthia"—or, rather, as it is more familiarly styled, "Pilgrim of Love"—deserved all the applause it obtained. This young English tenor is making rapid progress.

The managers of the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts have deserved well of their supporters. The greatest variety has been exhibited in their selections. We have had, Wednesday after Wednesday, during the entire season, what is the habit to style "Classical Nights," after the form invented years ago by Jullien, the whole of the first part of the programme being devoted to the works of one of the universally esteemed great masters. More than this, the works produced on such occasions have almost invariably been intrusted to artists of eminence, to whom they were necessarily familiar—violinists including such performers as Herr Wilhelm, Mad. Norman-Néruda, &c.; pianists among whom it will suffice to mention Signor Rendano, Herr Stoger, Miss Kate Roberts, Mlle Mehlig, and Mad. Essipoff; singers, comprising in the list Misses Rose Hersee, Edith Wynne, Blanche Cole, José Sherrington, and Alice Fairman, Mlles Heilbron and Bianchi, Mad. Rose Perkins, Mr Edward Lloyd, &c.; solo performers like Mr Lazarus (clarinet), Mr John Thomas (harp), and others too many to specialize—an orchestra as artistically efficient as it was numerically strong, with Messrs Burnett and Viotti Collins as leading violins, with such a skilful and experienced director as Signor Ardit at their head, everything was done that could easily be done to merit and insure success. Although Saturday night's entertainment was virtually the last of the ordinary series, an extra concert was given on Monday evening, for the benefit of Messrs Gatti, with a well-varied programme, including, among other things, two movements from what is generally accepted as Chopin's first pianoforte concerto—played by Mad. Essipoff.

THE DEATH OF SHELLEY.

(To the Editor of the "Times".)

Sir,—I have been requested by Mr. Trelawney (who is at present out of town) to offer to you for publication the enclosed extract from a letter addressed to him by his daughter on the 22nd inst., throwing new light on the circumstances under which the illustrious poet, Shelley, was drowned in 1822. Mr. Trelawney (as all who knew anything about Shelley are aware) was more closely conversant than any one else with the incidents immediately preceding and following the poet's death, and he gives credit to this new and painfully important disclosure on the subject. In writing to me he says:—"This account so exactly corresponds with the event that I think it solves that which for half a century has been a mystery."—Your faithful servant,

56, Euston Square, S. W., Nov. 29.

WM. M. ROSSETTI.

"Rome, November 22nd, 1875.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—I have just heard something that will interest you. A little while ago there died at Spezia an old sailor, who, in his last confessions to the priest (whom he told to make it public), stated that he was one of the crew that ran down the boat containing Shelley and Williams, which was done under the impression that the rich 'mildred Byron' was on board, with lots of money. They did not intend to sink the boat, but to board her and murder Byron. She sank, he said, as soon as she was struck. This account was sent to my friends, the K—s, by a person they are intimate with, who lives at Spezia, and, I believe, knows the priest."

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

Exeter Hall never wears a more attractive aspect than when the zealous chorus and thoroughly-trained orchestra of the Sacred Harmonic Society assemble under the guidance of their eminent chief. On Friday week we had nothing new, and therefore nothing that calls for minute description. Nevertheless, the programmes included two of those masterpieces which have conferred honour upon sacred art—masterpieces that will live as long as music is recognized as a medium of expression where the sentiments to be expressed are of the loftiest and holiest. These were Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* ("Hymn of Praise") and Mozart's unequalled *Requiem*. We name them in the order in which they were presented, not minding comparisons with regard to their respective merits, inasmuch as both admirably serve their intended purpose, and, differing as they do in style and workmanship, are quite entitled to companionship.

The hall was crowded in every part, and the accustomed welcome was accorded to Sir Michael Costa, on his taking his place at the conductor's desk. Rarely has greeting been more worthily bestowed, as the subsequent performance of the *Lobgesang* attested. The chorus were in finer force than we remember them to have been for years. More striking instances of what can be effected by a multitude of voices, well disciplined and under the control of one firm and despotic will, could hardly be imagined than the opening and concluding choruses in the *Hymn of Praise*—"All that have life and breath, sing to the Lord," and "Ye nations offer to the Lord glory and might," or than the magnificent outburst of thanksgiving, "The night is departed, the day is approaching," with the following impressive *chorale*, the orchestral conduct and development of which show how, more than any other composer, Mendelssohn was imbued with the spirit of John Sebastian Bach. With the playing of the orchestra (M. Sainton again holding the post of leading violin) not a fault could be found. The three instrumental movements which imposingly usher in the choral part of the work, and develop with wonderful power and ingenuity the leading theme—a conspicuous feature from beginning to end—were executed with a spirit, taste, and precision that would have delighted Mendelssohn himself, difficult as he was to satisfy when dreaming of an ideal performance simply existing in his own mind. The *allegretto agitato* (middle movement of the three) was nothing short of perfection. In the solo vocal parts Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Mr Edward Lloyd highly distinguished themselves—the former in the melodious air,

with chorus, "Praise thou the Lord, O my spirit" (twin sister to "Jerusalem" in *St Paul*), the latter in the picturesque and dramatic episode, "Watchman, will the night soon pass?" as happy an afterthought of Mendelssohn's as the unaccompanied trio, "Lift thine eyes to the mountains," or the chorus, "Woe to him! he shall perish," the climax of the scene between Jeebel and the infuriated people, in *Eljah*. What is to be said about the *Requiem* of Mozart? Nothing that has not been said over and over again. To criticize it would be absurd, to praise it superfluous. How it is ordinarily given under the direction of Sir Michael Costa, at Exeter Hall, need not be told. The choruses were finely delivered, with scarcely an exception; while the three quartets (including the unsurpassable "Recordare Jesu pie") could not well have been entrusted to more competent interpreters than Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Eariquez, Messrs E. Lloyd and Wadmore. Thus, the absence of novelty allowed for, a more promising "inauguration" of a Sacred Harmonic season could not have been desired.

Hamlet's too seldom heard oratorio, *Deborah*, is announced for Friday next.

ARABELLA GODDARD.

(From the "Washington National Republic.")

Arabella Goddard is a name alone powerful enough to attract the cultivated and critical everywhere, a name which stands among the greatest and brightest, for whom wonderful achievement has crowned the rarest talent with the laurels of victory. Of all the *virtuosos* on that inexhaustible instrument, the pianoforte, she exhibited at the earliest age the most distinguished talents, and it is not an exaggeration to say that none of her sex have so thoroughly mastered the resources of the "beautiful cold keys." With no more effort at manual display or at the physical attraction in performance, she, more than any other contemporary, seems the reverent servant and student and exponent of her noble art. The power and fineness of her expression and infinitesimal tone, her "clinging" and winning touch of the instrument alone express her native aptitude to its use. Absorbed by the spirit of her music, delighted, as she is, delighting, in its accurate and vivid interpretation, she, in a singular degree, discloses the comprehensive capacities of the piano. Beethoven, Bach, Weber, Mendelssohn, and Mozart have not been before so powerfully and thoroughly interpreted as by the keen perceptions and swift fingers of Madame Goddard. Her earlier successes and triumphs were due in a great degree to her masterly conception and finish of execution in the performance of the music of Beethoven not often essayed. In accuracy and power of expression, as well as in her perfectly controlling and delicate manipulation, she is unrivalled. Her undemonstrative, easy, and self-contained manner is not the least of her many gifts and attractions. Such talents, such accomplishments, such successes as those which have marked the career of this wonderful musician, command the admiration of all the world, and make her cosmopolitan. In India, China, Australia, and California she has won the reward of genius. The audience gave her remarkable attention, seeming to appreciate the talent which can so thoroughly express every nuance of the great composer's meaning in the performance of the fantasia from *Macanillo*. Nothing could surpass the delicacy and expression of the music as her magic fingers interwove the fairy-notes. All critics and musically-experienced people asserted with unlimited eulogy the execution of Madame Goddard to be entirely unrivalled and unapproachable in perfection of touch and expression. Her position as pianist is perfect in its exaltation, and justly claims the world's applause. The quiet absorption of her manner, while, without notes, seeming to exist in, and for, the beautiful music which her memory gave to her fingers—those white and marvellous fingers—was a splendid lesson to such tyros as imagine digital pyrotechnics to constitute artistic playing. The control over the audience exacted by her performance of *Macanillo*, was most remarkable in their silence, and the tardy re-action of attention which prevented the enforcement of an encore surely deserved. She fairly scattered the senses of her hearers.

"Come into the Garden, Maud!"

(Dedicated to the Poet Laureate.)



DR SHIFFINO.—Where is the "Maud" that could resist that voice

DR QUINCE.—Or where the "Pretty Jane

DR GUSH.—Or where the "Adelaide

DR FOX.—*Bewhete*

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

EIGHTEENTH SEASON, 1875-76.

DIRECTOR—MR. H. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE NINTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 6, 1875.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET in E minor, Op. 44, No. 2, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. WILHELM, L. RIES, ZERRINI, and DUCHESNE. *Mendelssohn.*
SONG, "The Passing Bell"—Miss ENRIQUE. *Tours.*
PRELUDE and FUGUE in E minor, for pianoforte alone—Madame ANNETTE ESCHOFF. *Mendelssohn.*

PART II.

CHACONNE for violin alone—Herr WILHELM. *Bach.*
SONGS, { "The Quaker" } Miss ENRIQUE. *Schubert.*
 { "Impatience" }
QUARTET in E flat, Op. 47, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello—Madame ANNETTE ESCHOFF, MM. WILHELM, ZERRINI, and DUCHESNE. *Schumann.*
Conductor Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 4, 1875.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET in E flat (No. 2 of the set dedicated to Haydn), for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. STRAUSS, L. RIES, ZERRINI, and DUCHESNE. *Mozart.*
NEW SONGS, { "Dancing lightly" } W. Herdendale Bennett.
 { "Maiden mine" }
 Mr SHAKESPEARE.
BALLADE in F minor, for pianoforte alone—Madame ANNETTE ESCHOFF. *Chopin.*
MINUETTO, GAVOTTA, CANTABILE, and GIGA, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment—Herr STRAUSS. *Feracoli.*
SONG, "Un aura amorosa"—Mr SHAKESPEARE. *Mozart.*
TRIO in C minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (first time at the Popular Concerts)—Madame ANNETTE ESCHOFF, MM. STRAUSS and DUCHESNE. *Rag.*
Conductor Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

ERRATUM.—In "QUEEN MAE'S FLOWER-SONG," printed last week, the third line of second stanza should read, "This charming flow'et meek," (not "fragrant flow'et meek").

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD Subscribers will receive four pages extra, and again, from TIME TO TIME, as expediency may suggest.

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1875.

Dinlogues in Burgatory.



Dr. Serpent.—So the "Monday Pops." are haunted?
Dr. Chest.—How haunted?
Dr. Serpent.—By vexed spirits.
Dr. Chest.—What spirits?
Dr. Serpent.—Spirits of Dussek, Wolf, Clementi, &c.
Dr. Chest.—That's a while ago. S. A. C. has laid them all.
Dr. Serpent.—How?
Dr. Chest.—By aid of the "Three R's."
Dr. Serpent.—But "A. G.," when she comes back, can raise 'em up again.
Dr. Chest.—She is not coming back; or the "Three R's" would incontinently skedaddle. Eh?
Dr. Serpent.—Oh!
Dr. Chest.—Ah!
(Both vanish.)

ARABELLA AND THE DII MINORES.

(From "Concordia.")

It is necessary to be discreet when passing on the gossip which appears in the lively and imaginative journals of the United States. Under "all reserves," therefore, do we now give currency to a transatlantic newspaper rumour that Madams Arabella Goddard purposes a year's visit to her native land, and then intends settling in California. Everybody will be delighted at one thing implied by this news, namely, that Madams Goddard, in the course of her world-wanderings, has found at least one country and people so attractive that she would fain make with it and them a life-long alliance. But we sincerely trust that the news itself is untrue—a mere phantom of some hard-up paragraphist's brain. The hope of all who value English art and artists—we wish there were more of us!—was that Madams Goddard, moved by the fact that "absence makes the heart grow fonder," might return to England disposed to withdraw her formal secession from our concert-rooms, and take her old place. But would the public be disposed to sanction the withdrawal? Indeed, yes—all of them, that is, who are entitled to a potential voice in the matter. We want her back, that we may once more have amongst us an artist willing and able to bring forth new things from old stores. All the Dii minores among composers, and some of their betters, have been crying out for her any time these three years, vexing St James's Hall with their restless shades, and saying, "Here are pianists in plenty, but they will touch nothing below Beethoven, nor above his imitators. Where is our favourite, through whom we have won recognition and honour again and again?" For answer comes the report of a settlement in California. Alas! poor ghosts!

On Foggy English, Beer-drinking Germans, Incomparable Yankees, and Higher Development.

AN HOUR WITH VON BÜLOW.

THE GREAT PIANIST'S FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA.

(From the *New York Sun*, Nov. 17th.)

Why Bergmann Withdrew in Boston—Von Bülow's Opinion of American Audiences and American Newspapers—Condemning the Beer-Drinking Habits of his Countrymen.

A SMALL gentleman, with very small feet and a rather large head, on the top of which the brown hair was thin, stood in the centre of a pleasant parlour on West Sixteenth Street yesterday, bowing politely. His face was one which has gazed at the public from lithographs and plaster casts in store-windows for the past month, only the lithographs and casts have never given any idea of the ever-changing expression of the face and the sharp gleam of the gray eyes. The gentleman was Dr. Hans von Bülow, the pianist.

"I fear you have come in a bad time," said he, seating himself. "I slept not half-an-hour last night, and have consequently been taking a nap. So I fear I am not half awake." The pianist spoke with a strong accent, rather a French than a German accent, and he sometimes seemed at a loss for a word; but, when he found it, it was just the right word. His voice was strong, and his manner quick and nervous. If he was half asleep then, he is certainly remarkable when awake.

"Oh, no," he continued, "you haven't disturbed me. I have slept enough, but I was very nervous yesterday, and the reaction kept me awake. I had a great deal of anxiety about the orchestra and the leader, Dr. Damrosch. I had known him in Weimar when he was the leader in the orchestra over which Liszt wielded the baton, and after he came to this country, I knew that he had been busy with the Arion Society and the Handel and Haydn Society in Brooklyn, and therefore had not had so much experience in conducting orchestras and choruses; so I had some anxiety. But the Doctor did well, and the orchestra under his direction was excellent, far better than the one in Boston under Bergmann. I do not mean to say that the individual musicians in the Boston orchestra were not as good as those here. The whole fault lay with Mr. Bergmann, who did not seem to take the least interest in the concert, not near as much as in drinking lager beer. Bergmann is much over-estimated here, and if I can do anything toward placing him where he belongs I shall be glad to do so."

A Pianist's Trials.

"Now in Boston he was to meet me on Friday, to talk over our arrangements. He did not come until after the Saturday's rehearsal had begun. Then he promised to see me on Sunday. It was a bright, fine day, and I needed a walk, but I waited all day, and he did not come. He preferred to spend the time in drinking with his friends. I had told him that I wished to make my suggestions to him, and then he could make them to the orchestra; thus his dignity would not be impaired. When we came to the Monday's rehearsal he made such bad work that I had to make the suggestions to the orchestra myself. This displeased him.

"Then at a concert his actions showed not the least interest," continued the Doctor, lighting a cigarette, and walking the floor nervously, as he remembered his trials. "I was delighted with my audience; I saw in the people such receptivity, such appreciation. I saw an opportunity to interpret the masters to them; and then when I began to play, Bergmann said aloud to some of the musicians, 'Let us go get some refreshments;' and he took away with him six of the gentlemen to a tavern. When they came back, the musicians were half tipsy. I was enraged, and finally I brought about a quarrel, and Bergmann resigned.

"One of the first to welcome me in Boston was Prof. Lang, whom I had met in Europe. I had forgotten him, but saw in his face intelligence. He was at the rehearsal when Bergmann resigned. 'Will you assume the baton?' I asked of him. 'I do not know that I can please you,' said he; but I told him to take it. The next day we talked the programme over, and at the concert there was a great improvement in the playing of the orchestra. My agent has telegraphed, asking him to lead the orchestra in Philadelphia, as Dr. Damrosch is too busy engaged to go."

His Opinion of American Audiences.

"And what about American audiences, Dr. Von Bülow?"

"I do not want to say too much," said he, stopping in his walk and re-lighting the cigarette which had been put out by the rapid current of his conversation. "I do not want to say too much, but I am perfectly delighted with them. There seems to be a combination of all the characteristics of other nations. There is the utmost reciprocity and appreciation. In this they resemble the Italians; but the Italians seem to stop there, and have no wish to learn. The Americans seem as desirous to be taught as they are quick to perceive. Then there is quite evident a spirit of reverence for the very names of the old masters. This is seen not only in audiences but in the newspaper reports. I am much pleased with the way in which they are written. There seems to be such a spirit of reverence, even when the writer was evidently not a musician. And does not the *Book*, which I am sorry to say I do not read very often, say that 'Reverence for the masters is the beginning of wisdom'?"

[The *Book* also says, "Do unto others as —," &c.—Dr. Obst.]

"Your newspaper enterprise is a great wonder to me. The idea of reading in the morning a carefully-written criticism of a concert in which you played only eight hours before! I wrote to a friend in Germany, from Hartford, and asked him if Germany could do anything like that. 'Here in a comparatively small city,' I said, 'there are three papers, and in the morning after my concert I read the reports. Is it possible in Germany?' He writes me in wonder, 'It is not possible in Germany.' There our critics would be tired after the concert, and would go and eat and drink beer."

[It was possible, and is even now, for London critics not only to write long and interesting articles on the night of a performance, but also to eat chops, steaks, tripe, sausages, &c. (oysters included), and drink stout beer (viz., "stout"), when there was no *Allmanuspalmes* to offer them anything choicer.—Dr. Obst.]

He objects to Beer-Drinking.

"That is the great fault with my countrymen," said the Doctor, frowning, "the beer drinking. They do not get drunk like the Irish people, but they drink until their blood becomes sluggish and their brains stupor. I like the vim of you Americans—the what shall I say?—what do you call it—the 'ginger'! You see I am full of slang. I speak very poor English. When I was in England the pronunciation there was so unmusical as to be very distasteful to me, and I gave up attempting to learn the language (!!!) Since coming to this country I see its beauties, and am learning it. As I said, I like the American enterprise. It extends to everything. Dr. Damrosch tells me that two years ago there were twenty members in the Handel and Haydn Society in Brooklyn; now there are 300. That could never happen in Germany. I attended a meeting of the Arion Choral Society last Sunday, and heard them sing some difficult music in an admirable manner. In Germany a choral society of men like the Arion becomes more a drinking society than a musical one. They worship the god *Gambrius* more than Apollo.

[Who, by St. Idiot, is *Gambrius*?—Dr. Obst.]

"It is a question with me," said the pianist, taking a fresh cigarette, and resuming his walk; "it is a question whether America will soon produce a great composer. It is not necessary. The field is not yet open for new composers. Even in Germany the resources of the old masters have not been developed. Wagner had that in

mind when he told the King of Bavaria that he must have better music schools in which to train artists to produce the works of the masters. That's what you need here. Goethe—no, Schiller—says (Do you know German?—'No; I don't know that I can translate it') something like this: 'When the King builds, the workmen must be busy.' Well, the kings have builded, and builded well; we need the workmen now. There are no great composers in England—one that will live. Bennett is a miniature Mendelssohn. Balfe has written sweetly sometimes, and Sullivan, too; but their works can't last. By the way [*loop for Sullivan*—Dr. Ghost], Sullivan's burlesque, *The Trial by Jury*, with the words by M. S. Gilbert, is a most charming little thing. Go and hear it if you ever get an opportunity. It only takes three-quarters of an hour, and it is delightful, both poem and music."

Secrets of the Piano Trade.

[Sacred ground. Here, before replying, the learned Doctor reverently takes off his shoes, and trades softly in slippers.—Ghost.]

"How are you pleased with American pianos?" was asked. The Doctor immediately, evidently misunderstanding the question, said: "Of course had no part in the piano war. That was the affair of Dr. Ullmann and Mr. Henry D. Palmer, my managers. Rubinstein was urged to use the Steinway by his manager, Grau, to whom Steinway paid 20,000 dollars. But Rubinstein said to me, after it was decided that I should use the Chickering, that he was glad I was to use it, because the Steinways were not gentlemen, and it would be unpleasant for me to have to meet them. I find the Chickering to be perfect gentlemen. I can illustrate the spirit of the other firm. When Rubinstein was here, his picture, with 'Steinway Hall' on it, was hung in the window of the Chickering's. When my portraits were distributed, one was taken to the Steinways', and hung in their window. Half-an-hour afterward a musician came in, and one of the firm asked him to take it down and carry it away. 'We don't want the thing here,' he said, 'but we and our *attaches* don't care to take it down; you do us this favour.' Another illustration. There is now going the rounds of the German papers in the West a paragraph that originally appeared in a third-class German paper in this city, saying, 'Von Bulow is not an artist, but an advertisement for a certain piano firm. He is not a great pianist, but a travelling agent.' That illustrates the character of the Steinways."

The Doctor Practising.

"Before coming over here," the Doctor continued, "I was two months on the Isle of Wight almost in solitary confinement, with a Chickering piano which was sent to me. I say, as an artist, without prejudice, that they are the best pianos in the world, taking everything into consideration. We have pianos in Germany of splendid tone, but the action is not perfect. In certain movements like this I cannot play as I would like to on the German piano." (The Doctor illustrated with his fingers on the centre table, and with many ta-ta-tas with his voice.) "On those pianos I have to play as the piano permits. On the Chickering's I play just as I wish."

[Which might not satisfy Steinway.—Dr. Ghost.]

"This is what I use in my room," said he, placing a piano keyboard, of not more than two octaves, on the table. "It don't disturb my neighbours, and does my fingers good."

"I have noticed a great difference between Americans and English in regard to musical talent. I left Munich in 1869, on account of my health, and went to Florence. There I taught. I had not had time to play much while in Munich, and had unlearned my piano playing. I took it up again in 1870, so you see I am really one of the youngest players. As I said, I taught; and my pupils were the American and English girls visiting the city. There was the greatest difference in these pupils. I could soon tell, without seeing them, whether an American or an English girl was playing. The Americans put very much more soul into their playing. There was just the difference that there is between Arabella Goddard and

Adelaide Schiller." Arabella Goddard plays correctly; you can find no mistakes; but it is the playing of an automaton, with no more soul than one of M^{me} Tussaud's wax figures. Adelaide Schiller does not play so correctly, perhaps [*No more does Hans von Bulow*—Dr. Ghost], but there's soul and expression in her playing."

Chy Rubinstein fails in London.

"Do you know Arabella Goddard? She tyrannised over London for years. Her husband, Mr. Davison, was musical critic of — [*some London paper*—Dr. Ghost]. Rubinstein went to London and failed. Why? Because Davison would not allow any other pianist than his wife to exist. My success in London was not due to my talents being superior to Rubinstein's, but to the fact that London had ceased to be under the tutelage of Davison."

"A friend of mine said to me, 'When I hear a blind person play or sing, I am touched to the heart.' I said, 'It is not so with me; for a blind musician always executes in a stiff, soulless manner.' No person can be a musician who cannot see the sunlight. It is much the same thing in England; they have a soulless sky and soulless musicians. To be a musician, one must see colour. It is no accident that causes painters to speak of 'tones' in their compositions, and for musicians to speak of 'colour' in theirs. There is an intimate relation between colour and sound. Beethoven was deaf; but his deafness did not affect his compositions. Had he been blind, it would have been far different."

"But I have not told you one reason for my excitement last evening," said the Doctor, in concluding. "I was almost overcome by the warmth of the reception the audience gave me. I was well received in Boston, and I expected the same here; but the applause was three times as great as I had expected. It was a great pleasure to me to see the ladies also clapping their hands so earnestly. I was so surprised that I lost my memory for the time, and at night, as I told you, I could not sleep. Were you at the concert?—'No.' You must come, and to the rehearsals, too. We have them every morning at ten o'clock."

[And so the author of *YOU HAD HEARD OF THEM* went.—D. PETERS.]

LETTER FROM HANS DE BULOW.

(To the Editor of the "Music Trade Review.")

Monsieur,—Votre journal du 3 nov. (pag. 9, No. 41) me fait l'honneur de s'occuper d'une "Marche héroïque" au sujet de laquelle j'offre les observations suivantes, non pour une rectification, mais plutôt pour une confirmation de ce que votre critique beaucoup trop indulgente d'ailleurs pour ce "péché de jeunesse" dit très justement, à propos de la "composition" de cette bagatelle. Lors de mes premiers débuts en 1853 un éditeur à Pesth (Hongrie) M. Rozavölgyi, lequel avait en la bonté de m'arranger mes concerts, vint me demander de lui "composer" une marche pour le piano sur des motifs d'un opéra hongrois, très en vogue alors ("Hunyady László" de F. Erkel).

Le titre de l'original (vendu ensuite par la maison de Pesth à la maison Schott de Mayence) indique clairement et explicitement la source de "l'inspiration."

Je ne saurais peindre l'étonnement qui me prit, en voyant tout à coup après presque un entier quart de siècle d'intervalle revivre cette méchante pièce d'occasion, revivre grâce aux soins "désobligeants" d'un éditeur de Boston, lequel en se passant de mon autorisation, pour publier ce morcean, aurait bien pu se passer aussi de la liberté d'en dénigrer le titre!

Ce n'est point la première "innocente piraterie" de ce genre, laquelle m'arrive de la part des éditeurs de musique de ce pays—très vraisemblablement ce ne sera pas non plus la dernière. Mais l'occasion me semble favorable, de protester une fois pour toutes contre ces "pirateries" (disons "plaisanteries") au moins moralement, puisque je ne pourrais le faire judiciairement.—Votre très dévoué serviteur,
HANS DE BULOW.

Hartford, ce 7 nov. 1875.

* Query?—Madeline Schiller!—C. R.

WHO was Margery Daw? Was she Margery Daw née Smith or Jones? Had she a different patronymie before being known by that of Daw? In other words, was she single or was she married? Was she, perhaps, a widow? Why did she sell her bed and lie upon straw, as the legend informs us she did? What impelled her to adopt so apparently ill-advised a course? Must we attribute her act to mere caprice, or was poverty at the bottom of it? Again, if so, were her straitened circumstances the result of misfortune, or were they brought on by a partiality for liquids more spirituous than tea and coffee? These are questions which it is difficult, nay, impossible, to answer. We cannot say that we greatly regret the fact, because, to tell the truth, we do not care much about Margery; indeed, we do not care anything at all about her, that is to say, about her antecedents, family ties, or social status. We simply mentioned her because the well-known lines:—

"See-saw,
Margery Daw,"

suggested to our mind that the favourite game with which her name has been handed down to us is not confined to the nursery, nor, like Badmington, Croquet, Lawn Tennis, and the mysterious Sphæristiké, restricted to these realms.

There is a good deal more See-Sawing in the world than people generally suspect, and the primitive plank or ladder, on the ends of which the players sit, while alternately ascending or descending through space, is often replaced by public opinion, private caprice, self-interest, and a thousand other substitutes too numerous to mention, as the case may be. In the particular instance to which we would direct attention, one end of the plank or ladder was in New York and the other in Brussels.

Thanks to the safe and frequent communication maintained between Europe and the United States, chiefly by the enterprising steamship companies, whose Commanders have shown themselves more experienced adepts in the management of the "tea-kettle" than the Officers of Her Majesty's Ironclads and private Yacht, the Great Republic has, for some time past, been brought nearer and nearer to us. At present, it may almost be said to constitute an integral portion of the Old World. Large numbers of Americans are to be found in London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and other capitals, great and small, on this side of the Atlantic. On their return, the wanderers take with them to their native land a taste for much that they have seen and heard during their visit. To these, and to other causes, is due the marked progress recently made by art, especially music, in the States. Under the circumstances, Italian Opera became a necessity, and the law: that the demand creates the supply, speedily received a fresh exemplification. Entire Italian lyric companies were shipped off like so many bales of cotton goods for India or so much ammunition for Don Carlos, while operatic stars of the first magnitude shone regally in regions where, not very long ago, Fenimore Cooper's guileless and interesting heroes followed the exciting but innocent sport of scalping such Pale-Faces as fell into their hands.

In the Empire City, as its inhabitants love to style New York, Italian Opera appeared as firmly established as it is in Bow Street, and shortly will be on the Thames Embankment. But appearances are once more as deceptive as ever. Saturn eat his children; Italian Opera in America devours its managers. So, at least, says M. Maurice Strakosch, in a letter he lately addressed to the New York press. Foreseeing the fate in store for him, under the existing state of things, and not being endowed with a taste for pecuniary martyrdom, he suggested a Subscription List as a panacea

for the evils of which he complains, promising, as our readers may have seen in the MUSICAL WORLD of November 18th, that, if his idea be adopted, he will give a lyric season "worthy of the most important city in the New World."

Here we behold in full play the See-Saw principle to which I have alluded. While M. Maurice Strakosch is recommending a Subscription List to the Exquisites of Broadway and the Belles of the Fifth, or Sixth, or Something-th Avenue, certain persons in Brussels are strenuously advocating the entire abolition of such Lists. They assign various reasons for the position they have chosen. They urge that the Subscription system is good neither for managers nor the public. They dilate upon the objectionable conduct in which Subscribers not seldom indulge, by expressing loudly and unbecomingly their opinions, to the discomfort of Non-Subscribers around them. Then, say the opponents of the system, if a manager has had a hit, he naturally desires to make the most of it. He wishes to run a successful piece a long time. But his Subscribers object. They do not want to sit out the same piece over and over again. They insist on a frequent change of entertainment, and the manager is compelled to how to their will.

We are sorry to learn that Subscribers to the first theatre of Brussels—for it is against the patrons of the Monnaie that the charge is levelled—should transgress the laws of good breeding. But their misbehavior does not affect the argument. We have witnessed more than once in the gallery and even pit of a London theatre some extremely free fights by gentlemen who certainly never signed a Subscription List in their lives, and probably never will. With regard to the assertion that a Subscription is advantageous neither to public nor manager, we answer that, in our opinion, it is, or might be rendered, beneficial to both.

The fact is, no manager, not even so experienced a manager as M. Maurice Strakosch, appears to perceive of what immense development the Subscription system is susceptible. Like telegraphy, steam, and the employment of cork as an article of clothing, it is yet in its infancy. As yet it is not understood, and, consequently, not appreciated. Englishmen are surprised at the admirable manner in which operas and plays are represented at the Grand Ducal Theatre in the tiny capital of Schinckenhansen, or the Stadttheater in the old, but not large, city of Handelsdorf. They wonder how the thing can be done. The secret is that the manager has a Subscription List. He may, it is true, be in the receipt of a subvention from the Grand Duke or the Corporation. He has, likewise, the general public. But his mainstay is his Subscription List. He does not depend upon chance custom solely. He boasts of a large circle of regular customers, drawn from all classes of society save the poorest. If a person cannot take a whole Subscription, or "Abonnement," as it is termed—the French word has been naturalised in Fetherland—he or she takes a half, or a third, or a fourth, or even an eighth, according to his or her means, each "Abonnement" being, ordinarily, valid for a month. By this device, people who would never think of attending a theatrical performance, do so regularly at stated intervals; the manager secures a large *clientèle*; and the Theatre becomes an essential element in the life of the place.

Why should we not profit by the hint thus given us? Why not put it into practice on a still more comprehensive scale? Why not apply to our artistic and intellectual requirements the system which works so satisfactorily when employed for the supply of our material wants? In short, why not enlarge the extent of our operatic and dramatic enjoyment by the principle of Co-operation?

Englishmen are not at present sufficiently continentalised to pocket, on leaving a Cafe, the sugar for which they have paid but which they have not consumed with their *deux-tasse*. They have, however, become wise enough, when a couple of them dine together, not to esteem it snobbish to divide one portion into two, and thus increase the variety of the dishes without augmenting the price. Let the same sensible plan be introduced into matters theatrical. Both managers and the public would profit thereby.

R. K.

Episodes on Change.



DR SHIFFING.—Why—I don't believe a word of it.
 DR QUINCE.—Well—what don't you believe?
 DR SHIFFING.—Why—that Tietjens was interviewed.
 DR QUINCE.—Well—Bulow was interviewed.
 DR SHIFFING.—Tietjens did not say that "Arabella" was a "mere automaton."
 DR QUINCE.—Nor that "Sternale" was a "Mendelssohn in miniature"; but —
 DR SHIFFING.—(hesitating).—But what?
 DR QUINCE.—Zart Thalberg!
 DR SHIFFING.—And Christine Nilsson!
 DR QUINCE.—Well—I don't believe a word of that either.
 DR SHIFFING.—Why—of course not!
 DR QUINCE.—Let us be consoled.
 DR SHIFFING.—How consoled?
 DR QUINCE.—I don't know.
 DR SHIFFING.—Nor I.
 DR QUINCE.—Well—I suppose 'tis all right, or wrong?
 DR SHIFFING.—Why—*or vice versa*.
 DR QUINCE.—Poor Bulow!
 DR SHIFFING.—Poor Tietjens!
 DR QUINCE.—Poor Sternale!
 DR SHIFFING.—Poor Arabella!
 DR QUINCE.—We shall see!
 DR SHIFFING.—Why—what shall we see?
 DR QUINCE.—Well—what we **SHALL** see.
 (Exeunt *severally*.—"about Turkish.")

MADAME ESSIPPOFF'S RECITALS.—We reserve until next week our remarks upon these brilliant and interesting performances, which are now the talk in all high class musical circles.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—On Friday next, this society will perform Handel's oratorio, *Deborah*. A work containing the Double Chorus, "Immortal Lord," and "See the proud chief," and airs, "In the battle fame pursuing," and "Tears such as tender fathers shed. Midlle Levier, Miss Elton, Mr M. Smith, and Mr L. Thomas are the vocalists. On the following Friday (17th inst.), the forty-fourth annual Christmas *Messiah* performance will take place, when Mdme Nouver, Miss Enriquez, Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Fabiani, and Herr Dehrens will sing, and Sir Michael Costa will conduct. The performance will be given at Exeter Hall.

MEININGEN.—Herr Leopold Grutzmacher has accepted the post of first violoncellist in the Grand-Ducal orchestra at Weimar, for which town he will leave at the commencement of next year.

EISENACH.—According to the report just issued by the Committee, the amount already received, and temporarily placed out at interest, for the erection of a bronze statue here to Johann Sebastian Bach, has reached 33,600 marks. As at least 48,000 marks are requisite, the Committee earnestly beg all admirers of the great master to aid the work as much as they can, by getting up concerts, and adopting other suitable means, so that the monument may be inaugurated, at the latest, in 1885, on the 200th anniversary of Bach's birth.

Confabulations Confidential.



DR FOX (*guilty*).—So von Bulow has been interviewed!
 DR GOOSE.—Yes, poor fellow!
 DR FOX.—By whom?
 DR GOOSE.—By the interviewer of the *New York Sun*.
 DR FOX (*meditating*).—That interviewer has a memory!
 DR GOOSE.—It serves him at pinches—column and half or so at pinch.
 DR FOX.—He writes shorthand!
 DR GOOSE.—No?—long.
 DR FOX.—How could he remember all von Bulow said?
 DR GOOSE.—He didn't; Ullman and Palmer did.
 DR FOX.—I am at wit's end.
 DR GOOSE.—Chickering 'gainst Steinway.
 DR FOX.—Old Hall 'gainst Young Hall!
 DR GOOSE.—Ullman 'gainst Strakosch.
 DR FOX.—Old Brush 'gainst Young Brush!
 DR GOOSE.—Aged brushes both.
 DR FOX.—Bulow finds all wrong in England!
 DR GOOSE.—He *didn't* find all right.
 DR FOX.—He smokes cigarettes.
 DR GOOSE.—So does Nainston.
 DR FOX.—But why is Sternale a miniature Felix?
 DR GOOSE.—Why Arabella a mere automaton?
 DR FOX.—What has atmosphere to do with music?
 DR GOOSE.—London is fairer than Berlin!
 DR FOX.—England than Prussia!
 DR GOOSE.—Rhine excepted.
 DR FOX.—As Jolly had it, in an opera, at the Surrey,—
 "I care not for its waters,
 But I dearly love its wine."

DR GOOSE (*earnestly*).—I can't imagine Bulow saying anything of the kind.

DR FOX.—Too much of a gentleman to speak in disparaging terms of a lady he had never heard or seen.

DR GOOSE.—Too much of an artist to say, what the interviewer reports him to have said, about an English composer whose music he frequently played in public.

DR FOX.—Of his own free will—not at Bennett's solicitation!

DR GOOSE.—The idea of Sternale soliciting any body!

DR FOX (*tenderly*).—May I repeat that I can't imagine it?

DR GOOSE (*with equal tenderness*).—You may. I am with you.

DR FOX.—Nap with me to-night!

DR GOOSE.—Fast by no means!
 (Exeunt *cordially*.—"but *severally*.")

TRIESTE.—I *Litani* has been produced very successfully at the Teatro Comunale. Sig. Faccio conducted. The composer, Sig. Ponchielli, was called on twenty-seven times the first night, and thirty-two the second.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

In describing a recent performance, under Mr Charles Hallé, of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* (in the Free Trade Hall), the *Manchester Guardian* of 26th November speaks as follows about Mr Sims Reeves's singing:—

"Last night, for the first time for some years, we had the pleasure of hearing the tenor music—with the exception of the narrative recitatives—sung by Mr Sims Reeves. Amongst the whole range of declamatory sacred music nothing finer than the oration of Stephen can be found, nor could be sung in a finer manner than by Mr Reeves. With him it is really a speech—he does not read it from his book like some, as if fearful of his next note; now he reasons, now persuades, and when, warning to his subject, he reminds them how—hard of heart like their fathers who persecuted the prophets—they themselves have slain the Just One, he rises to accents of scornful indignation which are interrupted—most naturally as we feel—by the muttered 'Stone him to death,' which, at first suggested by a single voice as it were, soon becomes the unanimous cry of the excited mob. While Mr Reeves can sing he will, in the intellectual character of his performance, be apparently without a rival; and the pleasure he thus produces is fortunately in a large measure independent of mere beauty of voice."

We hear that Mr Henry Gadsby has no less than three cantatas in MSS. ready for production, viz.: *The Golden Legend*, *Alce Brad* (words by Sir Walter Scott), and a setting of the 130th Psalm. We think this fact well worthy the attention of Mr Townshend, the honourable and experienced director of the Hereford Festival, who would do wisely (as he will, no doubt), to produce some novelty at what, for evident reasons, we cannot but by anticipation call the "Glorious meeting of 1876."

The Governing body of Eton College have acceded to a proposition that the acquirement of the rudiments of music shall be made compulsory upon all boys in the lower division—more than one fourth of the school. As nearly every boy passes through that division, this is equivalent to making it obligatory on the whole school. The school numbers a thousand boys, the majority of whom may, in the course of a few years, be filling the highest positions; it will, therefore, be evident how great an advantage is gained by making them practically acquainted with the principles of an art hitherto neglected by our rulers and governing bodies.

A SERIES of the "National Music Meetings," for competition in high class music of every branch, will henceforth, we are informed, be held annually at one or other of the great central towns of England. Winners of prizes are expected, when occasion happens, to compete in London—which, as Mr Willert Beale, inventor and now sole conductor of the scheme, appropriately says, must thus become the final test of excellence. If managed with spirit and discretion, there is no reason why these National Music Meetings should not be productive of much good. The difficulty will be to get the judges so far from London as, for instance, Manchester, where the meetings are to be held next year.

AFTER announcing that three Italian composers, namely: the Cavaliere Lauro Rossi, Sig. Morlesi, and Sig. Bonamici, are engaged in setting operas entitled *Cleopatra*, some Italian papers inform their readers that there have already been three operas with the same name, one written by Cimarosa in 1775; one by Anfossi, in 1776; and one by Gaglielmi, in 1798. On this the *Trovaatore* remarks that the number of *Cleopatra* operas already performed is not three only but thirteen. P. Daniele Casirovillani produced a *Cleopatra* at Venice in 1662; in 1704, Herr Mattheson wrote one, with a German text, for the Theatre, Hamburg; Herr G. H. Graun composed another, also with German text, in 1742, at Berlin; a *Cleopatra*, by Danzi, was performed at Mannheim, in 1779; a *Cleopatra* by Weigl was brought out in 1807, at the Scala, Milan; and one by Paer at Paris in 1809. In 1813, yet another *Cleopatra*, from the pen of Sig. Nasolini, was produced by the Italian company in the same capital; there was one by Sig. De Combi, at Genoa, in 1842; one by Herr Truhn, at Berlin, in 1853; and one by the Baroness De Maistre.

The receipts at the Grand Opera, Paris, from the commencement of January to the end of October, this year, amounted to 2,772,891 francs for 148 performances, making an average of 18,000 francs each performance. As the total expenses were only 11,000 francs a-night, M. Halanzier's gains in ten months have been half-a-million of francs. Fortunate M. Halanzier.

Is a recent number of the *Persceveranza*, Sig. Filippo Filippi, the eminent musical critic, relates the following anecdote:

"When, last year, M. Halanzier came to Milan, for the purpose of engaging Mülle de Retzky, who has since proved so valuable an acquisition for the Opera, I had the honor of accompanying him to the Scala, and of describing to him the singular administrative system pursued there. The poor man could understand nothing of such a strange and complicated organization, in which everyone, including the Mayor, the Municipality, and the Committee, have a voice. He assured me that he himself would not submit to such an arrangement for four and twenty hours. 'I must be everything or nothing!' he exclaimed. Such an assertion," observes Sig. Filippi, "is very strong from the manager of a subsidised theatre, but no one can deny that, if things are to be done well and quickly, an *impresario* ought to enjoy as much freedom as possible."

We now know why King Ludwig, of Bavaria, paid, last August, his mysterious visit to the ancient city of Rheims. A few days since, he had Schiller's *Jungfrau von Orleans* performed, without the slightest curtialment, for himself only, at the Court Theatre, Munich. The performance lasted from 6 p.m. to midnight. The object of his Majesty's trip to Rheims in the summer was simply to inspect the celebrated Cathedral where the Kings of France used to be crowned. Shortly after his Majesty's return, Herr Qualiglio, scenic artist at the Court Theatre, Munich, received instructions to proceed to Rheims, and make the sketches necessary to paint a grand and thoroughly exact representation of the Cathedral for the fourth act of Schiller's drama. The scene painted in obedience to these instructions was first used at the private performance mentioned above. According to his custom on such occasions the King made valuable presents to the artists engaged in the performance.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

TOWN HALL, POPULAR.—A musical entertainment was given on the 24th ult., in aid of the funds of a local institution. A long and varied programme was well rendered by the members of the Trinity Mutual Improvement Society, assisted by Misses Hughes, Evans and Harding, and Messrs Charles and Ernest Durham. Miss Hughes, a young lady with a pleasing "high mezzo-soprano" voice and good method, sang "Little Maid of Arcade," and "It was a dream." Mr Charles Durham had a good opportunity for the display of his fine voice in "Qui s'elevo," an opportunity which he did not lose sight of. Mr Ernest Durham played with his accustomed neatness and precision Mendelssohn's "Andante and Rondo," besides accompanying some of the vocal numbers in a thoroughly artistic manner. S.

Mrs JOHN MACFARREN gave a pianoforte and vocal recital, in connection with the South Western Railway, at Brunswick House, Vauxhall, on Tuesday last. The accomplished pianist, who has been heard here on several occasions, was cordially greeted on her appearance, and enthusiastically applauded throughout the evening. She played a widely contrived selection of pieces, to each of which she imparted a special charm by the brilliancy and artistic finish of her execution. The vocal portion of the programme was effectively given by two very promising students of the Royal Academy of Music, Miss Marion Williams and Miss Reimar, who sang Mendelssohn's two-part song, "I would that my love," and Professor Macfarren's duet, "O sweet summer morn," the latter being vociferously encored. Miss Marion Williams had to repeat Mr Arthur Sullivan's "Let me dream again," and Miss Reimar, Vincent Wallace's "Sweet and low."

Kew.—A Bazaar in connection with the Flower Mission, which, it may be remarked, is a thing of itself, and in no way connected with any special religious movement or party, was held here on Wednesday, yesterday. The bazaar was held under the distinguished patronage of H.R.H. the Duchess of Cambridge and H.R.H. Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, &c., &c. The principal promoters of the Bazaar were the Hon. Mrs Hodgson, of Kew Palace, and Mrs Walker, of Cumberland Gate. The stalls were attended to by Mrs Hodgson and Mrs Walker respectively. The Hon. Mrs

Hodgson had for assistants—Mrs Cunningham Roosey, Mrs Albert Harthorne, Miss Hodgson, and Miss Matilda Hodgson. Mrs Walker had for assistants—the Misses Walker, Miss Ida Nelson, the Misses Atkinson, the Misses Johnson, Miss Crowley, and Miss Nairn, and all seemed to work on *amore*. Among the articles Mrs Hodgson had for sale were a sofa cover beautifully worked in wool by the Baroness Rothschild, a number of drawings by Miss Tolle-mache, sketches in water colour of the old coaching days, by the Hon. Mr Denman, drawings by Mrs Hodgson, Japanese fans, a very handsome pincushion, worked by the aunt in the convent of Santa Clara, Madeira; a quantity of nice china, and some illuminated texts done by the Princess Mary's children. The articles shown on Mrs Hodgson's stalls also included several tasteful objects and some autographs presented by the Duchess of Cambridge. Her Royal Highness was unable, owing to her state of health, to attend, but Lady Geraldine Somerset, R.H.C.'s lady-in-waiting, was commissioned to make purchases in H.R.H.'s name. Altogether the Bazaar was a most decided success, and too much praise cannot be given to the Hon. Mrs Hodgson and Mrs Walker for their truly charitable labours.

PROVINCIAL.

EDINBURGH.—We are glad to chronicle the commencement of those interesting organ recitals with which Professor Oakley has in past seasons so agreeably entertained the University students in particular, and musical amateurs in general. As in former years—says the *Daily Review*—the class-room was crowded in every part; the Professor of Music receiving as much applause, and giving as evident satisfaction as on any previous occasion.

CHELTEMHAM.—It is with pleasure we record the success of Mr Ricardo Linter's pianoforte recital. The room was well filled by a fashionable and appreciative audience, which, by the frequent and hearty applause, bore testimony to Mr Linter's unquestionable talent as one of the most accomplished pianists of the day. We think our town should regard it as a matter for congratulation that its numbers among its inhabitants met of Mr Linter's stamp, who can so well interpret such of the works of the great masters as Mr Linter had set himself for performance on this occasion. We particularly refer to Beethoven's Sonata in B flat, Op. 106, which was throughout played in a masterly manner, evoking, at its conclusion, quite a furore. Space will not admit of our writing fully, as we should like, but we must not omit to mention two pieces, which, although not of so difficult a character as the above-mentioned, were perfect examples of the effects produced by a delicate and refined touch—these were Herselt's "Cradle Song," and Wehl's étude "Le Papillon."—*Cheltenham Examiner*.

BRIGHTON.—Madame Néruda and Mr Charles Hallé gave a "recital" on Tuesday morning, in the Pavilion Music Room, and quite delighted a very large audience. Mr S. Brandram on the same day gave a "recitation" of *Macbeth* in the lecture hall of Brighton College. Miss Annie Goodall, the vocalist at the Aquarium concerts last week, has been followed by Miss Clara Suter. Mr Charles Wyndham has been playing at the theatre the part of Robert Sackett, in the comedy of *Brighton*, with great success. Mr De Paris gave his "recital" last week, with the assistance of Miss Purdy, a vocalist, of whom the *Brighton Guardian* remarks that:—"Without wishing to raise undue hopes, one would desire, when noticing Miss Purdy's appearance, to say that she may soon take a foremost place among contralto singers. Hitherto she has chosen a rather abstruse class of composition; her success shows what she may attain in a more popular style. Sullivan's "Guinevere," and Gounod's "Maid of Athens" were among the pieces sung by Miss Purdy. They were both given with excellent effect. Mr W. Arlly was the accompanist."

NOTTINGHAM.—The Sacred Harmonic Society gave its second concert for the present season on Tuesday evening, November 30th, when Mr Henry Farmer's *Moss* was produced with deserved success. It is a work, although composed many years ago, little known in England. It is, however, a "stock piece" in America, where, on every occasion of its performance, it was received with enthusiasm. The *Nottingham Journal* says that the principal vocalists appeared to be somewhat lost at times, as though they had not given to the music that attention and study which it deserved; but it was nothing more than a lack of confidence. We must confess to a very agreeable surprise as we listened to the instrumentation of the *Moss*, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it the work of a master hand. At times, notably in the *Kyrie* and *Et Incarnatus*, the cello and violoncello have brilliant work to do. We must not omit mention of the fine organ accompaniment of Mr Essex, who, especially in the "Quoniam," played with such a piquant touch and excellent com-

bination of stops as to be an orchestra in himself. The long and hearty applause at the close of the work must have convinced Mr Farmer that at least one prophet has found honour amongst his own kin; and never was applause more deservedly bestowed.

DUBLIN.—The second of the announced series of three concerts was given on Saturday afternoon in the Brunswick Street Rooms by the Dublin Chamber Musical Union. The spacious apartment known as the Drawing Room was crowded with a most select and appreciative assembly. Mons. Billet and Herren Berzon and Elmer played, for the first time in Dublin, Niels Gade's "Novellette," for piano, violin, and violoncello. Each number—says *The Daily Express*—was capably given. The "Andantino con moto," with its quaint harmony, and the larghetto, pleased best. The next item was Sebastian Bach's sonata in G minor, for violin solo, without accompaniment; Herr Berzon's playing of this was capital. The three movements, fugue, siciliano, and presto—were listened to with breathless silence, and at the close, Herr Berzon was greeted with well-merited applause. Mons. A. Billet then played Chopin's "Scherzo in B flat minor." Mr Billet's execution was careful and conscientious, and his beautiful touch in the rapid passages was quite a treat to hear. Then last but not least, was presented Felix Mendelssohn's trio for piano, violin, and violoncello, in D minor (Op. 49). The interpretation of this magnificent work was really fine, and long will we recall with pleasure the exquisite *andante tranquillo* in B flat major, and the dashing *allegro*.

ROME.

(From a Correspondent.)

It now seems pretty certain that Sig. Jaccovacci will open the Teatro Apollo after all. The Corporation are said to have raised the subsidy to 175,000 francs for the season. The principal artists, so runs the report, will be Signore Wanda Miller, Borghi-Mamo, Signori Campanini, Verati, Brogi, and Mirabella. The opening opera will be Spontini's *Festale*. There has been some talk of *Aida*, but it will, in all likelihood, be only talk, since the company, as at present constituted, is hardly capable of performing the work in a satisfactory manner. The first ballet will be *Il Salm maraviglioso*, with Signora Rosita Mauri as principal—Sig. Sangiorgi's *Diana*, for some time in rehearsal, will be shortly produced at the Teatro Argentina, with Signora Dondini, Signori Arbuceto, Pagniani, and D'Ottavi in the principal parts. Signora Boschetti is attracting crowded houses by her dancing in *Brahma*.—An English artist, Signora Laidor, has pleased greatly, at the Teatro Rossini, in *La Sonnambula*.

STUTTGART.

(From a Correspondent.)

The new Liederhalle, erected by Herr von Leins as architect, has been opened with great solemnity. The King and entire Court, the Ministers, and deputations from the Liederfeste in all the principal towns of Württemberg, as well as others from similar societies in Switzerland and the neighbouring state of Baden, lent additional brilliancy to the two days' inauguration, which culminated in a Festival Concert, attended by 3,500 persons. Never had such an audience gathered together in Stuttgart. The programme included Beethoven's *Leonore* Overture; Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, Professor Singer taking the violin solo; and a number of songs and part-songs.

INNSBRUCK.—The Florentine Quartet Union, under the direction of Herr Johann Becker, lately gave a concert here.

CAIRO.—*La Filarica* was performed for the debut of Signora Waldmann, who was much applauded. The same is true of Sig. Masini.

DRESDEN.—Count Von Sayn-Wittgenstein, favourably known as musical circles as composer of music to the melodrama of *Frißlieb*, has left Salzburg and settled in this town.

MÜNCHEN.—A short time since, on the 5th November, Herr Vogl celebrated the tenth anniversary of his first appearance at the Theatre Royal, when, as a poor unknown schoolmaster, he sustained the part of Max in *Der Freischütz*, and made a hit. On the date above mentioned, he again sustained the part, but as an artist of wide-spread celebrity, and a Royal *Kammersänger* to boot. Mme Vogl was the Agathe. Both artists were enthusiastically applauded, and recalled after every act. More than twenty laurel-wreaths were thrown to them.

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

At this busy period of the season, I ought to content myself with being a mere chronicler. If I ventured to write, as a critic, about all the operas and concerts given in Manchester at this time of the year, your space would not withstand the extraordinary demands I should have to make. Since my last letter we have had a fine performance of *St Paul*, conducted by Mr Hallé, in which Mr Sims Reeves was heard at his best. Finer singing, and more finished delivery of recitative could not possibly be desired than that which Sims Reeves gives us in this noble oratorio; and perhaps those who have heard him sing Stephen's oration, "Be thou faithful unto death," the most frequently were the most grateful. Mrs Osgood, the American soprano, was very successful, and made a favourable impression. Madame Patey sang the contralto music—we need not say how; and Signor Foli displayed both judgment and energy in the bass solos. The choruses were admirably sung, and the orchestra and orchestral accompaniments were played in a manner that left nothing to desire. The programme for Mr Hallé's concert this week is full of attractions. Perhaps the subscribers are not so grateful as might be expected for such a brilliant array of operatic talent as this programme exhibits. And it is not treason to say that one or two singers would have been sufficient, since the necessity of finding something to do for all of them involves the omission of some of the more attractive of the regular features of these concerts.

We are disappointed, to repeat the expression of good fortune promised for us next week, in the shape of Italian Opera. It is surely a misfortune that Mr Gye's and Mr Mapleson's troupes are going to play here in the same week and on the same nights. The amateurs who wish to see Mme Nilsson as Marguerite, and Mlle Albani as Amina, are compelled to make a choice, as these operas will not be repeated, and they are to be given on the same night. Mlle Varese is in the same way put into competition with Mlle Zaré Thalberg, and assuredly the concurrence is unfortunate. *Lohengrin* will be given on Wednesday and Friday, at the Prince's Theatre, by Mr Gye's company.

Mr Carl Rosa produced *The Siege of Rochelle* last week, with unquestionable success. Mr Santley, as Michel, was admirable; Miss Gaylord and Miss Torriani were also effective. But surely I saw an account of the performance at the Prince's Theatre in the *Musical World* not long since. Zampa, however, was never given by Mr Rosa's company before last night, and in this opera they have achieved their greatest success. London amateurs were familiar, some years ago, with Mr Santley's splendid impersonation of the Corsair nobleman. I quite agree with the critics of the Manchester newspapers, who call it his finest part. His acting and singing were both, to repeat the expression, and, in its way, Mr Lyall's Dandolo was an equally clever performance. Indeed, a more satisfactory operatic *ensemble* I have seldom heard. Miss Torriani, Miss Lucy Franklin, Mr Nordblom, and Mr Aynsley Cook were all efficient and effective, and the band and chorus were more than satisfactory. What charming music Zampa contains!—how fresh and original its airs and concerted music!—and what unity of design in the opera as a whole! Mr Rosa will conclude his season on Saturday.

December 1st, 1875.

WAIFS.

M. Alexandre Dumas is one of Carpeaux's executors. Mr Fohter has been engaged at the Lyceum Theatre, New York. Madame Ristori, before leaving Melbourne, gave a performance of *Elisabeth*, for the benefit of the theatrical profession.

Our "Queen Contralto," M^{rs} Patey, has been singing recently in *St Paul*, at Manchester, with her accustomed success.

Madame Janaschelt intends, after her Australian engagement, to visit England, where she will appear at the Haymarket.

M. Faure, restored to health, has made his reappearance at the "Grand Opera" in *Hamlet*, with M^{rs} Carvalho as Ophelia.

Messrs H. A. Ivory & Co., the pianoforte makers, of Wood Green, are about to turn the business into a limited company.

Mrs Theodore Martin (Helen Fancit) will play on the 9th December, in her husband's drama *King René's Daughter*, on behalf of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, with Mr and Mrs Kendal and Mr Toole.

The Abbé Listi is at Rome, where he intends to pass the winter. Mr Swinburne has almost completed a new play for closet reading. The subject is drawn from an old Greek legend.

Mr Irving's answer to the strictures upon his performance of Macbeth will, we are told, consist in playing Othello so soon as the run of *Macbeth* is over.

"I am speaking," said a long-winded orator, "for the benefit of posterity." "Yes," said one of his hearers, "and if you keep on much longer, your audience will be here."

Sig. Gaetano Braga, the well-known composer and violoncellist, has returned from America, and is now stopping in Paris, for the purpose of playing at concerts and teaching. Miss Lillie Albrecht will play, at the Crystal Palace, on Wednesday, December 8th, Bach's Prelude and Fugue à trois voix, in B flat major, and Chopin's Tarantelle in A flat, Op. 43.

Mr Gilbert's new fairy-comedy, entitled *Broken Hearts*, is in active preparation at the Court Theatre, where it will be produced on December 9th. It is in three acts and in blank verse.

Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen* was given at the second concert of the Nottingham Sacred Harmonic Society, with Madame Sherrington, Miss D'Alton, Signor Federici, and Mr McGuckin as vocalists.

In speaking of Mlle Varese's admirable singing in the great scene of the madness in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, the Dublin papers allude to the "magnificent performance" of Mr Keppel in the flute *obbligato*.

Three negro musicians—Julian, Manuel, and Nascio Timenes (brothers, we presume)—have been attracting considerable attention by their performances of classical music at the *salle* "Philippe Herz," in Paris.

The theatre at Freiberg (Saxony) has died of old age; or rather it was in such a deteriorating condition, that it was thought advisable to demolish it. This is better than being destroyed by fire, as happens with so many theatres.

Richard the Second has been acted four times at the New York Fifth Avenue Theatre and withdrawn. Mr Booth personated the afflicted monarch in a noble manner, but the performance still over the heads of the public.

Mr Emile Enocq of the firm of Enocq and Sons, 19, Holles Street, Cavendish Square, W., has been appointed sole agent in the United Kingdom and in the Colonies for the Society of French Dramatic Authors and Composers.

The Crystal Palace Company announces for performance on Thursday, December 14, *Sophocles' Antigone*, with the whole of Mendelssohn's music. This will be the first performance of the play in London on the stage since 1845.

The Viscountess Georges Vigier (Sophie Cravelli) is at present in Paris, but will soon leave for her villa at Nice. She occupied a seat a few nights since in M^{rs} André's box at the Grand Opera, heartily applauding M^{rs} Carvalho and Faure.

NORWICH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The accounts of the last Musical Festival at Norwich show a surplus of £130. Mr F. J. Blake, who has acted as treasurer of the Norwich Festivals for a very lengthened period, died on Wednesday at an advanced age.

Chateaubriand said: "Madame Chateaubriand would not dine later than five. I am never hungry till seven. But we are compromised and dined at six, so that we could neither of us enjoy it, and that is what people call the happiness of mutual concessions."

ETON COLLEGE.—Bach's Cantata, *God's own time is ever best*, will be given at the College Chapel, with a large chorus and full orchestra, this day, December 4th, and Saturday, 11th, in the ordinary afternoon service, commencing at four o'clock.

An addition to the history of the English drama is in preparation, under the name of *An Old Woman's Gossip*, by Fanny Kemble, who is living near Philadelphia, and has already published four numbers of this record of her life in the *Atlantic Monthly Review*.

M. Gonnod is still progressing favourably, and will soon be able to use his injured arm. The bandages and splints were taken off a short time since, but were immediately put on again, as the surgeons considered the bones were not as yet properly united.

A Marseilles journal states that the tenor Barlot, well known at the Opera of that town as well as at Lyons and Brussels, has been placed in a lunatic asylum. He was seized with mental derangement at Algiers, during a performance of *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*.

The late Jules Janin bequeathed his valuable library, consisting of 60,000 volumes, to the Institute, with the proviso that it should be kept in an apartment specially appropriated to it. The bequest was accepted, but it is likely to become the object of legal contest.

Mr Oberthur has left London to fulfil concert engagements in Brussels, Aix-la-Chapelle, Mayence, Wiesbaden, Hamburg, Magdeburg, Dresden, Berlin, and Vienna, where he has been invited by Professor Jos. Hellmesberger to play at the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde.

A disturbance occurred three evenings back at the Opera House of Lyons. The piece was *Lucia di Lammermoor*. At the moment the orchestra commenced the overture, cries arose from all parts of the house of, "Away with the manager!" and a shower of missiles were hurled on the stage. The police had to interfere.

At the Arch Theatre, Philadelphia, Tenyson's *Queen Mary* has been performed. Great preparations had been made for its production, and public interest was aroused to its highest pitch. It was a most lamentable failure, the adapter having taken great liberties with the text. It was withdrawn at the end of a week.

M. Garnier, the architect of the Grand Opera, is about to leave Paris for Bonlighiera, a small village between San Remo and Vintimille. The climate there is exceptionally mild and beautiful. Frost and snow are unknown. The object of his trip is to construct a palace with a theatre attached to it for a millionaire friend.

Miss Purdy has been singing at Brighton with success. "At a recent concert given in the Pavilion"—the *Brighton Herald* says—"Miss Purdy, who has a rich and well cultivated voice, sang Sullivan's ballad, 'Guinevere,' and Gounod's 'Maid of Athens,' with great expression."

"The arduous part of Zerlina in *Don Giovanni*"—says the *Liverpool Post*—"was more than sustained; it was made both touching and brilliant by Mlle Bianchi, who bore off the palm as a singer, being delightfully sympathetic, as well as charming in execution. Signor Naudin is also highly praised by the same authority for his rendering of the part of Don Ottavio."

Le Pompon, the new work composed by M. Lecoq, and produced but recently at the Folies-Dramatiques, if we may rely upon the judgment of Parisian critics, approaches nearer and nearer the style of "opéra comique," leaving the "opérette" and "opéra-bouffe" further and further in the background. Thus progressing, M. Lecoq may one day fairly lay claim to the title, "Adolphe Adiam the Second." Wagner has arrived at Vienna to superintend the getting up of his *Tannhäuser*, which is to be given without curtailments. If the Viennese find their patience tried with nearly five hours of music, they will enjoy an opportunity of appreciating the work at its intrinsic value. It is said that Wagner intends to pass the winter at Vienna with his family, *Lohengrin* and other operas of his being in preparation.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—During the Cattle Show week, commencing on Monday next, Romah, the famous athlete, will give his performances at the Palace daily. On Tuesday, Miss Lydia Thompson will appear in Farnie's successful burlesque of *Blue Beard*. This will be the last theatrical entertainment previous to the 20th inst., when the Christmas Follies will be produced, and when Mr George Conquest will appear, embodying the extraordinary and novel feats for which he is so celebrated. On Saturday next Handel's *Oratorio, Esther*, will be repeated, under the conductors of Mr H. Weist Hill, with an increased orchestra and chorus; and the members of the German Gymnastic Society will give one of their peculiar and admirably-conducted displays.

The welcome accorded to Mlle Zari Thalberg on her entrance as Zerlina showed that, either for the sake of her father's well-cherished memory, or in compliment to her already considerable reputation and charming, piquant looks, her appearance was regarded as the principal event of the night. As yet she has not succeeded in throwing much practical composure into the business of the part; but so pretty a young lady cannot but please, and her singing is of high merit and still higher promise. A voice often silvery and always bell-like in its pure and transparent clearness, is employed with a skill which speaks of careful training and great natural talent. Encored in "La ci darem" and "Batti, batti," Mlle Thalberg shone chiefly, in our judgment, at the "Vedrai casino." She was inundated with applause and bouquets.—*Liverpool paper*.

If we are to credit all we hear, the 15th of the present month, Monday next, will be marked with a white stone amongst us, inasmuch as an artist, said to be the greatest of living pianists, is to make his *début* before a New York audience at Chick's Hall. That he is a man of extraordinary powers there can be no doubt, but whether his genius is of an exalted character,—whether he plays from within or from without, remains to be decided by those who are competent to judge. Upon this point we can, of course, venture no opinion as yet. We may, however, observe, that all the education, practice, and study of which the human mind and organs are capable—that fingers swift as lightning, and with a touch as delicate as that of a falling rose-leaf,—that a grasp filled with harmonious thunders, and as true and as certain in its operations as the course of the stars, will not impart one spark of genius, or make a pianoforte player in the most exalted acception of that term. We may remark that Doctor Bulow is doubtless preserver of all the inner life necessary to give true life to his great art.—*New York Touchstone*.

The great organ erected by the well-known French manufacturer, Cavallé-Coll, for the Palace of Industry, at Amsterdam, was "opened" a short time since by the University of Amsterdam, fully equal to the occasion. The new instrument, under the hands of the esteemed professor, surpassed expectation, and is praised by the Dutch critics, which, when we remember they possess such organs as those at Haarlem and Rotterdam, is saying no little.—*Graphic*.

OBITUARY RECAL.—Dr A. L. Pease gave the first of his tenth annual series of organ recitals at the University, Glasgow, on Saturday, 27th November, 1875. The following is the programme:—Organ concerto, G major (introduction, allegro, adagio, allegro, finale), Handel; Air, with variations, for the organ, Adolphe Hesse; Bourée, and Fugue (on a subject by Corelli), B minor, J. S. Bach; Larghetto (Ninth Quartet), Mozart; Gratulations (musettes), Beethoven; Overture in F, Schubert.

La Reine Indigo of Johann Strauss, son of the prince of waltz composers, Ferdinand Strauss, and husband of Jetty Treffs, whose merry refrain, "Trab, trab, trab," at the late Julien's Promenade Concerts, still lingers in the ear of many an amateur, has been revived at the Renaissance. Strauss is likely to become a formidable rival of Offenbach, Tosti, &c. At the General report, *La Reine Indigo*, the Italian actor, Sig. Rosi, a fanatical admirer of the music of Strauss, was conspicuous among those present.

Mlle Tietjens has been singing in Montreal after her success having been variously estimated in Boston. Mme Arabella Goddard declined, we learn, to accompany Mr Strakoske to Canada. She rejoins his company, however, at Albany. Like those of the distinguished German contraltos, her performances also were made the subject of conflicting opinions at the "Huh"—the headlong Wagnerian critic of the *Gazette* denouncing them in toto, while the more discriminating and refined pen of the *Transcript* took the opposite extreme.—*Correspondence of the "New York Touchstone"*.

As much interest as is felt in the proceedings of the Royal Albert Hall at the present time, we have been requested to state the position of its affairs. At the last annual meeting the council was unanimously instructed to apply for an Act of Parliament to provide funds for the maintenance and working of the hall. This Bill has now been draughted, and provides that the council shall annually prepare an estimate for the maintenance of the structure, and that before a general meeting of seat-holders, who may, if they desire, rate themselves for a further sum to work the hall; but it is provided that both sums shall not exceed £2 per seat. The Bill also provides for the purchase of seats on equitable terms from seat-holders who object to the rating power of the Bill.—*Times*.

Messrs. Chappin & Co., Auctioneers of Musical Copyrights—being the Stock of Messrs. Duff & Stewart, the well-known publishers, of 147, Oxford Street—has just been concluded by Messrs. Pattick & Simpson. The sale extended over five days, and brought together a large attendance of gentlemen connected with the music trade and profession. Subjoined we give a list of the high prices obtained for some of the more prominent lots.

Lot 28, Baker (Lady), "When the bairnies are asleep," £40 (Stewart); lot 114, Dodonato, "Good night, sweet mother," £40 (Brewer); lot 160, Virginia Gabriel, "My lost darling," £42 (Hime); lot 164, ditto, "Only," £516 (Metzler); lot 170, ditto, "Parted," £40 (Morley); lot 186, ditto, "Waiting," £38 (J. Williams); lot 187, ditto, "Weary," £195 (Metzler); lot 191, ditto, "Would you be a sailor's wife," £78 (J. Williams); lot 302, Bernard, Break of day Schottische, £160 (Hime); lot 354, Glover (S.), Songs of the Elements, £134 (J. Williams); lot 355, ditto, Songs of the Seasons, £223 (ditto); lot 359, ditto, "The good-bye at the door," £264 (J. Williams); lot 370, ditto, "Will you love me then as now," £177 (J. Williams); lot 371, Gounod's "O that two were my eyes," £151 (Hime); lot 405, Hutton, A bird sang in a Hawthorn tree, £147 (Hime); lot 469, Hime (E. L.), "Something to love me," £48 (ditto); lot 509, Hobbs (J. W.), "Nina," £95 (J. Williams); lot 514, ditto, "The brave old Temeraire," £47 (Hime); lot 610, Glover's Heister Wreath, for the Pianoforte, £290 (Hime); lot 775, ditto, "The Rose Tree," £246 (J. Williams); lot 775, ditto, "Marianne, gay Grizana," £385 (Ashdown and Parry); lot 780, ditto, "The magic of music," £66 (Hime); lot 814, Loder's, "Philip the falconer," £64 (J. Williams); lot 867, Hime's, "Parfait amour," £150 (Ashdown and Parry); lot 975, Lover's, "I'm not myself at all," £40 (Hutchings and Romer); lot 1005, ditto, Twelve songs of "Sandy Andy," £248 (J. Williams); lot 1015, Parry, "The same name's daughter," £46 (ditto); lot 1040, ditto, "The whistling 'till," £41 12s. (ditto); lot 1123, Pinatti's, "I love my love," £454 (ditto); lot 1124, ditto, "The raft," £130 (ditto); lot 1184, Richard's Amusing Sketches, £395 (Hime); lot 1185, ditto, Favourite Melodies for the Pianoforte, £236 (ditto); lot 1379, Tours (Berthold), "The angel at the window," £291 (Ashdown and Parry); lot 1379, Gounod's Biopiana, £96 (Metzler). Total—£11,000.

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MOSQUETS FOR THE YEAR.

A COLLECTION OF OFFERTORIES,

WITH APPROPRIATE WORDS FOR EVERY SUNDAY AND DAY OF OBLIGATION DURING THE YEAR.

Edited and Dedicated (by permission) to the Right Rev. J. DANELL, D.D., Lord Bishop of Southwark, by

W. M. LUTZ,

ORGANIST OF ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL, SOUTHWARK.

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Four Songs

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 4. STAY, MY CHARMER.

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Of this Set of Songs, the first three are not strictly posthumous works, as they were printed and quite ready for publication at the time of the composer's death. The fourth existed only in Manuscript.

* Sung by Mr SHAKESPEARE at the first Monday Popular Concert of the Season, St James's Hall, on Monday, Nov. 8, 1875.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

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VOL. 53—No. 50.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1875.

Price (4d. Unstamped.
6d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT, THIS DAY, at Three. The Programme will include: Overture, "La Nonne Sangante" (Houand); Concerto (MN) for Violin in F, Op. 29 (Henry Holmes), first time of performance; Symphony, No. 1, in B flat (Beethoven); Overture to *Byron's Manfred* (Schumann). Vocalists—Miss Ida Corani (first appearance in England); Mr Edward Lloyd, Signor Fidi, Solo Violin—Mr Henry Holmes, Conductor—Mr AUGUST MARX. Tickets—2s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. Admission to Palace, Half-a-Crown, or by Guinea Neon Ticket.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Mr HENRY HOLMES' CONCERTO for Violin in F will be performed for the First Time, THIS DAY (SATURDAY), Dec. 11th.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The "ANTIGONE" of SOPHOCLES, with MENDELSSOHN'S Music, will be produced (under the direction of Mr Charles Wyndham) on the Stage, for the first time in London since 1845, on THURSDAY, Dec. 10th, and repeated on THURSDAY, Dec. 16th. Mr J. Ryder, Mr Howard Russell (by permission of Messrs. Nipper), Mr Arthur Matthews, Mr Dolman, Mr C. Crawick, Miss Genevieve Ward, Miss Carlisle, and a carefully selected Chorus, under the direction of Mr W. Hildley. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MARX. Tickets—2s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. may be now booked.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—CLASSIC DRAMA.—The production of SOPHOCLES' "ANTIGONE" (with MENDELSSOHN'S Music) on THURSDAY, Dec. 16th, is exciting so much interest that the Management is encouraged to announce that the initiative it has taken in these revivals will be followed by performance at early dates of "ODIPUS AT COLONNA" and other Dramas, never hitherto placed on the English Stage. The arrangements will be shortly advertised.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—EIGHTH SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT, SATURDAY, Dec. 10th. Miss Anna Williams, Mr Nelson Varley, and Miss Agnes Zimmermann. Mr Ouf Sweden, Solo Flute. Symphony, "Pastorale" (Beethoven). "L'Arlesienne" (G. Ross). First time. Moto perpetuo, for 14 Violins (Paganini). Grand Fantasia for orchestra, "Aida" (Verdi), arranged by Mr Zimmermann—first time in England; Concerto in F minor (Sig. R. Bennett). Second Part, Miscellaneous Concert. Increased Orchestra. Conductor—Mr H. WEST HILL. Reserved seats, 2s. 6d. and 1s. Admission, One Shilling.

CHRISTMAS CONCERT, at ST JAMES'S HALL, on THURSDAY, Dec. 23—to commence at Eight o'clock—at which Miss Abner, Pianist, and Zane Thalberg will appear. Engagements with other Artists are pending, particulars of which will be duly announced. Tickets—10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s., and 1s.—may be had at the principal Musicellers; and at Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall.

WILHELMJ'S FIRST AND FAREWELL CONCERT, on FRIDAY Evening, Dec. 11, at ST JAMES'S HALL, at Eight o'clock.

HERR WILHELMJ begs to announce that he will give his FIRST AND FAREWELL CONCERT at ST JAMES'S HALL, on FRIDAY Evening, Dec. 11, at Eight o'clock, when he will be supported by Madame Despot, Herr Rios, Mr Zerkini, and Herr Desbort. Vocalists—Miss Nina Jackson and Signor Urio. Conductor—Sir JULIUS REINOLD. Tickets—10s., 7s., 5s., 2s., and 1s.—may be obtained at the principal Musicellers; and at Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall.

THIS EVENING

THE MUSICAL ARTISTS' SOCIETY. President—His Grace the Duke of Beaufort, K.G. THE FIFTH TRIAL OF New Compositions, SATURDAY, December 11, at the ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Hammer Square (by kind permission of the Committee of Management), to commence at 8.

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The next STUDENTS' ORCHESTRAL CONCERT, open to Subscribers, Members, and Associates, will take place at ST JAMES'S HALL, on WEDNESDAY Evening, the 18th inst., at Eight o'clock.

There will be a complete Band and Chorus, formed by the Professors and the late and present Students, and the Choir of the Royal Academy of Music, Conductor—MR WALTER MACFARREN.

The Programme will include MENDELSSOHN'S "HYMN OF PRAISE" and important MS. Compositions of the Students. Subscribers' Tickets, already issued, will be available for the Evening, instead of the Morning Concert. Admission—One Shilling. Tickets, 2s. 6d. and 1s., to be obtained at the Institution, and at St James's Hall.

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"GENTLE NIGHT."

MDME THADDEUS WELLS will sing Mr C. TINNEY's new Song, "GENTLE NIGHT," on December 12th, at Enfield; 14th, Mansfield; 15th, Haverhill; 16th, Haverhill; 17th, Haverhill; 18th, Leeds (Morning and Evening); 19th, Coventry; 20th, 21st, 1876, Newallinggate, 6th, Banbury (March 11th, Newbury. Address—Mdm Thaddeus Wells, 30, Every Street, W.

"MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY."

MR WILFORD MORGAN will sing his popular Ballad, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at Brighton, Dec. 13th and 14th.

"I WOULD BE A BOY AGAIN."

MR WILFORD MORGAN will sing his new and successful Ballad, "I WOULD BE A BOY AGAIN," at Brighton, Dec. 14th.

"COULD I BUT CALL HER MINE."

MR WILFORD MORGAN will sing his Ballad, "COULD I BUT CALL HER MINE," at Brighton, Dec. 17th.

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MDME MARIE ROZE and HERR BEHRENS are at Liberty to accept ENGAGEMENTS from Dec. 20th until Dec. 31st. Apply to Mr PROBERT, 1, Pall Mall, S.W.

MDME ANTOINETTE STERLING begs to announce that she will be detained in New York by Engagements there until Christmas, and cannot return to London until early in January. In the meanwhile, all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS to her at her residence, 9, St George's Square, Beignia, W., will receive immediate attention.

MADAME EDITH WYNNE has returned to Town, and requests that all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS be addressed direct to her residence, 16, Denmark Street, Manchester Square, W.

HERR SCHUBERTH begs to announce that he will return from the Continent on the 14th December. All letters to be addressed, care of Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

HERRMANN FRANKE (Concertmeister from Dresden) Principal Violin and Soloist of Mr Edward De Jong's Orchestra, Manchester, begs that all applications for ENGAGEMENTS as Soloist and for Lessons, in London and elsewhere, be addressed to Mr W. R. HEALY, care of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W. HERRMANN FRANKE will play "FANTASIE CAPRICE" (VIERSTERN), at Bolton, This Day, Dec. 11.

MR MAYBRICK has Returned to Town, and can accept ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorios, Concerts, &c., Address, 2, Little Argyl Street, Regent Street, W.

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PARIS SCRAP.

(From our Parisian Scrapper.)

Since the opening of the magnificent new edifice erected by M. Charles Garnier, people here have been loud in their complaints that M. Halanzer kept repeating the same two or three operas over and over again, and depending more upon the curiosity of the public to admire the house in front of the curtain than upon any especial interest they took in what was represented behind the float. To some extent the complaint was justifiable, though great allowance ought to be made for a manager in M. Halanzer's position, who has to furnish everything new—scenery, dresses, and appointments, down to the most trifling "property" employed in the business of the stage. But all the while these complaints were being made, M. Halanzer was quietly preparing his great surprise, the revival of *Don Juan*. That event has now become a reality, excelling everything ever achieved before at the Opera, or perhaps any other theatre, and suddenly transforming hostile murmurs into exclamations of unmitigated delight.

It is rather late in the day to enter into a detailed discussion of the merit of Mozart's score. Merely observing, therefore, parenthetically, that it is inimitable, incomparable, and unrivalled, I will pass at once to the present cast. Faure, thoroughly restored to health, and without any trace of his recent dangerous illness, sustained the part of the libertine hero, and admirably he did so. Singing and acting were alike excellent. The manner in which he gave his share of the duet, "La ci darem la mano," with Zerlina, Mad. Micolan Carvalho, was marvellously beautiful, and well deserved the encore which it obtained. The music of Zerlina does not lie well for Mad. Carvalho's voice, but her exquisite art enables her to conceal, in a great degree, any natural shortcomings. Mad. Krauss, as Donna Anna, surpassed the expectations of her admirers. M. Gaillard was a tolerable Leporello; while as Ottavio, the Commendatore, and Masetto, MM. Vergnet, Gaspard, and Caron, contributed to the success of the revival. Besides the duet, "La ci darem," the trio of Masetto, and Don Giovanni's Serenade were encored. The Elvire was Mlle Gueymard.

How shall I describe the *mise-en-scène*? Seldom has such magnificence, chastened by the most refined taste, been beheld on any stage. The scenery, painted by MM. Levasseur and Despléchin, may defy comparison with the efforts of the most celebrated scenic artists—with anything ever done by our own Stanfield, Roberts, Grieve, Telbin, or Beverley. The Banqueting Hall in Don Juan's palace is a miracle of pictorial skill. And then the dresses of the dancers in the grand ballet introduced previous to the regular *minuet*! Never was M. Grévin's rare talent for combination of colours, and exquisite beauty of design, more conspicuous.* The applause, when the curtain fell, seemed as though it would never end. The revival of *Don Juan* marks an epoch in the annals of the Grand Opera.

The Ventadour has been opened by M. Enrico for an Italian operatic season, but the performance of *Ripetta* on the first night proved that there was no vitality in the enterprise. Graziani was good, but everyone and everything else—well, the less said the better in such a case.

Boieldieu's Centenary, though celebrated at Rouen some months since, really falls upon the 16th inst., when Rouen will once more celebrate it by a grand performance at the Théâtre des Arts. The programme will include M. Ambroise Thomas's Cantata, sung at the former celebration, followed by a new two-act opera entitled *La Hôte du Roi*, written by M. Adrien Boieldieu, jun. After "assisting" at this performance, the Municipal Magistrates of the old city will take train the next day for Paris, in order to be present at a gala performance on the 18th inst., at the Opera-Comique, in honour of the same event. The pieces to be represented are the *Dame Blanche*, *Le Nouveau Seigneur du Village*, and *Le Calife de Bagdad*. Three Boieldieu Centenaries in one year! *Ereusce du peu!*

The decree of the Minister of Fine Arts which appoints M. Vientini manager of the Théâtre-Lyrique bears date the 29th November. The run of the *Fugue dans la Lune* at the Gaité will extend to the 29th of April, when the piece, having been

played 175 times, will be withdrawn. Among the works M. Vientini proposes to bring out, are *Dimitri*, by M. Juncières; *Psyche*, remodelled by its composer, M. Ambroise Thomas; *Paul et Virginie*, by M. Victor Massé; *Sigurd*, by M. Reyer; *Le Timbre d'Argent*, by M. Saint-Saëns; *Le Roi de Lahore*, by M. Massenet; *Le Brava*, by M. Salvyre; *Néron*, by M. Rubinstein; and an opera, with ballet, by M. Poise. Previous to the opening of the Gaité, as the Théâtre-Lyrique, M. Vientini will give morning performances, on Sundays and Thursdays, of oratorios and symphonies. Among these are to be *Purcell's Perse*, by M. Th. Dubois, and *Les Érinnyes*, by M. Massenet. The Théâtre-Lyrique will boast of no less than three conductors: the Manager himself, M. Danbé, and M. Thibault. M. Boudier is *sous-chef*, and M. Heyberger chorus-master.

A theatre is in course of erection at the corner of the Faubourg Saint-Denis and the Boulevard de la Chapelle. It will accommodate 2,000 spectators. Hopes are entertained that it may be finished at the beginning of next year.

As the London papers have long since given you all the details, including the scandalous scene in the church, at Déjazet's funeral, I refrain from expatiating on them.

FRANKFORT.

(From a Correspondent.)

The last concert of our "Museums-Gesellschaft" was rich in interesting novelties. The first part opened with Schumann's overture to *Herrmann und Dorothea*, one of the composer's latest productions. The fact that this overture was composed for a "Singspiel," founded on Goethe's delightful idyll—as a note, added by Schumann himself, to the score explains—and which opens on a scene of departing soldiers of the French Republic, will justify the otherwise more than surprising introduction of the "Marsellienne." The Germans however did not seem to relish the "Francheise" Goethe, and we can only record a *succès d'estime*.

Another novelty of this concert—novelty at least as far as Frankfort is concerned—was the "Scena and Aria of *Athalia*," composed by Weber, in 1811. Both the recitatives "Miserere me" and the aria, "Ho spianato d'ogni aura," are full of the melodious sweetness which was afterwards so remarkably developed in Weber. Fräulein Marianne Brandt achieved a legitimate success with her fine rendering of this difficult aria. Herr Volkmann's "Serenade" for orchestra of strings, with violoncello solo, was the third and most successful novelty. The learned critic of the *Didaskalia* (the art-supplement of the *Frankfurter Journal*) says:—"This work, which consists of five short and coherent movements, is composed in a peculiar spirit, and written by a master-hand. Its contents will be readily comprehended if the auditor fancies himself transported into the Hungarian 'Puszta'—the peculiarly plaintive sound of which is heard in the solo violoncello—surrounded by the now sweetly consoling, now exciting voices of the string orchestra, which slacken in fruitless exertion, and finally softly die away." The success of this interesting work was perfectly sensational, and it is to be repeated at one of our next concerts. Last, though not least, let us speak of the excellent performance which Signor Alfonso Rendano gave of Beethoven's E flat Concerto. Signor Rendano created quite a *furor* in Frankfort, alike with the public and the press. The critic already quoted says of his performance:—"The pianist was Signor Rendano, who proved himself to be a most excellent player. He is one of the very few remarkable pianists Italy has yet produced, and he achieved a brilliant success through his performance of Beethoven's Concerto, Chopin's well-known *Notturmo*, and a Sonata by Scarlatti." The young pianist was rewarded with enthusiastic applause, and repeatedly recalled. Schubert's Symphony in B flat concluded the concert, which was conducted by Herr Carl Müller. Of the quartet performance by the "Museums-Gesellschaft," to take place to-morrow, I shall speak in my next.

Dec. 5th, 1875.

* Who composed the ballet music that precedes "the regular minuet"?—Mozart wrote none.—D. P.

* The Hungarian word for "Wilderness."

CAMBRIDGE.

EXAMINATION FOR THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF MUSIC.
(DR G. A. MACFARREN—*Professor.*)

Tuesday, December 7, 1875.

1. Add three parts above the following bass according to the figuring; and state, on an extra staff beneath, the root of each chord, and its Diatonic or Chromatic position in the key of A minor—as Tonic, Minor 2nd., and Dominant, &c.



Ominous.

GREGORIAN FESTIVAL.

(From the "Richmond and Treickenham Times," November 20.)
(Continued from page 797.)

The first part of the service was intoned by the Rev. C. T. Procter, followed after the anthem by the Rev. H. W. Miller, and the lessons were read by Mr. E. Cecil Hertslet, licensed reader, and the Rev. H. Walker Miller.

The Right Rev. Bishop Jenner, D.D., preached from the words, "because he gave not God the glory." After some introductory observations the preacher said that, as a rule, people did not, or would not, understand the objects of the London Gregorian Choral Association. There were not only misunderstandings but prejudice, and often misrepresentations of their motives. That was one reason why, on almost every occasion when a preacher was required, or privileged, to address a mixed congregation on the subject of that association and its objects, a tone more or less apologetic was assumed, and seemed almost to be demanded. They might say that their principles needed no apology; they spoke for themselves. They might know what their intentions were, but so long as these prejudices existed, so long, in short, as they were—as no doubt they were at present—in the minority, so long would this tone of apology and defence of their principles be required. They also needed to be perpetually reminded themselves of what their principles were, and what they pledged them to. Many had forgotten this, and many who were with them at hand thought the principles of plain song and Gregorian psalmody dull and heavy. They had wearied of them and turned aside, if they might so use the Apostles' words, to "vain jangling." That was because they had not given their hearts to it, for this music must be apprehended far more by the heart than by the ear. It was often thrown in their teeth that they made Gregorian music a kind of religion, and indeed it was a kind of religion. There was no attempt at ear tickling; there was no hankering after novelty, because there was no need to be perpetually stimulating musical talent. It represented a religion of self-restraint and self-denial, and what was that religion but Christianity itself? They might say that Gregorian music had a beauty of its own which might be apprehended by all cultivated musicians; it had a grandeur of its own, but if they wanted merely to gratify their musical taste they should choose something very different. A quarter of a century ago it was said that a man who liked Gregorian music was one who preferred bad music to good. They knew better than that, and by such meetings they hoped to convince such that there was something in Gregorian music which had a merit and could be apprehended by the heart, if men would only set aside their prejudices. The Bishop then proceeded to urge the singers before him to give God the glory in all their singing, and not to consult their own tastes and preferences. The music to which they had devoted themselves was pre-eminently calculated to set forth the glory of God, but was it having that effect? It breathed the very minds of the saints, it was like them—calm and self-possessed. Even if it were true that it was harsh and monotonous outwardly, was it not, to speak reverently, in this respect like Him of whom it was said that when they should see Him there was "no beauty that they should desire Him." They were making progress with their churches, but they must also see that the hearts of the people were improved. He could not help remembering the time—more than six-and-thirty years ago—when he was an habitual worshipper in that church; and to see the improvement in the arrangements and in the heartiness of the service in which they had just joined was something almost miraculous. But still, they must see that the improvement of their hearts kept pace with that of their churches. In conclusion he exhorted the chorists and organists not to think of their own ability, but to give God the glory.

The decorations of the church were very pretty. Above the altar, at the base of the east window, there was a thick bank of banvardias, white chrysanthemums, heaths, arums, scarlet geraniums, and ferns. Rising from this bank was a large cross composed of white chrysanthemums and scarlet geraniums. The altar bases contained white camellias, eucharis, gardenias, white chrysanthemums, scarlet geraniums, white hycinthus, maiden

hair fern and white lilac sent specially from Nice. Above the white and gold hangings on each side of the altar were white chrysanthemums, scarlet geraniums, ferns, &c. The prayer desk, pulpit, and gas standards were decorated with roses, white chrysanthemums, scarlet geraniums, hyacinths, arums, white lilac, and ferns. A cross of white chrysanthemums rose from the font, and at the base of the cross were lovely arums, white chrysanthemums, and rare ferns.

CHRISTINE NILSSON'S VALENTINE.

(From the "Glasgow Herald," December 2.)

Last night, on the occasion of Madame Christine Nilsson's benefit, when she appeared in the Theatre Royal as Valentine in the *Huguenots*, the enormous house was crammed in every part. Additional seats were put down all over the place, and standing room was eagerly paid for; yet the crowds, clamorous for admission, could not be accommodated, and in consequence many had to be refused admission. When Madame Nilsson intimated her intention of appearing in London as Verdi's Leonora there was a considerable slaking of beads at a step which many considered would prove disastrous to the fair *prima donna*. The din then raised, however, was mildness itself to the storm which burst over Mad. Nilsson's head when it was announced that she would essay the great part of Valentine. Never was hue and cry more vigorously raised, and for the time Mad. Nilsson became a martyr. All sorts of reasons were adduced why she should not and could not satisfactorily undertake the *role*. First of all came the plea of "vested rights"—that Mad. Nilsson ought not to attempt to occupy ground so long possessed by others. This line of argument could not stand reflection; but another was readily found. It was said that Mad. Nilsson's *physique* was not suited to the character. On consideration, however, it was found that this objection was even weaker than the other, for no law had been laid down whereby it was enacted that none but certain *prima donne* should be even permitted to try and give a reading of Meyerbeer's greatest creation. Nothing daunted by the growlings with which her intention was received, Mad. Nilsson, by reason of indomitable pluck, which on many occasions has stood her in good stead, stuck to her resolve, and in July last year appeared on the Drury Lane boards in the part over which there had been so much wrangling. A notice of the memorable performance, written at the time by one of the first critics of the day (after explaining that at first, for several causes outside of Mad. Nilsson's performance, the issue was doubtful) said among other things:—

"There only remained to save the performance the great duet for Valentine and Raoul, and this Mad. Nilsson did by an effort which we can only recognise as splendid. Throwing herself heart and soul into the situation, singing with a passion and tenderness rarely surpassed, and acting with a natural power sufficient to place her in the first rank of tragic artists, Mad. Nilsson laid the audience at her feet in an attitude of homage. No victory more complete was ever gained in so short a time."

Subsequent representations tended to strengthen the favourable opinion thus expressed.

The story of *Les Huguenots* is so well known that our duty is restricted to a brief account of last evening's performance. From the very outset of the opera it was apparent that the immense assembly had gathered almost for no other reason than to hear Mad. Nilsson. At all events, the whole of the first act, except when Mad. Trebelli appeared, was listened to with indifference. Neither Signor Giliandi (Raoul) nor Herr Behrens (Marcel) could obtain more than a respectful hearing. Indeed, it was not till the grand duet for Valentine and Marcel in the third act was reached that interest was fully aroused. Here, however, there was no resisting the splendid singing and spontaneous acting of Mad. Nilsson, which richly merited the ovation awarded to her. Still this was only the means to an end, for it was not till the grand love duet between Valentine and Raoul that Mad. Nilsson displayed her full strength. Then she had the audience under absolute sway, and, as movement followed movement of the most impassioned of love scenes, the audience were enraptured, and at the termination of the act a second ovation of greater length and intensity was offered to the fair Swede. She was called out three times—a marked honour rarely witnessed so far North.

MUSICAL MUTUAL PROTECTIVE UNION.

(Continued from page 799.)

BY-LAWS.

ARTICLE X.—CLASSIFICATION OF BUSINESS.

SECT. 1.—Regular engagements include operas, theatres, gardens, circuses, menageries, watering places, and all such other places of amusement, where there is a weekly salary paid for a certain time or season.

SECT. 2.—Special engagements include concerts, single opera nights, balls, parties, weddings, societies, excursions, parades, funerals, picnics, soirées, church music, serenades, meetings, processions, dinners, suppers, communiquees, and fairs.

ARTICLE XI.—PENALTIES AND FINES.

SECT. 1.—Any member neglecting to pay his quarterly dues during the first month of the quarter, shall be fined, at the expiration of the month, 25 cents; and if not paid on or before the expiration of the second month 50 cents, and if the quarterly dues and fines remain unpaid for the term of three calendar months, he shall be suspended from membership.

SECT. 2.—A violation of Article III., Section 1 (By-laws), shall be considered as a breach of faith, and the offender shall, after a fair and impartial investigation by the Board of Directors, if found guilty, pay for the first offence, 4 dollars; for the second offence, 8 dollars; for the third offence, be expelled by the Board of Directors, whose decision shall be final and binding.

SECT. 3.—For transgressing against any section of Article IX. (Prices), after a fair and impartial investigation by the Board of Directors, a member, if found guilty, shall be fined for the first offence, 10 dollars; for the second offence, 20 dollars; and for the third offence shall be expelled by the Board of Directors, whose decision shall be final and binding.

SECT. 4.—Any member taking more men than the number actually engaged and paid for, according to the prices stipulated in Article IX., shall be fined, for the first offence, 10 dollars; for the second offence, 20 dollars; for the third time, to be expelled by the Board of Directors, whose decision shall be final and binding.

SECT. 5.—A member engaging one or more musicians, and receiving pay for the said engagement, and refusing to pay those who fulfilled such engagement, shall, when proved, be expelled from the Union.

SECT. 6.—All charges for violation of this Constitution and By-laws, against any member or members of this Union, must be commenced within six months after the date of the occurrence of said violations.

ARTICLE XII.—EXPULSION.

SECT. 1.—A member may be expelled from this Union by the Board of Directors for the non-observance of its Constitution, By-laws, or Rules; but no such expulsion shall be made except on charges preferred, and after having had a reasonable opportunity for defence afforded; a two-thirds vote of all the members present, at a regular or special meeting of the Board of Directors, shall be requisite to expulsion; and in the notice calling such meeting shall be stated the object in view, a certified copy of which shall be served on the member so charged, or left at the usual place of business or abode of such party.

SECT. 2.—A member being expelled upon just and lawful grounds, loses all his interests in the Union, its funds and benefits.

ARTICLE XIII.—REINSTATEMENT.

SECT. 1.—Any non-resident member losing his membership through the non-payment of his dues and fines, can only be re-admitted by a two-thirds vote of the Board of Directors, or of the members at any regular or special meeting of the Society, and under the following conditions:—He shall pay all the dues and fines standing against him, and all the dues members have since paid. Any such member losing his membership through absence from the city for the term of one year, or more, may be reinstated by paying all the dues and fines unpaid at the time his name was stricken from off the list of members, and admission fee.

SECT. 2.—Any resident member losing his membership through non-payment of dues, may only be reinstated by a majority vote

of the Board of Directors present, after paying all dues and fines standing against him at the time he was suspended, and all dues paid by members since then, and an additional fine of 10 dollars.

SECT. 3.—Any resident member having been expelled for failing to conform to the requirements of the Constitution and By-laws, can only be reinstated when recommended by the Board of Directors, at a regular or special meeting of the society, by a majority vote in favour thereof, after having paid all dues and fines standing against him, and an extra fine of 50 dollars. Should such person apply for a second reinstatement, it will require a majority vote in favour thereof, and to pay all dues and fines standing against him, and an additional fine of 75 dollars.

SECT. 4.—No member who has resigned and played with non-members can be reinstated, except under the above provisions relating to expelled members.

ARTICLE XIV.—DISSOLUTION.

This Union shall not at any time be dissolved, without obtaining the votes or written consent of nine-tenths of the then existing members, and that when its dissolution shall be determined upon, the intended appropriation or division of the funds of the Union shall be fairly and distinctly stated in the proposed plan of dissolution, prior to such assent being given.

ARTICLE XV.—AMENDMENT.

Propositions to repeal, alter, add to, or amend any of the foregoing articles of this Constitution and its By-laws must be made in writing, and can only be considered and acted upon annually at a regular meeting of the Society in March of each year, or at an adjourned meeting of the same within two weeks of the date thereof, when, if three-fourths of all the members then and there present shall vote in favour of said amendment or amendments, then only they shall stand as the law or laws of this Union. Article IX. of this Constitution may be considered an exception.

(To be continued.)

MUSIC AT ETON COLLEGE.

(From "the Chair," Dec. 4.)

Mr Barnby's work at Eton College is already bearing the fruit which might have been anticipated, remembering the satisfaction he has shown in every position which he has hitherto filled. In the first place we are glad to announce that the Governing Body have acceded to his request to make the acquirement of the rudiments of music compulsory in the case of all boys in the lower division, more than one fourth of the school. As nearly every boy passes through that division, this is equivalent to making elementary musical education obligatory on the whole school; and the importance of the regulation will be obvious when it is remembered that a large proportion of the thousand Eton boys constantly under training are, in after life, called upon to fill high positions in the country as in society. As all Etonians shall thus obtain a practical acquaintance with the art, and will have the opportunity of continuing its study in its higher branches, both theoretically and practically, Mr Barnby may be congratulated on having done that which cannot fail to exercise an immediate influence upon the future of music in this country. But, in addition to this all-important arrangement, the Successor of the College has already utilised the time and opportunity at his disposal, by inducing his pupils to study the works of the composer whose music has been of late made familiar to the public through his instrumentality. Bach's cantata, "God's time is ever best," will, we understand, be sung in the College Chapel this afternoon (Saturday), with orchestral and organ accompaniment; and thus Dr Maclean's successor is fully prepared to continue the work so well commenced. That Mr Barnby's appointment was a loss to London amateurs cannot be denied; but, under the circumstances to which we have alluded, his translation to Windsor is a matter for intense satisfaction.

VENICE.—*Ripetto*, with Sig. Graziani, will be performed at the Venice during the approaching Carnival season. Sig. Graziani will appear, also, in *Hamel*, and M. Ambrosio Thomas will himself superintend its getting up. The following is a list of the principal artists: *Prime donne*—Signore Bresciani Scarrati, Estelka Gerster, Libia Drog, Bernstein; tenors—Signori Fellippi Bresciani, Tasca; baritones—Signori Graziani, Calabà; and bass—Sig. Barbarat.

MUSIC AT BRUSSELS.

The Inauguration Concert on Wednesday the 1st inst., of the new "Société Schubert," given in the rooms of the Société Royale de la Grand Harmonie, was in every respect successful. The director, Mr Arthur Wilford, provided a most admirable and interesting programme for the occasion, the details of which were given in the *Musical World* a short time ago, so that it only remains to speak of the performance. The concert opened with the Andante and first Allegro from Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, played by M. Eugène Ysaÿe (from Liège) in a finished and artistic manner, with a purity of intonation that cannot be praised too highly. M. Ysaÿe was vehemently recalled at the conclusion. After his playing, in the second part of the programme, a Prelude by Bach, and Ernst's "Air Hongrois." M. Ysaÿe was also recalled. The vocalist was Mme Angusta Roche, who lately was heard at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts. She sang "Nobél Signor," from *Les Huguenots*, and songs by Donizetti and Mariani. Mme Roche met with a most flattering reception, and was recalled each time. Mme Roche sang also the "Melodies Ecossaises" (Nos. 8, 20, and 24), as arranged by Beethoven, with piano, violin, and violoncello accompaniment. These highly interesting songs pleased immensely, having thus been heard for the first time in Brussels. It was a happy idea of Mr Wilford to engage Mr Charles Oberthür, the celebrated harpist (from London), who had never been heard in Brussels. His success was immense. He played a Fantasia, "Souvenir de Londres," and his finished execution and expressive playing fairly carried away his audience. He was unanimously recalled at the conclusion. In the second part, Mr Oberthür played an interesting Trio, for harp, violin, and violoncello, also of his composition, in which he was ably assisted by M. Ysaÿe (violin) and Mr Paternoster (violoncello). By this admirable composition Mr Oberthür proved himself well acquainted with the highest forms of classical music. The trio was highly appreciated, each movement drawing forth warm applause. He was vehemently recalled at its conclusion. With the same success Mr Oberthür played his solo, "Ombres et Rayons," well known in England under the title of "Clouds and Sunshine." Last, not least, it remains for us also to record the active part the respected director, Mr A. Wilford, took at this concert. Mr Wilford, who studied at the Conservatoire de Musique, at Leipzig, is a pianist of the first order. This he amply proved by his spirited and artistic performance of Schumann's Toccata in C major, and in a Romance by Hindemith, as well as by his playing of the "Chanson à boire" of Mendelssohn. Both these last pieces are transcribed for the piano by C. Hennecke, of Leipzig, and dedicated to Mr Wilford, which in itself is no mean honour, and sufficient proof that Mr Wilford's talent was highly respected in Leipzig. We must not omit to eulogise the talent of Mr Paternoster, whose playing of Mozart's "Larghetto for Violoncello" was deservedly admired. That Mr Paternoster possesses a fine tone, and plays in an artistic manner, was already made manifest in Mr Oberthür's Trio, which afforded him not a few opportunities for displaying these qualities. The concert was well attended, although the weather was very inclement. At one of the next concerts of this new society, Mr C. Hennecke (from Leipzig) is to play and, with such excellent programmes and such capital artists, we have no doubt the "Society" will receive the patronage it so highly deserves and which we most heartily wish it. — A. R.

MUSIC AT CALCUTTA.

(From our Correspondent.)

The theatre at which the Royal English Opera Company is located is carrying all before them, the other theatres being empty nightly. The death of Mr English may have affected one of them, but the other, in the hands of Mr Lewis, is no better off. This may be attributable to the fact that English opera and operatic bouffé have never been done here before, and are, consequently, novelties. The latest production has been the *Princesse de Trébizonde*, in which Miss Alice May played Prince Raphael, and, although it was her first appearance in the part, she was as perfect as if she had frequently played it. The press think it now unnecessary to criticise her on the plea of repetition, and merely say "Miss May was as charming as ever." In the part of Prince Casimir Mr Vernon showed himself a capable actor. The Princess's part was played by a young *prima donna*, Miss Emily Thompson, whom Mr Allen has brought forward. Miss Thompson possesses a sweet voice and has considerable talent. Miss Sutherland made an effect as Regina, and is an acquisition. There are many fresh arrivals from London here, who all wonder at finding such an artist as Miss May. At the conclusion of the present tour it is her intention, we understand, to return to England, when the public will have an opportunity of judging whether India, Australia, &c., are right, or not, in their opinions with regard to her.

Calcutta, November, 1875.

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

We have had a busy and brilliant musical week here since my last letter. At Mr Hallé's concert, last Thursday, Madlle Albani and Madlle Zari Thalberg made their first appearance in Manchester, and both, as I need scarcely say, delighted the audience. Madlle Bianchi, Ghiotti, and Edelsberg, Signors Pavaai, Medici, and Tagliacosi took part in the concert.

On Saturday, at Mr De Jong's concert, Mr Pyne, the new cathedral organist, made his first public appearance in Manchester, and played one of Handel's concertos with very great taste. Mme Blanche Cole, Mr Barton McGuckin, and Mr George Fox were the singers.

Mr Carl Rosa concluded his three weeks' season at the Theatre Royal, where we have been hearing opera so admirably performed, that this week we are forced to make unpleasant comparisons in listening to the choruses at the Italian opera.

Mme Nilsson sang for the first time on a Manchester stage at the Queen's Theatre, on Monday evening. The opera was *Faust*, and, happily, your readers are too familiar with the fair *prima donna's* splendid singing and acting in this opera to render any comment necessary. The house was crowded to excess, and the accomplished artist was applauded to the echo. At the same theatre, on Tuesday, Madlle Varesi's finished and brilliant singing in *Lucia* was universally admired. Signor Gillardi was the first tenor on both occasions. His voice is of rich quality, and he phrases well, but his intonation is faulty in the lower notes.

At the Prince's Theatre Madlle Albani made her *début* on the stage as Amina; her singing and acting were both irreproachable. On Tuesday *Don Giovanni* was given at this theatre, in which Madlle Zari Thalberg sang charmingly.

Next week there will be three performances—three annual performances—of the *Heaven*.

FLORENCE.—The Società Orchestrale De Fiorentina has rented the Arena Nazionale for the Carnival and Lent, in order to give there a series of concerts and other musical entertainments.

PERIN.—The Conservatory has at length been fully inaugurated. Strange to say, the President, the Abbatte Franz Listz, was not present, but forwarded a letter of excuse for his non-attendance.

ST PETERSBURG.—Sig. Virli's *Aida* is in active rehearsal. It is said that the *mise-en-scène* will cost more than 100,000 francs. The first will include Signors Stok, Gory, and Nicini and Gogani.

BARNES.—The new Staltheater was burnt down on the 25th ult., shortly before the hour fixed for commencing a performance of *Lohengrin*. It was erected only last year, and inaugurated on the 25th October with Weber's *Der Freischütz*.

AMSTERDAM.—The first concert given this season by the Felix Meritis Society served to introduce to an Amsterdam audience M. Franz Hummel, a young pianist, pupil of M. Brassin. This gentleman, who produced a very favourable impression, played Liszt's Concerto in E flat; a Berceuse, by Chopin; the Barenolle, No. 4, by Brahms; and Weber's "Invitation à la valse," arranged by Weber himself. Mme C. Schmitt was (sings) from Mecklenburg, gave the recitative and air from *Der Freischütz*, with songs by Schumann and Schubert. The orchestra, under the direction of M. Verhulst, performed Schumann's Symphony in D, the Overture to *Le Nozze*, and Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas*.

**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST JAMES'S HALL.
EIGHTEENTH SEASON, 1875-76.**

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

**LAST MONDAY POPULAR CONCERT BEFORE
CHRISTMAS.**

THE ELEVENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 13, 1875.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.		
QUARTET in E flat, Op. 74, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—Mme NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERNINI, and DUBREY	Bethoven.
SONATA, { "Der Nussbaum" }	Schumann.
SONATA, { "Widmung" }	Mlle Sophie LOWE
SONATA in A flat, Op. 35, for pianoforte alone, Mr CHARLES HALLÉ	Weber.
PART II.		
SONATA in G major Op. 95, for pianoforte and violin—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ and Mme NORMAN-NERUDA	Bethoven.
SONATA, { "Morgengraue" }	Schubert.
SONATA, { "Die drei Farben" }	Mlle Sophie LOWE
VARIATIONS on "Ich bin der Schneider, Kekschen," Op. 124, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ, Mme NORMAN-NERUDA, and Herr DUBREY	Bethoven.
Conductor	Sir JULIUS BENEDET.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 11, 1875.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET in A major, Op. 18, No. 8, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—Mme NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERNINI, and DUBREY	Bethoven.
AIR, "In diesen Hain" { "Floten Mägen" }	Herr THOMASZEK
SONATA in E flat, Op. 7, for pianoforte alone—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ	Bethoven.
SONATA, "Der Wanderer"—Herr THOMASZEK	Schubert.
SONATA in A major, Op. 47 (dedicated to Krümler), for pianoforte and violin—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ and Madame NORMAN-NERUDA	Bethoven.
Conductor	Sir JULIUS BENEDET.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1875.

Episodes on Change.



(Enter hurriedly.)

MR SHIPPING.—Why—Bulow never said a word of it!

MR QUINCE.—Well—too much of a cavalier!

MR SHIPPING.—Why—too much of an artist!

MR QUINCE.—Well—too much of a MAN—to speak in such offensive terms about a lady!

(Exit several.)

IN another column will be found a fac-simile autograph letter addressed by Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy to the late Vincent Novello—for the use of which we have to thank Mr Henry C. Goodban.

ALEXANDER the Great, as we have often been informed upon more or less satisfactory authority, after dyeing his imperial mantle in the blood of millions, and mounting on the corpses of his victims to the pinnacle of fame, sighed for new worlds to conquer. Writers on musical matters, though not altogether so badly circumstanced as the Macedonian Sovereign, are beginning to find, in this age of books, magazines, newspapers, and other periodicals, that the old subjects on which they might otherwise have employed their pen are done to death. They feel that a new field for the musical investigator and antiquarian would be highly desirable, if only for the sake of a little variety, which, we are all aware, is charming. But in what quarter are we to look for such a field? Such is the question which will suggest itself to the minds of many. We scarcely think it is answered by a Correspondent, who, writing to us lately, affirmed that this field exists not so very far from home. He alludes to the tract of country at present parcelled out amongst Russia, Prussia, and Austria; in other words, to what was once Poland. Who knows, he enquires, much about Polish Music? "The ground," he adds, "is almost entirely unexplored. Here is a chance for diligent research which would, no doubt, meet with an adequate reward."

We are unable to share our Correspondent's sanguine anticipations. We know so little about Polish Music simply because there is, we believe, so very little to know. Our scant stock of information on the subject, moreover, does not seem likely to be ever much augmented; and our opinion is confirmed by the recent labours of an able foreign writer, Dr Caro, who has expended a great deal of pains and time to little practical purpose.

The patient and erudite researches of this gentleman have resulted in the establishment of the fact that the musical, like the literary, relics dating from the early history of Poland are extremely rare. "A Song to the Virgin," or "Hogorodica;" some traces of other sacred compositions; some mundane songs, with a political tinge; and a few fragmentary translations from the Bible, constitute the list of specimens still extant of old Polish authorship. There was, it is true, a Latin literature, but, compared with the same kind of literature at the same period in other countries, it was extremely meagre and primitive. We cannot doubt, however, that this unsatisfactory state of things was partly owing to accident. Poland must have lost many literary and musical treasures, which she could ill afford to lose, in the frequent attacks to which she was exposed at the hands of uncultivated and savage neighbours. We will, also, charitably suppose, with Dr Caro, that a great deal lies concealed in places which have hitherto escaped the investigator's observation. Yet, as we find in the recollection of the people at a more recent date very few vestiges of much more than the works with which we are actually acquainted, it is allowable to conclude that the literary and musical education of the people was not much advanced.

The "Song to the Virgin," mentioned by us above, was, if tradition speaks truly, translated from Bohemian into Polish, and taught in Poland about the year 997 of the Christian era. However, as handed down to us, it differs, both in form and extent, from what it originally was. There are five different texts and they are based upon two different melodies, dating from the fifteenth century. Later accounts

state that the Polish Knights used to sing this song on going into action. Casimir Sarbiewski—a Jesuit and imitator of Horace—who lived in the time of the Renaissance, translated it into Sapphic metre—a form in which, we should think, it must have been about as unintelligible to the knightly vocalists as to the great mass of the people.

There are other old sacred compositions in the national tongue which were not translated by the Reverend Father into the measure invented by the Lesbian poetess. They are set forth in the Polish Synodal Constitutions. Still, in such productions a decided preference was shown for Latin. In connection with this circumstance, the national annals make especial reference to a poet of the fourteenth century, John Lodzia—or, more correctly, John of Kępa, a member of the Lodzia family. He was, from 1384 to 1346, Bishop of Posen. After the fashion of numerous princes and prelates of the Church of Rome besides himself, he is reported to have led a merry and somewhat free existence, as happy as the life which the popular English ballad represents the Sovereign Pontiff as leading. He possessed a great fondness for music and played diligently on the cithern. The old chronicler, when speaking of him, says, in his quaintly-spelt Latin: "Hic erat jucundus. Citharam in domo sua causa leticie percutebat. Sed lubricum carnis ardentem agebat; bene literatus erat e bene rarus." Several sacred compositions are ascribed to him. They include: "The Ascension of the Virgin;" "The Purification of the Virgin;" an "Acrostic in Praise of St Adalbert," and another on his own name; a "Song in praise of St Peter" a "Song on St Paul;" and, lastly, a hymn: "Lux clarescit in Vitis," usually sung in the Cathedral of Posen. In addition to this contemporary of Casimir, mention is likewise made of a still more ancient writer of Church compositions, namely: John, Abbot of Witow, who lived in the time of Wladislaw Lokietek.

But, if we do not learn much from the Polish chronicles about sacred music, the amount of knowledge we derive from them regarding the national songs of the people is even more insignificant. There is one fact which cannot fail to strike every one very forcibly. We find nothing which can justify the assumption that the Polish folk-songs were founded upon old sagas. This leads to the conclusion that the romantic and bombastical development given to the peculiarly simple Slavonic saga in Poland is the fruit of learned invention. The few remains we possess of undoubted Polish folk-songs invariably refer to historical and duly authenticated events. Thus the Chronicle of the writer known as Martinus Gallus contains a Latin Lament for Boleslaw Chrobry, reminding us, by its tone and treatment, of the national songs in the language of the country itself. Bieski quotes a verse of another folk-song with which Casimir Odnowiciel is said to have been received. Many other historical occurrences were glorified in these productions. An occurrence thus celebrated in the 14th century was the suppression of the revolt at Cracow in 1311. It cannot be denied, however, that a patriotic feeling and a desire to rival, in this respect, foreign nations, have given rise to a system of self-deception. Attempts have even been made to reconstruct the national songs on a Latin substratum, but they cannot be said to have proved successful.

A few years ago, Englishmen were accustomed to indulge largely in sentimental lamentation over the fall of the kingdom which once owned the rule of John Sobieski; poets loved to sing of the deeds achieved by its sons ere its fair land

"Was ploughed by the hoof
Of the ruthless invader,"

—an agricultural process, by the way, in which some ruthless invader or other was employing his hoof, as aforesaid, pretty often; and, under the auspices of that amiable nobleman, the late Lord Dudley Stuart, the annual Polish ball, at the Guildhall, became a regular feature in the London year. But, even then, some persons well qualified to give an opinion, entertained doubts as to whether the Poles merited all the sympathy manifested for them; and the better the annals of Poland have become known, the greater has been the number of doubters. It has been said that the history of a nation may be read in its songs. Judging by this standard, the world was no great loser when Poland was blotted from the map of Europe, however iniquitous may have been the course pursued by those who carried out the process. The downfall of a nation which has no music in its soul is not calculated to inspire regret among those who associate the absence of musical taste with the absence of the qualities which render nations, like individuals, famous; and, unless we are mistaken, such a taste was lacking in Poland. R. K.

May 28th 32
100 Gr. Portland St

My dear Sir

I am extremely sorry not to be able to accept your invitation for next Sunday evening. I promised to dine that day at a friend's of mine in the country & feel ~~unable~~ not to be able to get back to town before 10 or 11 o'clock; & as it is quite impossible for me to decline still that engagement, which I accepted long ago, I must ~~unavoidably~~ be deprived of the pleasure to spend the evening in your house & to hear the music which you kindly intended to favour me with. Accept my regrets, dear Sir, & believe me

very truly yours

Eliza Mendelsohn-Barth

Dialogues in Purgatory.



Dr. Ghost.—So "Balfie has written sweetly sometimes?"
 Dr. Serpent.—("Sweetly" is good.) And "Sullivan?"
 Dr. Ghost.—*Trist by Jery* is the capitalist work by any English composer?
 Dr. Serpent.—("Capitalist" is good.) The one thing approved by Bulow.
 Dr. Ghost.—That stamps it.
 Dr. Serpent.—*Be clean!*
 Dr. Ghost.—Chickering's are the only pianos?
 Dr. Serpent.—Made out of broader wood than Broadwood's.
 Dr. Ghost.—No puns.
 Dr. Serpent.—Well, Ullman does not play upon Steiway.
 Dr. Ghost.—Nor Palmer upon Weber.
 Dr. Serpent.—Is "Arabella" therefore an automaton?
 Dr. Ghost.—She has "no more soul than one of Mail, Tassaud's wax figures."
 Dr. Serpent.—Bulow admits she "plays correctly," and "you can find no mistakes."
 Dr. Ghost.—He prefers the "go" of transatlantic pupils.
 Dr. Serpent.—By the way, did Bulow ever hear her play?
 Dr. Ghost.—Never!
 Dr. Serpent.—She has not been in Germany since 1856?
 Dr. Ghost.—1855.
 Dr. Serpent.—Well, he did not hear her in Germany. Ask Rellstab.
 Dr. Ghost.—Nor in England.
 Dr. Serpent.—No. When Bulow was in England she was in Australia.
 Dr. Serpent.—The better for both.
 Dr. Ghost.—Wherefore?
 Dr. Serpent.—Don't know.
 Dr. Ghost.—Neither I!
 Dr. Serpent.—Bulow heard her at New York.
 Dr. Ghost.—Never! When Bulow left Boston for New York she had left New York for Boston.
 Dr. Serpent.—Then how account for the "automaton" and Mail, Tassaud's wax figures?
 Dr. Ghost.—No how. If I had the placing of the figures I should not hesitate which to put in the "Chamber of Horrors."
 (Both vanish.)

To Everybody in General, from Nobody in Particular.

When fierce Hate and deadliest Scorn
 Fly from a brow Love should adorn,
 When some sweet melody he hears
 Who was so fond of brass and drums,
 When 'monged the bitterness of tongue
 Implied Self-praise which e'er has sung:
 At last when gather'd to his rest
 He shall not then be cured but Bless'd.

Epith.

[One hundred pounds for a meaning.—A. S. S.]

Confabulations Confidential.



Epith.

Dr. Fox.—I have written a poem about Annette Essigoff.
 Dr. Goose.—Well?
 Dr. Fox.—Shall I recite?
 Dr. Goose.—No. I don't want to hear it.
 Dr. Fox.—Why?
 Dr. Goose.—I am building for her a *chaiteau*.
 Dr. Fox.—Where?
 Dr. Goose.—Between two Lakes.
 Dr. Fox.—O Gemini!
 Dr. Goose.—Castor and Pollux?
 Dr. Fox.—No. Albs and Adnan.
 Dr. Goose.—By Albs!—I am building for her a *chaiteau*.
 Dr. Fox.—You, architect?—Shew design.
 Dr. Goose.—By Adnan!—*le voir!*

Chateau Essigoff.



Dr. Fox (astonish).—O by Albs! O by Adnan!
 Dr. Goose (triumphant).—O by Adnan! O by Albs!
 (Exeunt perplexed.)

ROME.—Sig. Nancigorgi's new opera, *Diana di Cherevay*, has been produced, and favourably received, at the Teatro Argentina. The composer was called on forty times. The artists were Signora Bonadini, Signori Abagnello, Polani, and D'Ottavi, who exerted themselves to the utmost, and were liberally applauded by the public.

BRESLAU.—Herr Johann Strauss's comic opera, *Cagliostro*, has been produced with Madlle Sophie König in the principal part.—At the third Subscription Concert of the Orchestral Union, Mal. Schumann played a Capriccio for Piano, by Herr R. Scholz, and Schumann's Concerto in A minor. The orchestral pieces were Beethoven's overture, *Zur Weile des Hansas*, Mendelssohn's *Melusine*, and R. Volkmann's Symphony, No. 2.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

The funeral of the celebrated actress, Mlle Dejazet, took place last Saturday, in Paris, at Père la Chaise. The crowd was enormous. Among the pallbearers were MM. Victorien Sardou and Halanzar.

The *Roméo et Juliette* of the late Hector Berlioz has been revived at the Concerts du Châtelet after a silence of thirty-six years. It was first produced at the Paris Conservatoire, November 24th, 1830. London amateurs were made acquainted with it through its magnificent execution by the just instituted New Philharmonic Society, at Exeter Hall in 1852, under the personal direction of Berlioz himself.

DURING his recent voyage from the United States, Sig. Gaetano Braga, the celebrated violinist, was lucky enough to meet among his fellow passengers on board the America, several first-rate amateurs, including the Count and Countess of Saint-Paul-Ryand, the lady being a distinguished pianist. Every day, Sig. Braga took out one of his two violoncellos from its case, and his latest MS. from his portfolio. Then came a musical performance lasting several hours, to the great delight of the other passengers and the crew. Everything promised a prosperous voyage. But, one evening, there arose a tremendous storm, during which the screw was broken. The sails were insufficient to navigate the ship, and considerable anxiety reigned on board. At length, another steamer, the China, bound for Liverpool was sighted. Sig. Braga was transferred to her by the aid of a cable stretched between the two vessels. To his great regret, he had to leave behind him his violoncello, music, and luggage. All he could save were his dollars and his umbrella. He is now in Paris, but, up to very lately, had heard nothing of violoncello or luggage.

The *Brighton Gazette*, in its notice of the last "Brighton Philharmonic Subscription Concert," has the following about Miss Reeves:—

"Mr. Sims Reeves was the leading feature of the concert, as, indeed, he must be of any ballad concert in which he sings. The weather was decidedly against the great tenor, whose organ is so sensitive that the stereotyped excuse could hardly have been objected to. But he had been singing in Manchester and London during the week, and the eminent success he had gained were sufficient to prove that, despite the trying state of the atmosphere, his voice was untouched. This was quickly shown when he commenced his first song, Blumenthal's "My Queen." All the delicate touches and points of beauty which have combined to render this song one of the most popular in Mr. Sims Reeves's repertoire were waited for eagerly, and recognised gladly, as the music proceeded. Answering to a recall, but disregarding the demand for an encore in this song, Mr. Reeves was compelled to be complaisant after he had made his second appearance, and rendered with singular beauty and sweetness Cowen's "Auldrie." Twice he appeared and bowed his acknowledgments, but the audience insisted on a more substantial recognition, and, being the stronger, after a storm of applause and shouts, lasting for several minutes, were gratified by a repetition. Sullivan's "Once again" was Mr. Sims Reeves's third song, splendidly interpreted.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

ME W. F. TAYLOR, organist of the Parish Church (St. Mary's), Battersea, gave his annual concert at Lammas Hall, on the 2nd inst., supported by Mlle Carlotta Davoren, Miss Josephine Pugh, Miss Coyte Turner, and Messrs. Jekyll and Soper, who all acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of the audience. Mlle Carlotta Davoren, a professional pupil, we believe, of Mr. Taylor, possesses a fine soprano voice. She was loudly encored in Ardit's "Il Racio," and Terence's Farewell to Kathleen; Miss Coyte Turner (contralto) achieved great success in Sullivan's "Looking Back," and a new ballad by Mr. Taylor, "I leave my heart at home" (duet); Mr. Taylor's duet, "Come away with me," sung by Miss Pugh and Miss Turner, and "My mate and I," sung by Mr. Soper, had also to be repeated. Mr. Taylor played several solos of his own composition with great success, especially a "Grand Capriccio," in B minor, which we have already heard played by him several

times, with full orchestra, at the Alexandra Palace. On the occasion under notice, the Capriccio proved to be a very effective piece (with the orchestral parts arranged for a second piano), and called forth enthusiastic applause, as also did his new grand waltz, "Vive la joie." The most interesting feature of the concert was the first appearance of Mr. Taylor's daughter, who, although but nine years of age, played, with her father (who is also her instructor), the treble parts of the andante and rondo from Diabelli's Grand Duet in D, with the *allegro* and precision of an advanced performer. Her performance evoked from the audience a most enthusiastic encore, which, we must say, was well merited. We look forward with interest to the youthful pianist's future career. Despite the inclemency of the weather (the snow being nearly a foot deep), the concert, which was under the patronage of the vicar, the Rev. Erskine Clarke, M.A., the parochial clergy, churchwardens, and Members of Parliament for Mid-Surrey, was exceedingly well attended, and, although the frost ruled outside, there certainly was none within. The accompaniments of the vocal music, &c., were extremely well played by Mr. W. D. Sumner and one of Mr. Taylor's pupils, Mr. Nickerson.

RAYWATER POPULAR CONCERTS.—The first of a series of "popular" concerts given on Wednesday evening in the Archer Street Theatre, Raywater, opened with Beethoven's Quartet in G major, for two violins, viola, and violoncello, well played by Messrs. Otto Both, Violin, I., Blagrove, and Signor Verzze. The same artists, in conjunction with Mrs. R. Blagrove, gave Robert Schumann's Quintet for piano, two violins, viola, and violoncello. Both were much applauded. Mrs. R. Blagrove played in a brilliant manner a solo by Prudent, and Mr. Otto Both and his pupil, M. Violini, solos on the violin, by De Beriot and Ferdinand David, with effect. The vocalists were Miss Katherine Poyntz, who was heard to advantage in Donizetti's (not Bellini's, as stated in the bills, and quite a simple) (*Bella*), and was encored most deservedly. Miss Emily Mott was the other lady vocalist; she is making way in her profession. Mr. Lionel Levy (an amateur, we believe), sang Blumenthal's "The message," and Hatten's "To Anthea," in both gaining genuine applause. Mr. Alfred Baylis, in songs by Tours and Balle, gained genuine applause for his very tasteful vocalisation, and gained the sympathy of all present. Signor Visetti efficiently presided at the piano-forte in good style.

PROVINCIAL.

LIVERPOOL.—Madame Liebhart has been singing before a "Masonic" audience at Liverpool, Mr. Skeaf, a member of the Masonic craft, had a benefit at the Philharmonic Hall—says the *Daily Courier*—2,500 persons being present, of whom nearly one half appeared in full Masonic clothing. Foremost among the performers was Madame Liebhart, whose vocalisation was singularly enhanced by her charmingly quaint enunciation, which led, as in the case of "Little bird so sweetly singing," to an enthusiastic encore. She also sang the old Scottish air, "Robin Adair," with peculiar charm. Mr. and Mrs. Skeaf, Mr. Seymour Smith, Mr. Henry Gay, and Miss Marion Severn were the other vocalists. Mr. Richard Blagrove contributed solos on the concertina, and Mrs. Blagrove solos on the pianoforte.

BEDFORD.—The Bedford and District Society Association gave their Annual Musical Entertainment, at the New Corn Exchange, on Wednesday, which, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, attracted a very full audience. The performance was under the direction of Mr. G. Lansdowne Cottell, R.A.M. The first part opened with a varied selection of the popular music of Scotland, all given with more or less effect by an efficient choir of singers and soloists, among whom may be named Miss Helen Hise, who sang "And Robin Gray," and the *Irish lullaby* (not Scotch, as announced) "Robin Adair" most effectively. Miss Gertrude Allison, a charming young vocalist, with a beautiful voice, gave "Jock o' Hazeldean" in a sympathetic manner; and Mr. George Courtney, baritone, sang with spirit and effect "Green grow the rushes," and "The Campbells are coming," both greatly applauded. Mr. L. Cottell gave a new Scotch fantasia, which was well received, not only on account of the subject, but for Cottell's performance. The second part was miscellaneous, opening with an "operative" piano-forte duet, arranged by Mr. Cottell, played by the composer with one of his young lady pupils, and was encored. Miss Gertrude Allison gave a very charming new song, by Wellington (Guernsey), entitled "Oh, my flowers," and a cavatina by Mr. L. P. Knight. Mr. G. Courtney, in "Oh, ruddier than the cherry," and Mr. C. Wilbye, in Brinsley Richards' "Sulotto war-song," also gave satisfaction. "Auld lang syne," as a chorus, concluded the concert, Mr. G. L. Cottell presiding at the piano-forte.

BRUSSELS.

(From our Correspondent.)

After having been long absent from the halls, *Héroïde à Pri-aux-Cleres* has once more been performed at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie, and, on the whole, well received. The cast, singularly rich in important characters, comprehends most of the leading artists constituting the company: Madlle Rouina is Queen Marguerite; Madlle Reine, Nicette; Madlle Dérivis, Isabella; M. Bertin, Merg; and M. Morlet, Comminges. All these artists acquitted themselves satisfactorily. They were well supported by the chorus and band. The piece is admirably put on the stage. A ballet is introduced into the second act, the necessary music being taken from three other works, *La Châquette*, *L'Illusion*, and *L'obéissance*, by the same composer.

A short time since, during a performance of *L'Africaine*, a lively altercation sprang up between M. Sylva and some of the audience, whose conduct was displeasing to M. Sylva. The latter certainly received great provocation; but he forgot the respect due to the public by the course he pursued. It is desirable that the police, and not an actor, should reprimand, and, if necessary, remove, any person who may be misbehaving himself in front of the house. The above scene, however, was followed, some nights subsequently, by another still more to be deprecated. M. Devoyod has a weakness; he does not invariably keep correct time. M. Dupont obligingly arranges matters so that the actor's idiosyncrasy shall interfere as little as possible with the performance. On the evening in question, however, during the grand duet in *La Muette de Portici*, he was, for some unexplained reason, not so complaisant. Perhaps he considered that M. Devoyod ought to be more particular. Displeased apparently with the tempo taken by his fellow-artist, M. Warot, and the orchestra, M. Devoyod walked up to the prompter's box, and deliberately marked the measure with his foot. Hereupon M. Dupont jumped up from his seat, and, raising his conducting-stick high in the air, struck it on his desk several times with great energy, to denote the right tempo to the orchestra. As may be supposed, this unexpected episode, which ended in the discomfiture of M. Devoyod, and the vindication of M. Dupont's authority, created much excitement. Such occurrences are disgraceful in a first-class theatre. In reply to certain insinuations, MM. Stoumon and Calabrese have addressed to the *Indépendance Belge* a letter, in which they say:

"There never was, there is not, and so long as we have the honour to be the managers, there never will be, at the Théâtre Royal, de la Monnaie, a clique depending in any way on the management."

What a blessing! The public is freed of a nuisance.

A concert got up for charitable purposes under the patronage of Mr Savile Lumley, British Minister at this Court, began with Mendelssohn's first Trio, executed by Mrs Stanley, MM. Harmann and Stengers. This was followed by other pieces, vocal and instrumental. Foremost among them were two airs for Violin, by Bach, the "Airs Russes," played by M. Wieniawski, and Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith," played by M. Franz Rummel.

Another successful concert was that given at the Cercle Artistique et Littéraire by the members of M. Wieniawski's class.

NALZBURG.—The last concert at the Mozarteum commenced with Mozart's overture to *Der Schachspiel*, directed. The other principal pieces were an Air from Beethoven's *Christus am Ölberge*, and a new Serenade, for stringed band, by Rob. Fuchs, of Vienna.

MILAN.—Donizetti's *Don Schisano* has been produced at the Teatro Carcano, the principal characters being sustained by Signora Bernelli, Signori Vanden, Barli, and Atry.—Sponcini's *Leola* has been performed at the Teatro Castelli. The two leading female characters were entrusted to Signora Fassigli and Teresina Froni. Sig. Knon conducted.

BOLOGNA.—*Lucie*, the new opera by Sig. Gobati, has been produced at the Teatro Comunale, before one of the most numerous and brilliant audiences ever assembled in that edifice. The execution showed that more rehearsals would not have been superfluous. Signora Brambilla was much applauded, as were Signorina Borghini-Mamo, Sig. Campanini, and Sig. Nannetti. The composer was called on twenty times (!) the first night, and thirty times the second (!): but *Lucie* is not likely to rival in popularity his *Lucio*.

WAIFS.

The *Belles d'Hier* is the title of the new "review," about to be produced at the Variétés.

The well-known violoncellist and composer, G. Braga, has returned to Paris, from the United States.

M. Halanzier has extended his augmentation of salaries to all the subordinate officers of the New Opera House.

The fifth trial of new compositions by the Musical Artists' Society takes place to-day at the Royal Academy of Music.

Amongst the passengers by the (Marseilles) steamer *Russia*, which has arrived at Liverpool, were Misses Rouina, Victoria Vokes, Messrs Fred and Fawcett Vokes.

"The prisoner at the bar seems to have a very smooth face," said a spectator to the jailor. "Yes," replied the jailor, "he was ironed just before he was brought in."

Such a cantata, "God's own time is ever best," is to be repeated at Zion College Chapel, with chorus and full orchestra, to-day, in the ordinary afternoon service.

Mr F. C. Barnard has taken a lease of the Theatre in Holborn, now known as "The Mirror," but which, under his direction, will be named "The Royal Duke's Theatre."

Mr Robert Buchanan is not the author of *James Fisher*. The *Examiner* says it is either by Mr Buchanan, or the Devil; so that there is little room left for speculation.

An original dramatic romance, entitled *Cyris*, written by Mr Joseph Hatfield, and founded on his novel of that name, has been produced at the Royal Amphitheatre, Liverpool.

Mr Gooch, a young Australian student in the Royal Academy, and the possessor of a fine bass voice, has been appointed a deputy in the choir of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, St James's Palace.

Mr Swinburne's new play, *Reveries*, which will be given to the world about Christmas, is on the Greek model—a little over 1,700 lines. It is more regular in construction than *Atlantis* in *Calypso*.

Owing to the kindness of Mr F. B. Chatterton, who has given the use of Drury Lane Theatre, a performance in aid of a festival to the memory of the late George Holmes, will be given on Wednesday morning, 15th December.

Herr Carl Zeidler, a German composer of the "new romantic school," has set to music a lyrical monodrama, *Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots*, in her prison at Fotheringay, the libretto of which is written by Frederick Maro, Ph.D.

The decease at Venice is announced of Leto Puliti, a writer on musical history. To him was due the fairly justice rendered in Italy to Cristoforo, inventor of the pianoforte. He leaves unfinished a work entitled *La Musica in Firenze*.

This day, Saturday, Handel's oratorio *Ether*, will be repeated, under the conductorship of Mr H. Weist Hill, with an increased orchestra and chorus, and the members of the German Gymnastic Society will display their skill.

Miss Lilie Albrecht met with a highly favourable reception at the Crystal Palace concert on Wednesday, when the youthful pianist, among other pieces, played a Tarantella by Chopin. She was heartily and deservedly applauded.

Venli's *Luina Miller* has been produced at the Opera in St Petersburg, where the same composer's *Aida* is in immediate preparation. The chief parts in *Luina Miller* were undertaken by Volpini, Marius, Cotogini, and Cappeloni, all well known to London amateurs.

The Imperial German Government has given notice to the Mayor of Strasburg, that, from September, 1876, the annual subscription of 176,000 marks will be withdrawn. Thereafterward the administration of the theatre must again be undertaken by the town itself.

Donizetti's *Don Schisano* has been revived with great success at the Carcano, Milan. The pianoforte upon which Donizetti used to compose, and which was formerly at Rome, has been presented by its owner, Signor Gabrieli Vasselli, to the town of Bergamo, where the composer was born.

Miss Florence Sanders (pupil of Mr W. H. Holmes), made her first appearance at the Crystal Palace Orchestral Concerts, on Monday, Dec. 6th, and played Sir Stephenie Bennett's sonata, the *Maï of Orleans* with refinement and beauty of expression. The young pianist was warmly applauded at the end of each movement.

Walter William Aries, a young man, was charged before the Wandsworth police court with throwing a snow-ball in High Street, Putney. It was stated that the prisoner belonged to a choir, the members of which were passing down the street larking together. The prisoner, who said he did not think there was any danger to the public, was fined 1s.

Madame Norman Nörda and Mr Charles Hallé gave their first "recital" this season in Edinburgh, on Saturday morning last.

On the 18th of this month, a *representation extraordinaire*, in honour of Boieldieu, is promised at the Opera Comique, at which the corporation of Rouen will attend. The *Dame Blanche*, the *Nouveau Seigneur*, and the *Café de Bayard*, compose the programme. At Rouen, two days earlier, a similar representation has been projected at the Théâtre des Arts.

Mozart's *Don Juan* has been revived at the New Opera in Paris, with M. Faure as the hero, M. Gailhard as Leporello, M. Verguet and Mlle Krauss, as Ottavio and Anna. The great success of the representation, after the noble interpretation of M. Faure, seems to have been, a ballet of great variety and splendour with which, so far as we can gather, Mozart wrote very little to do.

The *Official Journal* states that judging from the receipts of the Paris theatres during the first ten months of the present year, the total for 1875 will reach a sum of twenty-five millions of francs. That result is the more significant that in 1868 the amount was only 16,075,000fr.; in 1869, 17,775,049fr.; in 1870, 19,903,527fr.; in 1871, 7,582,924fr.; in 1872, 18,749,688fr.; in 1873, 20,459,046fr.; and in 1874, 23,212,436fr.

M. Charles Lamoureux, founder of the "Sacred Harmonic Society" of Paris, is now, for the present at least, without a home, the Cirque des Champs Elysées being inaccessible to him in consequence of the approaching exhibitions of *Pastorale* and *Rondelet*, which are to take the place recently accorded to Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mendelssohn, and the rising young French composers of sacred music—such as Massenet, &c.

Church music seems to have been treated with far greater fairness at the recent congress of the American Church, held at Philadelphia, than it commonly meets with at the kindred gatherings in this country. A whole day was devoted to its consideration, and several important points were touched upon by the speakers, one of whom, in allusion to the local Quartet Chorus, asserted that America was the only country in the world where the music of the church was entrusted to two men, two women, and an organist.—*Choir*.

The funeral of George Belmore took place on the 18th ult., at the Church of the Transfiguration, in Twenty-ninth Street, New York. The Rev. Dr Houghton read the Episcopal service. The body was enclosed in a rosewood coffin, covered with black cloth. On a silver plate was the inscription: "George Belmore. Died November 16th, aged 47 years. H. J. Montague, acted as nearest friend of deceased. The pall bearers were Lester Wallace, Henry D. Palmer, George Honey, W. J. Florence, John Brougham, H. Beckett, E. Arnott, and B. F. Russell.

The brief Mapleson season has terminated, the opera being *Martha*. Mlle Varesi is a useful member of the Mapleson troupe, well up to her work, and always efficient. Her Lady Henrietta was undoubtedly the best of her three efforts here. In "The last rose of summer" she was vociferously reprimanded. There was no other novelty in the cast. The honours of the evening were shared by the tenor and contralto. In "M'Appari," Signor Brignoli displayed all the perfection of style and purity of intonation which have made him one of the most acceptable, if not the most brilliant, of the Mapleson tenors; whilst Madame Trebelli was simply incomparable from the first to the last scene.—*Liverpool paper*.

An American tells the following anecdote. He says: "Going down to New York the other night on the boat, I got to chatting with a German acquaintance, and asked him what he was doing. He replied, 'Shoot now do nothing, but I have made arrangements to go into pizness.' 'Glad to hear it. What are you going into?' 'Well, I got into partnership with a man.' 'Do you put in much capital?' 'No. I don't put in no capital.' 'Don't want to risk it, eh?' 'No, but I puts in de experience.' 'And he puts in the capital?' 'Yes, dat is it. We goes into pizness for three year; he puts in de capital, I put sin de experience. At de end of de three year I will have de capital, and he will have de experience.'"

The organ movement is progressing in the north of Scotland, notwithstanding the strong feeling of many excellent Presbyterians against the "kind of whistler" assistance in public worship. *Concordia* recently recorded the introduction of an organ into the Rubislaw Established Church, Aberdeen, and on Sunday last a fine instrument, by Messrs Foster and Andrews, Hull, was "inaugurated" in St Clement's parish church, in the same northern city. This organ is the gift of a wealthy member of the St Clement's congregation, and the Lord Provost of the City, with a number of the magistrates, attended at the re-opening of the church, after repairs, and the commencement of the organ régime. Mr John Adlington presided, and besides accompanying the congregational psalmody, played selections from Mozart, Handel, Corelli, &c.—*Concordia*.

ALEXANDRIA PALACE.—On Tuesday next the Dog Show, under the superintendence of the Kennel Club, will commence, and will be continued on the three following days. The show, which will include more than 1,000 dogs, will be one of the largest and best ever held, and the Prince and Princess of Wales have graciously consented to send some of their favourite dogs to the Exhibition. The show will be held in the Central Hall, which will be illuminated until a late hour in the evening. At the Popular Concert on Saturday, the 18th inst., Miss Annie Williams and Mr Nelson Varley will appear as vocalists, Miss Agnes Zimmermann will play a pianoforte solo and Olaf Svendsen will give a solo on the flute. On every day in the week there will be performances by the Company's orchestral band and organ; Homan, the great athlete, will continue his performances on the high rope in the Central Hall; and Miss Lizzie Anderson will also repeat her light and dark dances daily.

A French journalist met with a strange pet the other day when paying a visit. While he was talking, he noticed something moving on the carpet, which was neither dog nor cat. On looking again he saw that it was a fine lobster, dark-gray spotted with red, and thought that it must have escaped from the kitchen. The lady of the house smiled, and said, "I must tell you the history of my pet. Some months ago I bought a lobster; and, as it was not wanted for dinner, my cook left it in the water in the kitchen. I was going to a ball that night, and, being ready, I sat in an easy chair and fell fast asleep. Suddenly I sprang up from the pain of a sharp bite in my foot, and I saw the lobster biting me. I started up and ran to the kitchen. No one was there, and a cloth in front of the fire had caught fire. It was soon extinguished; but I have kept the lobster ever since out of gratitude." It has its basin of cold water, and seems to recognize its mistress, and it is so fond of music that it is always drawn toward the piano whenever she plays.

The Sacred Harmonic Society entered upon a new season last Friday night week, and, faithful to its traditions, contented nothing but works of the most familiar character. It would hardly be reasonable, perhaps, to look for anything else at the opening of a fresh campaign, when a long interregnum has somewhat relaxed the bonds of discipline. But on the other hand, it is fair to expect that, in the course of the season, efforts will be made to extend the society's repertory. We are not among those who clamour for novelty without any regard to what circumstances make possible or expedient. But we find it hard to believe that a great and flourishing institution like the "Sacred Harmonic" cannot put forward at least one new work each year. In the preliminary announcement of the season just begun it was stated that attention would be paid to some of the less-known compositions of Handel. Nothing could possibly be more legitimate than work of this kind, and every amateur must hope, for the credit of a veteran society as well as for the benefit of art, that no obstacles will come between the promise and its fulfilment.—*Daily Telegraph*.

Mlle Dejazet was dead. The gifted actress expired in Paris on Wednesday, Dec. 1st. Her funeral took place on the Saturday following. It was the occasion of a gathering of artists and literary men, as Paris has not witnessed for some time. Pauline Virginie Dejazet was born at Paris in 1793, and appeared, at five years of age, at the Théâtre des Capucines in *Fanchon Tuote Sente*. After engagements at the Vaudeville and other theatres, and after playing before the Allied Sovereigns on their entry into Paris in 1815, she "starred" in the provinces, and in 1820 became manager of a gymnasium, and afterwards at the Nonvettistes, made a great hit in *Bonaparte a Brienne*, representing the young military student with great success. From 1831 to 1844 she was at the Palais Royal, achieving great popularity, and for the next five years was at the Gaîté. After some provincial tours and a visit to London she resided in Paris in the provinces, and in 1848 became manager of the Folies Nouvelles, which thereupon took the name of Théâtre Dejazet. Here she had great success. At the end of 1868 she took her first communion; but this was not the signal, as had been expected, for her quitting the stage. In March, 1869, she was allowed a pension of 2,000 fr. from the Emperor's household. During the war she came to London and appeared at the Charing Cross and Opera Comique. In the autumn of last year she had the benefit at the Français, all the leading actors and actresses performing for and with her, and offering their homage at the close, while fabulous sums were paid for places. A little later she played at the Vaudeville, taking the part of a young man, a line in which she was, even to the latest, most successful. She must then have been the oldest actress performing any stage in the world, yet her dancing and singing strangely belied her years. M. Sardou owes to her his introduction to the stage, she having accepted his *Pattes de Mouche* in July, 1861. Three hundred francs was the modest price paid for this work.

Mlle Alhani is so great a favourite in Liverpool, and has won such golden opinions amongst us by her admirable singing at the festival last year and at various concerts, that her *début* on the local stage was anticipated with great interest, and the house, as a matter of course, was very full. Mlle Alhani's impersonation of Lucia was exquisite from first to last, elaborated with the greatest skill, and enacted with infinite delicacy and refinement—it was a complete triumph, culminating in such a realistic and touching representation of madness as once seen can scarcely be forgotten. Following so soon after Madame Nilsson's great representation of the same part, it is almost impossible to avoid comparisons, but in point of fact the two impersonations admit of no comparison. They are both distinct creations, essentially diverse yet equally great—thought out from a different point of view and each perfect in its way. The *Lucia* of Madame Nilsson is sublime in its tragedy, but the softer emotions are not brought into such prominence as in that of Mlle Alhani, which is all tenderness and yielding gentleness; it is indeed a most charming idealization historically, whilst vocally it is simply perfect—nothing more delicate, refined, and artistic can be conceived than Mlle Alhani's singing throughout the work; the brilliancy of her execution was only equalled by her exquisite phrasing, rare intonation, lovely voice, and breadth of style.—*Liverpool Daily Courier*.

By the St Cecilia service at St Paul's the great fact was elicited, which glows through all the clouds of failure, that an immense interest has been now established for musical celebrations of this kind. Crowds thronged to the Cathedral beyond its enormous capacity, and will no doubt do so again upon similar invitation. Forgetting, then, the mishaps of a first revival, except as lessons for the future, it may be well, even thus early, to look forward to another year; for it is only by looking well ahead that such undertakings can be properly carried out. It is not perhaps the business of the College of Organists so much as of the Cathedral authorities, to provide against a recurrence of a breakdown in the arrangements for seating band, choir, and congregation. These large musical services are happily by no means infrequent now; they have gravitated to St Paul's naturally and fitly; no one, we suppose, would now wish to discourage them. Attention ought, therefore, at once to be given to providing some special accommodation for the band and choir on such occasions; for, leaving out of sight the particular failure of St Cecilia's day, the provision for orchestral services is at no time satisfactory in the Cathedral. As we have already hinted in reporting one of these services, the construction of some kind of staging, easily moveable, and easily contractible or expandible, should be, in these days, a project not impracticable; and we can hardly imagine a more legitimate expenditure of caputular funds than such a recognition of, and provision for, our great musical church services. But leaving the engineering portion of the problem to others, some forecast of the artistic features which another celebration of St Cecilia's day should possess may not be premature. It was, perhaps, but prudent, on the occasion just past, to do no more than reproduce old work. But the historic traditions of the day suggest more than this; and we hope that, at a second celebration of the patron saint of church music, the art will assert its vitality by presenting some new composition of a calibre worthy to characterize the taking up of the dropped thread of St Cecilia anniversaries. Nothing is more full of life among the church musical compositions than another feast of the saint around whom have been woven musical traditions should not pass without the production of an original work to mark the occasion.—*Musical Standard*.

ERKENACH.—A performance of Schumann's *Parasur und Peri* was lately given by the Musical Union.

LONDON.—*Un Bello in Maschera*, with Signore Nara, Rossi, Signori Augusti and Rota, has proved a great hit.

PENZA.—A monument was inaugurated a short time since, in the Cathedral, to the memory of the composer, Pacini.

STETTIN.—Herr Theodor Hentschel's opera, *Das Mädchen der schönen Melusine*, will shortly be produced at the Stadttheater.

BRESCON AYRES.—Verdi's *Requiem* has been given here by Signore Escalante, Mantilla, de Lopez, Signori Vanzetti and Lombardelli. Sig. Bimboni was the conductor.

LEIPZIG.—Herr V. E. Nessler's three-act historico-romantic opera, *Imperius*, has been accepted by Dr Forster, the new manager, for representation at the Stadttheater.

GENOA.—A new four-act opera, entitled *Atanorpa*, words by Sig. A. Ghislanzoni, music by Sig. Carlo Enrico Pasta, has just been produced here, with tolerable success.

CARE AND MIRTH.*

Care with heavy step doth lag;
Mirth doth wear a dancing shoe;
Care will stick in every bog;
Mirth will lightly foot it through.
Keep, O, Care, thy clog of woe,
I with Mirth will early go.
Care doth bear a heavy pack,
Stuff'd with sighs, and fears of pain;
But Mirth hath so straight a back,
Every load slips off again.
Keep, O Care, thy bag of woe,
I with Mirth will early go.
Care counts pebbles on the way,
Looks no higher than his knee;
But as Mirth troils out his lay,
Flies to do blow, and sun shines free;
Early-hand eyes no wisdom show;
I with Mirth will early go.
Care makes troubles quick of pace,
Crying out, while miles from sorrow;
Mirth will hood her writhed face,
Passing her with light "Good morrow!"
Cross, O Care, a hand with woe,
I with Mirth will early go.

Barnet, Hert.

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"Two charming effusions by Sterndale Bennett, recently published under the titles, 'Dancing lightly, comes the Summer' and 'Maiden Mine.' Both are destined to be favourites."—*Daily Telegraph*, 10th November, 1875.

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VOL. 53—No. 51.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1875.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT (the Last before Christmas). This Day (in Commemoration of Weber's Birthday), the Programme will include: Overture, "Peter Schmitt" (Weber), first time at these Concerts; Concerto for pianoforte and orchestra, No. 2, in E flat (Weber); Andante and Rondo for bassoon (Weber), first time at these Concerts; Symphony in C (Weber), first time at these Concerts; Overture, *German* (Weber); Solo Vocalists.—Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. W. H. Cummings. Pianoforte.—Mr. Franklin Taylor. Solo Bassoon.—Mr. Wotton. Crystal Palace Theatre. Conductor.—Mr. AUGUST MANN. Numbered stalls, 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. Admission to Palace, 2s. 6d., or by Guinea Season Ticket.

CHRISTMAS CONCERT, St James's Hall, Thursday Evening next, at Eight o'clock. Principal Artists.—Miss Albani, Miss Bianchi, Miss Zare Thalberg, Madame Masilla de Lopez (principal Contralto from the Theatre, La Scala, at Milan), Miss Jessie Jones, Miss Bolognietti, Mr. H. Shakespeare, Mr. Wadmore, and Signor Felti. In the course of the Concert, Christmas Carols, by members of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, conducted by Mr. Barnby. Pianoforte.—Miss Hayward Pachel (her first appearance) and Jeanne Douze (aged 3 years, pupil of M. Morier du Fontaine—her first appearance). Conductors.—Signors Vlasini, Bandegger, Mr. (sang), and Sir Julius Benedict. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; stalls, 7s. 6d.; balcony, 2s. 1s.; area, 2s. Admission, One Shilling. Tickets may be obtained at Chappell's, at all the usual Offices; and at Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—Performance of the "MESSIAH."—Evening next, at Eight o'clock. Principal Artists will sing for the first and only time this Season together at the ROYAL ALBERT HALL. Miss Alice Fairman, Miss Jessie Jones, and Mr. H. Shakespeare, and Mr. Wadmore will also appear on this occasion. A most efficient Chorus and Orchestra, numbering 50 Performers. Conductors.—Sirs JULIUS BENEDICT and Mr. BARNBY. Organ.—Mr. Boddling. Doors open at Two; performance commences at Three. Tickets (for which an immediate application is necessary), 7s. 6d.; stalls, 4s. 6d.; balcony, 2s. 1s.; area, 2s. Four Guineas. May be obtained at the Ticket Office, Royal Albert Hall, and the usual Ticket and Music-sellers.

MIDDLE ALBANI, MIDDLE BIANCHI, and MIDDLE ZARE THALBERG will appear at the CHRISTMAS CONCERT, ST JAMES'S HALL, on THURSDAY Evening next, at Eight o'clock. Tickets at Austin's, St James's Hall.

MUSICAL ASSOCIATION, 27, HARLEY STREET, W.—SECOND SESSION, 1875-6. THIRD MONTHLY MEETING, MONDAY, January 24th, 1876. At 4 p.m. punctually a Paper will be read by the President of the Association, The Hon. Sir FRANCIS A. GORE-OWEN, M.P., M.A., Prof. Univ. Oxon., entitled, "Considerations on the History of Ecclesiastical Music in Western Europe." The Chair will be taken at 4.30 p.m. for ordinary business. CHARLES K. SALAMAN, Hon. Sec.

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MR THURLEY BEALE will sing C. E. TINNEY's new Song, "THE GLADIATOR," Dec. 16th, London; 21st, St George's Hall; Jan. 20th, London; and at Mr C. E. Tinney's Concert, at the Alhambra, Camden Road, Jan. 28th, 1876.

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MME THADDEUS WELLS will sing Mr C. Tinney's new Song, "GENTLE NIGHT," on December 15th, Leeds (Morning and Evening); 20th, Coventry; Jan. 4th, 1876, Swadlingcote, 8th, Basingstoke; March 14th, Newbury. Address.—MME THADDEUS WELLS, 30, Percy Street, W.

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MADAME ANTOINETTE STERLING begs to announce that she will be detained in New York by Engagements there until Christmas, and cannot return to London until early in January. In the meanwhile, all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS after that time addressed to her at her residence, 9, St. George's Square, Belgrave, W., will receive immediate attention.

MADAME EDITH WYNNE has returned to Town, and requests that all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS be addressed direct to her residence, 18, Pentlick Street, Manchester Square, W.

HERMANN FRANKE (Concertmeister, from Dresden) Principal Violin and Soloist of Mr. Edward De Jong's Orchestra, Manchester, begs that all applications for ENGAGEMENTS as Soloist, and for Lessons, in London and elsewhere, be addressed to Mr. W. H. HALL, in care of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W. **HERR HERMANN FRANKE** will play "FANTASIE CAPRICE" (Vieuxtemps), at Bolton, This Day, Dec. 11.

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3. ~~THE~~ HIS SWAN, AND HIS LITTLE SPEECHES.

The principal event of the week has been the performance of *Tannhäuser* in its lengthened form. That it might fill the most capacious ear, the performance lasted something over four hours, with the co-operation of a Swan, several horses, a pack of hounds, and all the Wagnerites sojourning in Vienna. The horses and hounds behaved very becomingly; the Swan, however, behaved most unbecomingly. It took Leda under its wing and so annoyed her with its importunities, that, probably, such an exhibition for the instruction of the public in Mythology was never before witnessed in a Court Theatre. To the pure, we know, all things are pure; it is for this reason that females who sing channonettes and such like improper compositions, are invited to the drawing rooms of the high aristocracy, for the purpose of there pouring forth their immoral strains. But the allusions must not be too plain, and there are limits even for a Swan. Since, however, an Imperial and Royal Operahouse Swan conducts itself in so unseemly a fashion, fathers of families who think of taking their daughters to a new opera, or an old one revived, will, in future, be under the necessity of first inquiring: "Can you tell me, if you please, whether there is a Swan in the new opera?" Young ladies who were present at the last performance of *Tannhäuser* will, perhaps, when they next visit the Town-Park, and stroll past the pond, conceal their faces in what is termed the bosom of their governesses, as they anxiously exclaim: "Ah! Mademoiselle! a swan, a swan!" and those who have the care of the Park will, in order to spare the just susceptibilities of fair visitors, and by being compelled to furnish all the swans with trousers. Thanks to my intimate relations with the management of the Imperial Operahouse, relations which, as I scarcely ever go to see a performance and never write about one, are based upon mutual respect, I have become acquainted with the fact that the Swan which in *Tannhäuser* plays company to Leda is the same that in *Lohengrin* is harnessed to the boat of the Knight of the Holy Grail. Our expectations, however, that on taking leave of the Swan, Leda would favour us with Lohengrin's well-known song: "Nun sei bedankt, mein lieber Schwan!" were not fulfilled.

As a matter of course, the Master was called for, and we cannot help thinking that he set an example worthy of imitation by not appearing on the stage after every call, in order, according to the custom of authors, to wag his coat-tails thankfully, and, by a few capers, to express, mimically, his deep emotion at the approbation of the public, that is, of the claque. It was not till after the conclusion of the performance that the Master allowed himself to be carried away by his feelings into returning thanks from the stage. As Nature, however, has fashioned him very delicately, so that we might almost believe that, at his creation, she had in her mind the proportions of the Bayreuth Theatre rather than those of a theatre in a large capital; as his appearance might not have been observed; and as, furthermore, it would have clashed with theatrical tradition for his wife to have taken him up in her arms for the purpose of showing him to the assembled multitude, he was obliged to make a short speech, in order that, if not seen, he might, at least, be heard.

But Herr Wagner is as unfortunate in his speeches as the Pope in his telegraphic blessings, or the late low comedian, Scholz, in the new pieces be selected for his benefit, or our own Sturwer in his fireworks, or Ernst Eckstein, the literary out-clothesman, with his stories. Whenever the Pope has blessed a sick person by telegraph, he has always been unfortunate enough to have the telegrapher die forthwith; when Scholz chose a piece for his benefit, he had the misfortune of always seeing it prove a failure; when Sturwer announced a display of fireworks, he had the misfortune of being favoured with rain which gradually developed into a general and copious downpour; when Ernst Eckstein throws a new story on the market, he has regularly the misfortunes of finding the purport of his story related much better in an old Mendinger anecdote; and, when Richard Wagner makes a speech in public, he has the misfortune of always deeply insulting some one or other. Thus, on the present occasion, he insulted the ladies and gentlemen who sang in his opera, when he assured the public of his readiness to enchant them with his other opera, "so far as the existing means of execution would permit."

When any one has sung himself hoarse for four hours, and expects that, at the conclusion of the performance, the thankful composer, a prey to emotion, will hand him a speaker of sweet-meats, it must certainly be very painful to be treated to a box on the ear in the shape of the assertion that he is a miserable duffer. However, although the *maestro* is not on principle averse to indulging in such playful surprises, we believe that on this occasion he was misunderstood. When, in an opera, six horses, nine hounds, and a swan, are employed besides the singers, the latter cannot be so brazen-faced as to assert that the charge of insufficiency is to be understood as applying to them alone. It is possible that Herr Wagner may contemplate shortly introducing in one of his operas from the Sagas of the Northern Divinities fifteen tame Polar bears, and that he is tortured by melancholy apprehension lest the resources of Vienna in bears may not be equal to the performance of the opera.

In a speech to the offended artists, however, Herr Wagner endeavoured to calm their excitement. Of course, in so doing he had the misfortune deeply to insult some one else. Fortunately, on this occasion, it was only the journalists who were the sufferers, and an insult offered to them may always calculate on meeting with thankful ears in the artistic world. In his speech to the singers, Herr Wagner exclaimed: "I hate the newspapers, because they endeavoured to render my efforts ridiculous; I never read a newspaper." If the *maestro* had declared: "I hate journalists, because they endeavoured to render me ridiculous!" every one would find such a course intelligible; every great man does not possess the calm soul of Socrates, who, when Aristophanes tried, in *The Clouds*, to turn him into ridicule, rose laughingly from his seat, so that the public might the better compare the original with the caricature. But that, because, some one has now and then in a newspaper laughed at the composer's exaggerations, Herr Wagner should resolve to know nothing of the insurrection in the Herzegovina, or of the Sonzogno trial, or of Prince Bismarck's speeches, or, in short, of the other interesting topics contained in a newspaper, strikes us as, in the highest degree, comic. On calm reflection, he will be compelled to admit that it was he himself who on several occasions provoked the humour, and if, because people often find the comical points in his character comic, he no longer reads a newspaper, it is just as if a man, because his companion in a railway carriage once made a joke on his long nose, should resolve never to travel again by rail. Yet it is not so easy to break one's self of a long nose as of other objectionable things.

The *maestro's* susceptibility is the more striking as he is fond of giving the reins to his own comic vein, and has repeatedly endeavoured to cast ridicule on the efforts of others. Let anyone only read his jokes on the composer of *Les Huguenots*, and other eminent men. It is true that Meyerbeer cannot avenge himself and declare in a public speech: "I hate Richard Wagner for attempting to render my operas ridiculous, and I no more read his writings than I listen to his operas," because Meyerbeer is dead. And this is an advantage always enjoyed by the satirist who makes the Dead ridiculous, over him who lashes the weaknesses of the Living.—*Neue Freie Presse*.

MADRID.—Signora Fossas and Signor Stagno, as Selika and Vasco di Gama, respectively, have made a very favourable impression at the Italian Opera.

PESTH.—The Abbate Franz Listz is expected here about the middle of January. He is at present busily engaged, at Rome, in completing an oratorio.

* Considering, however, that Jupiter Wagner really reads, in his earthly residence at the Hotel Imperial, all the papers of Vienna, he will have been able to see that on this occasion the leading critics have been unanimous in praising the admirable manner in which *Tannhäuser* has been put upon the stage. He hate, as unjust as fiery, will, therefore, in no way act up. This laughable language about newspapers is held by every one, from individuals of the very highest rank down to the most insignificant nobody who has to appear in a public capacity. There is not a single ambitious, vain man who will admit he reads the papers; and yet every such being suffers from importunate nervousness if the paper is accidentally wanting. This is an old story, which will remain new as long as the little Gods of Earth are untruthful to themselves, and badly behaved to children, break the looking-glass because it does its duty, and faithfully mirrors the reality.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

Going steadily and in masterly style through the Beethoven series, Mr Mazze presented last Saturday the fourth symphony, which was executed it is needless to say how perfectly. The next most important instrumental work was Gounod's overture to *La Nonne Sanglante*—interesting and graceful, like everything Gounod has written, and very dramatic—one may even say melodramatic—in character. Having but little faith in the descriptive power of music, and being quite unable to understand a story told in music, unless previously instructed through the medium of ordinary language as to its drift—never, moreover, having read *The Bleeding Nun*—we cannot tell whether the overture to *La Nonne Sanglante* is dramatic in the highest sense of the word; but it is full of contrasts, and it suggests mystery. It conveys hints too of the supernatural world or—what comes to the same thing—of the incantation music in—*Robert le Diable*. Whether "the bleeding nun" was brought again to life like the full-blooded and fascinating nuns who were reanimated by Robert, M. Gounod's elegant music does not clearly make known. But, like all music worth hearing, the overture to *La Nonne Sanglante* is self-sufficing and interesting for its own sake. It would form an equally appropriate introduction to the *Castle of Otranto* or the *Mysteries of Udolpho*. Of course, there are passages in it which remind one of *Faust*, as, indeed, there are in everything M. Gounod has written.

The solo instrumentalist of the day was Mr Holmes, who played the violin part in a concerto of his own. All eminent violinists seem to have been composers; and the early violinists, the Vivaldi and Corelli, are known in the present day not merely by their historical reputation, but by their written works. Continuing in some measure the ancient and respectable tradition, Tartini, Paganini, Ernst, Viennetemps, Sivori, Joachim, Wilhelm, and Holmes have each and all written for their own particular instrument; and it would be impossible to disguise the fact that most of these distinguished artists have produced works unworthy of their talent as executants. Madame Norman-Néruda is the only violinist of high merit we can call to mind who has never written the smallest "elegy" or "romance"—not to speak of those sonatas and even concertos in which the more daring spirits indulge. For that reason we shall always admire Norman-Néruda. Alone among violinists she has composed nothing for the violin; which does not prevent her from playing every piece of violin music she undertakes with as much feeling as though she herself had produced it. As for Mr Holmes, he proclaims himself to every one who hears him a brilliant performer. He is a musician, too, in every sense of the word. Perhaps, for that reason, his works are more likely to be appreciated by musicians than by the general public. The worst of violinists' music is that it contains such an abundance of passages for the violin. Thus what is called a concerto often turns out to be little more than a long series of exercises more or less skilfully put together, and furnished with an orchestral accompaniment. This remark is not intended to apply specially to Mr Holmes' composition, in which the orchestra is often very effectively handled where the solo instrument is silent. Many composers, less studious and less able than Mr Holmes, have written more agreeable music. But England does not possess so many composers that she can afford to dispense with the labours of the brothers Holmes; and it must be admitted that the violin concerto of the one brother, the recently produced cantata (*Jeanne d'Arc*) of the other, found plenty of admirers at the Crystal Palace.

The vocal music at this concert was contributed by Madlle Ida Corani, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Signor Foli. Madlle Corani is a *débütante*, so far as England is concerned, and she sang on Saturday for the first time in this country. In spite of her youth, she has gained leading parts at least one season at the principal Italian theatres; and, if she were to appear next summer at either of our Operahouses as Amina, Lucia, Linda, or, above all, as Gilda in *Rigoletto*, she might reckon beforehand on the most complete success. The music of Oscar in *Un Ballo in Maschera* would also be perfectly suited to her voice of the present time. In the operatic type and to her equally brilliant and sympathetic style. On the occasion of her first appearance before a London public (Sydenham is, we believe, included by our statisticians within the limits of what is called "Greater London"), Madlle Ida Corani sang the cantata of *La Sonnambula*, in which her expressive delivery of the slow movement at once gained her the favour of the audience. In the concluding movement the young artist displayed remarkable facility of execution. Indeed, only a consummate vocalist can sing this familiar but always beautiful air from beginning to end as it should be sung, and as it was sung on Saturday by Madlle Ida Corani. The new singer was afterwards heard in two well-chosen lieder—one by Taubert, the other by Brahms—both of which she delivered

with good enunciation in English. Taubert's little song, for beauty and finish, may well be called a "gem"—and a gem perfectly set. There is much pathos, too, in the simple ballad (a species of lullaby) by Brahms, of which the second verse, sung throughout *mezzo voce*, has a charming effect. Such compositions as these are better fitted for the concert room than any kind of operatic air; and so perfect was Madlle Corani's *mezzo voce* in Brahms's cradle song, that she was called upon to repeat both verses.

It seldom happens that at a high-class instrumental concert, such as those of the Crystal Palace, vocal music is so well represented as it was at the concert of Saturday. The tenor, Mr Edward Lloyd, was worthy of the admirable soprano, and the bass, Signor Foli, worthy of both. The former distinguished himself by his excellent singing of the beautiful tenor solo in Bennett's *May Queen* (we should have been glad to hear the entire work, with Madlle Ida Corani, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Signor Foli in the principal parts), the latter was heard to great advantage in the air for Cleopatra in *La Juvén*.

SHAWER SILVER.

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The rival Italian Opera performances came to an end on Saturday evening. The Queen's Theatre was crowded to excess every evening. Madlle Nilsson played; and your readers will require to be told that she sang in *Fidelio*, *Il Trovatore*, and *Les Huguenots*, to understand the effect she produced. One of the great successes of the week was Madlle Albani's Elia in *Lohengrin*. Of the performance of this opera generally I will only say that it was at least better than we expected; but with Madlle Albani's singing and acting as the heroine every one was more than charmed. I hear but one opinion about it. Madlle Varesi won universal praise as Lucia, Gilda, the Queen in *Les Huguenots*, and as Donna Elvira in *Don Giovanni*, at the Queen's Theatre, where Madlle Trebelli sang in nearly every opera—how, it is perfectly unnecessary to say. Herr Bedross has made very great progress, and has Marcel and Leporello were both admired. I ought not to forget Signor Brignoli, who sang magnificently in *Don Giovanni*; and perhaps never, since his return from America, did this fine singer produce greater effect than by his thoroughly artistic delivery of "Il mio tesoro," which narrowly escaped the honour of a double encore. At the Prince's Theatre, where Mr Gye's company played *Lohengrin*, Madlle Zari Thalberg appeared twice with unquestionable success, once as Zerlina, and once as Dinorah, in which this exceedingly clever and highly gifted young lady acts with far more animation than in *Don Giovanni*. One of the most agreeable performances of the week was that of the *Figlia al Regimento*, at this theatre, in which Madlle Bianchi had a success, of the kind, I believe, it is the fashion to call "enormous." M. Maurel greatly pleased our local amateurs, but M. Naudin was not in sufficiently good voice to do justice to himself.

Mr Hallé's concert, last week, was very pleasant, and the band gave one of the finest performances of the Scotch Symphony ever heard in Manchester. Mr Hallé, himself, played Beethoven's C minor concerto with unflinching insight and irrepressible execution. Madlle Bianchi and Signor Medini were the only singers. Last night there was a concert of classical chamber music, at the concert-hall. I am sure I need do no more than give you the names of the executants—Madame Norman-Néruda, Messrs Hallé, Straus, and Viennetemps—

Trio—violin, viola, and violoncello, Serenade in D (Beethoven); Glee, "Thy voice, O harmony" (Webbe), and "Blow, blow, thou winter wind" (Stevens); Duets—piano-forte and violin, Sonata in A, No 17 (Mozart); Part-song, "Come, Dorothy, come" (Swabian folk-song); Solo violin, Sonata in D (Corelli); Glee, "Ye spotted snakes" (Stevens); Quartet—piano-forte, violin, viola, and violoncello, in E flat (Rheinberger).

The *Messiah* will be given, in the Free Trade Hall, this week, on Thursday and Friday, conducted by Mr Hallé, with Messrs Sherrington and Patey, Mr Cummings and Signor Foli as principal singers; and, on Saturday (conducted by Mr L. J. Jong), with Madlle Blanche Cole, Miss D'Alton, Mr Barton McGuckin, and Signor Foli as the soloists.

December 18, 1875.

MUSIC AT ETON.

(From "Concordia.")

Eton College has just come before the public in a manner not altogether suggestive of the peace and harmony which should reign within such classic precincts. It does this now and then. Needs must that an institution with which the welfare of many persons is bound up should become the scene of occasional jarrings and strife, and as the College occupies a quasi-public position, the temptation is to wash its dirty linen full in the eyes of the world. With this, however, we have nothing to do. Mr Browning's relations to Dr Horby are no concern of ours, and we only refer to the matter for the sake of contrast. Yonder are the Eton masters squabbling among themselves, writing to the papers, signing "round robins" and what not besides. That is one picture. The other is presented by Eton College in the act of submitting to a new law which practically makes the study of music an obligation upon its pupils. Every boy in the Fourth Form, according to Dr Horby's vigorous edict, must go through a course of musical study; and, as nearly all reach the moderate eminence, it follows that only an insignificant minority, if any, will quit Eton without learning something of the art. Even if we look at the advance thus made with reference to Eton alone, we cannot fail to recognise it as a subject for congratulation—*auspiciis melioris ævi*. This is no ordinary school which adds music to its necessary studies, and these are no ordinary boys who are required to submit to the regulation. Of course we do not mean that the capacity for excellence in music or anything else is found to a greater extent beneath the shadow of Windsor Castle than at Harrow or Rugby, or, indeed, at any elementary school. The accidents of life confer rank and wealth upon a limited class, but the higher gifts of mind and soul are bestowed by nature on an impartial hand. More than this, it must be said, as Mr Gladstone holds, that genius in art is often a possession of the humble and poor than of the rich and great. We shall not be mistaken, therefore, when we refer to the distinctive position held by Eton College and those who are educated within its walls. Nobody expects any amount of musical teaching there given to produce composers and artists, but it may do service quite as useful. We will endeavour to show how.

In the first place, the absolute recognition of music at Eton will impress a sense of its importance upon an influential class of society. For years past the art has had a kind of half-footing within the school, being treated with a contemptuous tolerance more harmful than absolute exclusion. The boys who chose to learn it were permitted to do so after a fashion; and those who did not were equally free to let it alone. Music, in point of fact, occupied a lower position, regarded as a branch of training, than the various forms of physical exercise which our "golden youth" have lifted to the rank of a muscular religion. A boy who held aloof from the playing fields and the river—if any did so—was regarded as an infidel. He who shunned the music-class did a thing so common that the fact was never noticed. The influence of this upon the pupils scarcely needs to be pointed out. An art appeared of little value which the rules allowed them to neglect, and the idea thus formed was conceived at the most impressionable age by young men destined, for the most part, to occupy places of influence in society. Instead of being a centre of "sweetness and light," Eton, as regards music, was rather a hot-bed for the propagation of Philistinism. It constituted and sustained a form of snobbery prominently represented by the letter-writing Earl of Chesterfield, whose son was, very likely, an Etonian, and who himself is the type of an order by no means extinct. Music, certainly, was to him, as it still is to not a few patricians and their imitators, a thing of value enough to render tolerable the existence of necessarily low people its professors, whose pursuits, however, no gentleman could join in without losing caste. "Let the fiddle alone," counselled the Earl, "it is all very well for fiddlers, but you, my sons, are," &c., &c. Doubtless this stupid prejudice has long been waning—a fact which hardly needed the apperition of a Royal Prince filling on a public orchestra to demonstrate. But contemptuous tolerance of music still exists among the *jeunesse doree* to a greater extent than in, perhaps, allowed to appear, and this is why the new Eton law is, in an importance stretching beyond its direct action. Upon its immediate results we will not insist, though a professor like Mr Barby inspires confidence in the

thoroughness of the teaching, and the earnestness which will pervade the music-room. What seems to us of more value is the fact that henceforth the art stands before the eyes of Eton youth clothed with the dignity of a recognised branch of study, and essential to the training of a gentleman.

It is a pity that the musical reform at our greatest public school has come so late in the day. *Interdum vulgus rectum videt*. The study of music at Eton is made an essential after its importance has long been recognised in the education of the poorer classes. One of the earliest acts of the School Board for London was to appoint an Inspector whose business it is to stimulate and direct the energies of the teachers in the matter of musical training; and we know as a fact that, with regard to the "divine art," most of our boasted public schools are behind many of those called into existence by Mr Forster and the "wisdom of Parliament." A contrast so humiliating will not long affect Eton. Mr Barby has now all the liberty of action he can desire, and, unless we are greatly deceived in him, he will soon make musical education at that illustrious school a real thing. When Eton leads, other institutions of a like character must follow, and the probability is that a wave of zeal on behalf of music will now sweep over the England of education. It is time. Too long have we given ourselves up to what are called "material interests," running after wealth and position, as though such things were the end and aim of life, to the neglect of that gentle culture which makes of faculties common to all a source of undying pleasure, and lifts us to the true dignity of manhood—a dignity which the peasant may, in his degree, share with the prince. Every step that nears a change for the better in this respect is one to be received with a hearty welcome; wherefore we congratulate Eton upon taking its place as a school of music, and wish it in that capacity "long continuance and increasing."

FRAULEIN ANNA MEHLIG'S RECITAL.

One of the most enjoyable concerts of this season, was the one which Fraulein Anna Mehlig gave on Thursday, 9th inst., at St James's Hall, with the assistance of Madame Annette Esaiopff, Fraulein Sophie Löwe, and Herr Wilhelmj. The concert commenced with Bach's *Praeludium* and *Fugue* in G minor, finely executed by the fair artist, who was subsequently heard in Weber's *Sonata* in A flat, which she played with a delightful appreciation of its beauties. The softness and delicacy of her *pianissimo* passages, in the last movement of this beautiful sonata, were particularly admired. Middle Mehlig's other solos were a Nocturne by Chopin, and one of the "Soirées de Vienne," arranged by Liszt, both of which were capably played. A most charming performance was that of Schubert's *Rondo* in B minor, for piano-forte and violin, by Middle Mehlig and Herr Wilhelmj. It was given with a dash and vigour that could scarcely be surpassed. The admirable qualities of Herr Wilhelmj's playing were so much appreciated that, after his performance of the Romance from Chopin's Concerto in E, he was "recalled," when he gave one of his own composition. Among the most interesting items in the programme were the joint performances of Madame Annette Esaiopff and Fraulein Mehlig, in Herr Reinecke's "Impromptu" for two pianofortes, on a theme from Schumann's *Mayfred*—played in such a manner that the listeners might have fancied Thorwaldsen's "Graces" had associated themselves with Andersen's "Fairies"—and Schumann's "Andante con variazioni," also for two pianofortes, both performances being perfect. The performers did not gratify the desire of the audience, who wished to hear both pieces over again—a desire that was also expressed after each of Middle Mehlig's solo performances. The vocalist was Fraulein Sophie Löwe, a daughter of Herr Feodor Löwe, one of the most renowned German actors. Fraulein Löwe gave Brahms's "Ruhe Süslebechen" and "Sonntag," and Nos. 1 and 2 of Schumann's "Frauenliebe und Leben," accompanied by Sir Julius Benedict, and was called upon to repeat Brahms's "Sonntag."

Before concluding my report of this delightful concert, I think it my duty to acknowledge the graceful kindness Madame Esaiopff showed to her colleague, by giving her valuable assistance to a concert which their joint efforts rendered so successful. Such a sign of congeniality between great performers on the same instrument is most agreeable to record.

SIGMUND MENCKES.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.

The favourable reception accorded some time ago to the revival of *Esther* fully justified the second performance given on Saturday. The production of Handel's first English oratorio confers high credit on those who superintend the management of the Saturday Concerts now held week after week in the lesser music-hall of this vast and splendid building. Special acknowledgments are due to Mr. H. Weist Hill, responsible adviser in all the arrangements connected with this particular department. To more competent hands such an office could hardly have been intrusted. Mr. Hill is not merely a well-informed musician, but an excellent conductor, as has already been proved, both in his direction of choral and orchestral works. He has under control an orchestra strong alike in numbers and efficiency, and besides the "Edon" with the ease and surety of an experienced practitioner. His chorus, too, which may take just pride in the title of the "Alexandra Palace Chorus," is evidently trained to answer all purposes. Each has been fairly tested in a work which, though exhibiting all the characteristic mannerisms of Handel, may be regarded as something comparatively new. To earnest students of Handel, and to amateurs of his Biblical lyric dramas, to which in so many instances the now somewhat vague term "oratorio" is applied, the pieces that make up *Esther*—not alone its frequently played overture, but its other numbers—are more or less familiar. True, the original autograph manuscript has been hidden, like a half-buried classic, in a library not usually open to general inspection; but the printed editions, from those of Walsh and Arnold down to those of Lucas and Chrysander, varying as they materially do, have been at the ready command of all those who choose to seek them out. Many other oratorios, from the same exhausted pen, have, time out of mind, lain on the shelf, only to be consulted by eager votaries; and *Esther* has suffered no worse neglect than some of these, which—instance *Balthazar*, *Deborah* (performed the other night at Exeter Hall by the Sacred Harmonic Society), &c.—are of equal, if not superior, power. It was a happy thought, nevertheless, on the part of the Alexandra Palace Directors, as musical archaeologists, to revive the work; and it is not at all unlikely that we shall hear more of it, inasmuch as it offers not a few occasions for the "solo" vocalists to show their capabilities. True, that the choral portions have, for the most part, a far higher significance; and it will be generally admitted that a considerable majority, however imposing they may find the choruses, entertain a sly predilection for the songs, duets, &c.—in oratorio as well as in opera; and, after all, if this were not the case, what would become of our famous sopranos, tenors, contraltos, baritones, and basses?

The second performance of *Esther* at the Alexandra Palace—in spite of some disappointments—was manifestly superior to the first. The execution of many of the choruses being remarkable for precision, we may single out from the rest "Ye sons of Israel mourn," one of those pathetic outbursts in which Handel has scarcely known a rival, and which, but that it comes again after the air "O Jordan, sacred tide!" (admirably sung by Maillie Enriquez), would have certainly been repeated, in obedience to the unanimously expressed desire of those among the audience unaware that it forms the sequel and brings the first part of the oratorio to an end. "Virtue, truth, and innocence," the peroration to Part II., the "Invocation," "He comes to end our woes," at the beginning of Part III., and "The Lord our enemy has slain," which, notwithstanding a certain diffuseness, attributable to the episodic interruptions of the solo voices, is conceived and developed in Handel's most impressive and magnificent style, were also among the choral displays most worthy recognition. The orchestra throughout left little or nothing to desire. The "additional accompaniments" to the original score, supplied by Mr. J. Halberstadt, are for the greater part unobtrusive and judicious. The "disappointments" to which reference has been made were the absence of Mr. Vernon Rigby and Mme. Blanche Cole, who were respectively set down for the principal tenor and soprano parts. But the young and rising artist, Mr. William Shakespeare, was an excellent substitute for the former, and Mme. Nouver, with real ability,

took the place of the latter. The melodious duet, "Who calls my parting soul," was so well given that a repetition was asked for too emphatically to be declined. The other parts were assigned to Messrs. Howells and Wadmore—the latter a baritone from our Royal Academy of Music, and one of the "prize-winners" at the National Music Meetings instituted by Mr. Willert Beale at the Crystal Palace. Both obtained well deserved recognition.—*Times*, Dec. 6.

BIRMINGHAM.

(From our own Correspondent.)

When my visits to the metropolis of the midlands were confined to a period of once in three years, and taking up my abode at the "Queen's," I beheld the success, artistic and pecuniary, of the great and justly celebrated triennial festivals, in common with many others I was under the impression that Birmingham was a really musical town, musical in the highest acceptation of the term. Some years of residence, and a literally regular attendance at its concerts have, however, served to dispel that fond illusion, and I have gradually and surely (if reluctantly) arrived at the conclusion that the Birmingham public does not care for music in its best sense. If argument or illustration be wanted to prove this assertion, could anything more striking be adduced than the fact that the Festival Choral Society, established as far back as 1845, and which has rendered such eminent service, and contributed so largely to the musical results of the Festivals, fails to command more than a scanty audience but half filling the Town Hall, and is year after year a financial failure. Take their second concert for instance. If there are any two names illustrious in the divine art, and which should attract above all a Birmingham public, for whom such masterpieces as *Elijah* and *The Woman of Samaria* were expressly written, it should surely be Mendelssohn and Sterndale Bennett; and yet when the *Loreley* of the one, and the *May Queen* of the other are announced with thoroughly capable artists, and the super-added inducement of a new cantata by a clever and rising townsman, what does one see? The great gallery nearly empty, the side galleries sparsely filled, and the floor "a world too wide" for its few occupants. Whether, under these adverse and discouraging circumstances, the society will much longer continue its struggling existence is an open question. Nor is it the Festival Choral Society alone that has suffered by the indifference of Birmingham to music of the higher order. Messrs. Harrison and Messrs. Adams and Berensford could tell a tale of how, season after season, they had given chamber concerts with artists of recognized position, such as Mme. Norman-Neruda, Charles Hallé, &c., and failed to clear their expenses; while, in former years, Messrs. Flavell and others made equally futile attempts to improve public taste. The complaint, therefore, is one of old standing, and, judging by present symptoms, one not very likely to be speedily cured.

In the *May Queen* the solo parts were sustained by Miss Jessie Jones, a soprano with a pleasing, if not powerful, voice; Miss Dones, a contralto of some promise; Mr. Edward Lloyd, who has fairly and honourably earned the position he holds as one of the best of English tenors; and Mr. Hilton, a painstaking bass; one and all exerting their powers with credit to themselves and satisfaction to their hearers, in the ever charming and delightful pastoral of our greatest English composer; while in Mendelssohn's fragment of his, alas! unfinished opera, Mme. Lemmens-Sherington worthily sustained her well-won reputation. Mr. Anderson has chosen for his cantata a subject peculiarly amenable to musical treatment, the familiar poem of Cowper, *John Gilpin*; and, entering thoroughly into the spirit of the words, has produced a work well worthy the notice of choral societies in particular, and the approbation of the public in general. Tuneful and flowing, humorous without the least suspicion of vulgarity, light, without being frivolous, and solid without being heavy; the instrumental parts illustrative, yet properly subordinated to the vocal; the whole work has, to use an expressive term, a "go" about it rarely met with; and the thoroughly hearty and unanimous call for the composer was as genuine as it was well deserved, and not, as is too frequently the case, a mere idle compliment, but bespeaking something more than a bare *succès d'estime*.

Of the twelve numbers which make up the cantata three were enclosed; the chorus "John Gilpin kissed his loving wife," quartet "The Dogs did bark," and the soprano air (given with considerable archness by M^{me} Lemmens-Sherrington), "At Edmonton his loving wife." In addition to the lady named, Miss Dones, and Messrs Lloyd and Hilton contributed their share as soloists, while band and chorus rendered their parts *con amore*, Mr Stockley conducting with his accustomed care and skill.

The society will give its usual Christmas performance of the *Messiah* on the 27th inst., with M^{me} Blanche C^{te} M^{me} Patey, Messrs Vernon Rigby & Whitney as principals, Mr T. Harper being engaged for the solo trumpet. D. H.

TANNHAUSERIANA IN VIENNA.

On the evening of the 20th November the general rehearsal of *Tannhäuser* took place at the Imperial Operahouse; the first performance was announced for the 22nd; between the two came a performance of Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, "Eingekeilt in drangvoll furchterliche Enge" ("Iudriven like a wedge with fearful closeness," we might almost exclaim with Schiller. The general rehearsal was gone through in the presence of a number of visitors, most of whom had been invited by the composer. As is the case previous to all grand Wagner displays, there was no want of little conflicts behind the scenes. These conflicts actually rendered it dubious whether the rehearsal would be held at all. As, however, everything was at last amicably arranged, it is not now worth while speaking of the "Minstrel's War upon the Wartburg" before it was represented to the public.

On the 22nd ult., then, the performance, which had been magnified into a grand event, really took place. As the bills announced, the old opera was given "according to the new version, and with new scenery." It lasted from half-past six to nearly half-past ten, but a portion of the audience found it too long, and left before the end. After the earlier acts, Wagner, despite loud calls, did not appear upon the stage, but merely bowed from the box which he occupied on the pit tier with his wife and Madame von Donhoff. At the termination of the opera, however, he appeared upon the stage with the principal artists, Ehms, Materna, Labatt, Bignio, and Searia, and thanked the audience in the following short address: "Next May it will be about fifteen years since I first heard my *Lohengrin*; it was played before you, or at least before many of you. You then awarded my efforts a friendly reception, and it seems as if something similar were being repeated to-day, when I am endeavouring, as far as the existing means of execution permit" (1), "to render my works still more plain to you. I return you my cordial thanks for your encouragement." After this speech, a gigantic laurel-wreath fell at Wagner's feet, while the artists began to fret and fume. After all the sacrifices they had made, they received, in the words, "as far as the existing means of execution permit," the moral box on the ear which the master never fails to administer in every transaction wherein he is personally engaged. Concerning the mode in which this storm in a tea-cup was with difficulty appeased, by Wagner's giving a complimentary explanation, with which he combined another box on the ear (the second being death to the newspapers), we refrain from writing anything more, so as not to fall into the domain of scandal. We will merely reproduce from the *Wiener Fremdenblatt* that part of Spcid's notice which relates directly to the performance itself. This is what the writer says:—

"If we are asked whether Wagner's new version, on the one hand, and the restoration of the original score, on the other, are improvements, we must, as far as concerns the work as a whole, answer with a decided 'No.' The new scenes in the *Venus-trot* are based upon the Paris version, but the composer has freely remodelled them. While, in the Paris version, the overture is played to the end, and the first scene commences independently, the Vienna score—for so we may henceforth designate the new version—breaks off the overture in the middle, or rather, as the curtain goes up, takes it uninterruptedly into the scene of the *Venusberg*, and allows it to discharge itself into the ballet music. The ballet, which Wagner arranged expressly to satisfy a want felt in Paris, doing so, too, against his own better feeling, is, to our mind, not only superfluous, but utterly the reverse of pleasing. The idea of the entire opera, the passionate struggle between Heathendom and Christendom,

between sensual delight and peace of soul, is here to be symbolised by so many legs. Drunken Satyr, full of lust, rush upon dancing Nymphs and thyrsus-waving Menads, for the purpose of bending them to their own will; the mild presence of the three Graces, however, appears intended to exercise a pacificatory influence, while Christian angels contend in the air with bow-armed Cupids. All this is accompanied by the howling and screeching of an unheard of kind of music, inexhaustible in cutting dissonances, as well as, at the same time, of the coarsest and most far-fetched sensuality. We hear the buzzing of the Spanish flies, while the beverage retailed by the Satyr is schnaps flavoured with cayenne pepper. It will be difficult even for Richard Wagner to reproduce such a fearful and filthy musical mood. The situation is, as regards music, thoroughly exhausted and thoroughly exhausting, in strict keeping with Wagner's latest transcendentalism. There is scarcely anything which does not bring Venus before us. Wagner himself perceived that, with such a deluge of animal feelings he needed some more than usually firm support, and so he makes Tannhäuser sing his hymn three times (instead of only twice as formerly). By this over-manipulation, Wagner has completely destroyed the homogeneous style of his opera, and blindly flung against his youthful work, the scattered beauties of which we need not again enumerate here. On the other hand, by ignoring cuts which had become traditional, and which were thoroughly justified, he has proved almost demonstrably the connection between his own creation and the old style of opera. We find—and all such reminiscences cling to a conductor who is much employed—traces of Spontini, Donizetti, Lortzing, nay, even—O, what deep degradation!—of Mozart. Greatly to their disadvantage, the duet and finale of the second act are given unabridged, while Elizabeth's prayer in its extended form, as at present restored, gives us the foretaste of an eternal, if not a blessed, life. Wagner has consented to one omission; in the Contest of the Minstrels he has closed Walther's lips, and this silence is golden. The new version of *Tannhäuser* tends essentially to spoil the work, and, in the interest of good taste, as well as of human acoustic capabilities, it will be necessary, sooner or later, to return to the old arrangement.

The restored *Tannhäuser* reached in safety two performances. The third, fixed for the 24th November, did not come off. The reason assigned was that Herr Labatt, the hero of the piece, had fallen ill for an indefinite period. Such a thing may very well happen, and, at any rate, is preferable to the lot of Schnorr von Carolsfeld. It accidentally, however, came to pass that A. Fürstner, the Berlin publisher of the additions to the opera, had resolved to appeal to the law-courts for an injunction to prevent the performance of the 30th, since, according to his agreement, he believes he has some claims to a percentage on the receipts claims which Wagner disputes. The delay still continues, and people ask whether the obstacle is Herr Labatt or Herr Fürstner. What a plebeian freak of Destiny! To think that an Imperial Court Theatre can be affected by such influences!

The first two performances were, it must be confessed, brilliantly distinguished by rare decision and correctness of execution, as well as by extraordinary scenic effects. Wagner's personal co-operation had been exerted for the benefit not only of musicians and singers, but, also, for that of supernumeraries, members of the ballet, machinists, and scene-painter, so that everything as far as the existing means of execution permit," went like clock-work. What a pity these winged words ever escaped from between the banners of the composer's teeth! They have been everywhere attacked. Though the artists to whom they were applied are apparently appeased, this is not the case with every person. Reference is made to them in every notice and in every letter published by the Press.—*Berlin Echo*.

DÜSSELDORF.—The fine new Stadttheater was recently opened. The proceedings commenced with a spirited overture by Herr Kraup; then came a clever prologue, written by Herr Emil Ritterhaus and spoken by the musicians, Herr Scherbach. This was followed by Beethoven's *Coriolan* Overture, which introduced Goethe's *Götz von Berlichingen*. The first opera performed in the new house was Beethoven's *Fidelio*.

DESSAU.—Herr Hermann Götz's opera, *Die bestimmte Widerspenstigkeit*, will be produced here almost immediately. The composer, a native of Dessau, resides at Hildesheim, where he has just been engaged on another opera, entitled *Francesca di Rimini*, which will be completed this year, and first brought out in Vienna. Herr Götz has for a long time been a great sufferer. His lungs are affected, and he dares scarcely speak.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST JAMES'S HALL.
EIGHTEENTH SEASON, 1875-76.
© DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

FIRST APPEARANCE THIS SEASON OF
Mlle MARIE KREBS AND SIGNOR PIATTI

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 10, 1876.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

- QUARTET in G major, Op. 45, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and
violinello—MME. KREBS, L. RIES, ZERRINI, and PIATTI *Spahr*
SONG—MR SHAKESPEARE
SUITE DE PIÈCES, in E major (with Variations on "The Har-
monious Blacksmith"), for pianoforte alone—Mlle MARIE
KREBS *Humbert*

PART II.

- SONATA in D major Op. 59, for pianoforte and violinello—
Mlle MARIE KREBS and SIGNOR PIATTI *Mendelssohn*
SONG—MR SHAKESPEARE
QUARTET in F, Op. 37, No. 2, for two violins, viola, and violin-
cello—MME. KREBS, L. RIES, ZERRINI, and PIATTI *Hopkin*
Conductor MR JULIUS HENDERSON.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

LAST SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT BEFORE
CHRISTMAS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 18, 1875.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

- QUARTET in G minor, Op. 25, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and
violinello—MME. ANNETTE ESCHOFF, MME. NORMAN
NEKUDA, MM. ZERRINI and PEZLE *Brakins*
SONG, "I'm a roamer"—MR THURLEY BEALE *Mendelssohn*
CARNIVAL, Neger's Mignonne, for pianoforte alone—MME.
ANNETTE ESCHOFF (her last appearance this season) *Schwann*
SONG, "There is a green hill far away"—MR THURLEY BEALE *Gossard*
QUARTET in E flat, Op. 31, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and
violinello—MME. NORMAN NEKUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERRINI,
and PEZLE *Hopkin*
Conductor MR JULIUS HENDERSON.

BIRTH.

At Gowan Baik, Dundee, on 11th December, the wife of
ALEX. SIMPSON, Music-seller, of a son.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs
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The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1875.

"MUSICAL WORLD"—NEW YEAR'S NUMBER.

ON NEW YEAR'S-DAY, January 1, a DOUBLE NUM-
BER of the "MUSICAL WORLD"—consisting of
thirty-two pages—will be issued.

The impressions in which Mr. Charles Lyall's portraits
of Messrs J. L. Hutton ("Hesperus"), Carl Rosa (as
"Conductor"), Santley ("The Porter of Haere"), and
Sims Reeves ("Come into the Garden, Maud")—together
with Franz List (eight exemplifications of "Higher Devel-
opment" in pianoforte playing)—appeared, having been
exhausted, these illustrations will all be reproduced in the
NEW YEAR'S NUMBER of the "MUSICAL WORLD," with
others of more or less interest, as well as original articles
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Early applications from the country and elsewhere will be
attended to.

St. St. James's Hall.

(By permission of Pluto, Eng.)



DE SERPENT.—"Ma'am Tussand!"—Eh?
DE GHOST.—"Automaton!"—Eh?
DE SERPENT.—Why, then, below is a bicycle?
DE GHOST.—No! a meter. Let's hear the sonata; Eschoff, the
Enchantress, is going to play.

Wrath of Dusek.

WRATH OF DUSEK (*semitrally*).—Arthur Chappell—where's
my "Plus Ultra"?
DUS SERPENT and GHOST.—Alas! poor Wrath!—as Joseph Bennett
says.

WRATH OF DUSEK.—Where's my "Invocation"?
DUS SERPENT and GHOST.—Poor Wrath!—Nowhere!
(Wrath of Dusek vaporates.)

Wraith of Woelfl.

WRAITH OF WOELFL.—Where's my "Ne Plus Ultra"? (bother Dussak, with his "Plus"). Where my "C minor"?
 DES SERPENT and GHOST (in a *scarola audible tone*).—Alas! poor Wraith!—as Joseph Bennett says. (*Wraith of Woelfl vapores.*)

Wraith of Hummel.

WRAITH OF HUMMEL.—Where's my "106"?
 DES SERPENT and GHOST (with voices carefully subdued).—Poor Wraith!—He thinks his "106" equal to Beethoven's!
 WRAITH OF HUMMEL.—*Arabella* played it.
 DR SERPENT (*madly*).—Yes, but no one else.
 WRAITH OF HUMMEL.—Mine is in D.
 DR GHOST.—Aud Beethoven's is in B flat. There's the difference.
 (*Wraith of Hummel vapores.*)

Wraith of Moscheles.

WRAITH OF MOSCHELES.—Where's my Beethoven sonata?
 DES SERPENT and GHOST.—That's in E.
 WRAITH OF MOSCHELES.—And my *Sonata Melancolique*?
 DES SERPENT and GHOST.—That's in F sharp minor.
 (*Wraith of Moscheles vapores.*)

Wraith of Pinto.

WRAITH OF PINTO.—Where are my sonatas?
 DES SERPENT and GHOST.—Nowhere. They went have 'em in Yankee-land.
 (*Wraith of Pinto vapores.*)

Wraith of Mozart.

WRAITH OF MOZART.—Where's my concerto in B flat?
 DES SERPENT and GHOST.—Gone to Yankee-land, with *Arabella*; but Strakosch and Mapleson object.
 WRAITH OF MOZART.—Why?—it's my best!
 DES SERPENT and GHOST.—No. D minor.
 WRAITH OF MOZART.—No. B flat.
 (*Wraith of Mozart vapores.*)

Wraith of Schubert.

WRAITH OF SCHUBERT (in a *sepulchral tone*).—Where's my sonata in D?
 DR SERPENT.—Gone, with *Arabella*, to Yankee-land; but they will have nothing but List and Co.
 WRAITH OF SCHUBERT.—*Annette* is in London. She saw me 't'other night in vision.
 DR GHOST.—What *Annette*?
 WRAITH OF SCHUBERT.—*Annette* Essipoff. She can play 't' any bot!
 DR SERPENT.—O. A. C. serves her out the "three R's."
 WRAITH OF SCHUBERT.—Who, by Abba! are the "three R's"?
 DR GHOST (emphatically).—Rubinstein, Raff, and Rheinberger.
 (*Wraith of Schubert vapores.*)
 DR GHOST.—Serpent, hadn't we better go back to Purgatory?
 DR SERPENT.—Why?—

Wraiths of J. S. Bach, Friedemann Bach, D. Scarlatti, and Handel.

WRAITH OF HANDEL.—Where are my Six Fugues that don't belong to the *Suite de Pieces*?
 WRAITH OF J. S. BACH.—Where my fugues and preludes that don't belong to the 48?
 WRAITH OF FRIEDEMANN BACH.—Where my unearthed fantasies?
 WRAITH OF DOMENICO SCARLATTI.—Where my fugues in F minor and D minor?
 DR SERPENT.—O by Abba!—let's get out of this!
 DR GHOST.—O by Adnan!
 THE FOUR WRAITHS (in unison).—Where?
 DES SERPENT and GHOST (in unison).—All in Yankee-land with *Arabella*.
 DR SERPENT.—We have had enough.
 DR GHOST.—They are going to play a trio by Joachim—
 DR SERPENT (interrupting him).—Joseph?
 DR GHOST.—No; Raff.
 DR SERPENT.—O by Abba!
 DR GHOST.—O by Adnan!

Wraith of Beethoven.

WRAITH OF BEETHOVEN.—Where's my Op. 106?
 DES SERPENT and GHOST (trembling before that Shade).—Hans has taken it to Yankee-land.

WRAITH OF BEETHOVEN.—I confided it to *Arabella*. No one else can play it.
 DR GHOST.—Mortier de Fontaine?
 WRAITH OF BEETHOVEN.—No.
 DR SERPENT (shivering).—Hail!—Bulow!
 WRAITH OF BEETHOVEN.—Hail! plays everything. He is my disciple. But he takes three movements slower than I thought. Bulow plays fantastically—with rapidity; but encases himself in the lugue when any body hammers outside.
 (*Wraith of Beethoven vapores.*)

DR SERPENT.—Ghost, come along.
 DR GHOST.—All right—but —

Wraith of Mendelssohn.

WRAITH OF MENDELSSOHN.—Arthur Chappell, where are my Poethnious works? Where's my B flat Sonata? Where are my Studies? Where's my Sextet?
 DES SERPENT and GHOST.—With *Arabella*, in Yankee-land.
 WRAITH OF MENDELSSOHN.—But she don't play 'em!
 DES SERPENT and GHOST.—Strakosch and Mapleson object.
 WRAITH OF MENDELSSOHN.—Why not in London?
 DES SERPENT and GHOST.—Study in F requires fingers of lightning; *scheros* of sonata, *staccatissimo pizzicando* unparalleled.
 WRAITH OF MENDELSSOHN.—Is not *Annette* Essipoff with you?
 DES SERPENT and GHOST.—Yes; but she's engaged (like *Amichen* Melchig, 't'other prodigy), on List and the "three R's."
 (*Wraith of Mendelssohn vapores.*)
 DR SERPENT.—Ghost, come along. I never was haunted so.
 DR GHOST.—All right, I am ready to —

Wraith of Sterndale Bennett.

WRAITH OF STERNDALE BENNETT.—"G. G.!" Where are my concertos?
 DES SERPENT and GHOST.—Lucky "G. G." isn't here.
 DR GHOST.—Raff him?—I wish he were.
 WRAITH OF STERNDALE BENNETT.—August Manns!—where are my concertos?
 DR SERPENT.—I am getting tired. Only *Arabella* cares about playing them, and she's in Yankee-land.
 WRAITH OF STERNDALE BENNETT.—Perebo played the F minor at Boston?
 DR GHOST.—Mass?
 DR SERPENT.—Yes; Boston (Mass.); but J. S. Dwight abused it.
 (*Wraith of Sterndale Bennett vapores.*)

Wraiths of Clementi, Strabelli, Czerlin, Albrechtsberger, Padre Martini, Noyu Field, &c., &c.

WRAITHS (in unison).—Where? Where? Where? (A.C.)
 DR SERPENT.—This catalogue will never end.
 DR GHOST.—Let's skeddadle. I shan't say another word.
 (*Wraiths vaporate.*) Come——

Wraith of Sigismund Thalberg.

WRAITH OF THALBERG.—Who plays my music?
 DR GHOST.—*Arabella*.
 DR SERPENT.—Even in Yankee-land.
 (*Wraith of Thalberg vapores.*)

DR GHOST.—I never heard of such a catalogue.
 DR SERPENT. Nor any one else. Yet Bulow put *Arabella* among *Milne Tussand's* way figures!
 (Enter Dr Ferdinand Hiller, Sir Julius Benedict, Billie Holmes, and other living composers.)

DR SERPENT.—Oh!
 DR GHOST.—Ah!
 (F vanish precipitately.)

"BY Jove!"

Before proceeding, however, I must be allowed to digress a little. Reader, should you be pressed for time; should you feel disinclined to peruse ought not strictly relevant to the subject-matter, properly so called, of this article; should you resemble that unromantic, albeit useful, member of society, a Bagsman, otherwise a Commercial Gent, whose sole anxiety is to push on, as quickly as possible, from one town to another, without caring to turn his head so that he may admire the fine landscape through which he is being

whisked by the express, far less to stop an extra hour in a place for the purpose of examining some object of historical value or antiquarian interest; should you aim exclusively at going right ahead, like one of those who, to a saunter along green country lanes and picturesque cross-roads, prefer the shortest route, because it is the shortest route, though it run like a Continental highway, for miles and leagues, between two monotonous rows of lanky, feebly-swaying poplars—skip all that intervenes between this warning and the next paragraph. I want to make a remark or two about the adjuration, “By Jove!” Why, I would fain learn, should we, in the nineteenth century, continue invoking old Father Zeus? If there exists a valid, though occult, reason for our attachment to Heathen Mythology, why have we selected Jupiter, and not any other denizen of Olympus—Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, for instance, or, with due regard to our national mission of ruling the waves, Neptune? Bob Acres informed his friend, Captain Absolute, that he swore according to a well-defined plan. Generally, however, Britons follow in their obnoxious moods a system of unreflecting haphazard. When an Englishman says, “By George, Sir, I’ll tell you what,” etc., I recognise a certain propriety in the expression. It is an implied appeal to our Patron Saint, whose mounted effigy triumphing over the Dragon adorned the obverse of our guineas, and has recently appeared on our sovereigns. But when the same Englishman, a moment afterwards, breaks out with “By Jingo!” I own I feel puzzled. There is, though, another department, branch, or section of our swearing about which there is no mystery. “Egad!” “Zounds!” and “Ecod!” formerly, like “Dang it!” “Dash it!” and “Drat it!” of more modern diction, prove irrefutably the existence of many people who,

“Letting ‘I dare not wait upon ‘I would,’”

and afraid of employing a “good month-filling oath,” such as Hotspur recommends to his wife, endeavor to gratify their natural taste for malediction without shocking their own conscience or outraging the ears of those who listen to them. These people patronise mock swearing as others wear sham jewelry and false hair. With this, I repeat, “By Jove!” and add that which, save for my digression, would have immediately followed, to wit:

“Just fancy! Last week Sig. Orfeo Bonsuono’s new opera, *Delitto e Vendetta*, was produced at the Teatro delle Muse, in Milan, and the composer was called on forty times! Forty times! What a tremendous success!”

Such, or something to the same effect, we may reasonably assume, would be the language held by an uninitiated person coming across the above account, in an Italian paper, of one of the operatic triumphs achieved from time to time by Italian composers. The conclusion drawn by him would prove the speaker utterly unacquainted with the state of things now obtaining in the dominions of King Victor Emanuel. Forty recalls no more necessarily mean a tremendous success than the dish-covers exposed to view in an ironmonger’s shop-window necessarily conceal hot fish, flesh, or fowl beneath their convex and resplendent surfaces. Sig. Bonsuono’s *Delitto e Vendetta*, may be a meritorious production, nay, more: a production of unusual excellence; at the same time, despite the forty recalls which greeted its composer, it may hardly be worth the paper on which it is written, and never destined to be heard of again a month after the first performance. Even if we take a more favourable view of the case, and suppose that Sig. Bonsuono’s work was not a failure, we shall, probably, not be far wrong in comparing his success, as heralded in the local papers, to a dish of whipt cream. One

need not be a Francatelli or a Soyer to know that an exceedingly small quantity of cream makes a marvellously large show.

When a Spanish Gentleman, bowing to a Spanish Lady, gravely utters the salutation: *A los pies de Vd. Señora* (“At your feet, Lady”), and the Lady replies in equally pure Castilian: *Beso a Vd la mano, Caballero* (“I kiss your hand, Cavalier”), the Don does not go down upon his knees, and his fair companion does not act up to her words by performing the osculatory process intimated. They are both using set forms of speech tantamount respectively to: “Good day, Madam: I trust I see you quite well!” and “Thank you, pretty well. I hope you are the same.” It is in this spirit that we must interpret the endless recalls which keep an Italian composer continually trotting from behind the scenes and back again during the first performance of his opera before an audience of his fellow-countrymen. We must be on our guard against the glowing reports of triumphs like that of which we have been treating. Otherwise we may be unconsciously imitating the swarthy children of Africa, who, in their transactions with disinterested and philanthropic European traders, give fabulous sums for a few glass beads, or gladly pay the price of a small estate for a pair of old military epaulettes and a battered cocked-hat.

It is the fashion to ascribe to Italian climate and Italian temperament the exuberant manifestations of delight characterising Italian audiences. The explanation cannot be accepted as sufficient. Exaggerated enthusiasm is by no means limited to what is termed the Sunny South. We find it in countries much farther north, though its objects are there, perhaps, different. Instead of being expended upon the composers, it takes the form of homage to artists. How many fair vocalists have been escorted to their hotels and serenaded by frantic admirers inhabiting other latitudes than the latitude of Florence or Naples? Popular Prima-Donnas have, ere this, had their carriages drawn by hipids instead of horses on the other side of the Atlantic, while, at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, some few years ago, the public would snuff scarcely a scene, and seldom an act, to pass without the hnsiness of the stage being brought to a halt still in order that first one favourite and then another might advance to bow and smile in return for plaudits not always quite spontaneous, and bouquets sometimes purchased, not by those who flung, but by those who received them. At length the nuisance, which, like opium-smoking or dram-drinking, grows upon those who indulge in it, became so rampant that an official decree was issued, forbidding any artist from responding to a call except between the acts or until after the final fall of the curtain.

When applause is lavished thus profusely, it loses its value as a test of merit. If mediocrity receives outrageous marks of approbation, what is left wherewith to reward true genius? The evil has not yet taken root in England, though signs may be discerned of its having reached our shores. Let those who possess the ability and the power see that it does not spread. Let them educate the British audience as Mr Disraeli educated his party, and let them never tire of advocating one great virtue: discretion. The Victoria Medal must be sparingly and judiciously conferred, if we would not have it degraded to a mere bauble. Extraordinary applause in art should be given only on extraordinary occasions, and as a guerdon for extraordinary efforts, otherwise it runs the danger of degenerating into mere

“Sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.”

B. K.

Confabulations Confidential.



DR FOX.—By Abbs! I've an *affatus*!
 DR GOOSE.—By Adnan! Send for a doctor.
 DR FOX.—Don't want doctor. I've composed an epigram.
 DR GOOSE.—By Abbs! What about? About Annette Esquipp?
 DR FOX.—By Adnan! No.—It's entitled *Spira Bianca Cole*.—
 Shall I recite?

DR GOOSE.—Don't want to hear it.
 DR FOX.—By Abbs! You shall.
 DR GOOSE.—Well!
 DR FOX.—We're singing flames and singing dames some bright and some *praps paler* but on the whole the singing Cole by *Jingo* she's a *Naylor*.

DR GOOSE.—There's not much in that. I've got a better. Shall I recite?

DR FOX.—Don't want to hear it.
 DR GOOSE.—By Adnan!—you shall. It's about our Stradivarian Prince.—I've seen him playing the fiddle raising his tone I've seen him under a tent laying a stone.

DR FOX.—Why, that means *Stone for Cent*!
 DR GOOSE.—Precisely.
 DR FOX.—I've got a better. Come sup to-night, and I'll recite it!
 DR GOOSE.—*Flat by no means*;

OCCASIONAL NOTE.

The Spanish papers have just published the baptismal certificate of the celebrated Adeline Patti, Marquise de Caux, born in the Calle de Fuencarral, at Madrid, and baptised in the Parish Church of San Luis. The following is the document:

"Book of Baptisms, No. 42, leaf 153, second side.—In the town of Madrid, district and province of the same name, the 8th April, 1843, I, Don José Losada, vicar of the Parish of San Luis, have solemnly baptised a female child, born at four o'clock in the afternoon of the 19th February of the current year, and legitimate daughter of Sig. Salvatore Patti, Professor of Music, born at Catania in Sicily, and of Signora Caterina Chiesa, born at Rome; the grandfather and grandmother by the father's side being Sig. Pietro Patti and Signora Concepcion Marino, natives of Catania; and on the mother's, Sig. Giovanni Chiesa, born at Venice, and Signora Casseli, born at Marino, in the States of the Church. The child was named Adela Giovanna Maria.

There were present at the baptism, as godfather, Sig. Giuseppe Sinico, Professor of Music, born at Venice, and, as godmother, Signora Rosa Manera Sinico, born at Cremona, in Lombardy, whom I admonished of the spiritual relationship they assumed by this act; and, as witnesses, Julianio Huezal and Casimiro Garcia, born at Madrid, secretaries of this parish.

"In attestation whereof I have drawn up, signed, and delivered the present certificate the 8th April, etc. JOSÉ LOSADA."

Adeline Patti's parents were artists highly esteemed at the Grand Opera, Madrid.

Episodes on Change.



DR SHIPPING.—*Hans!*—No!
 DR QUINCE.—*Hans!*—No! No!
 DR SHIPPING.—No! No! No!
 DR QUINCE.—No! No! No! No!
 DR SHIPPING AND QUINCE (*ensemble*).—No! No! No! No! No!
 DR SHIPPING.—*Credo quia impossibile?*
 DR QUINCE.—*Non credo quia possibile.*

(*Exeunt severally.*)

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

A SERIES of "Saturday Evening Popular Concerts" has been announced at Langham Hall, Great Portland Street, under the management of Dr. Bernhard. The first took place on Saturday last, when the following artists assisted:—Vocalists—Miss Mary Grace Erics, Millie Mellanie Uttella, Miss Kate Ormond, Miss Helene Arnum, and Mr Percy Rivers; instrumentalists—Mr Jacques Rosenthal, Mr Lutgen, Mr Aenton Hartvigson, the sisters Arnesen and Lilly. The vocal music was accompanied on the pianoforte by Herr Lehmeier, Mr Nils Christensen, and Mr J. W. Bernhard.

A GRAND evening concert took place Dec. 10, at the Horns Concert Rooms, Kennington Park, by the South London Musical Society, the principal vocalists being the Misses Coghlan and Cockburn, Mr S. Braden, and Mr Ch. J. Bishenden, the popular bass. Amongst the best vocalisms were "Looking back," sung by Miss Cockburn; "Let me like a soldier fall," Mr Braden; "The brave old oak," given in fine style by Mr Bishenden; in response to a hearty encore, he sang "T'is the woods," Mr Bishenden was accompanied by the full band in "A warrior bold," and, as an encore, repeated the last verse. Several guests were also included in the programme. A violin solo, by de Beriot, was played by Mr Beckwith; an instrumental quartet, by Messrs Benson, Schomberg, Mackie, and Rhodes, and a pianoforte solo by Mr Kirby. The accompanists were Messrs Wareham and Cox. Mr Mackie conducted.

THE Musical Artists' Society had their fifth trial for the season 1875 of new compositions, on Saturday evening last, at the rooms of the Royal Academy of Music, by the kind permission of the committee of management. The following is a list of the compositions played and sung—Quartet, in D, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (J. Lea Sumners), Messrs. Ralph, Rendle, Webb, and Pettit; "A song of the sea" (W. H. Sangster), Mr. Walter Bolton; two sketches for pianoforte "The watermill," and "The wreathed garland" (J. Parry Cole), Mr. Henry Baumer; two songs, "Serenade" (J. Raff), and "In a distant land" (Taubert), Miss Mary Davies; song (R. O'Leary Vining), Miss Mary Davies; quartet, in A flat, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello (H. Westrop), Mrs. Algernon Bathurst, Messrs. Ralph, Webb, and Pettit; ballad, "The ebb of tide" (Miss O. Prescott), Mlle. De Harpe, accompanied by the composer; impromptu, in A flat (Eaton Fanning), Mr. Eaton Fanning; song, "The pine-tree" (C. H. Coudery), Mr. Walter Bolton; duet, serenade, "If thou art sleeping, maiden" (L. N. Parker), Miss Goddies and Miss Russell; quartet, in A major, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Jacob Bradford), Messrs. Ralph, Rendle, Webb, and Pettit. At the pianoforte, Mr. Arthur O'Leary. The rooms were well attended, and the audience were both attentive to the performances and encouraging to the artists. The Society deserves the support of all interested in rising musical talent, and who is not?

On Thursday, the 2nd inst., a concert was given at the Masonic Hall, Wood Green, under the direction of Mr H. West Hill, in aid of the three assistant masters of St John's College, who suffered so severely at the late fire at Mr Cruden's establishment. The singers were Mlle Stella and Mr Higo. Mr H. West Hill's violin playing was received with rapturous applause. Miss Nellie Sabal cleverly accompanied him on the pianoforte. Mlle Stella and the Misses Sabal, met with warm applause, the former after her songs, and the

latter for their pianoforte performances. Mr. Heine Hugo, the moving spirit in getting up the concert, after singing the "Woman's Wedding," received a burst of applause such is but seldom heard—says the *North Middlesex Chronicle*—and many would have liked to have heard it a third time, although, perhaps, the greatest effect was produced, and certainly his voice was heard to greater perfection, in "A warrior bold." Notwithstanding the state of the weather, the hall was crowded, and we trust that a considerable sum may be found to have been raised by the united efforts of those who took part in the proceedings.

PROVINCIAL.

EDINBURGH.—ORGAN PERFORMANCE.—A very enjoyable organ recital was given on Thursday afternoon the 9th inst., by Professor Oakley, in the University Music Classroom. The opening piece says *The Scotsman*—was one of the most universal favourites among Handel's organ concertos. A bright, melodious minuet from Mozart's Divertimento, for strings, followed. The remaining numbers, were—the slow movement of Beethoven's sonata (Op. 7, No. 4, the so-called "Pilgrim's March," and the minuet from Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony, the Prayer from *Mosé in Egitto*, the favourite from Bach's sixth violin sonata, and a very effective march from the *Maritimo* of St. Polycarp, an oratorio produced some twenty years ago by Sir F. Gore Osceley. All the pieces were played with the performer's usual taste and skill; the impassioned earnestness in Beethoven's Largo was well brought out; and the orchestral effects in the minuet and trio of Mendelssohn's Symphony were wonderfully rendered. Interesting and beautifully got-up analytic programmes, profusely illustrated with musical types, were circulated in the classroom.

DUNDEE.—Under its new title, the Midland Musical Society (formerly known as the Derby (the Madrigal Society) gave its opening concert for the season on the 7th inst. Mr. Kempton, organist of All Saints', is the energetic and excellent conductor. On the occasion referred to he was ably assisted by Mr. Housley, as organist, and a most string band; Mr. J. H. Gregory, Miss. Bae, presiding at the pianoforte. The principal artists were Miss Billine Porter, Miss Edith Clelland, and Mr. Kenningham. The first part of the concert consisted chiefly of Sullivan's *On Shore and Sea*, the final chorus of which had to be repeated. The duet, "Here on your heart," was beautifully rendered by Miss Bae Porter and Mr. Kenningham. The second part consisted of several pieces, four-part songs, &c. The concerted music was well sung. In the valse, "L'Arbitra," Miss Bae Porter was warmly encored, and responded by singing, "Within a mile of Edinboro' town." Macfarren's "My own, my guiding star," sung by Mr. Kenningham, was enthusiastically applauded, and Miss Clelland was fairly successful in the songs rendered by her.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—The second of Mr. Spark's series of concerts was given at the Music Hall on Tuesday evening, the 7th inst. The performances of Madame Lemmens Sherrington, Miss Jessie Jones, Miss Emily Dones, Miss Emma Barnett, Mr. Bernard Lane, Mr. Robert Hilton, and Chevalier Lemmens excited great interest, and the programme was exceptionally attractive. The chief feature was a selection from *Effinger's Logerberg*, very efficient aid—says *Berwick's Worcester Journal*—being contributed by Miss Barnett and Chevalier Lemmens, who played the accompaniments. The second part was miscellaneous, and commenced with the quartet, "Un di si ben," (*Rigolotto*). Then came one of the gems of the concert, a pianoforte solo (fantasia on *The Ancient Mariner*), by Miss Emma Barnett, a sister and pupil of Mr. J. F. Barnett. "Miss Barnett's recent performances in London have placed her in the first rank of rising artists. The part she took in the concert on Tuesday, both as accompanist and soloist, was worthy of her reputation, and that of the talented composer by whose instructions she has so greatly profited. In mere mechanical manipulation she is thoroughly accomplished, while the well-directed taste, the delicacy and firmness of touch, and the legitimate way in which all her effects were made, procured her an enthusiastic encore."

BEDFORD.—Mr. H. R. Rose is to be congratulated on the highly successful issue of his first public recital. As an aspirant for a share of popular favour—says the *Bedford Times*—he showed himself to be an accomplished pianist, and created a favourable impression as an interpreter of classical music. A large audience assembled in the New Corn Exchange to support the *debutant*, who was assisted by two fellow students at the Royal Academy of Music, Miss Mary Davies (Welsh Union Scholar), and Mr. Howells. Mr. Rose (who is the son of Mr. Rose, organist of St. Paul's), opened the concert with Mendelssohn's Introduction and Fugue in E minor (Op. 35), his execution

of which piece was easy and effective. Blumenthal's song "The Message" was then very gracefully rendered by Mr. Howells. Schubert's "Impromptu in G" (Op. 90) was well played by Mr. H. R. Rose, and the "Toccata" (Op. 38) of Sterndale Bennett was brilliantly rendered. Miss Davies sang "Voi ce sapete," accompanied by Mr. Rose, and a hearty encore was given, which was acknowledged only by a bow. A "Study" by Henzelt and another by Chopin, in F, were played by Mr. Rose with great effect, almost entirely from memory. A pleasing duet was sung by Miss Davies and Mr. Howells, "O that we two were maying." The second part opened with two "Bourrées" (in A major and A minor), by Bach, spiritedly rendered by Mr. Rose, and received with much applause. Miss Davies then sang Sullivan's "Let us dream again," admirably. An enthusiastic recall was the result. Mr. Rose played two vales (in C sharp minor, and D flat major), by Chopin, with his usual ability, after which Mr. Howells sang "Come into the garden, Maid." The fantasia on the Prayer from *Mosé in Egitto*, by Thalberg, was a fine performance, and won an encore. The recital of Mr. Rose was successful in a professional and in a popular sense. It enabled him to display his best qualities as a pianist to the highest advantage.

PIANISTS PAST AND PRESENT.

To but few members of the audience of any musical performance of importance is that performance "just itself, and nothing more." Held, as concerts of note generally are, in those chief temples that are Music's halting-places in her flights about the earth, it becomes the first of a long vista of memories whose vanishing-point is determined by the listener. Therefore, when aspirants to public favour ascend any of those platforms consecrated by that favour to the service of musical Art, they challenge measurement with their predecessors, against whose shadowy figures in the background they must stand in striking relief, or fail.

That some artists seize upon, and retain, the public taste, while others, who, by their equal development, seem to be also equal in their natural gifts, produce but a transient impression, is indicative of the existence of some power in the one, too subtle for its absence to be fairly detected in the other. Two artists may be heard in the same work (let us say a *classical* work, admitting but little legitimate variation in the treatment), they may even such uniform understanding and capability to produce an echo of their conceptions in the minds of their hearers, that the critic finds difficulty in his classification of their merits: yet the public seems to feel no difficulty in the matter, almost coldly overlooking the one, and awarding lavish marks of approval to the other.

Why? The public does not wish to be unjust, and justice is proverbially to be had from the human multitude. There must be some reason for this spontaneous discrimination, and a valid reason too. We imagine it to be this. The effect of certain music, interpreted with care and judgment, would be much the same, were it executed by the possessor of moderate talent, or extraordinary gifts; but the moderate talent would not be able to conceal that it was exhibiting its ultimatum, while the extraordinary gifts would keep out of the prescribed bounds, showing that its doings were but specimens of a rich mine of wealth.

On reflection, most of the executive artists who have left their impression upon the general mind will have proved themselves possessed of an uncommon power, whether their exercise of that power has been admirable or not. It is a deplorable fact that genius in many cases disposes its possessor to the erratic and eccentric, rather than the legitimate; deplorable because that genius compels an audience to yield up their calm judgment and accept its standard, true or false, whether they will or no. In a long list of pianists who have more or less influenced the pianoforte-playing world during the last twenty years, two or three well-known names occur which, to the real musician, are anonymous with error, error all the more dangerous because plausible and superficially brilliant. The bearers of these names have disputed popularity, perhaps, with artists penetrated with the sap of the pure and true; but the unlawful genius has carried the day and the general taste in a wrong direction. Why will those genius-possessioners stifle that sense of responsibility which should be the foundation of all art-work?

A brilliant list, in spite of its dashes of imperfection, containing, among a host of others, such names as Thalberg, the gentleman-artist, whose refined politeness seemed a barrier to his free inquiry into the mysteries of the Muse; Rubinstein, with the savage daring that made him like a Tartar chief, marshalling and arraying the notes like hordes of barbarians; Clara Schumann, of big conceptions and imperfect deeds; Hallé, the tone-mathematician; Fauré, who, if the expression "*beauté diabolique*" were applicable to art, possessed it to the full when he made his first appearance in London in 1851; the brothers Andreoli, Jaell, Ritter, Lisbeck—all the production of "foreign lands,"* a fact that would put us to the blush had we not a single name with which simply to shield ourselves from the imputation of pianist-barrenness—a name now of equal significance in both hemispheres—that of Arabella Goldard, the gentle link between the great minds that are gone and ours that are.

Of late the fair sex has borne away a goodly share of the laurels that are to be won by the aid of that ungainly, long-bodied monster, the concert-grand. The principal attraction to amateur pianists last summer was the charming exposition of classical composers by Madlle Marie Krebs, which has been before reviewed in these columns. A pure artist, free from national warp or personal prejudice, deserves success; and Madlle Krebs has, fortunately, the means at command to obtain it. The autumn brought us two other distinguished foreign ladies Madlle Anna Mehlig and Madame Annette Essipoff.

Of the former we have much to say in praise. Touch, style, and execution bear traces of a minute labour which few would have the courage to bestow, even upon a much-loved art. A tendency to the dreamily romantic was indicated by her choice of music, no less than by her interpretation of it. Of her selection for her last recital (when with Madame Essipoff she played Schumann's and Reinecke's duets for two pianofortes), containing a sonata of Weber, a rondo of Schubert, Bach's prelude and fugue (arranged by Liszt), a nocturne of Chopin, and Schubert's "Soirées de Vienne" (Liszt), her most successful effort was undoubtedly "Soirées de Vienne." The interpolated waltz in *pianissimo* was given with the swing and caprice which makes the German rendering of the waltz a thing apart—inimitable. In the duets with Madame Essipoff that rare little dame produced a sound that for volume and richness rivals anything that has been yet heard from the pianoforte. Were it lawful to apply the predicable "luminous" to any subject outside the visionary sense, it would better explain the effect of Madame Essipoff's tone than any in strict justice its own. It was difficult to believe the atmosphere unaffected by those large, resonant sounds.

In conclusion, we will only suggest that we can hardly hear too much of either of these interesting artists.

[Our readers must be apprised that the opinions of "Flamingo" are the opinions of "Flamingo."—D. PETERS.]

The last Saturday concert at the Crystal Palace, for the present year, comes off to-day. The 18th of December being the anniversary of the birth of Carl Maria von Weber, the programme is exclusively devoted to selections from the works of that ever memorable composer.

The last of Mr Arthur Chappell's Saturday Popular Concerts, which, for reasons unnecessary to explain, rival in popularity those of the long-established evening "Mondays," takes place to-day. The pianist on this occasion is Madame Annette Essipoff, who is going to take a conspicuous part in the "Carnaval," so humorously depicted by Robert Schumann. That, despite her mask (or on account of it, perhaps), Madame Essipoff will be one of the most eagerly sought out, as the veritable *Dominio Noir* of the occasion, can hardly be doubted.

TRIN.—The opera at the Teatro Regio during the approaching season will be Meyerbeer's *Africain*, Ambroise Thomas's *Mignon*, Verdi's *Aida*, and *Cleopatra*. There will be two ballets: *Lionne*, *La Vite parisienne*, by Sig. Borri, and *Ermuzia*, by Sig. Pratesi.

* It is to be understood that only artists of general and continental renown are allotted to, not musicians entirely resident in England.

CHRISTINE NILSSON AT BIRMINGHAM.

(From our Correspondent.)

A few lines must for the present suffice to record the unqualified success of the great Swedish songstress, who has appeared as Marguerite in *Pique*, and Leonora in *Tristram*, to large audiences, at the Theatre Royal, being supported by Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Signors Brignoli, Gilliland, Castelmarty, &c. Madame Marie Rose has also played Donna Anna in *Don Giovanni*, creating a highly favourable impression. Further particulars of the performance next week.

D. H.

WAIFS.

True, time flies fast, but every musician of any note can beat time.

Mr Alfred Wigan denies the report that he is about to return to the stage.

M. Vinentini has gone to Belgium, with the object of recruiting artists for the future Théâtre-Lyrique.

Miss Lucy Buxton gave her first appearance in London, on Boxing-night, at the Haymarket Theatre.

Miss Lillie Albrecht is among the pianists engaged to play at the coming season of Mr John Bossey's London Ballad Concerts.

A movement is on foot in Dublin to get up a musical festival there on a large scale in July next.

The Italian masters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries knew more about recitation of songs, if not more about the construction of the human voice, than we know.

L'Universo Musicale has the following: "Una lettera di Porto Mahone ci dà ragguagli del bel successo ottenuto dai comici Salasini e Triford (tenore e soprano), nel *Rigoletto*."

A paper by Professor Adams, on the late Sir C. Wheatstone's discoveries in acoustics and inventions in music, is to be read at one of the coming meetings of the Musical Association.

A man over one hundred years old recently died in Brooklyn. As he did not use tobacco, nor drink spirituous liquors, it is supposed his untimely death was caused by some disease inherited at his birth.

The Jubilee Singers are at present fulfilling a round of engagements in the north of England. They sang recently at Chester, having in the afternoon been most hospitably entertained at Hawarden Castle by Mr Gladstone.

An influential section of American writers, headed by the poet William Cullen Bryant, have offered themselves as members of the Association to Protect the Rights of Authors, with which Mr Charles Reade is connected.

The thanks of her Majesty the Queen have been sent to the Rev. M. Bennett of Aberdeen, for a copy of a new ballad entitled "The Banks o' Dee" written by him, and composed by Mr William Crawford, of Glasgow.

Special Christmas Services are to be held in St Anne's Church, Soho, on Wednesday evenings, the 22nd and 29th Dec., at which a portion of Bach's *Christmas Oratorio*, with full orchestral accompaniment, will be sung as an anthem.

Mr Arthur Sullivan has returned to London, from Glasgow, to which emporium of Celtic enterprise and commerce he will go back early in January, being appointed director in *perpetuum* of the classical concerts at the newly erected Music Hall.

The editor of the *Examiner* states with reference to the remark that the poem: *Jonas Fisher*, was "written either by Mr Buchanan or the Devil," that the phrase did not originate with that journal, which merely discussed a previous rumour to that effect.

Mr Martin F. Tupper has written a drama called Washington, which he hopes to have associated with the Centennial celebration at Philadelphia next year. Arrangements have been made for its production in that city, and Mr Tupper is going over to superintend the preparations.

A new gavotte for full orchestra, the composition of Mr W. F. Taylor, was included in the programme of the orchestral concert at the Crystal Palace on Monday last, and was much admired. A *schizzo* for full orchestra by the same composer is announced to be given there shortly.

After the revival of the *Timbale d'Argent*, to which will succeed that of *Madame l'Archiduc*, the first novelty at the Bouffes-Parisiens will be an operetta, called the *Trois Margots*, of MM. Bocage and Chabrilat, music by M. Cœdes. The principal character will be played by Madame Théo.

The new theatre in Edinburgh, now approaching completion, on the site of the late Southminster, is to be known hereafter as "The Queen's."

A pianoforte manufactory on an extensive scale is about to be started in Vienna, under the auspices of the Abbé Liast. The president will be Prince Lichtenstein, the vice-president Herr Hanslick, the well-known critic, and many eminent musicians are on the committee of direction.

Mr Wilkie Collins' new drama, *Miss Greville*, has been produced on incidents in his well-known novel of *Armadale*, and has been produced at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool. The leading characters were sustained by Miss Ada Cavendish, Mr Arthur Cecil, Mr R. C. Lyons, Miss Alma Stanton. The piece was well received.

At the Concert given in St James's Hall last Saturday night a new song by Sir Julius Benedict, entitled "I look not towards the setting sun," was sung by Madame Samson. The fair vocalist was "recalled" four times to receive the applause, due no less to the merits of the song than to the charming way in which it was sung.

A gentleman who had left his wife alone in the theatre while he went out to get a whiff of fresh air, apologized on his return. "Dear me," said she, "I thought you went to give me a chance to flirt with that man with the lovely black moustache." She has had no cause to complain of any want of attention from her husband since.

The following are the names of the candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Music in the examination at Cambridge on the 7th, who are approved: St John's College—Henry Fisher, Francis Edward Gladstones, John Shepherd Liddle, George Marsden; Trinity College—Henry Cotter Nixon; Queen's College—Joseph William Westbrook.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—During the whole of next week the attractive performances of the Jackley Troupe of gymnasts, of Romani, the celebrated athlete, and of Miss Anderson, in her light and dark dances, will be continued. Admire the marvellous miniature man from South Africa, will hold his daily receptions in the Saloon adjoining the Central Hall. On Tuesday, the grand Christmas Pantomime, entitled *Harpagion in the Yellow Dwarf*; or, *the King of the Gold Mines*, will be produced, and in this Mr George Conquest will appear. On Saturday (Christmas Day) the Palace will be closed, and the Park only will be open to the public.

Mr Campbell Clarke, who so worthily represents in Paris the *Daily Telegraph*, and has just been created a member of the Legion of Honour, for the active share he took in the English Subscription in favour of the sufferers by the French inundations, is well known to artists and literary men on both sides the Channel. It is Mr Clarke who, by means of a telegraphic wire, laid down at his office in the Place du Nouvel Opéra, transmitted to London notices of the first performances at our Paris theatres the very night they have taken place, so that next morning the Paris papers are frequently distanced by the *Daily Telegraph*. It is hardly necessary to observe that this electric wire transmits, before sight, Mr Clarke's political and financial messages, but the stage, also, profits by it, in the most cordial and sympathetic manner; for the representatives of the *Daily Telegraph* is passionately fond of art and literature.—*Le Ménestrel*.

"SIR LECTER" IN A HURRY.—A few days since Mr Charles Wyndham left Brighton for the Crystal Palace, to play Sir Lucius O'Trigger in *The Rival*. The performance commenced at three o'clock, and was not concluded till a quarter to six. Mr Wyndham was in a dilemma, knowing that he had to catch the five minutes to six express from the Low Level Station (which is ten minutes' walk from the Palace) to Brighton, in order to appear, at eight o'clock, as Bob Sackett, at the Theatre Royal. He dared not disappoint the Brighton audience, and, having no time to change Sir Lucius O'Trigger to Mr Charles Wyndham, he at once crammed his private attire into a bag, rushed through the crowd to the train, and just managed to seat himself in a first-class carriage before the guard blew his whistle for the start. Great was the surprise of the other five occupants of the compartment on seeing a gentleman of the last century, with crimson velvet coat and vest, white breeches, silk stockings, gorgeous knee buckles, and powdered hair (Mr Wyndham generally preferring this to a court wig, with a fashionable overcoat of the present day). There was a general buzz. Was he a mountebank or a madman? The mysterious stranger, caring little for the curiosity he had excited, enveloped himself in his rug and sank to sleep. At Brighton he jumped out of the train into a carriage, and dashed from the station, before the passengers had time to ask the guard what the vision signified. Soon afterwards Sir Lucius was transformed into Bob Sackett, and, being of each character he encountered. "The more and more I see her, the more and more I love her."

It appears from the British volumes of patents that a patent for a sewing machine exactly like that of Elias Howe was granted in 1846 by his Majesty King George III. to Thomas Saint of Greenhill's Rents, in the Parish of St Sepulchre, county of Middlesex, England. It is described in the specifications as "a machine for stitching and sewing."

Mr Tom Taylor's historical play, *Anne Boleyn*, is now in rehearsal, and will be produced at the Haymarket Theatre on the 17th of January. Miss Wilson, as the heroine, provides a strong part. Miss Dieltz and Miss Walton are also included in the cast, which is a very large one. Mr Arthur Mathison has been engaged to sustain the character of Sir Thomas Wyatt.

Mr Cave's Christmas piece at the Alhambra will be an operatic extravaganza founded upon the loving ballad of "Lord Bateman." The music will be partly composed and partly selected by M. Jacob. The scenery is being painted by Mr Albert Calcutt. The costumes have been designed by Mr Alfred Maltby. The libretto is written by Mr Sydney French, and the entire plot and *mise-en-scène* constructed and placed upon the stage by Mr J. A. Cave.

The book, as a companion, is always at your service, always willing and pliable. You meet with men of service, good thinkers, good speakers, and you do not know how to draw them out, but a book is always open to your wish, and shuts when you desire, something which your professional mind not do. In saying these things for books, I do not forget that they are merely secondary. When the mind itself opens, they have to stand aside. Their greatest benefit is that by causing this same opening of the mind they save us from themselves.—EMERSON.

STRALEND.—Der *Haide Schacht*, the favorite opera by Herr Holstein, has been well received here.

COLOMBANO.—Sig. Ignazio Pasetti, the once celebrated tenor, died in this, his native place, on the 8th inst. He was 79 years of age.

STUTTGART.—The Brothers Louis and Willy Thern, assisted by Mlle Manuela Simon, recently gave a concert in the new Liederhalle, or "Hall of Songs."

CARLSRUHE.—Herr Ferdinand Langer's opera of *Dornröchen* has been successfully performed at the Grand Ducal Theatre. The composer was called on four times.

DRESDEN.—At a meeting of the Eigenschaftsverband, lately held here, it was determined to offer prizes of 300, 200, and 100 marks respectively, for the best three-choral compositions by German composers.

VENICE.—The bust of Carlo Goldoni was solemnly inaugurated on the 2nd inst., in the vestibule of the theatre bearing the poet's name. It is a present from Prince Giovanelli, and the work of the sculptor, Sig. Giuseppe Soranzo.

ST PETERSBURG.—M. Saint-Saëns has been stopping with M. Adamchewski, Director of the Conservatory. At the conclusion of one of his Concerts for Chamber Music, he was warmly congratulated by the Grand Duke Constantine, who invited him to dinner.

BATHELT.—It is reported that Wagner has given up all notion of visiting London this winter, as he intended. He is much fatigued by his recent exertions in getting up *Tannhäuser* at Vienna.

MILAN.—The season at the Scala will be inaugurated by Verdi's *Vespro Siciliani* and the ballet of *Michelangelo Kolto*. The list of operas to be given includes *Giocanda*, by Sig. Ponchielli; *Lucie*, by Sign. Gobati; *Charles VI.*, by Halévy; and *La Favorita*, by Donizetti. The second ballet will be *La Source*, by M. St Léon.

NAPLES.—At the suggestion of the Cavaliere Florimo, Director of the Musical Archives, a Committee, headed by the Cavaliere Lauro Rossi, Director of the Conservatory of Music, has been formed for the purpose of erecting a statue to Bellini. The Cavaliere Florimo has the subscription list with the sum of 1,000 francs.

LISBON.—Signor H. L. Bellini, of the Royal Italian Opera House, London, made his debut last month, as the Marquis in *Linda*, with success, assisted by Signore Vitali, Angusti, and Rossi; Signori Rota, Corsi, and Vitali. The season commenced on the 29th of October, with *Lucetta Borgia*, with Signore Sasse and Rossi; Signori Rota and Corsi. *Fans* was the next opera given, with Signora Rita and Rossi; Signori Vitali, Angusti, Barboni, and Reduzzi. This was followed by *Ripetto*—Signore Vitali and Rossi; Signori Corsi and Barboni taking the chief parts. After *Ripetto* came the *Ballo in Maschera*, in which Signor Angusti (tenor) made a good success. The placing of the opera upon the stage is very primitive for a "grand theatre." A new opera, *L'Esai di Giovanni*, by Victor de Bellincos, is in rehearsal. Signor Bellini is to have a very important part in it, and is studying it under the composer's direction.

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MISS JOSE SHERRINGTON will sing in the "MESSIAH," at Glasgow, on Christmas Eve.

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MR THURLEY BEALE will sing C. E. TINNEY'S NEW Song, "THE GLADIATOR," Jan. 26th, London; and at Mr C. E. Tinney's Concert, at the Alhambra, Grafton Road, Jan. 29th, 1876.

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POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From the "Times.")

The concert at St James's Hall on Saturday afternoon was one of very considerable interest. It began with the quartet of Johannes Brahms, in G minor (Op. 25), for pianoforte and stringed instruments, performed by Mesdames Annette Essipoff and Norman-Neruda, MM. Zerbin and Pezze. This quartet, like most of the works of its composer, gained by closer familiarity, and, in the hands of the artists above-named, we need scarcely add that the execution was everything that could be wished. Madame Essipoff, thoroughly familiar with the modern school of piano-forte music, now so much in vogue, in resorting to Brahms went to the best and most fruitful source. The quartet was listened to from beginning to end with great attention by an audience that filled every part of St James's Hall, and each successive movement was applauded. The piece selected by the accomplished Russian pianist for her solo display was Schumann's "Carnaval," from which, with great judgment, she picked out the most attractive numbers. The "Carnaval" is one of the early productions of Mendelssohn's Leipzig contemporary, friend, and, as some would make him, rival. As it stands in the original, it is a lengthy and more or less disjointed series of fragments. But it contains much that is beautiful, and, if discreetly abridged, can hardly fail to please. Madame Essipoff enters into the spirit of the music heart and soul, and makes nothing of the difficulties that here and there place it beyond the reach of ordinary executants. She gave to each division of the work its characteristic significance, which, considering the marked individuality of expression demanded by movement after movement, is no easy task. Mechanical facility was combined with still higher qualities. Schumann himself would have been satisfied. Madame Essipoff was repeatedly applauded, called three times at the end of the performance, and compelled, by the unanimous desire of the audience, to play again. Instead of repeating the "Carnaval," however—which would have been too great a tax—she substituted another piece, her choice falling upon one of the most graceful and charming bagatelles from the fluent and productive pen of Dr Ferdinand Hiller. This was Madame Essipoff's last appearance for the season, and she had every reason to be satisfied with so hearty and genuine a leave-taking—or, as every amateur of finished pianoforte-playing must wish, "*au revoir*." With so much of the new school in the programme, it was wise to finish with one of those long-accepted masterpiece pieces which must remain ever fresh while art endures, and upon which, to employ the well-known phrase of Byron, "Time writes no wrinkles." Haydn has bequeathed to us not a few of such masterpiece pieces, and the stringed quartet in E flat, which brought Saturday's concert to an end, is by no means one of the least remarkable. It was admirably given by Madame Norman-Neruda, MM. L. Ries, Zerbin, and Pezze. No violinist reads Haydn's music more truthfully, or plays it with more grace, facility, and unaffected expression, than Madame Norman-Neruda. She shines in it as in the music of Mozart, and, to name one particular example, in the plaintive and beautiful "A minor" quartet of Schubert. There is nothing exaggerated in this lady's playing; all is pure and genuine, without any attempt at individual display. Absorbed in the task before her, she is unconscious of self. Thus, and thus only, ought such music to be rendered—music which seems to spring unbidden from the exhaustless fountain of melody, and yet coming only to the gifted few. The singer at this concert was Mr Thureley Beale, a "barytone bass" who makes progress both in his art and in public opinion. The accompanist was Sir Julius Benedict—how often shall we have to say, *fachle princeps*.

Mr Arthur Chappell's ante-Christmas series of performances has been more than usually interesting, and not the less so because the programmes have been in a large measure drawn from the works of the great *fachle* masters for the popularisation of which the "Monday Popular Concerts" were especially instituted. We have had but two novelties of any consequence—viz., a pianoforte trio in D minor, by Herr Bargiel, and another, in C minor, by Herr Joachim Raff, neither of which is entitled to any marked consideration. As

pianists, we have had Madame Essipoff; Madlle Anna Melchig, slowly but surely, advancing to the highest rank in her profession; Mr Charles Hallé, who, with Madame Arabella Goddard, Herr Joseph Joachim, and Signor Piatti, may be said to have laid the first stone of the new solid edifice; and Miss Agnes Zimmermann, whom the public is always only too glad to welcome. As leading violinists, may be named Herr Wilhelmj, of whose exceptional talent it would be superfluous to speak; Herr Ludwig Straus, and Madame Norman-Neruda. The first Monday Popular Concert of the new year is announced for the 10th of January, when the pianist is to be Madlle Marie Kreis, and Signor Piatti, violinist, of violinists, again will take the post which, with rare intervals, he has occupied from the beginning.

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1875.

And Christmas day has come again,
Sweet bells ring merrily;
Glad souls respond to every peal
And hail the sounds with glee.
Ah! day of soul and sad memories
In many an aching brain,
What scenes of long departed years
Will start to life again?
I missed a time, a golden time,
When hearts would light hearts greet,
The sudden burst of those sweet bells,
And every pulse would beat.
When friends and kin were wont to meet
In bonds of unity;
Ah! Christmas days of old long since
Were sunny days with me.
With harmless mirth at even-tide
To wile away the hour;
Oh! those were happy, happy nights,
Those Christmas nights of yore.
No more, no more, by my lone hearth
I brood o'er visions flown,
Though some perchance might wish me near,
I sigh to be alone.
I know I feel that it is wrong,
On this best favoured day,
To let one cold ungrateful sense
With higher thoughts hold sway.
But spite of all our loftiest hopes,
Our struggles to forget,
Some haunting ill will still intrude
And wring the schooled heart yet.

ADA LESTER.

RATISBON, BAVARIA.

(From a Correspondent.)

The "Musikverein" of Ratisbon began its season, on the 11th, Mr Kreiswasser Spörl, providing an unexceptional programme, the first part of which included Beethoven's Symphony in D major, which, under the direction of Music-Director Carl, was well performed, and received with enthusiasm. The second part began with C. Oberthur's overture *Robur*, which meritorious work is well known in the chief cities of the Continent. It was played here with its usual great effect. Mr Oberthur, whose exceptional talent has been admired by us in former years, played his brilliant harp fantasia, "Souvenir de Londres," in a manner that could not fail to be followed by a vehement recall. Fräulein Marie Gottlieb, from the Royal Opera, Munich, then sang an aria from Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, with great success; after which followed Lortley, a legend for orchestra and harp obbligated, by C. Oberthur, who himself played the harp part. This work abounds in beauties, and its orchestration was pronounced by *cognoscenti* as masterly. Fräulein Gottlieb sang two songs by Brahms and one by Kirchner; she produced great effect with the third song, and was deservedly recalled. Mr Oberthur then played his descriptive piece, "Clouds and Sunshine," and, being unanimously recalled, gave another brilliant solo, "La Cascade." The concert ended with Weber's overture to *Oberon*. It was so well attended that it tested severely the capacities of the large room in the Neuhaus.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

It is perhaps safe to say that never in the history of the Royal Academy of Music has a concert been given more worthy of its name and pretensions than that which took place at St James's Hall last Wednesday evening week. A very few years ago the abilities of the students were shown under conditions by no means satisfactory, and to contrast what was then done in Hanover Square with the scene presented in St James's Hall is to form a vivid idea of genuine progress and healthy life. Once, it may be allowed, the state of the Royal Academy suggested some excuse for setting up a rival institution. At the present time it furnishes the strongest possible argument against any such course.

The orchestra and chorus employed on the occasion of which we speak consisted exclusively of past or present students of the Academy. So far an old rule was adhered to, but never did the vocalists and instrumentalists give so much reason for pointing to the fact with pride. In strict truth, the band, led by Mr Burnett, one of our ablest violinists, and including such well-known artists as Messrs Watson, Wand, Pettit, White, Svendsen, Horton, Lazarus, Waetzig, and the brothers Harper, was of first-rate quality, while the fresh young voices of the chorus, aided by exceptional individual skill, secured an *ensemble* of rare excellence. Mr Walter Macfarren conducted with much ability, and nothing was wanting to make the entire executive force able, like the great Duke's Peninsular army, to "go anywhere and do anything."

The first part of the programme contained several interesting examples of the students' powers of composition. First among these as to order, the opening movement of a symphony in minor by Mr Eaton Fanning. If we mistake not, this had been previously heard, but none the less were the audience impressed by the ability it displayed. Mr Fanning has not yet acquired a style of his own, many of the details of his work showing the influence of Mozart, while the broader features suggested that of Beethoven. But the composer is very young, and we have no right to demand more from him than evidence of those powers of expression which will serve him in good stead when he has distinctive things to say. The next work was a MS. cantata on the subject of the divine attribute of mercy, composed by Mr A. H. Jackson. This is an ambitious effort, but the result proved that in sanctioning its performance Professor Macfarren was well advised. The cantata contains five numbers, of which two, capitally sung by Mr Wadmore, are written for baritone solo, and one is a choral recitative. It may be objected that the work needs relief, but that is simply due to a choice of texts which err on the score of sameness in character. The composer could be no other than true to his theme, and, within the limits it afforded him, he has done very well indeed. We need not comment upon the numbers in detail. Enough that the impression made generally, and especially by the beautiful chorus, "The Lord is high to them," was of most favourable character. We shall watch Mr Jackson's future efforts with interest and hope. The staff is in him of which composers are made, and, as far as we are concerned, he shall not want the encouragement which may stimulate him to turn his endowments to the best account. A performance, by Mr Walter Fitton, of Mendelssohn's Rondo Brillante in E flat for pianoforte, with orchestra, was fluent and accurate, but seemed to lack power. On the other hand, no objection can be made to the singing, by Miss Kate Brand, of a somewhat uncommon song, "Love and Laughter," the work of Miss Oliveria Prescott. Another success was achieved by Miss Amy Turner Burnett, in Hummel's Introduction and Rondo, "Le Retour à Londres," although the fair young artist might easily have devoted her time to the study of a more interesting work. The second part of the concert was wholly taken up by Mendelssohn's *Lobpreis* solos by Miss Mario Duval, Miss Mary Davies, and Mr Guy. An orchestra of veterans could hardly have rendered the symphonic movements with greater taste and precision. The result, indeed, was surprising, and reflected the highest credit upon everybody concerned. We might repeat this observation with regard to the vocal numbers, all of which were smoothly and effectively given. Miss Duval sang throughout with true feeling, and gave promise of great future excellence. Miss Davies did good service in an unobtrusive manner, and Mr Guy, though not in his best voice, won applause for his rendering

of the tenor solos. To sum up, the concert was a brilliant success, and put the Royal Academy before the public, at a critical time, in the most favourable light. "By their fruits ye shall know them," and to judge the institution according to what was done on Wednesday night is to form the highest estimate of its value.

—O—

D. T.

NOTES UPON NOTES.

DEAR MR MUSICAL WORLD.—From your last Saturday's number, it appears you have a licence to deal in Spirits.—I am half seas over, on "a merry key," at the idea of Arabella "coming back to (a) Hearing," in "merry England;" for tho', like a young "Cherry-bag," she will come back from a Broad (to St John's) Wood; i.e., altho' with rings from her fingers on Broadwood's Grand, she could have Music wherever she goes; yet she has discoursed so often and so eloquently on "Home, sweet Home"—that, although, in coming back, there would be sailing "Over the dark blue waters"—which, by the way, sounds very prettily as a quartet in *Oberto*, let in reality, with the politest of stewards and stewardesses, is worse than the sea's five-finger Exercises at Leipzig—(sic). The disgrace to the sect; we go to Chappell—we have the analytical programme to open our ears and hearts—we can then listen, with all our eyes and ears to the good things provided by that admirable Musical Minimus, King Arthur, supported by his Knights of the Round Table, &c.; then read a well written critique upon the actual performance, when there is such a powerful means of public instruction to increase intelligent listening, and just appreciation of fine music and fine performances. Where are the spirits, and where are the ears (that deserve pulling) for letting our grand and great pianist have an abode after so long "talking to us with her fingers"—"Fairy Fingers, whispering Music;" and with such honeyed tones saying, "Where the bee sucks, there Iark I," appealing to hundreds of Beelzebubs, besides the gifted composer himself? Was it an ironical mood that the Popular Concerts were established during the Cattle Show, and the admirable "Fish Concerts" at a fashionable watering place? I cannot say for certain, what the Beasts may have to say to the subject; nor (although you are kind enough to consider me a Spirit—and that Spirit can be called from the vasty deep, without water) yet, not being on sufficient terms of intimacy with the Fish, except as occasional ramble with a Shrimp or two, I cannot say much about the Fish. Neither have analytical programmes, &c., &c. Yet they seem to understand as well as the bipeds who let Madame Arabella Goddard leave them. Pray, come back—we will try and behave better. *Daily Telegraph* will, we trust, bring *Daily News* of the *How*, when, "Wild" with delight, we shall welcome the *Life* of the pianoforte, and as she has so often told us—"Life let us cherish." Erre figure O, which amongst figures (not was) is sought—very naughtily and very nice—"Cherubino" would make a grand crescendo. No, a ghost or spirit, I had made a mistake. Cherubini made a long crescendo in the overture to *Amoroso*; was it the first invention?—many kind young ladies, I suppose, out of contradiction (and ladies are, I believe, as a rule, rather contradictory) to the "Music of the Future," desire to play like the Ancients, without *fortes* or *pianos*. Cherubino, the Page, would turn over a new leaf; and, although betting is, I believe, not allowed amongst spirits, I could say "Betta" on Madame Arabella being welcomed on all hands, for her hands—proving that, with her, sense is associated with sound, and feeling with judgment—perfection. As a ghost, you place me in greater company than I could aspire to in a worldly point of view. You call me "Billy;" so I send this *billet-doux*, as I am home for the holidays.—I remain, yours all right and tight (spirits have a tendency that way), W. H. HOLMES.

Dec. 22, 1875.

P.S.—On re-reading your article of Saturday, I find I am not a spirit. I am very glad of it. Glad not—as E. J. Loder's Bath agent used to say, when she went upstairs.

[The genial merriment and hearty kindness of our dear old friend and honoured master are in contrast with Christmas; but he has reckoned without his "Arabella." She is not coming back.—D. P.]

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

Christmas performances of Handel's greatest oratorio are always well attended, and scarcely need the co-operation of eminent artists to secure that result. Apart from such help, however, it may be doubtful whether the public, in numbers sufficient to fill the vast area of the Albert Hall, would have braved the disagreeable weather of Monday night, and taken a more or less long journey to Kensington. The added attraction, it must be owned, was very great. Not often during the season of oratorio do amateurs have a chance of hearing the *Messiah* roles interpreted by vocalists of such eminence as Madame Christine Nilsson, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Mr Lloyd, and Signor Foli—a quartet of rare distinction, if not, as regards all its members, thoroughly trained in the style of music they had to sing. Madame Nilsson and Madame Trebelli belong emphatically to another school than that of Handelian oratorio, but the fact will hardly be disputed that when artists of such powers address themselves conscientiously to any task the result is interesting and attractive as a matter of course, while it may offer features of a peculiar value. Such an audience as then listened to the *Messiah* do not unanimously bestow favour without very good reason, and the encores exacted for Madame Trebelli's "He shall feed His flock," and demanded, but not granted, for Madame Nilsson's "I know that my Redeemer liveth," are better testimony than any we could give to the merit of those performances. Miss Anoa Williams rendered efficient help in the soprano solos of less importance; Mr Lloyd was, as always, thoroughly satisfactory; and the superb voice of Signor Foli gave much effect to the music he had to sing. The band and chorus were so far up to their work that only on rare occasions have the concerted numbers been more satisfactorily presented. A good choral performance of the *Messiah* is looked for with perfect justice, and any result less than good entails no ordinary disgrace; but it sometimes happens that the very familiarity of the theme leads to fatal carelessness in its treatment. On this occasion the rendering of the choruses was, generally speaking, above the average, and deserved proportionate enjoy. Dr Stainer did excellent service at the organ, and Mr Barnby was a conductor with whom it would be hard to find fault.

BIRMINGHAM.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Faust, in which Madame Christine Nilsson made her first appearance on the Birmingham stage, is one of those operas best calculated to display the varied powers of the famous Swedish songstress. Every phase of the character, from Marguerite's first entrance in the "Kermesse" scene, where, with downcast eyes and maidenly reserve, she declines the proffered attentions of the handsome cavalier, through the love passages in the garden scene, gradually increasing in tenderness and fervour, the horror at her brother's death after the duel, the agony at her unsuccessful efforts to pray in the church, the remorse and madness in the Dungeon—one and all enlisted the sympathies and held spell-bound the attention of the audience. She was worthily supported by Madame Trebelli-Bettini, who gained an "encore" for her charming rendering of Siebel's song. There, to some extent, made amends for the not altogether perfect singing of Signor Gillaudi as Faust, and the grotesque impersonation of Mephistopheles by Signor Castelnary. Signor Galassi was a fairly good Valentino, Madame Demerit-Blaché an excellent Marta, and Signor Costa a creditable Wagner. The chorus, particularly in the first act, left much to desire; while the *inter-scene* was inconspicuously comic. The "Kermesse" was backed up by a sort of Greek temple (which, at first sight, might have been taken for the Birmingham Town Hall), and buildings of hybrid architecture; while one Gothic wing was faced by an old English sleep porch, with the legendary "If *Heaven, Father*." The church scene was represented by wings of a banqueting hall, with Norman arch at the back, seen through which was a table with dingy red cloth, surrounded by a tea-tray with painted cross. The brass band of the soldiers was evidently native talent, the big drum displaying the words "Police Band" in gilt letters; so that the scenic illusion was not entrancing.

What I recently said as to taste for music was borne out when

Don Giovanni was played to about half the audience attracted by *Faust*. Yet the "cast" was efficient—Madame Marie Roze being an excellent Donna Anna, Middle Varese a good Elvira, and Mad. Trebelli-Bettini (transposition of music allowed for), a lively Zerlina, winning encores for "La ci darem," "Hatti, batti," and "Vedrai Carino." Signor Gillaudi seemed acquainted with the traditions of the part of Ottavio; and Signor del Puente obtained an encore for the serenade, "Deh vieni!" Herr Behrens, as Leporello, did at least justice to the music; while Signor Zeboli, as Masetto, and Signor Costa, as the Commendatore, each contributed to the effect of a performance deserving of better support. The *Trout* came next; and it is enough to say that *Lecora* was represented by Madame Nilsson in a manner which delighted all hearers; that Azucena was Madame Blaché, who created a genuine "sensation"; and that the other parts were sustained by Adèle Bauermeister, Signori Brigooli (Manrico), Galassi (Il Conte), Costa, and Rissoldini. Signor Li Calci di Serres praised his conducting, and the chorus was better than on the first evening. D. II.

Christmas Waits.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—When Heaven, overwhelmed with eternal blessings, bent down to earth, a choir of herald angels led the way. Can it be that that celestial band is represented in the present year of grace by the Waits, who now make midnight hideous? Are those harsh tones the echoes, carried down the course of ages, of that heavenly song which broke upon the ears of the enraptured shepherds on the fields of Palestine? No; such cannot be. Sublimity is burlesqued, and the holy Incarnation parodied by brayers and brawlers. Where are the guardians of our sacred mysteries? Why are they silent at the travesty? Where are our musical authorities? The Royal Academy of Music, doubtless, deem such a national matter beneath its lofty consideration, and altogether too low for the occupation of its half-guinea-an-hour professors. Happily it is understood that the National Training School of Music will take the subject under its special protection, and its management will thereby secure the sympathy and support of all corporate bodies. To make our waits angelic, and their strains seraphic, are objects worthy alike of musical mayors and artistic princes. By next Christmas Kensington may turn out groups of performers who will make the welkin ring with sweet carols and glorious songs. In the meantime, while the present order of waits steps the way, I venture to ask, where are the police? Cannot they demand and enforce silence in my court? If they fail, I must apply to the Home Secretary, for I have good reasons for believing these wretched waits are engaged in a vile conspiracy, of which I am the victim. In a few words I will tell you my case. Like most professional gentlemen, I have a large circle of creditors, with whom I have lived for a long time on friendly if not amicable terms; for I have never neglected the subtle uses of "free admission," pleasant manners, and copious promises. In spite of all my tenuous efforts, however, dire discord has appeared. Rough sounds are heard in my doorway, and uncouth noises in my hall, calling for money. No hour of the day have I been able to keep out the ugly Caliban ditties. My annoyance has been extreme—such as only a sensitive and high-souled musician can appreciate; but I have been firm and hard with them, yes, as a bloodless stone. The sneaks, having failed to torture me to madness by day, now try the night. Would you believe it? They have engaged the Waits to repeat their demands in the dead of the night. Yes, yes, I hear the luteer's voice in the opibicicle, the laker's in the trombone, the tailor's in the cornet, the grocer's in the clarinet, the green-grocer's in the hautboy, and all aequal, bray, and roar at me—now in vile union, and now in hysterical harmony—"money, money, pay us our money!"

May I venture to ask you, my very dear Mr Editor, to suggest means for laying these ghasts, or help me to expose this abominably wicked conspiracy?—Yours truly,

GIOVANNI BRAUN.

MUSIC IN VIENNA.

(From a Correspondent.)

Two events, furnishing two fruitful topics of conversation, have recently occurred in connection with the Imperial Operahouse. The first concerns the manager, Herr Jauner, personally. That gentleman has received, from a very high official personage, what is familiarly termed a "wiggling," drawn up in high official form, concerning the manner in which the scene of the Vennsberg, in R. Wagner's opera of *Tannhäuser*, is represented. He is informed that it is highly objectionable, and that it is not permissible to introduce into an Imperial establishment the stage business of some low theatre in the suburbs. The reprimand is richly merited, but it should have been addressed not to Herr Jauner but to Herr R. Wagner, for it was he who got up the opera, with all its objectionable details. What Herr Jauner should have done would have been at once to put his veto upon such stage business. The second occurrence to which allusion has been made regards Herr Beck, who, relying upon the terms of his engagement, has refused the part of Telramund in *Lohengrin*. At first, the manager was inclined to insist that Herr Beck should withdraw his refusal, but, on looking into that gentleman's engagement, it was found he was legally justified in the course he had adopted. The matter, of course, has lost nothing in the telling. Like all other such matters "*vires acquirit eundo*." It was reported that R. Wagner had, in Herr Jauner's presence, grossly insulted Herr Beck, who had in consequence applied for a warrant against him.

A comical incident, not included in Herr R. Wagner's stage business, happened in the hunting-scene of the first act during the last performance of *Tannhäuser*. As he was mounting his gallant steed, one of the singers stood on another artist—a member of the pack which figures among the personages of the drama. The four-footed performer began barking loudly with pain. His canine companions followed his example, and then the whole pack modulated into a continuous howl, which ran through the entire finale. The great mass of the audience laughed, but some ardent Wagnerites were highly indignant at the endless melody thus unexpectedly contributed by the hounds.

A few days since, a journeyman shoemaker, named Carl Sladek, managed to make his way into the apartments occupied by Herr Wagner, at the Hôtel Impérial, and to steal a key, the property of Madlle Brunhilde Wahnfrida Uteckh, lady's maid to Mad. Cosima Wagner. The thief did not, however, touch two stall-tickets for the next performance of *Tannhäuser*, though they were lying close to the gown. Sensible thief! By the way, did Miss Uteckh rejoice in the high sounding names of Brunhilde Wahnfrida from infancy, or has she been nominally medievalised, since she has devoted her energies to attending on Mad. Cosima's back-hair?

The general rehearsals of *Lohengrin* at the Imperial Operahouse are well advanced. Mad. Fridrich-Materna, Herr Scaris, and Say retain their old characters. Herr Müller impersonates the hero. Great difficulty was experienced in finding representatives for Elsa and Telramund. The choice has at length fallen upon Mad. Kupfer and Herr Nollet, respectively. Herr Wagner talks of leaving Vienna about the end of the present month. A month earlier than he originally intended. Ominous! The world will be favoured, it is to be dreaded, with a second *Communication to my Friends*. Poor translators!

At the end of the year, Mad. Louise Dustmann will cease to be a member of the company at the Imperial Operahouse, and retire on a pension. A complimentary benefit will be given her. Though she leaves the stage, she will still sing at concerts.

MUSIC IN BRUSSELS.

(From a Correspondent.)

The principal, and, indeed, the only fact at the Théâtre de la Monnaie worth recording lately has been the production of Verdi's *Messa da Requiem*. The solo vocalists were Mesdcs Léon Dvral, Barlani-Nini, MM. L'on Achard and Povelet. Signor Muzio conducted. The critics praise the work very highly, but the public did not at first manifest much desire to hear it. At any rate, they did not flock in crowds to the earlier performances. A writer in the *Guide Musical* remarks:

"The execution of Verdi's *Requiem* was not fortunate enough to draw many people to the Monnaie, despite the attraction naturally belonging to a new work signed by an illustrious name, and despite the success by which it had been preceded. The Brussels public, as a rule, care very little for artistic solemnities, which, in addition to aesthetic gratification—a very subordinate consideration in their eyes—do not, at the same time, offer other sources of amusement in the probable case of the public's being bored. They will gladly pay ten or fifteen francs for the favour of being present at a gala performance. On such an occasion they can, at all events, ogle a varied collection of shoulders more or less resembling alabaster, and admire, in the Royal box, the luxurious ornaments of the reigning princes of Honoluh or Monomotapa. But a musical work, without these incentives to curiosity, never strikes them as worth so exorbitant a price.—'What! Fifteen francs to hear a mass at the theatre?' said a worthy lady, who enjoys the reputation of being a patroness of art. 'Very much thank you! In a church it costs only five centimes.'

This character of the people of Brussels is drawn by one of themselves. After two performances, the managers, wiser and sadder, fell back upon the ordinary prices. The theatre was crammed. Hereupon the same writer remarks:—

"This success, due to the reduced prices of admission, is extremely characteristic, and may serve as a lesson for the managers. We induced them to believe that the people of Brussels would gladly give fifteen francs to hear an extraordinary work was that, despite the same augmentation, the receipts were magnificent whenever Faure, Patti, or Nilsson have sung here. But the cases are not similar. The Brussels public do not refuse to indulge in a little sacrifice to hear some undisputed artistic celebrity, of whom everyone is speaking, who fills the papers with the noise of his or her exploits, and the extreme rarity of whose appearance among us enhances his or her merit. Fashion, too, has a great deal to do with the matter. There is no one who will not pay heavily for the pleasure of saying to a friend: 'I have heard Patti,' or 'I have heard Nilsson.' This is only a particular form of *amour propre*. Such is not the case with regard to the *Requiem*. True, people had talked about it—but curiously and without attaching much importance to it. There was something to be said both for and against it. Neither *amour propre* nor fashion were involved—the less so as the notion of a Mass for the Dead shocks persons of timid and pusillanimous disposition. All this was attended with danger, and there were reasons for fearing that the enterprise would turn out a semi-failure. Such has been the result. We have seen that the question of money had a great deal to do with the matter. These considerations would lead us, if we dared, to call the attention of the managers to the point, with especial reference to the approaching performances of Mad. Lucca, who is far from being as famous as Mad. Patti and Mad. Nilsson."

The *Guide* evidently does not entertain a high opinion of its fellow-citizens, nor is what he says concerning Lucca likely to find acceptance—with Lucca.

The first concert of the Instrumental Union took place in the large Hall of the Grande Harmonie. The instrumental performers were MM. Brassin, Wieniawski, Cornélie, Kes, Joseph Servais, Galkine, Cate, Schneider, and Heman. M. Reubsaet, rang some of Anton Rubinstein's "Mélodies Persanes."

At the second concert of the "Association des Artistes Musiciens," the instrumental features were Beethoven's Overture to *Egmont*, Hector Berlioz's "Carnaval Romain," a Gavotte by Bach, scored for full band by M. Gevaert, and the "Turkish March" from *The Ruins of Athens*. There were many vocal pieces, the singers being Madlle Dérivis and M. Bertin and the members of the Choral Society.

STETTIN.—A "secular oratorio," *Otto der Grosse*, by Dr Lorenz, has been produced.

HERR WILHELM'S CONCERT.

A programme more than usually attractive was, as a matter of course, expected for the first concert Wilhelm gave in London. May we say it at once? Expectations were not by any means disappointed—rather, perhaps, surpassed. For an artist like Wilhelm it cannot, it might be thought, be a difficult matter to gather a number of accomplished colleagues for his support. This is, however, not the case. It is true there are, at this time of the year, many foreign artists of great repute in England. Those, however, make their engagements for many weeks in advance. It is, therefore, not easy to obtain a powerful staff at short notice. In this respect, however, Herr Wilhelm was lucky. Although his concert had to be organised in very short time, he was assisted by artists of acknowledged standing, and was fortunate enough to secure the services of no less admirable a pianist than Mme Esipoff.

The concert took place at St James's Hall, on Friday evening, the 17th inst., when, despite inclement weather, a large audience was attracted, who must have been able to hear so interesting a novelty as Johann S. Svendsen's stringed quartet in A minor. The Swedish composer is a man of distinguished talent; but we cannot pronounce a definite opinion of the merits of his quartet after a single hearing. Herr Wilhelm is no less an admirable leader of chamber music than a brilliant solo player. Nothing more satisfactory than his reading of this quartet, and other concerted pieces—including the *andante* with variations from Schubert's quartet in D minor, and Schumann's trio in the same key—could be wished. In Messrs Politzer, Zerlini, and Danbert, Herr Wilhelm found able coadjutors. Herr Oscar Beringer, one of the most eager prophets of the "Higher Development," gave the pianoforte part in Schumann's beautiful trio, with intelligence, spirit, and perfect mastery over its technical difficulties. A *bravura* piece of the most legitimate kind was selected for the solo display of the concert-giver, who, in all he does, proves himself a genuine artist, disclaiming to win applause by trickery. Ernst's *Airs Hongrois*, with variations for violin and orchestral accompaniment, is a piece instinct with melodious charm and romantic sentiment. The variations, trying and difficult as they are, seemed child's play in the practised hands of Wilhelm. Rarely have we listened to a more masterly exhibition of mechanical facility, rarely to a burst of applause more spontaneous and general than that which brought the great performer back to the platform, and induced him to play his own familiar "transcription" of the *Romance* from Chopin's Pianoforte Concerto in E. The accompanist, as in the *Airs Hongrois*, was Herr Wilhelm Ganz, who in both instances showed marked alidity. In conjunction with Mme Esipoff, Herr Wilhelm was heard in a series of charming "Feuilles d'Album," which were composed by Ernst and Stephen Heller, and published as "Pensées Fugitives," or "Istages d'Amicitie." The ensemble of the two great artists was in every respect perfect. Mme Esipoff chose for solos Chopin's *Erceuse*, a study by the same master, and Rubinstein's "Valse Brillante." Nothing could surpass the delicacy with which the first-named was given, or the spirit that characterised the last. After several recalls, Mme Esipoff acceded to the loudly expressed desire of the audience, and performed another piece—Schubert's *Serenade*—which she interpreted as poetically as the composer had poetically conceived it. This, too, to judge by their enthusiastic expressions of approval, the audience would only have been too pleased to hear again. The vocalists were Madlle Nita (soprano), and Signor Urio; the lady selecting Mozart's "Non più di fiori," and Pergolesi's "Ogni pena," the gentleman an air by Handel (encore), and Balfe's "Good night, beloved." Sir Julius Benedict conducted; and everything went off so well that very few can have left St James's Hall without regret that Wilhelm's first concert for the season should also be his last.

SHIMSD MENKES.

FLORENCE.—Signor Leopoldo Costoli has completed the model for the statue of Rosmini, which will be carried out in marble, and placed in the vestibule of the Teatro della Pergola. The arrangements for lighting the theatre with gas are nearly finished.

AMATEUR ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

It is no part of our duty to criticise what was done at the concert given by this body in the Albert Hall on Saturday evening. The occasion assumed to be of a private character—in itself a sufficient reason for not treating it as public; but apart from this, it would be unfair to judge the performance of amateurs by the high standard which is alone applicable in view of the works performed. When a non-professional orchestra attempts to play symphonies, criticism of the result is necessarily determined by the degree of merit such music exacts; wherefore it is kinder not to criticise. Considerations like these, however, do not affect the historic portion of our task, and it may be stated that in the Amateurs' programme were several works of undoubted interest. The selection began, for example, with Gounod's Symphony in D, continuing with Handel's third sonata for violin (Mr Enthoven) and pianoforte (Miss Enthoven), the overtures to *Don Giovanni*, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *Angelo*, and the *Garotte* (which had to be repeated), from Thomas's *Hamlet*. It will be inferred from this list that the members of the orchestra have not abated one jot of confidence or ambition, and as easy is it to see that their powers were severely tested. However we look at the result, the spectacle of so many gentlemen striving to do great things in a noble cause gives satisfaction, and encourages a belief that musical life in amateur circles is sound and healthy. The vocalists were Miss Robertson and Mr Mansfield, each of whom obtained the favour of the audience—the lady carrying off exceptional honours. After "Una voce" Miss Robertson was called three times, and then compelled to repeat the air. A like result attended her in an air from Gounod's *Mireille*, so impressed were all present by the beauty and compass of her voice. Miss Robertson was accompanied on the piano by Signor Randegger. D. T.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

I'm in bed, I'm in bed, with a cold in my head;
Yet the tips of my fingers do freeze;
My feet covered with blains, my back aching with pain,
And so do both shoulders and knees.
And I could not be worse—Oh! this climate's a curse!
Such language excuse if you please,
For ah! nobody knows the extent of my woes,
And how much I snuffle and sneeze.
Then, I pray, let us fly to a country that's dry,
Where the frost does not nip to the bone,
Where north winds do not blow, and they never have snow,
And colds in the head are not known.

Optim.

[One hundred pounds for a meaning.—A.S.S.]

WEST BROMWICH.

(From a Correspondent.)

The West Bromwich Choral Society may be congratulated on the success of its first concert, when some hundred-and-twenty members made their *début* in a series of part-songs, executed in a manner conferring credit upon the singers, and reflecting honour upon the conductor—Mr William Hartland—whose energy and perseverance have effected wonders. Scarcely three months have elapsed since the society held its first practice, and many members were altogether novices. It is needless to specify the various numbers; suffice it that Henry Smart, Henry Leslie, Pausini, &c., were the composers, and that one and all were rendered with due expression; the "Troubadour" being encored. The principal soloists were Miss Banks and Mr W. H. Cummings, the former being encored in "Over hill, over dale," the latter in "The Thorn," "There's no luck about the house," in one instance, and "Sally in our alley" in the other, being substituted. A similar compliment was paid to Mr Larder, in "I'm a roamer" and the "Wolf." Mr Hartland, besides directing the choir, gave two pianoforte solos—Chopin's *Fantaisie Impromptu* and Gottschalk's *Pasopinate Caprice*—displaying a neat execution and refinement worthy notice. As accompanist, Miss Hartland left nothing to desire. At the next concert Arthur Sullivan's *Prologue* will form the attraction. H. D.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

EIGHTEENTH SEASON, 1875-76.

DIRECTOR—MR N. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

FIRST APPEARANCE THIS SEASON OF
MIDLE MARIE KREBS AND SIGNOR PIATTI.

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 10, 1875.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET in G major, Op. 89, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. STRAUSS, L. BIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI	Spahr
AIR, "Bella addorita," Mr SHAKESPEARE	Mercadante.
SUITE DE PIECES, in E major (with Variations on "The Harmonious Blacksmith"), for pianoforte alone—Mlle MARIE KREBS	Bonold.

PART II.

SONATA in D major Op. 58, for pianoforte and violoncello—Mlle MARIE KREBS and Signor PIATTI	Mendelssohn.
SONGS, {" Du bist wie eine Blume" } {" Sing, maiden, sing" }	Schumann. Bennett.
QUARTET in F, Op. 71, No. 2, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. STRAUSS, L. BIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI	Haydn.
Conductor	Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 15, 1876.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET in D minor (No. 3 of the set dedicated to Haydn), for two violins, viola, and violoncello—Mme NORMAN NERUDA, MM. L. BIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI	Alcort.
AIR, "Adelaide"—Mr SIMS REEVES	Beethoven.
SONATA in A flat, Op. 26 (with Funeral March), for pianoforte alone—Mlle MARIE KREBS	Beethoven.
ALLEMANDE, LARGO, and ALLEGRO, for violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment—Signor PIATTI	Vernacini.
SONGS, {" The Savoyard" } {" The Kiss" }	Beethoven.
TRIO in G minor, Op. 8, for pianoforte, viola, and violoncello—Mlle MARIE KREBS, Mme NORMAN NERUDA, and Signor PIATTI	Chopin.
Conductor	Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

MARRIAGES.

On the 11th inst., at St George's, Tuffnell Park, HARRY HEALY, fourth son of the late Thomas Leal, of Highgate, to MARTHA JANE, elder daughter of Lewis Thomas, the vocalist.

On the 18th inst., at Holy Trinity Church, North Malvern, by the Rev. the Vicar, ARTHUR ROWLEY WARD, of Newtown, Great Malvern, to HARRIET WINK, of North Malvern.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1875.

"MUSICAL WORLD"—NEW YEAR'S NUMBER.

ON NEW YEAR'S-DAY, January 1, a DOUBLE NUMBER of the "MUSICAL WORLD"—consisting of thirty-two pages—will be issued.

The impressions in which Mr Charles Lyall's portraits of Messrs J. L. Hutton ("Hesperus"), Carl Rosa (as "Conductor"), Santley ("The Porter of Harre"), and Sims Reeves ("Come into the Garden, Maud")—together with Franz Listz (eight exemplifications of "Higher Development" in pianoforte playing)—appeared, having been exhausted, these illustrations will all be reproduced in the NEW YEAR'S NUMBER of the "MUSICAL WORLD," with others of more or less interest, as well as original articles on various subjects.

To be had, price 4d. (by post, 5d.), of Duncan Davidson & Co., 244, Regent Street; Allen, Warwick Lane; Kent, Paternoster Row; W. H. Smith & Son, Strand; Vickers, Strand; and by order of all music-publishers. Early applications from the country and elsewhere will be attended to.

Episodes on Change.



DR SHIPPING.—Why—Bilow never heard her!
DR QUINCE.—Well—what of that?
DR SHIPPING.—Why—how does he know?
DR QUINCE.—Well—he doesn't know.
DR SHIPPING.—Why—how then can he say?
DR QUINCE.—Well—he can say because he doesn't know.
DR SHIPPING.—Why—what's the truth?
DR QUINCE.—Well—what Bilow doesn't know and didn't say.
DR SHIPPING.—Why—what's the untruth?
DR QUINCE.—Well—what Bilow did say, although he didn't know.
DR SHIPPING.—I did not say, "Credo quia impossibile," last Saturday?
DR QUINCE.—I did not say, "Non credo quia possibile."
DR SHIPPING.—I said, "Credo quia impossibile."
DR QUINCE.—I said, "Non credo quia possibile."
DR SHIPPING.—The other is not Cat-Latin, much less Dog-Latin.
DR QUINCE.—It is not even Mouse-Latin, much less Rat-Latin.
(Exeunt severally, enraged).

UNVEILING THE BUST OF STERNDALDE BENNETT.

(From the "Sheffield and Rotherham Independent," Dec. 21.)

A ceremony, simple in its form, and unostentatious as the kindly gentleman in whose memory it was performed, was witnessed yesterday in the Cutler's Hall by a numerous company. It was the unveiling of a marble bust of the late Sir Sterndalce Bennett, whose name will be always cherished by lovers of music, and whose distinguished career as a composer has conferred such honour on this

his native town. Nine months ago, not very long after his death, a meeting was held in the School of Art to consider the desirability of erecting a memorial in Sheffield of his worth. The speakers, one and all, spoke tenderly of the great but modest musical genius who had sunk out of life, and Mr W. Smith, who has taken the greatest possible interest in the memorial, adverted to the name of Sir Sterndale Bennett in these words:—

"Life is short; art is long; and the utmost most of us can hope for is that our memory may linger amongst those who have known us during life; but the name of Sir Sterndale Bennett will be much more enduring for it will remain to future ages, enshrined and preserved from decay by that divine art of which he was one of the chief priests; and the more that art is cultivated, the wiser, the firmer, and the loftier will be his fame."

It was decided at the meeting that the memorial should take the form of a bust on a pedestal, and subscriptions were soon forthcoming. The work was entrusted to Mr L. A. Malampre, of London, and well he has carried out his trust—although he has laboured under the disadvantage of never having seen Sir Sterndale Bennett. The bust, placed on a pedestal of Sicilian marble, stands in the old dining hall, beneath the portrait of Mr Wilson Overend, that being a position which commands the best light. In the centre of the pedestal is a slab of dark yellow marble, bearing the words:—

"Sir William Sterndale Bennett, B.A., Mus. Doc., D.C.L., Professor of Music in the University of Cambridge, and Principal of the Royal Academy of Music. Born at Sheffield, April 13th, 1816; died February 1st, 1875. Interred at Westminster Abbey."

The ceremony was performed at three o'clock yesterday afternoon by Mr E. Stirling Howard. Amongst those present were the Master Cutler (Alderman Tozer), Alderman Bragge, Alderman Grundy, Mr W. Fisher, Mr W. Smith (president of the Sheffield Chamber of Commerce), Mr C. Atkinson, Mr J. Hobson, Mr H. F. Crighton, Mr W. H. Brittain, Mr H. Colley, Mr Short, Mr Schollhamer, and many other admirers of the late composer.

Mr Stirling Howard, after stating that they had met to unveil the bust of Sir Sterndale Bennett, gave a short history of the movement which had led to the completion of the memorial, which was not only a great credit to the town, but to the artist. They could with pride see it placed amongst the paintings and the sculpture of the eminent men around, for there it would take no unworthy place. Eminently a classical and refined composer, the works of Sir Sterndale Bennett would, he felt sure, be more appreciated in the future than they were in the present age; and he believed that, if there had been a fund in the country to enable men of great genius to employ their time in works of the highest art, the late composer, their common friend, would have left a large number of works behind to entrance the people. As it was, he was obliged to employ the greater part of his time in teaching; but here his kindly disposition crept out, and never, through all the weary hours he spent with his pupils, did he repine. Straightforward, genial, sociable, and modest, he was one whom they all might have been proud to call their friend. The bust was then unveiled by Mr Howard, and formally handed over to the Cutlers' Company.

Mr W. Smith said he trusted the bust was destined to remain in the hands of the Cutlers' Company, and, in order to show how it got into their possession, he had prepared a document containing that information. It was to this effect:—

"Be it remembered that this 20th day of Dec., 1875, a marble bust and pedestal, executed by Mr L. A. Malampre, of London, was placed in the hall of the Cutlers' Company of Hallamshire, (Edward Tozer, Esq., master), to perpetuate the memory of Sir Sterndale Bennett, M.A., D.C.L., Professor of Music in the University of Cambridge, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, and a native of this town. The cost of executing this testimonial was defrayed by a subscription of some of Sir Sterndale's fellow-townsmen, whose names are here recorded:—Messrs W. Smith (chairman of the committee and hon. sec.), Bernard Wake, Rev. Bowley Hill, W. Fisher, J. Jowitt, H. Rodgers, W. Baker, C. Smith, Mark Firth, Lowler and Sons, F. T. Mappin, John Newbould, C. K. A. Chadburn, W. Bragge, W. Short, E. Firth, P. Phillips, C. Atkinson, Miss Ray, C. Harvey, Tennant Brothers, E. S. Howard, H. Stephenson, W.

K. Peace, Miss M. H. Parkes, Herr Schollhamer, G. Wilson, T. Turner & Co., A. Brooksbank, T. W. Rodgers, W. Chetserman, S. Roberts, W. G. Blake, H. J. Dixon, Thos. Jesson, John Hobson, T. R. Gainsford, E. Tozer, T. Heifor, S. Jackson, H. Colley, and W. H. Brittain."

After reading the document, Mr Smith handed it to the Master Cutler, with a request that he would place it in the archives of the company.

Alderman Tozer, on behalf of the Cutlers' Company, said he had great pleasure in accepting the bust, which was a beautiful specimen of work; and, referring to his personal intercourse with the late composer in connection with the mooted festival at the opening of the Albert Hall, spoke of him in the most eulogistic language. Sir Sterndale Bennett did not visit Sheffield very much during the latter part of his life, but always had a loving remembrance of the town, and he was sure that the Cutlers' Company would treasure the memorial of his worth and genius.

Alderman Bragge, in moving a vote of thanks to Mr W. Smith, chairman of the committee, said, had it not been for his (Mr Smith's) energy and perseverance in connection with the memorial they might not have had in their little but growing Pantheon this beautiful work of art, this interesting memorial of such a worthy fellow-citizen. The vote was put without any further formality, and carried with applause.

Mr W. Smith referred to the cordial response which the movement had met with, and, after thanking the gentlemen who had given him their ready help and support, congratulated the artist on the successful way in which he had carried out his work. That beautiful bust, and the excellent likeness it conveyed, would remain for generations to show through the medium of the eye what "manner of man" he was when he lived amongst them. But, after all, the greatest monument of Sir Sterndale Bennett was one more appreciable than that through the eye. It came to them through another sense. Viewed by the eye, it was simply a number of black dots and strokes, scattered in a strange, cabalistic manner over a sheet of paper; but these, when properly interpreted and taken up by the hands of the musician, appealed through the ear; and it was to that sense that Sir Sterndale Bennett would be most present to posterity. He thoroughly endorsed the remarks made by Mr Howard, that the works of Sir Sterndale Bennett would be much more widely appreciated in the future. The cause of musical education was progressing in the country; it had been introduced into our Board Schools; and before long the question as to whether England was or was not a musical country would be solved beyond all doubt. It might be said of the works of Sir Sterndale Bennett that they were destined to last all time whilst the human race existed; they would be found more enduring than tradition, and more lasting than marble. A vote of thanks, on the motion of Mr W. Smith, seconded by Mr C. Atkinson, was then passed to the Master Cutler for accepting the bust, who suitably acknowledged the vote, and the proceedings concluded with a vote of thanks to the artist.

Shortly after the bust had been unveiled, Mrs Holt, Miss Ferrier, and the Rev. J. Gabriel sang "God is a spirit," an unaccompanied quartet from *The Woman of Samaria*. Very sweetly they sang it; like a requiem for an old friend it came, and it seemed hard to think that he who had composed it had passed from our midst, and was lying still in death.

—o—

WHEN, some five and thirty years ago, before a select audience at Willis's Rooms, Thomas Carlyle broached his theory of Hero Worship, he did not start a new creed. Hero Worship is as old as the hills. All Carlyle did was to treat the principle as Linnaeus, Humphrey Davy, or Buffon, treated a plant, a chemical element, or an animal. He gave it a fixed and definite name. Hero Worship has existed as long as man has existed. Adam was a hero, doubtless, in his own eyes. What man is not? He was more fortunate, too, than many of his descendants. He had no *valet-de-chambre*, no gentleman's gentleman, who could exhibit any

septicism, and call his master's semi-divinity into question. We are all Hero Worshipers. Hero Worship is not confined to one nation or one country. It is universal, and the indiscriminateness exhibited in the exercise of it must sorely vex the soul of the Philosopher of Chelsea.

Mankind are not sufficiently scrupulous about the persons whom they select as heroes, and at whose shrines they fall down and worship. Let us take a particular case. To judge from actual experience, what qualities are considered by the masses in England, especially the rising generation, to be such as entitle their possessors to a place in the *Livre d'Or* of Heroism? On glancing cursorily over the list, we find the names of Marlborough, Alexander the Great, Robinson Crusoe, Wellington, Nelson, Drake, Napier, Garnet Wolsley, and Frohisher; but mixed up with them, on a perfect equality, are those of Jack Sheppard, Captain Kydd, Three-Fingered Jack, Dick Turpin, Jonathan Wilde, and, though last, not least in iniquity: Clown.

It is a sad and humiliating confession, but it must be made. The juvenile members of the community—who will, in due course, as we are often, somewhat unnecessarily, reminded, furnish our future Legislators hereditary and elected, our Ministers of State, Generals, Admirals, and Judges, besides providing, as we are not so frequently informed, our future pickpockets, burglars, promoters of sham joint-stock companies, bubble financiers, and other swindlers—worship, for some weeks, or even months, at this season, every year, one Hero exclusively. That Hero is the painted reprobate we have mentioned. Why should they? And why should their Elders, instead of resolutely forbidding them to visit a theatre while Clown reigns supreme there, absolutely supply them with the means of witnessing his vagaries? As Hamlet says: That is the question. We will endeavor to answer it. Conjurors extract heaps of flowers from an ordinary hat, and Faraday used to procure for his hearers marvellous stores of knowledge from the consideration of a penny candle. Similarly, if it is allowable

“*Parvis componere magna,*”

we may derive a useful lesson from studying the character of Clown.

In forming our estimate of this utterly abandoned and shameless representative of our national drama, we enjoy a most unusual advantage. We know him not only *ab ore*, in the general acceptance of the phrase, but even at an earlier period. His existence is invariably dualistic. It is a metempsychological problem worked out before our eyes. When we first make his disreputable acquaintance he is not Clown. He is somebody else. And who is that somebody? A wicked Baron, an Ogre with dreadful proclivities towards cannibalism, a tyrannical Sovereign, a domineering Beadle, or some equally objectionable personage, whose mission and delight it is to persecute, bully, and render miserable every innocent creature with whom he comes in contact.

“Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.”

After his chrysalis state is, at length, past, and he appears with his capacious, baggy small-clothes, offensive wig, and pigeon-toed walk, Clown greets his gaping audience with the unfailing remark: “Here we are again.” Besides being perfectly superfluous, for we are aware he is there again, the remark at once betrays the inherent vulgarity of his mind. Actually when addressing the public he must couch his thoughts, such as they are, in the form of trivial familiarity. Under like circumstances, Mr Fechter, in *The Duke's Motto*, was accustomed to say: “I am here!” How

much more dignified! How much more noble! But then Mr Fechter was a man of refined and cultivated taste, while Clown is just the reverse. And what, from this point, is the career which so fascinates British youth? Alas, one long career of vice! Who ever knew Clown to do, or, as he might, with diabolical sarcasm, express it, be guilty of, a good action? Who ever knew him to suffer the slightest twinge of conscience, if merely to prove that he possesses a conscience? We do not pause for a reply, because we do not require one. No human being with the smallest germ of a conscience could behave as Clown behaves, and no human being could behave so on this side the foot without a prompt introduction to the sitting magistrate at the nearest Police Court, and without subsequently being, in exchange for a fixed daily modicum of manual or pedal labor, boarded and lodged during a lengthened period of years at the public expense. Mark Mr Clown as he roams about with his tongue in his cheek and a leer in his eye. How utterly unprincipled is his conduct to every nurserymaid, or other female, if of prepossessing exterior, whom he may come across. How seductive his blandishments; how false his protestations! He is as bad as a Life-Guardsman. How cruel is his treatment of children. With what callousness he flings them out of perambulators, and smashes them flat under heavy chests of drawers. How unconcernedly he knocks off Policemen's heads, and with what carelessness he puts them on again wrong side foremost, so that his unfortunate victims are completely unfitted to go on duty any more, unless they have a Divisional Surgeon extraordinarily expert in cephalic cases. Clown's persecution of that lithe and sparkling member of society, Harlequin, as well as of Harlequin's charming partner, bewitching Colombine, is unwarrantable. His want of reverence towards old age, as exemplified in his dealings with the long suffering, and rather imbecile, Pantaloon, is revolting. The manner in which he backs out of a quarrel, too, when he meets with a determined opponent, and the alacrity with which he leaves others to settle by blows a misunderstanding he himself has caused, seem to point to the conclusion that his courage is apocryphal. He is over-fond of the maxim—

“He who fights and runs away
Lives to fight another day.”

That young people should be drawn towards this bemurdered criminal is, perhaps, natural. They are attracted by the glare of his successes, as moths are fascinated by the flame of a candle. But why, to repeat, in another shape, our second question, do their parents and guardians afford them opportunities for gratifying a taste which it is the duty of all parents and guardians to suppress? They do so on principle. They may not know this, any more than the Bourgeois Gentilhomme knew he had been talking prose all his life, but so it is. Or, to put it still more forcibly: they do so on instinct. “Instinct is a great matter,” to use the words of Sir John Falstaff. They treat their offspring and young charges to see Clown, as the Lacedæmonians used to treat their juvenile Spartans to the sight of a Helot disguised in liquor, so as to instil in them a horror for drunkenness. In taking their progeny to the Pantomime, English Patrefamilias are instinctively discharging a solemn obligation. They are inculcating in the breast of young England a profound and lasting hatred of wickedness and sin, however alluring the garb in which those horrors may be presented.

Impressed by this great truth, we trust that Pantomime may long continue to flourish among us, and Clown long continue his course of immorally moral teaching. He is an indispensable factor in the ethical system of the World. And,

peradventure, there may lurk somewhere about him a little spark of a better nature; *latet forsan virtutis scintilla*, for we believe that, with all his faults, he is sincere when he wishes his audience, as we now wish our Readers, A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

R. K.

Dilogues in Burgundy.



Dr Serpent.—Glad to be home again—eh?
 Dr Obst.—By Adnan!—Yes.
 Dr Serpent.—Arthur Chappell has sent two tickets.
 Dr Obst.—For the "Pops"?
 Dr Serpent.—By Adnan!
 Dr Obst.—There will be more wraiths?
 Dr Serpent.—By Ahls!—what matters? Only Werber.
 Dr Obst.—I want to hear Mr Krebs.
 Dr Serpent.—I want to hear Piatti.
 Dr Serpent and Obst (*ensemble*).—Then we shall hear Piatti and Krebs. (*enrich.*)

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

Wagner's Tetralogical Trilogy, at the National-Festival-Stage-Play-Theatre, Bayreuth, absorbs for its performance the services of no less than twelve *prime donne*, and eleven leading artists of the sterner sex, tenors, barytones, and basses.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The examinations for the Westminster Scholarship and Potter Exhibition were held on Monday, the examiners being the Principal (Professor Macfarren), Mr F. R. Cox, Mr M. Garcia, Mr H. C. Lunn, Mr Walter Macfarren, Mr Brinley Richards, Dr Steggall, and Mr A. Randegger. The results were as follows:—Westminster Scholarship.—Miss Marie Duval, elected; highly commended, Miss Kate B. Bamfylde, and Miss Rachael Jessopp. Potter Exhibition.—F. W. W. Bamfylde, elected; highly commended, T. Silver and T. A. Matthay.

A WONDERFUL STRADIVARIUS.—The eminent violin maker, Herr Thomas Zach, visited London a few weeks ago with a splendid collection of old Italian violins; several Guadagnini's, Amati's, Roggi's, and one Stradivarius—the finest instrument, perhaps, of its kind in Europe. This violin has been in an old family in Italy for nearly a hundred years, without being played upon, and is in the same condition as when it came from the great maker's hands, in 1715. The unique instrument has been purchased by a Greek amateur, Mr Caravati, at a very high price. Several connoisseurs—for example, Herr Wilhelm, Messrs Hill, Withers, Laurie, and others—have given their estimate of this rare article of virtu.

LITTERS expressive of surprise, regret, and disapprobation pour in upon us from all sides, provoked by the decision of the Finance Committee, ratified by the Town Council, to refuse Mr Best the extra amount which was proposed to be granted for the improvement of the programme slip given away at his organ performances. The amount at stake must be very small, but the principle is evidently of great concern to many of the public; and it is not easy to avoid the conclusion that the Town Council has made a signal mistake. The pleasure afforded to persons who ignorantly listen to fine music is as nothing compared with that which is enjoyed by those who hear it intelligently, and when the intelligence of ordinary listeners is helped by comments which elaborate the beauties of the compositions played, while at the same time they give information as to the author and his aims and

his general characteristics, many ideas are added to the general stock, and, on other points besides musical merit, useful and interesting information is conveyed. Why for so small a saving the Finance Committee should curb Mr Best's zeal and hamper his efficiency and usefulness we cannot imagine. There are many fine organists who are incapable of such literary neatness and tact as the preparation of these little programmes requires. In Mr Best we have not only an organist of unsurpassed brilliancy and erudition, but a man of general culture and taste, the energies and fertility of whose pen ought not to be checked by penny wise considerations so long as they are judiciously exercised for the instruction of the public.—*Liverpool Dragon*.

PETER PINDAR once sent the following lines to Shield, the composer, for the loan of his ivory ticket of admission to a concert:—

"Son of the String (I do not mean Jack Ketch,
 Though Jack, like thee, produces dying tones),
 Oh! yield thy pity to a starving wretch,
 And, for to-morrow's treat, pray send thy bones."

The lines are distinguished neither for particularly fine wit nor particularly fine feeling, and are more adapted to the taste of the past generation than to that of the present.

Lohegrin was first produced at Vienna on the 19th August, 1858. Since then it has been performed there 114 times. The following is a list of the actors who have successively sustained the principal parts: Heinrich der Vogler—Herren Schmid, Mayerhofer, Hablawetz, Rokitanaky, Scaria; Lohegrin—Herren Adner, Walter, Grimminger, Adams, Niemann, Müller, Labatt, Jager; Elsa—Mesdes Lustmann, Krauss, Harriers-Wippen, Zimmermann, Basse, Ehn, Löwe, Breifeld, Mallinger, Kuyder, Berger; Telramund—Herren Beck, Radolf, Halmbeck, de Vigno, Krauss, Betz, Schaffganz, Degele; Ortrud—Mesdes Caillag, Ellenger, Sulzer, Destin, Wilt, Materna, Singer Brandt, Jaide.

To D. Peters, Esq.

SIR,—I read the subjoined in the *Illustrated Period*:—

"PARISH.—BEADLE.—On the 10th inst., at L'Eglise de Temple, New-hotel, Alfred Parish, Esq., of Erith, to Kate Martha, youngest daughter of the late Charles Beadle, Esq., also of Erith, Kent."

This extraordinary Parish Beadle marriage, although thrashing my understanding, might interest Farmer Point. The motto of the young couple should be, "United we sit." Yours, humbly,

CUNNINGHAM GIBB (M. D.).

[Dr Grist ought to understand that it involves simply a question of Beadle and Beadle on one side, and of Parish and Parish on the other. His near relative, Verlaunt Green, who buys so many copies, at various prices, of a song which he disapproves, could have told him that much. Farmer Point has long since been gathered to his fathers—all Points.—D. P.]

MADAME ANNETTE ESSOFF, after playing in a concert at Hastings on Monday, left England for Paris, where she is to appear at one of the concerts of M. Paderlap. She afterwards has a tour in Germany, and (we are only too glad to hear) returns to us in April, to play again at the Monday Popular Concerts, &c.

Mrs VERNON RIGHT, who has been compelled to give up all engagements for some time past, on account of severe indisposition, has now—our readers will be glad to know—quite recovered.

MILLE MARIE KEENS and Signor Piatti are to appear at the next Monday Popular Concert—on Jan. 10th.

CHERIE JUDITH.—The largest sum ever offered to an artist for a single occasion of the exercise of her powers has recently tempted in vain Milie Tietjens. She was offered the sum of £1,000 to sing five songs at a special concert organized for the purpose of helping her. Milie Tietjens was obliged to decline. Her health is, however, now quite restored. She sang last week at Baltimore, Harrisburg, and Cincinnati, to enthusiastic crowds (at how much a song?).—*Daily Papers*.

the cadenzas, where the voice and concertina revelled together in shakes, turns, and all kinds of airy ornamental passages. This was re-demanded. For her last song Madame Liebhart gave the favourite Scotch ballad, "Within a mile of Edinburgh town," which met with hearty applause. Miss Marian Severn was much admired in the "Drummer's Song," composed by Madame Sainton-Dolby, and in that very pretty duet of Blangini, "Per valli per boschi," in which Mr Henry Guy joined, but most of all in the ballad, "She wore a wreath of roses." This was encored and repeated. Mr Henry Guy, who had already been heard and admired in Teignmouth, confirmed the favourable impression he had created on his first visit. The duet for concertino and piano was an unusual treat. When we said that Mr Richard Magrove holds the position of the first concertina player of the day, and that Mrs Magrove is a well-known and favourite pianist, it can easily be imagined how beautifully their duets were executed. Miss Hicks played Thalberg's fantasia on *Luccia Borgia* and the "Moto continuo" of Weber. The concert, in an artistic sense, was an undoubted success, but we regret to say (owing to the bad weather) the speculation was anything but remunerative.

MUSICAL MUTUAL PROTECTIVE UNION.

(Concluded from page 840.)

RULES OF ORDER.

SECT. 1.—The President having taken the chair, and called the meeting to order, the business shall be conducted as follows:—(a) Calling the roll of officers. (b) Reading minutes of the last regular and special meeting. (c) Report of the Executive Committee. (d) Reports of Treasurers, Trustees, and Secretary. (e) Reports of Special Committees. (f) Communications. (g) Unfinished business. (h) New business.

SECT. 2.—No question shall be entertained unless moved by two members, nor open for consideration until stated by the Chair.

SECT. 3.—When a question is before the meeting, no motion shall be received, except to adjourn, to lay on the table, commit the previous question, to postpone to a particular time, to postpone indefinitely, to amend; which several motions shall have precedence in the order in which they are named; the first four to be decided without debate.

SECT. 4.—When a question has been postponed indefinitely, it shall not be acted upon again unless by a two-third vote.

SECT. 5.—When a blank is to be filled, the question shall be first taken on the highest sum or number, or the longest time proposed.

SECT. 6.—Any two members may call for a division of a question, when the sense will admit of it, before a decision is rendered.

SECT. 7.—The yeas and nays may be called for by five members, when all qualified members present shall vote, unless excused by a three-fourth vote.

SECT. 8.—After a question (except one indefinitely postponed) has been decided, two members who voted with the majority may, at the same or next meeting, move for a reconsideration; but no discussion of the main question shall be allowed, unless reconsidered. A motion to reconsider the question a second time shall not be entertained.

SECT. 9.—All questions not otherwise provided for, shall be determined by majority vote.

SECT. 10.—When a member intends to speak on a question, he shall rise, address the Chair, confine himself to the question, and avoid personalities. Should more than one rise at the same time, the President shall decide who is entitled to the floor.

SECT. 11.—No member shall speak more than twice on the same question, or more than once until all others have had an opportunity, nor more than five minutes, unless by special permission of the President.

SECT. 12.—The President, while presiding, shall state every question coming before the meeting, and immediately before putting it to vote shall ask—"Is the meeting ready for the question?" Should no member rise to speak, he shall rise to state the question, and after he has risen, no member shall speak upon it unless by consent of the President. He shall pronounce the votes and decisions of the meeting on all subjects. When his decision has been appealed from, the question shall be stated

thus—"Will the meeting stand by the Chair in its decision?" Which appeal must be decided without debate.

SECT. 13.—A member may be called to order while speaking, when the debate must be suspended, and the member take his seat until the question of order is decided.

SECT. 14.—The President may speak to points of order in preference to others, and shall decide questions of order. Any member may appeal to the meeting, which appeal must be decided without debate, and the objectionable words shall, if required, be taken down in writing.

SECT. 15.—After a motion or resolution has been stated by the Chair, or read by the Secretary, it may be withdrawn before a decision of amendment by consent of the meeting. An amendment to a motion under consideration must be accepted by the meeting or by the mover of said motion before it is embodied in the original.

SECT. 16.—Every motion shall be reduced to writing, should the Chair or Secretary so desire it.

SECT. 17.—An amendment to an amendment is in order, but none further.

SECT. 18.—No question shall be put or a vote taken while a member is speaking.

SECT. 19.—All Special Committees to be appointed by the Chair, unless otherwise ordered or provided for.

SECT. 20.—No other business can be transacted at a special meeting except that set forth in the call.

SECT. 21.—All reports of Special or Standing Committees must be made in writing to the meeting, unless otherwise ordered.

SECT. 22.—All rules of order not herein provided shall be governed by parliamentary usage.

SECT. 23.—Any of these rules may be added to, altered, repealed, or suspended, at any regular or special meeting of the members, by a majority vote of two-thirds of the members present.

MR BEST AND HIS PROGRAMMES.

(To the Editor of the "Daily Post.")

SIR,—The value of annotations in programmes has of late years been so generally recognized that the resolution of the Liverpool Finance Committee with regard to those initiated by Mr Best will not raise the judgment and taste of the Corporation of Liverpool in public estimation. In artistic circles it will afford another instance of the contempt of art, especially musical art, which distinguishes most municipal bodies, and it is certainly an insult to by far the greatest organist of the day. Your correspondent "Bourdon" writes to attribute the shabby proceeding of the committee to an annotation which appeared in the organ programme of Saturday afternoon, October 10th; and, in the course of his remarks, argues that an amateur is more likely to get up and conduct efficiently a good church service than a professional man, who, he insinuates, too often looks upon his church engagement as a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence. His argument, such as it is, falls to the ground when these "persons of other pursuits" receive payment, as they do in Liverpool, and may, therefore, with equal justice, be accused of undertaking church engagements for pounds, shillings, and pence. Such persons are of a hybrid genus; they cannot properly be styled "amateurs," and yet they are not "professionals." In fact, "Bourdon's" reasoning entails the conclusion that a person who has been educated for a profession, and devotes himself entirely to it, knows less about it than an individual who picks up his knowledge in the few hours he chooses to spare from business and pleasure.

The working of the system to which Mr Best alludes is exemplified by the small repertory of the church services in Liverpool. It would facilitate comparison with other towns if the musical services of the two parish churches, St Nicholas' and St Peter's, were recorded in the lists published in *Concordia* and the *Musical Standard*. Hitherto, Liverpool has been conspicuous by the omission of all notices of the musical proceedings of any of its churches. Are they worthy of being chronicled?—Yours, &c.,

SCUTATOR.

LEIGHORN.—LAURO ROSAI's *Contessa di Monts*, will be performed at the Teatro Rossini in the winter season. The other principal works will be *La Forza del Destino* and *I Lombardi*.

WEIMAR.—The first performance of *Rosamunde* and *der Unterweg des Oepelreichts*, libretto by W. Felchner, music by Richard Metzger, took place on the 25th inst., at the Grand-Ducal Theatre.

In Angel from Heaven.

Several cases of revolting cruelty to trapped game and small birds having recently come under the notice of the Christchurch and Ringwood magistrates, the chairman of the Avon and Stour Farmer's Club, who is a local J.P., brought the matter under the notice of the club on the 1st inst., and a resolution was passed pledging the members to prosecute to conviction every case of trespass coming under their notice. The cruelty consisted mainly in plucking wings and feathers of the birds while alive, the men in their defence stating that, for certain purposes, the feathers were more valuable when so plucked, on account of their retaining the brightness of their hues. The secretary received the following letter from Lady Burdett Coutts, who is at present a guest of the Earl of Malmesbury, at Heron Court:

"To the Secretary of the Avon and Stour Farmers' Club,

"Sir—Please convey to the members of your excellent society the sense of pleasure it gave me to learn that there was a unanimous desire on their part to put down the cruelty which has been practised in this and other districts in wantonly killing and (as I learn from the Christchurch papers of the 10th inst.) actually torturing small birds. That three men should be charged with plucking the wings and feathers of a number of these most harmless of God's creatures while still alive would almost seem incredible at the present day; but if, as I am told, the destruction of these feathers is the adornment of female wearing apparel, it is nearly time the sense of Englishwomen were quickened to the enormity of the crime. I have already communicated with many of the leaders of fashion in this country on the subject, and I learn that an effort will be made to have the present fashions as much as possible discarded. The public ventilation of the subject will, I am sure, do good, and I am glad to see that the leading journals have not been slow to hold up to execration the present practice. Madame Louise has assured me that it had its origin in France, and that, repugnant and absurd as the style is, there is an increasing demand for it here. English ladies will, however, incur a serious stigma for cruelty unless they discard a practice which common sense must tell them is attended with so much torture to its innocent victims."

"E. BURDETT COUTTS.
"Heron Court, December 19th, 1875."

TO EPHRAIM BULLOCK, ESQ.

SIR,—I beg to call your attention to the subjoined:—

"The Prince expressed his regret that he could not visit Travancore. The Maharajah seemed much pleased."

I thought that Farmers' Point and Square should know what queer manners the Maharajahs have in general. A music-seller in Oxford Street evidently expected a visit from these distinguished agriculturists (so well known as Fuggle's), for, in "Cattle Show Week," that music-seller had the "Ox Minuet" of Haydn in his window, illustrated.

PAUL MOIST.

WAIFS.

Miss Amy Sedgwick purposes re-appearing upon the stage.

Mr Irving will, it is said, shortly play Faust at the Lyceum.

A new one-act piece by M. Vibert, *Le Verciglas*, is being rehearsed at the Vaudeville.

Mr Barry Sullivan will play in New York next May, returning, the following month, to England.

An appeal is made for the relief of the widow and children of the last remaining son of Theodore Hook, who died in poor circumstances.

Mr Theodore Thomas, of New York, has accepted the position of musical director at the opening ceremonies of the American Centennial Exhibition.

We regret to announce the death, on the 10th inst., of Mr James Youwell, for upwards of twenty years the active and intelligent sub-editor of *Notes and Queries*.

A brilliant representation has been given at the Salle Ventadour for the benefit of Edouard Flouvier, the dramatic writer. It produced a gross sum of 10,000 francs.

A performance of the *Mezzoid* is to be given at the Royal Albert Hall on Christmas Day. Middle Albani and Mr Sims Reeves are to sing. The orchestra and chorus will number 800.

Mr Henry Fisher, of Blackpool, whose name appears among the Bachelors of Music at the recent examination at Cambridge, is a member of the Council of the Tonie Sol-fa College.

A little girl was asked what was the meaning of the word "happy." She gave a pretty answer saying, "It is to feel as if you wanted to give all your things to your little sister."

The *Cluny* has revived an old drama by Maffei, *Les Enfants Blancs*. The attraction of the piece was not sufficient, the first night of the performance, to fill even half of the house.

There is a report that Wells College, at Aurora, Illinois, has been presented with two pieces of sculpture, the work of Canova—one a marble bust of Napoleon I., the other a bust of Marie Louise.

Miss Jessie Morison, the young and clever pianist, pupil of Mr W. H. Holmes, played with great success at the Alexandra Palace concert, last week, Sir Julius Benedict's "Where the bee sucks."

An Ohio woman lately travelled with one ticket, four trunks, two hand-boxes, a flower-pot, poodle dog, umbrella, jug of milk, lunch basket, paper sack full of peaches, and a boy of fifteen, whose age she gave as nine.

Mr Charles Morton will re-open the Opéra-Comique on the 13th of January, when he will produce, for the first time in this country, Offenbach's opera bouffe, *Madame l'Archiduc*, in which Miss Emily Soldene will appear as Marietta.

Four concerts are to be given by Mr Henry Leslie's choir after Christmas. Mr Leslie will also conduct a series of performances at St James's Hall, of which "Gems from the Oratorios," sung by Mr Sims Reeves and other artists, will constitute a feature.

The inauguration of day performances at the Renaissance Theatre has proved a success. Among the audience at the first performance were the Princess Mathilde, Prince Galitzin, M.M. Legouve, Camille Doucet, Edouard Thierry, Regnier, Dolmay, and Lalontaine.

An Iowa editor recently eloped with the wife of one of his subscribers, and was frightened half to death by the appearance of the injured man at the hotel of a neighbouring town, to which he had taken his flight. But the husband only wanted his paper stopped—that was all.

Mr. Horton C. Allison has just been unanimously elected successor to the late Mr. C. A. Seymour, as examiner for Manchester to the Royal Academy of Music, by the committee of that college. Mr. Allison was a first prizeman of the Leipzig Conservatoire, and is an Associate of the Royal Academy of Music.

Sig. Merelli has published his programme for the season of the Italian Opera in Vienna. The principal artists engaged are Mmes. Patti, Lucca, M.M. Nicolini, Capoul, Padilla, and Zucchini. He will bring out Verdi's *Don Carlos* and Gounod's *Mireille*, both of which are unknown in the Austrian capital.

Several of the Paris journals complain of the dilapidated state of the tombs of Molière and La Fontaine, in the cemetery of Père la Chaise, and refer to the letter which M. Wallon (Fine Arts) wrote a year ago to his subordinates, calling attention to the condition of the two erections. Since that period nothing has been done.

The Philadelphia *Press* states that a member of the Society of Friends thus complimented one of his sect who had joined a regular church upon the new organ in the latter. "Why, I thought thee objected to such things as music in worship!" "And so I do," was the reply; "but if thee must worship (thou) by machinery I want thee to have the best."

An American paper informs us that Mad. Zard Thalberg was offered \$100,000 to sing "Yankee Doodle," at one of Messrs. Ullman and Palmer's concerts, on the Mississippi. Mr Ullman was anxious to give one million and a half of dollars; but as Dr Hans von Bulow only receives \$2,000,000,000 for each performance, Dr Palmer is said to have objected.—DR BUDGE.

A special meeting of the Stratford-on-Avon Town Council has been held for the purpose of sanctioning an application from the secretary of the Royal Academy of Arts for the loan, for the Exhibition of Works of Old Masters and Deceased British Artists, 1876, of Gainsborough's picture of David Garrick, of which the Corporation are owners. The picture is a most valuable one, being worth several thousand pounds.

CHANGE OF NAME.—The following announcement appeared in the *Gazette of Friday, Dec. 14*.—The Queen has been graciously pleased to give and grant unto Edward Levy, of Norfolk Street, Park Lane, in the county of Middlesex, gentleman, her royal licence and authority that he and his issue may, in compliance with a certain deed of settlement, dated the 27th day of November last, executed by his uncle, Lionel Lawson, of Brook Street, Hanover Square, in the said county of Middlesex, gentleman, take and henceforth use the surname of Lawson in addition to that of Levy; and to command that the said royal concession and declaration be recorded in Her Majesty's College of Arms, otherwise to be void and of none effect."

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BACCHAROLLE	4 0	MARCHE DES TAMBOURS. Morceau militaire	4 0
BOLERO	4 0	MAYPOLE DANCE. A rustic sketch	4 0
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CHAMSON CRÉOLE	4 0	MORNING DREAMS. Morceau brillant	4 0
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CHANT DES OISEAUX	4 0	PAS REDOUBLE. Morceau brillant	4 0
CHANT DE ROYAUME	4 0	PRIÈRE DES PÈLERINS. Tableau musical	4 0
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CONSOLATION IN SORROW. Elégie	4 0	REMINISCENCE DE BRUGES. Le Carillon	4 0
DANSE NAPOLITAINE	4 0	RÈVE ANGLAISE. Berceuse	4 0
ELOQUENCE. Melody	4 0	RHAPSODIE	4 0
EN ROUTE. Marche brillante	4 0	RIPPLES ON THE LAKE. Sketch	4 0
ETUDE DE CONCERT	4 0	RIPPING WAVES. Characteristic piece	4 0
EVENTIDE. Andante	4 0	ROSE LEAVES. Morceau élégant	4 0
EVENING REST. Berceuse	4 0	SALTARELLO	4 0
EVENING SHADOWS. Reverie	4 0	SLEIGH BELLS	4 0
FAIRY REALMS. Grand Waltz	4 0	SOUS LA FENÊTRE. Sérénade	4 0
FAIRY WHISPERS. Nocturne	4 0	SWEET SOUNDS. Morceau de Salon	4 0
FANDANGO	4 0	SYLVAN SCENES. Characteristic piece	4 0
FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE. Morceau Brillant	4 0	TARENTELLE (DEUXIÈME)	4 0
FÊTE HONGROISE. Mazurka	4 0	TARENTELLE (TROISIÈME)	4 0
FÊTE MILITAIRE. Morceau Brillant	4 0	THE CHORIST. Meditation	4 0
FÊTE DE JOIE. Morceau de Salon	4 0	THE FAIRY QUEEN. Galop de Concert	4 0
FOUNTAIN SPRAY. Morceau brillant	4 0	THE STORM AT SEA. A Musical Picture	4 0
GÂITÉ DE CŒUR. Brillant Waltz	4 0	THE SPINNING WHEEL. Spinnied	4 0
GOLDEN BELLS. Caprice de Concert	4 0	THOUGHTS OF HOME. Pensée maritime	4 0
HAPPY MEMORIES. Morceau de Salon	4 0	TITANIA. Caprice	4 0
HARMONIES DU SOIR. Morceau élégant	4 0	TYROLAINE	4 0
JEUNESSE DORÉE. Galop de Concert	4 0	UNDINE	4 0
L'ANGE DU POYER. Mélodie variée	4 0	UNE NUIT D'ÉTÉ. Mélodie	4 0
L'ÉTOILE DU SOIR. Morceau de Salon	4 0	UNE NUIT D'ÉTOILE. Sérénade	4 0
L'OISEAU DE PARADIS. Morceau de Salon	4 0	UNE PERLE DE VARSOVIE. Polonaise	4 0
LA HARPE ÉOLIENNE. Morceau de Salon	4 0	VALSE DE FASCINATION	4 0

SYDNEY SMITH'S

OPERA-TIC FANTASIAS.

CHILPÉRIC (HÉRY)	4 0	LES DIAMANS DE LA COURONNE (AUBER)	4 0
COM' E GENTIL (<i>Don Pasquale</i> , for the left hand only)	4 0	LES HUGUENOTS (MEYERBEER)	4 0
DON GIOVANNI (MOZART)	4 0	LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR (DONIZETTI)	4 0
DON PASQUALE (DONIZETTI)	4 0	LUCREZIA BORGIA (DONIZETTI)	4 0
FAUST (GOUNOD)	4 0	MARTHA (Plotow)	4 0
FRA DIAVOLO (ACERBI)	4 0	MARTHA (Plotow), 2nd Fantasia	4 0
GUILLAUME TELL (ROSSINI)	4 0	MASANELLO (ACERBI)	4 0
IL BARBIERE DI SEVIGLIA (ROSSINI)	4 0	NORMA (BELLINI)	4 0
I LOMBARDI (VERDI)	4 0	OBERTO (WEBER)	4 0
I PURITANI (BELLINI)	4 0	ORPHEE AUX ENFERS (OFFENBACH)	4 0
LA FAVORITA (DONIZETTI)	4 0	ORPHEE AUX ENFERS (OFFENBACH), 2nd Fantasia	4 0
LA FILLE DU RÉGIMENT (DONIZETTI)	4 0	PRECIOUS (WEBER)	4 0
LA SONNAMBULA (BELLINI)	4 0	RIGOLETTO (VERDI)	4 0
LA TRAVIATA (VERDI)	4 0	ROBERT LE DIABLE (MEYERBEER)	4 0
L'ÉLISIRE D'AMORE (DONIZETTI)	4 0	ZAMPA (HEROLD'S Overture)	4 0
LE PROPHÈTE (MEYERBEER)	4 0		

SYDNEY SMITH'S

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES, TRANSCRIPTIONS, ARRANGEMENTS, &c.

AIR IRLANDAIS	4 0	MEYERBEER'S HYMN OF PRAISE. Second Paraphrase	4 0
BETHOVEN'S ADELIAIDA	4 0	MEYERBEER'S MIDSUMMER NIGHTS DREAM. Paraphrase	4 0
GOUNOD'S NAZARETH. Transcription	4 0	de Concert	4 0
GOUNOD'S SERENADE. Transcription	4 0	ROSSINI'S LA CARITA	4 0
GOUNOD'S OÙ VOLEZ-VOUS ALLER?	4 0	ROSSINI'S STANAT MATER	4 0
HAYDN'S AUSTRIAN HYMN	4 0	ROSSINI'S LA DANZA (Traveller)	4 0
MEYERBEER'S CONCERTO in G Minor. Reminiscence	4 0	SOUVENIR DE WEBER	4 0
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